

The human mind attains the lofty planes
Of all transcendent and ennobling thoughts.
E'en th' Infinite is not beyond its reach.
Then why those base attempts to picture Man,
Made in the image of the Deity,
As if he bore the likeness of the brute?
What would Man be were he not what he is?
Irrational, without a human soul,
And irresponsible, without free-will.
Insane philosopher, of what avail
To man's advancement, to his happiness,
Are volumes full of learned ignorance?
Thy efforts to explain away the Soul
Attest its presence and activity.
Were they successful, would they honor thee?
What merit can attach to acts unwilled?
Dost thou think worthy of applause and praise
The fettered frisks of an automaton?

O'erprizing Matter (not through reverence
For its Creator), some do deem it holds
The promise and the potency of all
The forms and all the qualities of life.
Resting their eyes on Nature's grand display,
Bewildered, they lose sight of Nature's God.
Life comes from life. The potency of life
Is life, and life alone can promise life.