



THE MASTER'S WAY

Not ours to know the reason why unanswered is our prayer,
But ours to wait for God's own time to lift the cross we bear.

Not ours to know the reason why from loved ones we must part,
But ours to live in faith and hope, though bleeding be the heart.

Not ours to know the reason why this anguish, strife and pain,
But ours to know a crown of thorns, Thy grace for us to gain.

A cross, a bleeding heart, a crown, what greater gifts are given?
Be still, my heart, and murmur not, these are the keys to heaven.

'Tis ours to know the better part, whereby a crown is won,
Then loving God I ask not why, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

Yea, Thy way, Lord, not mine, I pray; I give to Thee my will,
And humbly seek Thy grace and aid, this better part to fill.

It was not always thus with me. I loved my way the best,
But that is past, Thy way is mine, in it alone is rest.

-- Author Unknown