

III.

In its long progress to the perfect day,
 The soul of man each new religion made,
 Still upward going in its destined way—
 In chains of doubt and error long delayed ;
 Fashioning phantoms—of itself afraid—
 To its own thoughts and wishes bowed it low ;
 Its Gods, with all its passions, were arrayed.
 To these it bowed itself and worshipped so,
 Each thought of love or hate, or joy, or grief, or woe.

IV.

Then Christ arose, and taught the listening crowd ;
 The Gods of Rome before his face grew dim :
 Unto him soon whole races humbly bowed,
 And nations knelt in after days to him.
 But now, in the light of morn, his star grows dim (2) ;
 The light of truth has fallen on man's soul,
 And superstition passeth as a dream ;
 The sun of truth has pierced the clouds that roll
 Around her way, and now she climbs unto her goal.