

THE LOVE OF GOD

After the weariness and wars of day
Cometh the shade of wings, the hovering night,
With soft wind whisperings and moonlight grey,
Or many-starred and bright.
Such is the love of God unto the soul,
Restoring quietness and making whole.

For if a man be burdened with much care,
Or if he miss the mark of heart's desire,
Let him not for this little march despair;
Like a home hearth with hospitable fire
Beckons the shelter of his father's breast,
And whence he came, he goeth, finding rest.