

THE PANTHEIST.

He knows the name of every creeping thing,
Of every plant in all the country round,
And when and in what haunts it may be found.
To name a bird he needs but hear it sing.
He speculates how long it took a wing
To evolve and lift an eagle from the ground ;
And scorning miracles, doth priests astound,
Saying Nature's laws admit no altering.

He reads the mystic story of the past
In hill and vale and rock, and says all life
Is one, and flees from form to form from
death ;
And man himself but part is of a vast
And universal energy, a breath
Of one great *Am*, with Nothingness at strife.