

## XXI.

These lilies here they toil not, neither  
 spin,  
 And who would credit them with any sin?  
 Their perfect fragrance rises up to God  
 An incense from the living truth within.

## XXII.

A mighty Father, Heaven's Over-Lord,  
 Arose, and from within His person  
 poured  
 His spirit over universal depths,  
 And so the earth with living things was  
 stored.

## XXIII.

And life, His life, the very soul of time,  
 He placed within us as a paradigm,  
 So that the lowly might increase in  
 strength,  
 So that the great to greater things might  
 climb.

## XXIV.

The  
 Conception  
 of Deity

I know a God unmade by human hands;  
 But in my mind a graven image stands,  
 That which my soul or mind cannot  
 express,  
 A God whom every Golden thought ex-  
 pands.