

Nursed in the green-house, to the knarl'd oak,
 Notching a thousand winters on its trunk—
 All are the children of thy love, oh! Sun!—
 And by thy smile sustained.

— Unresting orb!—

Pursu'st thou, 'mid the labyrinth of suns
 Some pathway of thine own?—say, dost thou sweep
 With all the marshall'd planets in thy train,
 In grand procession on, thro' boundless space,
 Age after age, toward some mysterious point
 Mark'd by His finger, who doth write thy date,
 Thy "mene—mene—tekell," on the walls
 Of the blue vault that spans our universe—
 —But thou, who rul'st the Sun—the astonished soul
 Faints, as it takes thy name. Almost it fears
 To be forgotten, 'mid the myriad worlds
 Which thou hast made.

And yet the sickliest leaf,
 The feeblest efflorescence of the moss,
 That drinks thy dew, reproves our unbelief.
 The frail field lily, which no florist's eye
 Regards, doth win a garniture from Thee,
 To kings denied. So, while to dust we bow,
 Needy and poor—oh! bid us learn the lore
 Grav'd on the lily's leaf, as fair and clear
 As on yon disk of fire—to trust in Thee.