

THE AMERICAN JEWISH WORLD



VOL. II
NO. 12

November 26
1915

And Yet We Trust

We do not know the reason, Lord,
For much this puzzling world contains;
For all that makes our little life
Half-full of sorrows, tears, and pains.

So much of it is good and sweet,
And rich in beauty, peace, and joy;
Yet much is also evil, base,
The seeming gold a mere alloy.

And much that irritates, offends,
That bruises, wounds, and smarts;
That wrings the soul in agony,
And breaks the stoutest human hearts.

The things we build we see destroyed,
The grave creeps near with every breath;
And win or lose, desist or strive,
All life is swallowed up in death.

And yet we trust Thy world is good,
Beyond our puny wisdom's test.
And tho we cannot grasp Thy thought,
Yet, all in all, Thy plan is best.

S. N. Deinard.

