



Written for  
THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

## DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

BY JOHN J. BRANIN.

Creator, Lord, Thou rulest still.  
This world is all Thine own,  
The creature of Thy mighty will,  
The foot-stool of Thy throne.

Ere yet the angels voiced Thy praise,  
Ere yet Thou madest man,  
Thou, Lord, didst measure all his ways,  
His every good didst plan.

So rest I mid the tempest's rage,  
So sleep amid the storm ;  
So with the evil warfare wage,  
Nor fear its horrid form.

So flash the meteor 'thwart the sky,  
Storms beat me as they will ;  
Nor shall I fear, nor fainting cry,  
For, Lord, Thou rulest still.

And oh, what comfort to me brings  
The thought Thou art my guide ;  
That Thou dost hold the hidden strings,  
Which lead me to Thy side.