

The Way of Holiness Made Plain.

Dost thou question the justice of God's dealing ?
Dost thou murmur beneath the blow, and sigh ?
Knowest thou not for each wound with him there's healing?
Thou shalt know all His reasons by and by.

Did it seem to thy soul, so full of anguish,
That, of all in the wide and dreary earth,
Thine alone was the heart He made to languish,
Thine alone was the quickly-vanished mirth !
When, amidst all thy merriment and laughter,
Came the call, didst thou ask, rebellious "Why?"
He has said, we can only know hereafter,
Thou shalt know all His reasons by and by.

Did'st thou think others' pathway was all roses,
And that thine was the only thorny road ?
Many a heart which in Jesus now reposes,
Only reached through such trials up to God,
Whom the Lord loveth best He fits by sorrow
For a place very near his throne on high ;
Jesus knows, He'll sustain to-day, to-morrow,
Thou shalt know all his reasons by and by.

When death's angel has entered at the casement,
And has called all thy dearest ones away,
Did'st thou meekly bow down in self-abasement,
Or in murmuring accents say him nay ?
Did'st thou think it a cruel dispensation,
When the flowers were transplanted to the sky ?
Did'st thou think He would give no compensation ?
Thou shalt know all about it by and by.

Then, with humbled and God-devoted spirit,
Oh ! return, broken-hearted to His breast !
Trust in him ; think no more of selfish merit ;
Lean thy head where the weary all find rest ;