

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints ! fresh courage take :
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain.
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

71

God the refuge of his children.

L. M.

- G**OD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of deep distress invade,
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there ;
Convulsions shake the solid world :
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 'Midst storms and tempests, Lord, thy word
Does ev'ry rising fear control ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And well sustain the fainting soul.