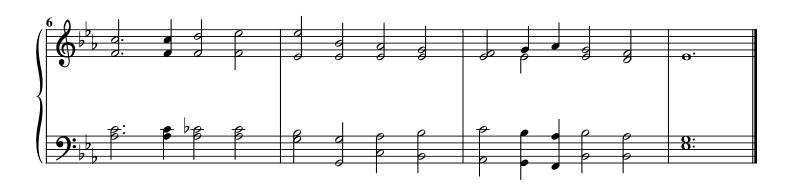
## Who fathoms the eternal thought?





Who fathoms the eternal thought? Who talks of scheme and plan? The Lord is God! He needeth not The poor device of man.

I see the wrong that round me lies, I feel the guilt within; I hear, with groan and travail-cries, The world confess its sin.

I long for household voices gone, For vanished smiles I long: But God hath led my dear ones on, And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath Of marvel or surprise, Assured alone that life and death His mercy underlies. And if my heart and flesh are weak To bear an untried pain, The bruised reed He will not break, But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have, Nor works my faith to prove; I can but give the gifts He gave, And plead His love for love.

And so beside the silent sea I wait the muffled oar; No harm from Him can come to me On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift Their fronded palms in air; I only know I cannot drift Beyond His love and care.

John Greenleaf Whittier