

One holds, Two principles at war
By turns prevail, undying each ;
One finds a God no prayer can reach,
Alone in Heaven, aloof, afar.

Come Plato, Aristotle then ;
Each age a new solution brings ;
Where kings are, God is King of Kings ;
Republics make him Citizen.

Some change the human shape of me ;
Some whirl me in a vortex-dance ;
Ask all things, answer none ; perchance
Raise devils of their own and flee.

One doubts my eyesight ; one my brain ;
Down with all systems, cries Voltaire ;
Spinoza thinks God everywhere,
But seeks Him everywhere in vain.

Man is mere clockwork, then 'twas taught ;
And last that man of words appears,
Who pulled the house about our ears,
Showed Heaven empty, all things naught.

VIII

Amid the wreck of schools I sit,
And think what ages, year on year,
Have laboured to solve Doubt ; and here
Behold the utter end of it !

Ah, vanity of vanities !
Poor creatures of a thousand dreams,
Ye saw the light of Heaven, it seems,
And only lacked the wings to rise.