I look not back





I look not back; God knows the fruitless efforts, The wasted hours, the sinning, the regrets. I leave them all with Him who blots the record, And graciously forgives, and then forgets.

I look not forward; God sees all the future, The road that, short or long, will lead me home, And He will face with me its ev'ry trial, And bear for me the burdens that may come.

I look not inward; that would make me wretched; For I have naught on which to stay my trust. Nothing I see save failures and shortcomings, And weak endeavors, crumbling into dust.

But I look up--into the face of Jesus, For there my heart can rest, my fears are stilled; And there is joy, and love, and light for darkness, And perfect peace, and ev'ry hope fulfilled.

Annie Johnston Flint