

From Matter nothing higher emanates
Than forms material. What life it holds
Is life in act, not life in potency.
The exsiccated seed may germinate
Long after life's conditions seem suppressed,
For in its lowest forms, though deemed extinct,
Life latent lay where life appears anew.

Who breathed life in forms material?
Speak, O my soul, thou knowest what to say.
Speak of thy God, proclaim his mightiness;
Recall the acts of His creative will.
Blind matter hath no knowledge of these things.
'T is God, the living God, who kindled life
Where there is life. Is He not life itself?
Of life the Lord, He gives and takes away.
'T is He who gave to Nature Nature's laws;
Hence, they are subject to His sovereign will;
And at His will them often He suspends—
Suspends them even at the pray'r of faith.
He makes the blind to see, the deaf to hear,
The dumb to speak; the dead rise at His word.
The gale and surging waves heed His command.
For Him these wonders are not miracles.
He made and He upholds the Universe.
Upholder by the will which called it forth,
He still is its Creator -- not its soul.