

"IN THIS WAS MANIFESTED THE LOVE OF GOD."

"Where is Thy love, my Father?" "Look afield:

Mark the soft cloud that dreams on yonder hill—"

"Nay! from the cloud the red death leaps to kill,
And soon the inconstant year robs wold and weald
Of all their gladness." "See, then, love revealed

In thine own being, and the gifts that fill

Thine easy lot!" "Thou sayest, Lord: and still
Death darkens life, joys pass, and quickly yield

To pain." "Nay then, fond soul, if love divine,
Thine own life prove not; if the prospect crowned

With loveliness proclaim not love, the sign

In death and pain shared with thee shall be found:

To Calvary's sacred hill lift up thine eyes,

And read love's perfect proof in sacrifice,"