

THERE is a harmony of nature's choir,
Voiceless, yet to the lowly spirit clear ;
The planets in their paths, the constant change
Of light and dark, of seasons, moons, and tides
Attuned to one large theme, "There is a plan,
And Love is in the plan." In Malcolm's ears
This strain exulted, and the dissonance
Of pain and loss mingled with its deep flow.
The light of purpose shone across the world,
Transfiguring all. It was another world :
That dim new world for which the spirit grieves,
And haply, after many wanderings, finds
In scenes and tasks despised. Labour was light :