

Seven Hymns

Poems by Mary Baker Eddy, pp. 4, 5

Mother's Evening Prayer

O gentle presence, peace and joy and power;
 O Life divine, that owns each waiting hour,
Thou Love that guards the nestling's faltering flight!
 Keep Thou my child on upward wing tonight.
Love is our refuge; only with mine eye
 Can I behold the snare, the pit, the fall:
His habitation high is here, and nigh,
 His arm encircles me, and mine, and all.
O make me glad for every scalding tear,
 For hope deferred, ingratitude, disdain!
Wait, and love more for every hate, and fear
 No ill, — since God is good, and loss is gain.
Beneath the shadow of His mighty wing;
 In that sweet secret of the narrow way,
Seeking and finding, with the angels sing:
 "Lo, I am with you alway," — watch and pray.
No snare, no fowler, pestilence or pain;
 No night drops down upon the troubled breast,
When heaven's aftersmile earth's tear-drops gain,
 And mother finds her home and heav'nly rest.