

Earth was made a garden of love,
 If love had not a dwelling there,
 But wandering, who has not met
 With beings they can not forget
 Whose existence was but longings
 After a purer state of things
 Yes, there are hearts which bleed for crime,
 Of every creed, of every clime,
 Both sceptic, Jew, and Christian—
 Creeds are as naught: heart every thing.

Earth has been shrouded in long night,
 But love proclaims the dawning light,
 And by her beams some souls have caught
 A glimpse of a new world of thought,
 Forms of transcendent loveliness
 Conceived within the deep recess
 Of genius, or the glowing heart,
 Pure minds in an embodied form,
 Like guardian angels, lead the way
 Through her regions of purity,
 Yes, mind is wrestling with sense,
 Nature has found an utterance
 In Wordsworth, Channing, Coleridge, Scott,
 Combe, and our own Lord of Hope,
 Methinks I hear virtue weeping,
 Surely they have not lived in vain;
 They dwell with me, and have the time,
 When man shall cease vice and crime,
 When charity shall be the law,
 (For charity is the bond of love)
 Like to angels, they shall be
 All other feelings will be gone,
 Which none but angels can know.