

ACQUAINT THYSELF WITH HIM.

God works in silence, and His vast designs
Are brought to pass in quietness and peace;
Unheralded the sun comes forth at morn,
And without tumult on the nation shines;
Unwept again its ministrations cease,
And twilight worlds are born.

The years sweep onward, but their chariot wheels
Vouchsafe no echo to our yearning call;
The swift attendant seasons as they pass
Are shod with silence, and no sound reveals
The rapid hours, whose steps are as the fall
Of snowflakes on the grass.

In quietness through dreary winter days
The buds of next year's summer take their rest,
Assured of happy waking by-and-by;
Though long the sweetness of the spring delays,
Though tempests move in wrath from east to west,
They neither strive nor cry.

Patient in long reserve of hidden power,
God's judgments tarry their appointed time,
But from His love, wherein all fulness dwells,
Mute tokens come about us hour by hour,
In silence sweeter than the voiceless chime
Of fragrant lily bells.

The perfect bliss for which His people crave –
The final victory – He sees across
The cloud and sunshine of a thousand years;

While the frail garland on a baby's grave
May circumscribe life's utmost gain and loss
To eyes grown dim with tears!

Oh troubled heart! no storms of adverse fate,
No wave of circumstance may overleap
The jasper borders of eternity;
Acquaint thyself with Him, nor zeal abate,
He shall appoint a rest, and for thee keep
The white robe and the palm!

– *Selected.*

