

A part of some vast whole I could not see,
And I no more to Him than breathing clay?
What link between the Maker and the made?
For men can draw no nourishment from stones
And things in nature save thro' beasts and flowers,
Which link the two, and so, methought, if God
Should be the God I deem Him, how can He,
The hidden force that blindly moves the world,
Soothe the fierce hunger in the soul of man
That craves for love? What sympathy between
The finite and the infinite? Life itself
Grew hard to breathe beneath eternal clouds,
No sun, no goal to cheer it. But I see
In this dear Christ the answer of my soul,
The pledge of God's great love, the link that binds
The Godhead and the manhood into one,
The undertone that makes one harmony
Of our existence, giving life and peace
And love for men where once a fruitless search
Thro' the blind forces of the universe
In weary years shut out the light of day
And dried the fount of love within the soul."

He ceased, and answered lovingly the Sage :
" Son, I perceive that now thy soul hath found
The peace it sought and in the rifted Side
A hiding place and shelter from the blast.
Now I perceive the Spirit, as at first,
Moves on the troubled waters of thy mind,
And from dark chaos bringeth light and peace.