

O, much-beloved, our coming day
To us is all unknown ;
But sure we stand a broader mark
Than they who stand alone.
One knows it all : not His an eye,
Like ours, obscured and dim ;
And knowing us, He gives this book,
That we may know of Him.

His words, my love, are gracious words,
And gracious thoughts express :
He cares e'en for each little bird
That wings the blue abyss.
Of coming wants and woes He thought,
Ere want or woe began ;
And took to Him a human heart,
That He might feel for man.

Then O, my first, my only love,
The kindest, dearest, best !
On Him may all our hopes repose,—
On Him our wishes rest.
His be the future's doubtful day,
Let joy or grief befall :
In life or death, in weal or woe,
Our God, our guide, our all.