

THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

TALK not of temples ; there is *one*,
Built without hands, to mankind given.
Its lamps are the meridian sun
And all the stars of heaven ;
Its walls are the cerulean sky ;
Its floor the earth so green and fair ;
The dome is vast immensity,—
All nature worships there !

The Alps, arrayed in stainless snow,
The Andean ranges yet untrod,
At sunrise and at sunset glow
Like altar-fires to God !
A thousand fierce volcanoes blaze,
As if with hallowed victims rare ;
And thunder lifts its voice in praise,—
All nature worships there !

The Temple of Nature.

The ocean heaves resistlessly,
 And pours his glittering treasures forth ;
 His waves, the priesthood of the sea,
 Kneel on the shell-gemmed earth,
 And there emit a hollow sound,
 As if they murmured praise and prayer ;
 On every side 'tis hallowed ground,—
 All nature worships there !

The grateful earth her odours yield
 In homage, Mighty One, to Thee,
 From herbs and flowers in every field,
 From fruit on every tree ;
 The balmy dew, at morn and even,
 Seems like the penitential tear,
 Shed only in the sight of Heaven,—
 All nature worships there !

The cedar and the mountain pine,
 The willow on the fountain's brim,
 The tulip and the eglantine,
 In reverence bend to Him ;
 The song-birds pour their sweetest lays
 From tower, and tree, and middle air ;
 The rushing river murmurs praise,—
 All nature worships there !

Then talk not of a fane, save *one*,
 Built without hands, to mankind given.
 Its lamps are the meridian sun
 And all the stars of heaven ;
 Its walls are the cerulean sky ;
 Its floor the earth so green and fair ;
 The dome is vast immensity,—
 All nature worships there !