

## FOURTH SUNDAY.

## Not Knowing.

"I know not what shall befall me! God hangs a mist o'er my eyes;  
And thus each step of my onward path He makes new scenes to rise,  
And every joy He sends me comes as a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me, as I tread on another year  
But the past is in God's keeping, the future His mercy shall clear  
And what looks dark in the distance, may brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreadful future is less bitter than I think:  
The Lord may sweeten the waters before I stoop to drink.  
Or if Marah must be Marah, He will stand beside their brink.

It may be He keeps waiting till the coming of my feet  
Some gift of such rare blessedness, some joy so strangely sweet  
That my lips shall only tremble with the thanks they cannot speak.

O restful, blissful ignorance! 'Tis blessed not to know;  
It stills me in those mighty arms which will not let me go,  
And hushes my soul to rest on the bosom which loves me so!

So I go on not knowing; I would not if I might:  
I would rather walk in the dark with God, than go alone in the light;  
I would rather walk with Him by faith, than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials which the future may disclose,  
Yet I never had a sorrow but what the dear Lord chose;  
So I send the coming tears back, with the whispered word, 'He knows'."

— From "*The Shadow of the Rock*."