

And civic life of Athens or of Rome,
Hero and saint, poet and lawgiver,
Half men, half gods, last into Gods themselves,
Ay, into Gods, for what, I say, are Gods ?
Are they not mind, are they not mutable,
Many and multiform, some small, some great
The powers unseen that lead us in and out,
The godlets of the cradle and the go-cart,
Good-fellows of the cupboard and the hearth,
Naiad and Nymph, Dryad and Oread,
Fairy and Faun by fountain, hill, and tree,
Immortal are they or rather semi-immortal ?
The Hamadryad withers with the oak,
Old Xanthus pined when the flame parched his wave ;
The guardian sprite that throned in each man's planet
Sways him from birth, passes too with his passing,
And they, the high, the august, the Gods of Heaven,
Mavors, Minerva, Jove Capitoline,
A stronger life, a longer life, is theirs,
Yet they too haply have their period.
Dodona and Delphi and Hammon are half dumb,
" Saturn is gone, Saturn will come again."
Are they not manifestations manifold
Of one sole mind in all things immanent ?
One mind ? why not one God, higher than all,
In whom we live and move and have our being,
" And are his offspring," as Aratus told ?
Is this the truth, is this the ultimate,
One unknown God, Father and Lord of things ?
'Twas this, this, this, I ever yearned to learn,
And meant to give my life to probe and try,
Groping and feeling if haply I might find him,
Who if He is, is sure not far away,
But in this world I now shall never know,
Perchance had never known, perchance shall know
On that Elysian plain, now only stand