

He is **THE ROSE OF SHARON**,—fairest flower
 That perfume breathed thro' Eden's hallowed bower ;
 The **LILY OF THE VALLEY**, pensive, fair,
 With heavenly sweetness flooding all the air ;—
 Thrice-sacred symbols, breathing evermore
 Of Him whom angels cease not to adore !

Thou man of Science, who, with practiced eye,
 And glance untiring sweep'et the starry sky,
 Speeding in thought along those trackless ways,
 Where planets burn and constellations blaze,
 Leaving uncounted worlds behind thee far,—
 Listen !—" I am **THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR** !"
 He says :—And does not thought more gladly stray,
 Where the meek herald of the rising day
 Sits like a peaceful Vestal, bearing high
 Her radiant urn on the soft eastern sky ?—
 Thence, rising, seek the morning star of Heaven,
 Who to night's myriad suns their light has given,
 And, bowing low Light's sacred Fount before,
 In wondering, reverential awe adore ?—

Soul, ever groping through the mists of time,
 To find the path which leads to the sublime
 Still heights of God !—weak are thy steps and slow ;
 Yet there's a path no fowl of heaven doth know ;—
 No lion's whelp that secret way hath found,
 No eagle marked it from her heights profound,
 No human art, unhelped, discerned the road
 That leadeth up to happiness and God !—

Yet, anxious soul, dost thou not hear him say,
 " Cease thy vain groping—lo, I am the **WAY** !
 The Way to God—the one unerring Way—
 All other paths will lead thy feet astray ;
 I only, Wisdom, am the path that lies
 'Twixt man and God, the Sovereign of the skies" ?