

PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

27

- 2 In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his Spirit blows,
The breath of life and health.
- 3 His blessings fall in plenteous showers,
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.
- 4 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound;
How beautiful beyond compare,
Will paradise be found.

C. M.

13

WESLEY.

1 **H**AIL! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three:
Of thee we make our joyful boast,
Our songs we make of thee.

2 Thou neither canst be felt nor seen:
Thou art a spirit pure,
Who from eternity hast been,
And always shall endure.

3 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see,

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