

CUNDERCURRENTS

Can we discern a Nation's mood ?
Each swirling current understood ?
When God at last with lavish hand,
Shall teach man His Will to comprehend.

Each process that pulls each to and fro
As tides over sand both come and go
Then edying out to wide sea's brim
Have moved the shore in pattern dim.

So slight a motion, yet so vast
A movement, slow, yet sure to last.
So nations move and shift as sand,
Yet patter'nd are by One Great Hand.

An upsurge here, a tumult there,
Chaos and turmoil everywhere;
Yet like the sea's loud angry roar,
Recedes the tumult from the shore.

Then on the sand smooth patterns are,
All is peace and hushed the war,
Of Nation's madness, roaring might,
Gives place at last to shimmering light.

The light of fairer morns than these,
Is sure to come with nations' peace,
The howling storm in which we trod,
Is hushed once more by voice of God.

These are things the soul but dimly comprehends,
Of mighty movements wrought by unseen hands,
That take the nations, mould them all anew,
Each one a pattern piece, each fair to view.

So God wills, each nation moves in majesty,
Their systems and their thrones they alter ev'ry day
Then, like the sand, the altering pattern dim,
At last is perfect, The Great Creator's Dream.

Norman L. Turnbull

Nov. 19th/41/



LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY
WINNIPEG

Undercurrents

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Each swirling undercurrent understood?
When God at last with larist hand
Shall bring men his will to comprehend,
each man

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As tides our sand both come and go
And edging out to wide seas him
Have moved the ~~shore~~ in pattern dim

So slight a motion, yet as vast
A movement, slow yet sure to last.
So nations move and shift as sand
Yet patterned are by one Great Hand

On upsurge here a tumult there,
Chaos and turmoil everywhere;
Yet like the seas loud angry roar
Recedes the tumult from the shore.

And on the sand smooth pattern are,
All is peace and hushed the war,
Of nations madness, roaring might
Gives place at last to shimmering light.

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Is sure to come with Nations peace
The howling storm in which we tread
Is hushed once more by voice of God.