MY SOUL IS STILL IN GOD



2. And yet 'tis hard to be quite still, and by distrust offend not, when things appear to turn out ill, and God we comprehend not; blind reason summons to her bar God's providence for things that are to deep for her to fathom!

3. "Why this, why that?" we oft demand in our presumptuous cavil;"This tangled web the wisest hand can surely not unravel; surely my troubles are too great,I have deserved a better fate than providence allots me."

4. Meantime my God is silent long, until the glorious issue shews that no thread was woven wrong in all the wondrous tissue; until at last the hour is come, when full of shame I must stand dumb in presence of my Maker.

5. Therefore my soul, abide thou still in God, in every season, who orders all things by his will, and not thy feeble reason: and when the end shall make quite clear the things which now so dark appear, thou shalt give God the glory.

6. Then wilt thou have great cause for praise, that, conscious of thy blindness, thou didst not murmur in dark days, nor doubt God's loving kindness; and when thy waiting time is o'er, thou shalt praise God for evermore for all his wondrous mercies.

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