

Yet with what labour what persistent zeal,
 Grave Paleologists assume the quest
 Of ancient moulds, the wrecks of cities old.
 Some crumbling brick with slight suspect of marks
 Tablet of clay, inscription mutilated.
 Rife cut of something to be fondly guessed :
 O what a prize ! It nerves Antiquity
 To spread its wings, and sweep the mythic past
 For plea to treat with scorn the One great Book.
 Yes 'earth and sea are ransacked and convulsed,
 In quest of something to impugn God's word
 In the rich Book of Truth of His bestowment.

Geology ! arouse and scrape Earth's surface.
 Probe the low valleys. Rive the rock ribbed hills
 Dredge the salt oceans. Climb the molten crests,
 Of fiery mountains. Count the traveled boulders,
 And deep erosions. Phantom the Ice ages.
 Evoke the train led by the deaf Azoic,
 Profoundly positive but trudging lamely.
 Adduce the proofs of the stone age. And man
 The original novice with his scants of progress,
 Through dragging ages. Plough the dead old Seas
 The dried up lakes. Secure all vestiges,
 The least may thrill with formidable years.