

[Sacred Poetry.]

WHERE DOTH GOD DWELL?

“Where doth God dwell?” Go, ask it of the sun,
Who day by day his vast career doth run,
The whole world cheering with his glad beams bright,
Until he dies in western seas at night.

“Where doth God dwell?” Go, ask of every star
Which watches earth when quenched the sunbeams are,
Go, ask it of the dewdrop on the rose,
And of the silent, softly-falling snows.

Go, ask the springs that bubble from below,
Then, swoll’n to streams, to meet the ocean flow.
Ask the loud blast, and breeze with gentle sigh
Of our old earth the nurse’s lullaby.

Go, ask the whirlpool, that with giant lips
Sucks in remorselessly the mightiest ships;
Ask lovelier things—tall oak, and flow’ret gay,
And bid the grassy vale and meadow say.

Ask the huge whales, that in the ocean sleep,
The giant monarchs of the rolling deep;
Ask all that breathes, from eagle o’er our head
Among the clouds, to worm on which we tread.

Go, ask the mighty mountain solitudes,
And rocks, where ne’er the foot of man intrudes;
And ask the snow-wreaths in their stainless white,
That lie unmelted on each Alpine height.

Go, ask the storm that in fell power doth sweep
Alike o’er lofty hill and valley deep;
When through the air the thunder’s chariot rolls,
And earth seems shook from centre to the poles.

Go, ask the icebergs, those huge mountains cold,
Where nought but frozen seas you can behold;
O’er all the broad horizon, where with dread
The sailor sees the North’s ice round him spread.

Go, ask the gentle winds that, soft and calm,
Come rich-perfumed with fragrant herbs and balm;
Yea, look around, and all that thou dost see
Will loud proclaim that there a God must be.

In one large voice doth all creation cry,
Where, save in God, doth our existence lie?
“Heaven is His throne—His works are His abode,
Say, where were we, if there were not a God?”