


 **THE JUBILEE** 


A breeze from the mountain is parting the waters,
That lie at the feet of the cliffs hanging o'er;
And laden with fragrance essential, its passing
Refreshes the weary on sea and on shore.



A breath from the Spirit doth move in its breathing,
The will that responds to the impulse divine;
And thoughts not our own, but of heaven's revealing,
Illumine the meaning of symbol and sign.



A breeze from the mountain is parting the waters;
A breath from the Spirit is stirring the soul.
A day is at hand, when the curtain of nature,
Itself shall be moved, and depart as a scroll.



For one precious moment, our faith becomes vision,
And hope is fulfilled in the presence of love.
A glimpse is vouchsafed of the world of the spirit,
That God in His mercy, hath sent from above.