

RETICENCE.

TO JAY HAMBIDGE.

We may not babble unto alien ears

The truth revealed, nor show to heedless eyes
The visioned beauty, lest with shame and tears

We mourn our folly—and with futile sighs.
For words are weak, and every form of sense

Wherewith in time we tell our hopes and needs.
To do a-right is to have recompense :

And highest thought is ever told in deeds.
And He, upon whose mighty arm we lean,

Is silent, save in works of love and power—
Most Merciful, enthroned in the Unseen,

He tries—yet shields—us in our mortal hour.
So faint not thou, for He who gave the will
The strength shall give, and shall Himself fulfill.