

The wind is chill, the hour is late ;
Haste Thee, dear Lord, undo the gate,
For grim wolf-sorrows prowl and range
These bitter hills of chance and change :

And from the barren wilderness
With homeward face Thy flocks do press :
Their worn bells ring a jangled chime—
Shepherd, come forth, 'tis eventime.

Nothing less than this mysterious Incarnation could open a way, or begin a possibility for fallen man to be born again from above, and made again a partaker of the divine nature.

William Law.