

Above earth's dust and mire,
And, as it soars still higher, sings
The rapture of a flight,
That seems as if it would aspire
To reach the ethereal infinite.
But no ; a surer light
Is dawning in that glorious lore,
In which, from more to more,
The Sovereign Reason of the world
Throughout the ages is unfurled.
That lore reveals the story,
Not of a vanished glory
Which man may ne'er retrieve,
Rather of undeveloped power,
Like that which is the dower
Of infancy ; and the whole life of man,
Whate'er it may achieve
E'en in its longest span,
Shows but as childhood to a vast career.
For the most searching gaze
Of science into that dim haze
That veils the world's infinitude
Appears, in sober mood,
But as the wondering look
Of infant-eyes that peer
Into some little nook
They see, but cannot understand ;
And, howsoever grand