

Downward to the boundless plain
The fiery courser speeds amain,
Slackens not his headlong gait;
Stopping not to breathe or bait;
And only at the hostel gate,
Does that tireless courser wait.

Once upon the track again,
Scours along the distant plain;
Scorning lightning, as in haste,
He charges madly through the waste:—
Lakes and rivers come and go;
Who denies it shall be so?
Things like these the *Seer* beholds
As the wondrous map unfolds.

What sea is that the *Seer* crossed?
What land its mighty breast embossed?
Whose towns and cities rose to view,
So fair and stately yet so new?

The *sea* is that great ebbless tide
Which cannot for an instant bide;
But ev'ry moment strikes a shore,
Which never had been reached before;
Whose farthest coasts will hear its boom,
Never before the day of doom.