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THOUGHT.

O Thought, sublime and grand! Index supreme
Of power divine! Whether written with pen of steel
Upon the glowing page, or with the burning point
Of eloquence upon the minds and hearts
Of men. Whether read in books of human art,
Or God's great book of nature. Whether seen
in the rocks
That rear their craggy peaks so far above
The storm-cloud's reach, or in the whirling storm
That rides upon the wind and wildly sweeps,
As a destroying angel, o'er land and sea.
Or in the sunlight that silently streams from down
The azure sky, painting in snowy white
The lily's cheek, and touching with ruddy hue
The rose's lip. Wherever written, seen, and read,
Thou art but a single revelation, grand.
Of power, omnipotent, divine. And where,
O Thought, was thy first dwelling place? And when
Too didst thou first exist? Thy rule is from
Eternity unto eternity.
Thy realm, the great broad Universe of God.
But in the mind and heart of man thou didst
A beginning have. When first he breathed the
breath
Of life, when first the current, red, began
To flow and heart to throb, then thou didst enter
And there take thy seat. O what a power,
then,
To man was given! Power alone by which

He claims, child of Omnipotence to be,
And use of which, his greatest pleasure forms.
Power alone which raises man above
The brute, and crowns him sovereign of the
world.
By which he follows nature in wanderings
Remote, and searches out her mysteries
Most hidden. By which man links to known,
unknown,
And whose each achievement is but the key
wherewith
To unlock the door to greater mysteries;
And to open the way to nature's grander fields.
By which man chained the thunderbolts of heaven,
And trained them well his messengers to be.
O Thought! forever monarch, while at same
Time servant of the world, and at whose feet
Truth cast her richest treasures, and 'fore whom,
In humblest adoration bows the world
Of man. Ofttimes thy palace, a lowly cot,
Or e'en a prison cell, the humblest mind
In all the land, thy throne, but yet how grand
Thy rule. How strange the transformation of
Thy hand! The tyrants of the world have trem-
bled
In thy presence, and watched with jealous care,
Thy every movement. With anxious fears did
they [chain
Await the time when thou shouldst burst the
By which they had bound thee, and be free again.
Oft and eagerly did they seek to thwart [thou
Thy might, to encroach upon thy freedom. But
Art free. O Thought, and this the land of thy
Free birth. And from this home of liberty,
This land of freedom, thou shalt soar aloft
With heaven-aspiring wings and undazzled eye,
Mid the very glare of Truth's meridian sun.

AMATEUR.