

Canadian Missionary Link

Putnam, Mrs. A.

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By the faith that the flowers show when they bloom
unbidden,
By the calm of the river's flow to a goal that is hidden,
By the trust of the tree that clings to its deep founda-
tion,
By the courage of wild birds' wings on the long
migration,
(Wonderful secret of peace that abides in Nature's
breast)
Teach me how to confide, and live my life, and rest.

For the comforting warmth of the sun that my body
embraces,
For the cool of the waters that run through the
shadowy places,
For the balm of the breezes that brush my face with
their fingers,
For the vesper-hymn of the thrush where the twilight
lingers,
For the long breath, the deep breath, the breath of a
heart without care,—
I will give thanks and adore thee, God of the open air!

From "GOD OF THE OPEN AIR"
By Henry Van Dyke