

There only may we find Him. Did she fail  
To make Him known to man, then would man be  
Apart from her and alien to the earth.  
God has not ceased to walk down garden paths.  
He has not grown a-weary of the rose.  
He is not deaf to lifted song of leaves,  
What time the artist comes for tinting them  
Out of his ample shards of autumn-tones.  
God is the lover of all open wings,  
Of all who glorify the world with song.  
There are no moments of the infinite;  
All things come to their growth by Nature's law—  
A star, a planet, species or the soul;  
Therefore, I wait, make no assertions, stand  
Humble before the mystery of life and death—  
The pillars of that portico whose doors  
Are shut; though from the steps I may look down  
To trace the winding path up which I toiled,  
And view my halting places: There I slept,  
Dreaming a while; there I rose with a laugh,  
Made strong by what I dreamed, and took the road.  
How many mile-stones we have passed, my friend,  
In our long journey to the double-door!  
Will that door open, Alfred? shall we see,  
One day, the Good Host standing in the hall  
With waiting hands and lips of love that smile?