

HIS WILL, NOT MINE, BE DONE.

O thou of little faith! why dost thou fear?
Didst thou forget that Jesus was so near?
And hast thou thought that thou must walk alone,
Forgetting that His arm was round thee thrown?

Aye, more than this, thou'rt held within His hand,
And 'twas Himself that hath thy trial planned!
There was a need be seen by Eye Divine,
Although, perchance, not visible to thine.

And wherefore would'st thou see? Thou canst not tell
If what thy heart contends for would be well;
Perhaps thy hopes fruition would be vain,
Or prove a life-long discipline of pain!

Hast thou not seen in retrospective life,
That will of God, which caused thee bitterest strife,
Hath turned to sweetness – while the thing He gave
To suit thy will, grew darker than the grave?

There's rest supreme for souls that choose His will;
A blest security from every ill;
The things God chooses for us never fail!
They have their anchorage within the veil.

– Mrs. H. W. Brown.
