

Than passions, can triumph rise,
E'en over nature's agonies.

Earth has outgrown such damning deeds :

Still apostles to free thought bleed.

But knowledge and the sister arts

Shall people earth with human hearts

And sympathies, and make this hell

A heaven where happiness might dwell.

Even now mind is in motion,

And heaves like a troubled ocean :

Superstition's gory altar

Feels the shock ; her high priests falter ;

Temples reared by blood and lies,

Where mind is the great sacrifice,

Are tottering ; sceptres, crowns and kings,

With their weak bubbles ; all the things

Which men have worship'd, indicate decay,

And haste to nothingness away.

Science her conquering car has driven

Up to the very gates of Heaven

Made with an ail but divine

The lightnings, vassals of her will,

Earth's utmost bounds hath felt her power ;

Her ministers, each day, each hour,

Bear olive branches like the dove,

To heap upon the shrine of love.

Earth's love is overflowing ;

Beauty on each blade is glowing ;

The meanest thing beneath our feet

Bears something for affection meet

Young garbs, bounding from her waves

To wanton amongst the forest leaves ;