“GOING SOMEWHERE.”

My science-friend, my noblest woman-friend,
(Now buried in an English grave—and this a memory-leaf for
her dear sake,)
Ended our talk—“The sum, concluding all we know of old or
modern learning, intuitions deep,
“Of all Geologies—Histories—of all Astronomy—of Evolution,
Metaphysics all,
“Is, that we all are onward, onward, speeding slowly, surely
bettering,
“Life, life an endless march, an endless army, (no halt, but
it is duly over,)
“The world, the race, the soul, in space and time the uni-
verses,
“All wisely bound as is befitting them—all surely going
somewhere.”

WALT WHITMAN.