

And so when wanes what now seems fair—
The things that man may understand,
Conditions will abound somewhere,
Where life will more and more expand—

Somewhere where LOVE in richness sweet
Is hovering round the Mercy-Seat:
Where Wisdom finds a nobler way
To praise, than what we have today.

HE MADE THE STARS ALSO.

That star with his encircling rings
Which still to father Saturn clings,
Drop hints how earth in embryo
Would break away and wider go,
To grow into a rolling sphere—
Quite as those rings will yet appear;
For satellites those rings will be
Upon that stars periphery!

But science cannot tell how soon
Each ring will change into a moon—
Nor can it ever tell the time,
Before the suns were made to shine,
When God Divine conceived Sublime—
Gave Nature power through a thrill
To reproduce and to instill
Both reason, instinct and a Will—
Gave Grace to aim up higher still,
With obligations to fulfill;
And further it can't tell the time
When God installed the Sovereign line,
Enabling man to breathe Divine,
And breathe a prayer that will incline
The listening ear for all mankind