

They recognize, and feeling then,
That He is *father* of all men,
And that for all alike He cares
Whom the earth prolific bears,
Each feels that, in ev'ry other,
Instead of foe he meets a *brother*.

As fruits of bowing to that law
Which wisdom infinite foresaw
Alone could save from dire distress,
And sorrows which on mortals press,
Where'er he looks—on every hand—
The *Seer* beholds a happy land;—

Rivers which, since birth of man
Had not been checked by wheel or dam,
Had been taught to know that they
Must henceforward him obey.

Lakes but late unruffled, save
By fragile bark of *nomade Brave*,
Or beasts, or tenants of the air,
Or winds that o'er their bosoms tear,
Are whitened now with many a sail
Set to woo the passing gale.

Prairies which before, at best,
Ever since the earth had rest,