**Composed During A Storm**

One who was suffering tumult in his soul,

Yet failed to seek the sure relief of prayer,

Went forth—his course surrendering to the care

Of the fierce wind, while mid-day lightnings prowl

Insidiously, untimely thunders growl;

While trees, dim-seen, in frenzied numbers, tear

The lingering remnant of their yellow hair,

And shivering wolves, surprised with darkness, howl

As if the sun were not. He raised his eye

Soul-smitten; for, that instant, did appear

Large space ('mid dreadful clouds) of purest sky,

An azure disc—shield of Tranquillity;

Invisible, unlooked-for, minister

Of providential goodness ever nigh.

William Wordsworth