

What wretched sophistry uprears
 An altar to the wind ;
 Inconstant as the hopes and fears
 Of undirected mind :
 Nor feels within the agent blast
 A master spirit, firm and fast ?

Range upward, Skeptical, bestride
 Imagination high ;
 Suns upon burning suns whirl wide—
 The lost immensity !
 A wild'ring sacrifice—how vast !
 Fir'd by the living FIRST and LAST !

In awe descend ;—and, wonder, o'er
 The rayless deeps extend,
 Infinity atomic, pore—
 To mighty meanness bend ;
 Then, shrinking, inly overcast :
 Go, hide thee, if thou can'st, aghast !

A *mote* in yonder sun-beam—*falls*—
 A lesson to the ear
 Of anxious wisdom, that appals ;
 But, Wo ! thou wilt not hear !