

THE AFTERGLOW

As the wild wind lashed the treetops
And the lightning pierced the sky,
I sat at my cottage window
And watched the storm sweep by.
But ere the last roll of thunder
Had rumbled on and away,
The sun shone forth in the western sky
As it bade farewell to the day.

And as its rays descended
Across the meadow-land,
I saw spread out before me,
The working of God's plan.
For the storms of life in passing,
Leave behind an afterglow.
Bright sunbeams of Consolation,
Tempering all wild winds that blow.