

In a factory building there are wheels and gearings,
There are cranks and pulleys, beltings tight or slack—
Some are whirling swiftly, some are turning slowly,
Some are thrusting forward, some are pulling back;
Some are smooth and silent, some are rough and noisy,
Pounding, rattling, clanking, moving with a jerk;
In a wild confusion in a seeming chaos,
Lifting, pushing, driving—but they do their work.
From the mightiest level to the tiniest pinion,
All things move together for the purpose planned;
And behind the working is a mind controlling,
And a force directing, and a guiding hand.

So all things are working for the Lord's beloved;
Some things might be hurtful if alone they stood;
Some might seem to hinder; some might draw us backward;
But they work together, and they work for good.
All the thwarted longings, all the stern denials,
All the contradictions, hard to understand,
And the force that holds them, speeds them and retards them,
Stops and starts and guides them, is our Father's hand.

Annie Johnson Flint

God is not defeated by human failure...WILLIAM C. WHITE

All the world's thrones are occupied by rulers under God's authority.

God's providence will fulfil all his promises.

The same God who controls the sun cares for the sparrow.

What God intends, he decrees; what God permits, he has foreseen.

Not a drop of rain falls in vain.

God has plans for this world, not problems. There is never a panic in heaven.