

He doeth all things well.

Woodbury, I. B. (Isaac Baker), 1819-1858; M. E. F., active 1865 Boston: G. P. Reed (17 Tremont Row), 1847

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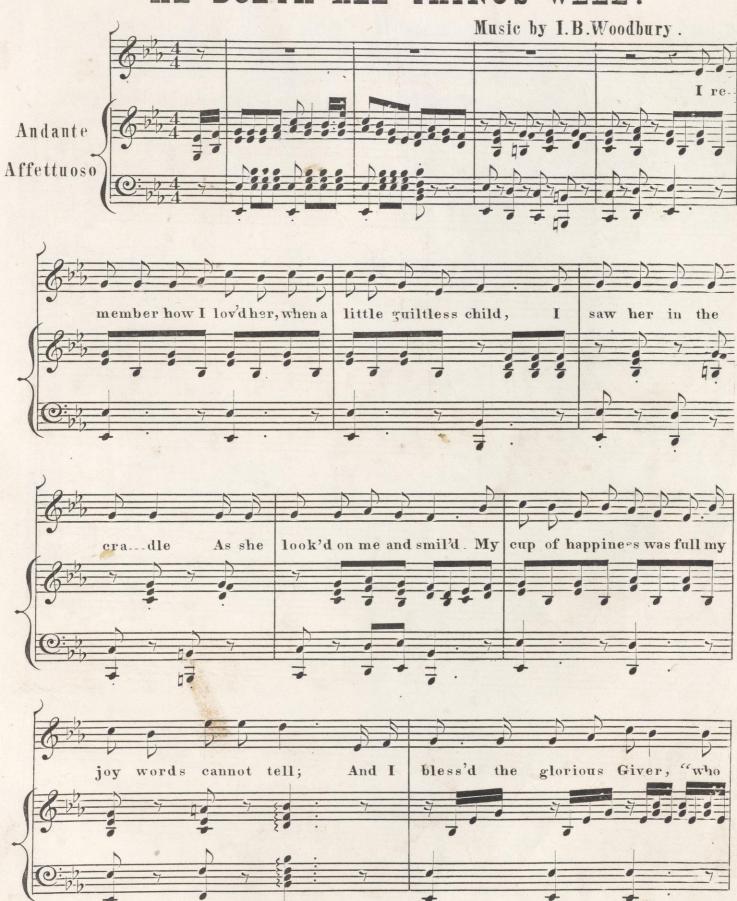
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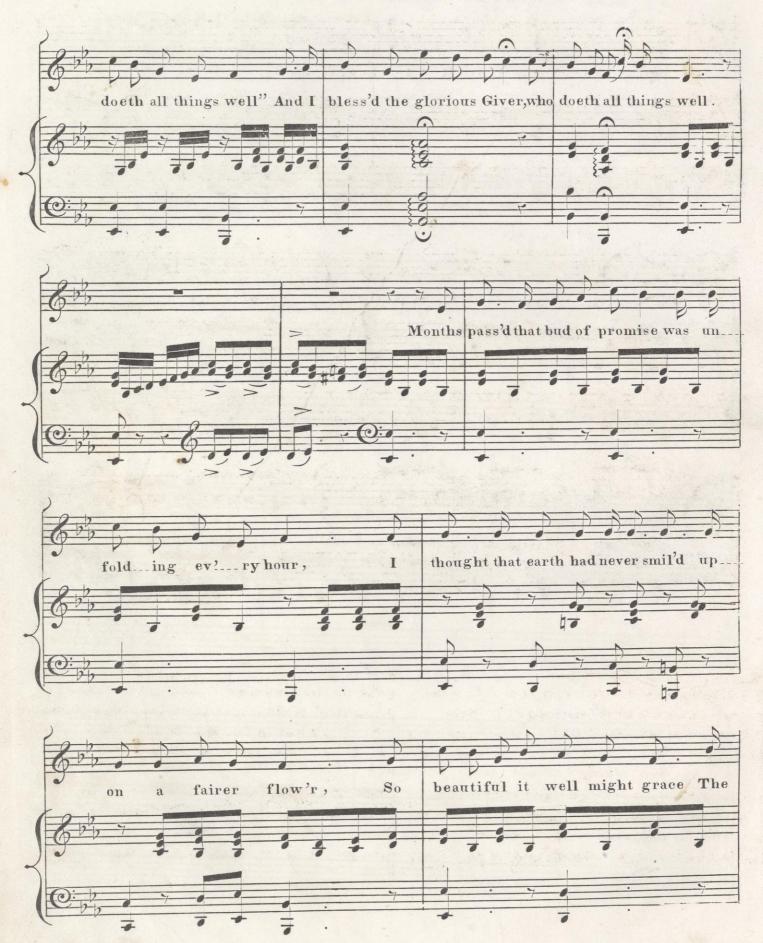
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HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.







Years fled-that little sister then was dear as life to me And woke, in my unconscious heart, a wild idolatry, I worshipped at an earthly shrine, lured by some magic spell, Forgetful of the praise of Him "who doeth all things well!"

She was the lovely star, whose light around my pathway shone, Amid this darksome vale of tears, through which I journey on, Its radiance had obscured the light, which round His throne doth dwell, And I wandered far away from Him, "who doeth all things well!"

That star went down in beauty-yet it shineth sweetly now, In the bright and dazzling coronet, that decks the Savior's brow, She bowed to the Destroyer-whose shafts none may repel, But we know, for God hath told us, "He doeth all things well."

I remember well my sorrow, as I stood beside her bed, And my deep and heartfelt anguish, when they told me she was dead; And oh! that cup of bitterness-let not my heart rebel, God gave - He took-He will restore."He doeth all thing well."