

(33)      A n   E n q u i r y .

They come, vast Nebule, in varied forms !  
As soft balloons of summer blossoms, drifting  
In gloaming shadows. As some lingering wisp  
Of wasted cloud. As spots dim and diluted.  
As specks just visible, or scarce defined,  
Dissolved and lost in the immensity.

What myriads ? And every augmentation  
Of telescopic power adds to the issue.  
Resolves them into Clustres of immense  
Splendor and magnitude. The works of God  
Midst the infinities that have gone by :  
Eternity of the past. How overwhelming,  
Inscrutable and inconceivable,  
Stupendous—wonder folding upon wonder !  
Our apprehensions in their pride are fallen,  
Crushed by its glory, blown away in dust.

Then can we grapple with the master thought,  
That, God the sole Creator of all worlds,  
Father and Author of all souls, all life,  
From the rapt seraph to the moneuron.  
Eternal source of wisdom truth and might :  
Is also maker of the very spaces,  
The heights the depths, the dim infinitudes,