

Where is God ?

“What must it mean—yon marvellous
display
Of tireless Nature's beauteous tapestry ?
What power over human need holds
sway ?
The lifeless hand ? or ever-living
Majesty ? ”

Then came a song of morn that filled the
air—
Was it an earthly strain poured forth
in praise ?
Ay, earthly, yet from heaven descended
here,
The heart of man in ecstasy to raise.

The heavenly cadence passed, awafted by,
As if on seraph wings far eastward borne,
Athwart the sheen of yonder sea to die
Within the rose blush of the rising
morn ;