

Through judgment must deliverance be known;  
 From vile affections, and their wrathful sting;  
 True peace pertains to righteousness alone,  
 That flows, through faith, from life's eternal spring!

Should man (to glory call'd, and endless bliss)  
 Bewail his momentary adverse doom?  
 Or in deep thankful resignation kiss  
 The rod that prompts him on his journey home?

Unsearchable the providence of God,  
 By boasted wisdom of the son of dust;  
 Lo! virtue feels oppression's iron rod,  
 And impious spirits triumph o'er the just?

Shall hence a self-conceited reptile dare  
 Th' omniscient Ruler's equity arraign?  
 Say here thy wrath is fit, thy bounty there,  
 Good to promote, and evil to restrain?

Believing souls unfeignedly can say,  
 Not mine, but thy all-perfect will be done;  
 If best this bitter cup should pass away,  
 Or be endur'd, to thee, not me, is known.

Deep tribulation in the humbly wise,  
 Through patience to divine experience leads;  
 The ground where hope securely edifies,  
 Purg'd of the filth whence conscious shame proceeds.

Affliction is Bethesda's cleansing pool,  
 Deep searching each distemper of the mind;  
 The poor way-farer, though esteem'd a fool,  
 Baptizing here, immortal health may find.

Though for the present grim adversity  
 Not joyous is, but grievous to sustain;  
 Humbling the Shepherd's call—"Come learn of me"  
 In lowly meekness to endure thy pain;

Yet shall it work a glorious recompence;  
 Nor can the heart of Man conceive in full,  
 The good by infinite Beneficence,  
 Stor'd for the patient unrepining Soul.