

Rivalled the redness of yon setting sun!
You are at odds with Nature, who destroy
Man's body. Is there not some higher test
Of greatness in the patience of that faith
Which dares adventure on forgotten roads,
Or hidden trails unfound by human feet,
To find God cradled where the cattle are?
Must we who sought and found, go lonely back
Without Love's offering of gold and myrrh—
Back to the place we knew before the star
Came softly from the silences of night?
How worth the painful journeying, to cry:
I have seen God upon His mother's breast!

Never have I been atheist—the fool
Hath said within his heart, there is no God!
God may hide in the mass; may look on life
Through eyes that slowly opened, until man
Gazed in the artist and the seer, and said:
How beautiful! how good! but I hold not
With those who cry: *Behold God in the Book!*
If there be God, He must be always One;
Must not be hid by this, revealed in that;
Must be unchanging, like unchanging law
Which keeps the constellations in their place,
Holds atom unto atom. Bud and blade,
Fronde, leaf and petal are obedient
Each to its character; and, like the suns,
Depart not from the course, by law ordained,
Up the ascent of life. God is in Nature—