

Seeker of truth!—long hast thou striven to find
 This only boon which satisfies the mind.
 Through Nature's stores the treasure thou hast sought;
 Hast traversed all the boundless fields of thought;
 Questioned the lonely night, the laughing day,
 The ocean-depths, the founts that ceaseless play,
 Old hoary mountains, cliffs, and caverns lone,
 Earth's secret depths—mysterious, unknown;
 Asked of the past, the present, future; striven
 To pierce the mystery unrevealed by Heaven;
 Yet weary and unsatisfied remained,
 Longing for Truth, still far-off, unattained;
 That truth which *satisfies* the anxious quest,
 And with the attainment bringeth *perfect rest*.

"I am the TRUTH."—saith Christ. O wearied one!
 Tired of thy fruitless search beneath the sun,
 Accept this boon, so sacred, so divine,
 In simple trust, and all thou seek'st is thine—
 Truth that makes free, that falsehood cannot dim;
 In full completeness, all made thine in Him.

Lover of life! say, what wouldst thou not give
 To know that thou eternally shouldst live?—
 Is death a thing from which to shrink with dread?—
 The dreary valley dost thou fear to tread?—
 What would'st thou give to pierce the unknown dark
 That lies before thy feebly tossing bark,
 And know what anchor in that unknown sea,
 Or wreck disastrous there awaiteth thee?—

Dost trembling cling to this frail thread of life,
 Through pain, and doubt, and weariness, and strife,
 Rather than trust thy dimly groping hand
 Its hold to fasten on that unknown land,
 Whence none return its secrets to declare,
 And tell what bliss or ruin waits thee there?—

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