

And all these shapes found each its own desire,
 Whate'er its faith on earth, whate'er its creed.
The Christian saw at last the Son unsoiled ;
The Prophet's God upon his creatures smiled.
 The Indian found his Manitou indeed,
Lama his life, the Magian his fire.

For all these souls were innocent below,
 And loved God well who loved what he had made ;
And, loving all things, though they found not truth,
Were yet received of heav'n, and gat them youth,
 And pleasant sleep, and shelter in the shade,
And endless mitigation of their woe.

For God, who is our Master and our Lord,
 Took pity on their helpless ignorance,
And, from their wives, their children and their pelf,
And all their idols, took them to himself,
 And clad them round with glorious circumstance,
And all the joys high heaven doth afford.