

A SOUL'S QUESTION

"Oh, tell me where is Heaven,
Where earth-worn souls may rest?
Oh, tell me, where is Heaven,
That refuge of the blest?"
But Morn, with newborn brightness,
Bent down a smiling face;
And o'er the ethereal vaulting
This answer seemed to trace,
"Ye may not know."
And it was day.

To Day who ruled with splendor,
That soul expressed its need,
And from the mortal prison
Begged humbly to be freed.
"Oh, tell me, where is Heaven?
I pray thee to reveal;
Oh, tell me, where is Heaven?
I would my sorrow heal."
But o'er the hills and valleys,
Day spread her lambent light,
And seemed to say so softly,
While she measured hours bright,
"Ye may not know."
And it was night.