

Some there are, whose modest worth,  
Scarcely known in daylight's glare,  
Shall brighten all the darkening earth  
In hours of pain and care.

---



### SEEKING.

Why is this stupendous intelligence so retired and silent, while present  
in all the scenes of the earth, and in all the paths and abodes of men?

FOSTER

Where dost Thou dwell,  
Unknown, unseen, yet knowing, seeing all?  
We find Thee not in hermit's lonely cell,  
Nor lofty palace hall.

No more at eve  
Thy form is with us on the dusty road;  
The dead sleep on, though loving hearts may grieve;  
The suffering bear their load.

Night closes round—  
In the green forest aisles no leaf is stirred;  
So hushed, as if heaven's distant music sound  
Might even here be heard.