

Her hospitable, many-mansioned roof,
 Wherein the immemorial Laborer yet
 Freely shall eat the bread of his own sweat.
 Its when we muse on English greathearts' aim,
 And muse how true our laws pursue the same,
 Then, then we exult about our Mother's throne,
 And love her ideal Empire as our own."

Dreaming a better Britain rising here
 Mid winter forests lovely and austere,
 His creaking snowshoes track what vaulted miles
 Where towering pines uprange converging aisles,
 When neither shrub nor shadow checks the gaze,
 But one white undulation floors the maze
 Of colonnades so tall they seem to lean
 Inward before they branch the roof of green
 Whose rifts, at times asway, disclose the blue,
 At times let aimless snowflakes wander through
 To waver down, as if they hesitate
 Lest merest motion be to desecrate
 That subtle stillness, where the high-head grouse
 Treads three-toed, wondering, and the forest mouse
 Meandering timid, dots a tiny track
 Whose every swerve denotes a fear Attack
 Were hovering in the Mystery all around—
 So much more threatening Silence is than Sound.

The reverent rover, chancing to intrude
 Within the borders of such Solitude,
 Worships in natural piety sincere
 A holy spirit quiet brooding here,
 Within a fane whose ministrants are none
 Except the chanting Winds, the wheeling Sun,
 The patient Seasons' alternating train,
 Their potent servitors of Shine and Rain,
 Ordained by Something, kin to Time and Space,
 Regnant and immanent throughout the place,
 Which urges apprehension on the soul
 That its own being merges with the Whole.