

Shall not the subtle spirit of man contrive
To charm the tremulous ether of the soul,
Wherein it breathes ?—until, from pole to pole,
Those who are kin shall speak, as face to face,
 From star to star,
Even from earth to the most secret place,
 Where God and the supreme archangels are.

Shall we not prove, what thou hast faintly taught,
That all the powers of earth and air are one,
That one deep law persists from mole to sun?
Shall we not search the heart of God and find
 That law empearled,
Until all things that are in matter and mind
 Throb with the secret that began the world?

Yea, we have journeyed since thou trod'st the road.
Yet still we keep the foreappointed quest,
While the last sunset smoulders in the West.
Still the great faith with the undying hope
 Unsprings and flows,
While dim Assisi fades on the wide slope
 And the deep Umbrian valleys fill with rose.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT