

FORSAKEN—BUT NOT FOREVER

„For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment: but with a lasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.”—Isa. 54:7,8.

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken?
Hear our first parents despairingly cry:
Had not the tempter their constancy shaken,
Would they have wandered in exile to die?
Why, since life's stream was defiled at its fountain,
Was it not dried, ere the flood ran so deep?
Why, lest iniquity grow to a mountain,
Should the first infant be cradled to weep?

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken?
Groaneth the slave as he curses his chain:
Stung by the lash, and his last loved one taken,
Doomed to a life of enslavement and pain.
Long has the despot his tyranny wielded,
Long robbed his fellow of freedom and home;
Long have the humble their hard earnings yielded,
Starving themselves to build turret or dome.

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken?
Hear the fond mother in agony moan;
Babe on her bosom will presently waken,
Waken to find that dear guardian flown.
Merciful God! Who will care for the mourner?
Who'll guard the orphan from hunger and cold?
Who'll guide the feet of the youthful sojourner
Past haunts of vice to the Savior's pure fold?

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken?

Questions my spirit in sorrow's lone hour;
Terrors and anguish my doubtings awaken,
Doubts of our Father's compassion and power.
Louder the thunder-peals answer my wailing,
Darker the stormcloud casts o'er me its pall;
Friends cannot comfort, and demons are railing,
Heaven seems deaf to my piteous call.

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken?
Echoes from Calvary scatter my gloom;
Veils have been rent, and death's prison-house shaken,
Answer I find at the dismantled tomb.
Know thou, O friend, saith the angel that lingers,
Jesus hath risen a lost world to save;
Holdeth the issues of life in his fingers,
Beareth the keys of a powerless grave.

God unto all men assurance has given,
Sworn by himself all his creatures to bless;
Soon will the bonds of corruption be riven,
Soon comes his Kingdom of righteousness.
After earth's night dawns a morning of gladness,
Rainbows of glory shall cover our tears;
Truth will deliver from error and madness,
Blessings will crown earth's Millennial years.

„For as all in Adam die, even so all in Christ shall be restored to life.”

„Because creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God.”—1 Cor. 15:22; Rom. 8:21; Acts 3:23.

—G. M. BILLS.

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