

And he who sneers
At hints of man's immortal part,
At saint's careers,
At yearning of the human heart,
And passion's tears;
And he who smiles
At singing of those aspirations
In minster aisles,
Breathing religion's exaltations
In gothic piles;
Such are not readers
Of human love and suffering.
Greater the pleaders
Who pray and hope and give and sing,
Unconscious leaders.

For must we plod
Thro' suns that gather like the dust,
Thro' atom clod,
Before we follow Christ and trust
Ourselves to God!
Or must we read
All learning, weigh it in the scale,
Before we plead
That human effort may not fail,
And vainly bleed!