

Here, where indeed the wheels of Time, suspending  
 Their work-day revolutions, give to hear  
 The finer voices of the Never-Ending  
 Speaking through silence to the soul's rapt ear ;

Here, in the hush, we feel It beating near us,  
 The heart of Godhead, human as our own,  
 We feel Its atmosphere of Love ensphere us,  
 Its light of Love soft-shadowing round us thrown.

We grow aware, with trembling adoration,  
 That God is not a dweller far apart ;  
 In our own hearts we feel the fine vibration  
 Of the wide pulses of His Sacred Heart.

We are uplifted from the death around us—  
 That shade which lurks in Nature's sunniest smile—  
 Unto a realm where perfect Life shall bound us  
 With no poor limitations of a while.

We realise, without our comprehending,  
 An endless Being permeating ours,—  
 A Life within our own, its life transcending,  
 Clothing its barren soil with Eden-flowers.

We pace abroad, from Time's oppressive prison,  
 To the wide breathing of Eternity,  
 Where, through illimitable airs hath risen  
 Full Light upon a boundless land and sea.

We catch clear glimpses of a Godhead breaking  
 Through veil on veil of beauty, on the glance  
 Of the rapt spirit, lulled to broad awaking  
 In the loud hush of earth's rude dissonance.

We reach, in widening circles of emotion,  
 Through rosy deeps around, beneath, above ;  
 We lose ourselves, as dewdrops in the ocean,  
 Deep in the Infinite of boundless Love.

We hear its many voices calling to us,  
 More sweet than all the songs of seraphim ;  
 We feel the Precious Blood Itself thro' through us :  
 God lives in us, and we have life in Him !