

He lords o'er Matter, chains its forces, makes
Them serve his ends. He causes them to act,
Or swerves them from their bounded course. Ofttimes,
Despite his weary limbs and weary brain,
Opposing Nature's claims and Nature's rights,
With naught to urge him forward on his work,
Save motives purely intellectual,
He doth unlock and marshal energies
Which Nature's ways and laws would have at rest.
Could Man without a human soul act thus?

What makes him seek the truth, and love the truth?
What makes him love the truth for its own sake?
And whence his thirst for knowledge deep and wide?
For knowledge, as with truth, for its own sake?
Why his endeavors, why his eagerness,
To fathom Nature's deepest mysteries?
Could Matter spy, discern and search itself,
And feel supremely pleased on prying out
The countless secrets of its own domain?

Man's searching pow'r takes in the earth and skies.
The art of the Creator he doth find
Adorning every leaf of Nature's book.
He reads in rocks the story of the Earth.
She yields her treasures to his handicraft.
With deepest admiration he beholds
The wonders of the microscopic world.
Directing now his skilled eye heavenwards,
With keen delight, yet reverentially,