

Perhaps it did—for moments came of joy too great  
To last more than a minute's space of breathing awe,  
And that was fullest rest, completed faith in Thee.  
I tried to go the easier path the church had taught.  
But could not iterate the cruel words they said  
Were Thy just anger.  
In all the wondrous woods, the sea and stars, I saw  
The mystery of death and life. I knew not how  
These many complex things were so ordained and made,  
But knew they were in kindness sent, and not in hate.  
And so I did put back the book reached out by those  
Who called it 'lamp' and 'light,' and sanctified by Thee;  
And said, 'I doubt the book you preach, but not His love.'  
Yet ever through the days, my childish lesson cried  
Within my breast; I stumbled, but, upheld by Thee,  
I groped yet blindly up the stairway, here, above,—  
And now I know, my God, that Thou indeed art Love."

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The angels raised their heads (their joyful shining eyes  
Mutely expectant caught the message mutely sent)  
And moved like glinting sunrays down the breathless aisle;  
They clustered round the form of him who just had spoke;  
Their spreading, sunny wings arched o'er the doubting soul;  
And thus the three passed slowly through the moving sea  
Of spirits crowding all the spaces of the hall.  
Into the light that compasses the Father's throne  
The doubting God-taught soul had safely found his own.