

Pathos and pity,
And prayers that stretch beyond our tombs
No idle ditty;
But passages o' the catacombs
Of a higher city,
We cannot see;
Our language doth our eyes eclipse;
Whilst sympathy,
The soul's divine apocalypse,
Doth speak of Thee.

And life expands
Throbbing with love.—That which seems true
Actually commands:
Give.—tho' thy gift but seem to strew
The desert sand.
Our intuition:
That thro' this clang of cares unequal
There runs a mission,
The finger-post of a glorious sequel,
Prophetic Vision.