

White clouds, athwart the azure slowly drifting,  
Assume celestial forms ;  
Low whispers from afar, through silence sifting,  
Thrill us to vague alarms  
Of holy presences, like sunbeams rifting  
Earth's atmosphere of storms.

Until the fine-grown soul, through prayer uprising  
Beyond this cloudy sphere,  
Floats free to golden distances comprising  
God's full of calm and clear,  
Which drenches, with a rain of joy baptising,  
The spirit cleansed from fear.

And, as with earth, our stress of tribulation  
Falls from us at a word ;  
And, soaring up through heights of exultation,  
Our being, inly stirred,  
Sees dawn through storms, with heaven's angelic nation,  
The Advent of The Lord.

FRANK WATERS.

