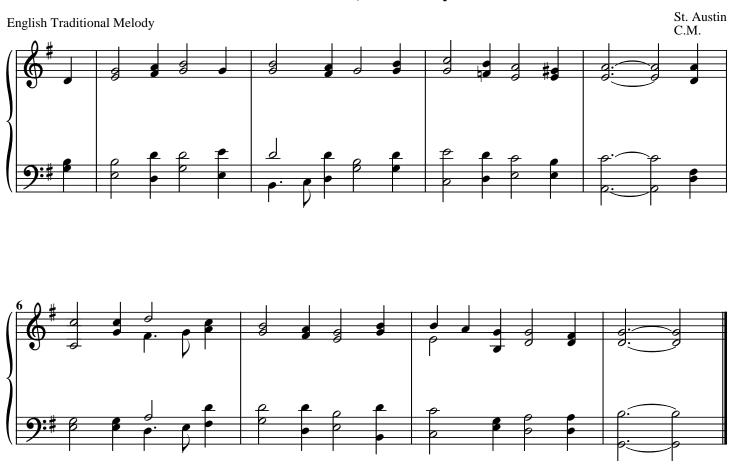
All as God wills, who wisely heeds



All as God wills, who wisely heeds To give or to withhold, And knoweth more of all my needs, Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved Have marked my erring track; That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved, His chastening turned me back.

That more and more a providence Of love is understood, Making the springs of time and sense Sweet with eternal good. That death seems but a covered way Which opens into light, Wherein no blinded child can stray Beyond the Father's sight.

And so the shadows fall apart. And so the west winds play; And all the windows of my heart I open to the day.

John G. Whittier

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