

Some men have boldly sought to penetrate
Into the deep recesses of the mind;
To try from out that wondrous mystery
To force th' unwilling truth, and solve the deep,
The marvellous problem of the human mind;
But only found that as they wiser grew
Their wisdom proved, as it must ever do,
The hugeness of the task—the ignorance of wisdom.

There have been others who have made the sun,
The moon, the stars, and all the countless worlds
Which deck the brow of night the objects of
Their search: Have told us of sweet midnight's queen,
As beautiful, in silent majesty
She sits upon her calm, ethereal throne,
Surrounded by her shining pageantry
Eager to honor her; whose hearts do beat
And pant for joy that theirs is such a queen;
The while her brighter nobles proudly stand
With steady gaze, admiring her pale beauty.