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The Heart's Story.

*I will not doubt, though all my ships at sea
Come drifting home with broken masts and sails ;
I will believe the Hand that never fails,
From seeming evil that worketh good for me ;
And though I weep because these sails are tattered,
Still will I cry while my best hopes are shattered,
"I trust in Thee."*

*I will not doubt, though all my prayers return
Unanswered from the still white realm above ;
I will believe it is an all-wise love
Which has refused these things for which I yearn ;
And though at times I cannot keep from grieving,
Yet the pure ardor of my fixed believing
Undimmed shall burn.*

*I will not doubt, though sorrows fall like rain,
And troubles swarm like bees about the hive ;
I will believe the heights for which I strive
Are only reached by anguish and by pain ;
And though I groan and writhe beneath my crosses
I yet shall see through my severest losses
The greater gain.*

*I will not doubt. Well anchored in this faith,
Like some staunch ship, my soul braves every gale ;
So strong, its courage will not quail
To breast the mighty unknown sea of death.
Oh, may I cry, though body parts with spirit,
"I do not doubt," so listening worlds may hear it,
With my last breath. ---Author Unknown.*