

CREED.

BY CHARLES SLOAN REID.

Consenting not, consulted not, I came,
What then am I? A simple pawn of fate
That accident of birth alone might claim
For prince or pauper, saint or profligate.
With knowledge of my whence to me denied,
With mystery my pathway shrouding o'er,
How then shall I my whither's hope decide?
Or seek beyond this sphere in thought to soar?
The Force that formed the mammoth in his time,
The cuttle-fish, the sponge, the coral reef,
The chambered molusk in his home of slime,
The smallest germ, the crystal, and the leaf,
No revelation yet hath vouchsafed man,
Though book and legend would proclaim it so;
But, loving good, I trust, nor fear to span
The final breach, presuming naught to know.