

Staining the lake with the flush of the heavens,  
Grey pearly spaces and fair green sky-pastures,  
Melting to blue where the first star of even  
Hangs in the ether.

Lavish of life is the Universe round us—  
Yon tiny flower that turns to the Sun-God  
Is as a world, and the life that it fosters  
Deeper than our's is.

Yea! as a world, and a sun, and a system,  
Whilst in the dust of its innermost petals,  
Haply some life dreams, with visions exalted,  
Of the Eternal.

Traces the Infinite round and below him,  
Finds the immensities growing and growing,  
Till all the littleness is but a vastness,  
Vast but as little ;

Until his thought strikes the truth out of folly,  
And his brave world and bright stars hanging o'er him,  
All the long rush of the centuries passing,  
Are but a flower—

Are but a moment, and all the long cycles  
Bearing his universe backwards or forwards,  
Cooling his earth's crust or pouring his lavas,  
Making or marring,

Are but the breath of the breeze of the morning  
Stirring the leaves with a rustle, and turning  
Some of the flowers right into the shadow,  
Some into sunlight ;

Whilst in the depth of its innermost petals  
Voices of scorn raise their chorus around him,  
Some in the pride of their wisdom exclaiming,  
"Have we not measured?"

"Are not the miles and their millions all numbered?  
Have we not counted the years and their thousands?  
Is it a dream that our sires have told us,  
Is it a fable?"

Others, again—"Lo ! the words are all written,  
Graven on stone by the God of our fathers,  
How we were made and the cause of our making,  
Seek ye no further !

"Here is no hint of an under or upper,  
This is the world, and the centre of being!"  
Still in his ears ring their words of condemning,  
Voices of mocking.

But still the breeze of the breath of the morning  
Stir all the leaves as they whiten, upturning  
Some to the light and the warmth of the sunshine,  
Some to the shadow.