

y babe!

By those whom vision makes unsatisfied
With shadows. It is all earth's many sounds
Blended within one Word—eternal Word!
O wonder of that Word my babe shall speak,
Be thou the cry that tells me where he hides
Among the reeds! Yea, as I hunt for him,
So will all ages come with praying hands
And lips that supplicate; for he will teach
Between the pillars of the past and present,
Royal and crowned with truth: yea all the world
Will laugh because of him. . . .

Hush, O my baby! I am coming. . . . Ah—! Again that cry!