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HYMN TO THE HOLY GHOST.

By Frank Waters.

O Love, the Holy Spirit, Thou who art
Full God the soul and single, from the heart
Of God the Father breathing—He the one
And only Godhead—and from His, the Son,
All God the undivided : be to me
 The song-breath and a voice between my lips ;
For I would tune my soul to sing of Thee,
 Thou Light indwelling through my dim eclipse.

For well I know Thou hast abiding here,
O luminous filler of the perfect Sphere ;
Thou goest forth through all things, dreadly sweet,
But in thy poets dwellest Light replete.
For they to Thee, O Breather from the Deep,
 Are temples of election in the plan
To shrine thine orb'd Glory (Which the steep
 Of heaven not compass) in a human span.

I comprehend Thee not, but Thee I hold ;
Knowing that Thou, O Love, in Thine own mould,
Working with Power and Wisdom, wroughtest me
A breathing image of Thy Diety.
Wherefore my soul with intimate fond cry,
 Rises in height of passion to embrace
Thee, Love, her Lord and Lover, from on high
 Stooping to raise her to Thy holy place.