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The Snow Storm.

THE sage, deep thinking, sought to find the way
By which this world was first aroused from sleep,
When, without form and void, in gloom it lay,
To wake when "Let light be" rang o'er the deep:
What essence underlay its primal form
Of light, to give it power to change to heat
And force voltaic; to attract and beat
Inert, transparent matter to a storm
Of atoms to be moulded into spheres,
Of worlds innumerable. If man had seen
The act, his piercing mind had been
Informed. In refutation there appears,
From laws that make the starry systems crude,
A crystal storm of mimic worlds at feud.

F. '05.