

XII.

May He whose habitation is in the lasting hills,
The frost and cold, the summer fields, the woods
and singing rills,

Look kindly on the little town of my captivity,
And bless the lonely wilderness that was so good
to me;

And have forever in His care, come snow or sun or
rain,
Those golden hearts who gave me love and strength
to walk again!

And may the peace of clear new moons, the solace
of the sun,
Be with the ailing of the earth and heal them every
one!

The Adirondacks,
1919-20.