

Vie with the primrose and the mullein as of old,
And as the morning-glory greets the rising lord of day
The dew-drop on her brow becomes a diamond in his ray.

IX.

Alas ! I find, in common with the race,
That stupor blind fills every empty place;
Let not a trace of it be in my mind,
Rise by the great Creator's grace, and cast all weights behind.
There like a strong man armed, bold, brave, and free,
Strengthened by sorrow but unharmed, I breast life's troubled sea,
Let drifters, siren-charmed, go by the lea;
Come you, whose hearts are true, and struggle on with me;
For heavenly rhythm thrills our souls with joy,
The seas, the hills, their giant powers employ,
The starry sky takes up the glad refrain,
All nature echoes : nought was made in vain !
The tiny creeping ant, the luscious bee.
As well as every plant, and shrub, and tree,
Has each a part to fill in God's great plan,
O praise Him, that He kindly kept the largest part for man.

X

My thoughts have wandered far, for they are free;
I wish that I could half express the thoughts that trouble me;
I would that I could half control the inner longings of my soul.
You flower of all the millions on the lea,
And unknown numbers underneath the sea,—
My Heliotrope ! I sorrow still for thee.
Nor do I blindly grope, I think I see
The One who swings the universe through space,
Sees every sparrow fall, and fills its place.
He speaks a message soothing to my soul :
The motive, not the deed, lasts through all time,
Then may each motive spring from thought sublime;
May every action mirror the Divine !
While, like the ivy round the oak, I twine my fragile vine.