

The Right Must Win

This poem begins conventionally enough, speaking of how easy it is to become discouraged. But it ends with a solution that you might not have thought of.

- 1 Oh, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battlefield of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!
- 2 He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.
- 3 Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.
- 4 Yes, there is less to try our faith
In our mysterious creed
Than in the godless look of earth
In these our hours of need.
- 5 Ill masters good: good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross-purposes.
- 6 It is not so, but so it looks,
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.
- 7 Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Beyond our reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.