

Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try  
 To trace Thy counsels infinite and dark.  
 And thought is lost, ere thought can soar so high,  
 Even-like past moments in eternity.  
 Thou, from primeval nothingness didst call  
 First chaos, then existence ; Lord, on Thee  
 Eternity had its foundation ; all  
 Sprung forth from Thee,—of light, joy, harmony,  
 Sole origin ; all life, all beauty Thine.  
 Thy word created all, and doth create ;  
 Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine ;  
 Thou art, and wert, and shall be ! Glorious, great,  
 Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate,  
 Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,—  
 Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath !  
 Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,  
 And beautifully mingled life and death !  
 As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,  
 So some are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee ;  
 And as the spangles in the sunny rays  
 Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry  
 Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.\*  
 A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,  
 Wander unwearied through the blue abyss :  
 They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,  
 All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.  
 What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light,  
 A glorious company of golden streams,  
 Lamps of celestial ether burning bright,  
 Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams.  
 But Thou to these art as the noon to night ;—  
 Yes, as a drop of water in the sea,  
 All this magnificence in Thee is lost.  
 What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee ?  
 And what am I, then ? Heaven's unnumbered host,  
 Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed  
 In all the glory of sublimest thought,  
 Is but an atom in the balance weighed  
 Against Thy greatness ; is a cypher brought

\*The force of this simile can hardly be imagined by those who have  
 never witnessed the sun shining with unclouded splendour in a cold of  
 twenty or thirty degrees of Reaumur, and thousand and ten thousand spark-  
 ling stars of ice brighter than the brightest diamond play on the surface of  
 the frozen snow, and the slightest breeze sets myriads of icy atoms in mo-  
 tion whose glancing light and beautiful rainbow hues dazzle and weary the  
 eye.