

## THE ALL-FATHER.

The thought of God oft-times perplexes me,  
As who or what he is—or whence He came?  
How, nowhere dwells He, 'neath the canopy,  
While heaven and earth, alike, declare His Name?

In all and over all doth He abide,  
Creation with His living breath is rife;  
I feel Him, hear Him, see Him, tho' He hide—  
I, in Him, know my being and my life.

And, all about me, God seems ever near:  
His thrilling touch brings everything to birth;  
I need not climb to heaven to seek Him there,  
Behold, He walks beside me, on the earth!

The tender green of spring-time marks His tread;  
Unseen He stirs in leaf and blade of grass;  
The flowers welcome Him with reverent head,  
And breathe their incense round Him ere He pass.

No little bird, at morn, in downy nest,  
But knows his coming in the rustling wood,  
And wakes to carol forth, with swelling breast,  
A song of gratitude for life so good.

No prattling rivulet, thro' mossy dell,  
But feels His hidden influence in its spring,  
And, eager growing, hastens on to swell  
The cataract's glad paean, thundering.