

GOD'S EVIDENCE

Oh, I see it in the moonlit skies
And in the greening leaves,
And every lovely growing thing
That trembles in the breeze.

I hear it in the human voice
And in the ocean's roar,
I hear it in the song of birds
Above my humble door.

I feel It in the glowing sun
And in the dew-kissed sod.
And always am I grateful for
This evidence of God.

By Alice Whitson Norton

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