

His hand is on the lily and the rose;
On all the golden yield of earth's full heart;
And every painted leaf of autumn shows
The stamp of His inimitable Art.

And so, thro' all the year, He patient waits
The lowliest creature of His hand to bless,
For man and brute holds wide His bounteous gates,
And fills all living things with plenteousness. —

But nearer, nearer still, with God I meet —
His very heart-pulse into mine is wrought;
His silent voice I hear, so close His seat —
More close than speech or throbbing brain or thought.

Yet, oft, the thought of God perplexes me
As who or what He is—or whence He came?
How nowhere dwells He 'neath the canopy,
While heaven and earth, alike, declare His Name? —

And, thus perplexed, proud Reason finds no cure,
The more she seeks more wonderful God seems,
As when the diamond, dull in ray obscure,
Held to the light, with radiant mystery gleams.

As helpless as my little child I feel,
Who now begins to question why she prays,
And turns to ask again, when told to kneel,
If I am quite sure God hears what she says.

"Quite sure," I tell her, tho' I know not whence
Nor why He is—God is, I only know!—
She calls me "Father," knowing not by sense;
In such-wise know I God, and child-like bow.