

4 Thus I might hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
Remember me, &c.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.
Remember me, &c.

10

C.M.

Trust in Providence.

God moves in a mysterious way.
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take !
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings o'er your head !