

FAITH

This much I know:
God does not wrong us here,
Though oft His judgments seem severe
And reason falters 'neath the blow,
Someday we'll learn 'twas better so.

So oft I've erred
In trifling matters of my own concern;
So oft I've blundered at the simplest turn,
Chosen the false path or the foolish word
That what I call my judgment seems absurd.

My puny reason cries
Against the bitter and the cruel blows,
Measuring the large world by the inch it knows,
Seeing all joy and pain through selfish eyes,
Not knowing hurt and suffering may be wise.

But I have come to see,
So vast God's love, so infinite His plan
That it is well it was not left to man
To alter or to say what is to be,
When reason failed, faith also then would flee.

God knoweth best!
Through the black night and agony of grief
Faith whispers low: 'Hold fast to your belief!
In time His purpose He shall manifest,
Then shall you learn how greatly you were blest.'

Edgar Albert Guest (1881 – 1959)