

THE SOUL

I think a substance immaterial;
A spirit godlike, rational and free;
A being more of heaven than of earth;
Immortal, simple, incorporeal,
And yet, on earth, our mortal body's guest;
'The human body's living stay, its life,
Yea, more, its living and substantial form;
The living and substantial source of thought;
Of all our acts and all our energies.
Although self-active, self-determining,
And from its mortal mate in all distinct,
Yet, while their close, substantial union lasts,
It doth not act without its ministry.
Pervading its dark, earthly tenement,
Whole in the whole and whole in every part,
It saturates it with its living self
And forms with it the wondrous being, MAN.
This is the Soul, this is the human soul.
Thus, in its own light, is the Soul conceived.
But, soulless, could I thus conceive the Soul?
Were I but matter, could I form these thoughts,
And weave the psychic texture of my theme?
The Soul! The Soul! I think the Soul! My thought
My very thought, reveals my soul to me!

Ask not, O Man, have I a soul? Say not
I have no soul. Why speakest thou such words?