

Continuous is His creative act.
The world He willed He wills unceasingly;
Incessantly He makes the world He made.
Creation doth go on before our eyes!
As at its origin, so now the world
Shows its Creator's glory and His might.
It stands as the expression of His will.
The world to end needs no act positive:
Not being self-subsistent, unsustained
It would at once revert to nothingness.

Of finite causes God's the Cause uncaused.
Through finite causes, Nature's very laws,
He rules all things in silent harmony.
He reigns supreme, yet 'neath His boundless sway,
Each of His creatures ever plays the part
Adapted to its nature and its end.
Their nature, as their being, He sustains.
The free-willed beings He upholds as such.
'T is His free-will which keeps their own will free.
Without Him, nothing that now is could be;
Without Him, nothing that now acts could act.
From nothing, nothing can begin to be,
Save by the act of an almighty will.
A blade of grass, the seed which germinates,
The winds, the floods, the tremors of the earth,
The heavings of the sea, the fire which streaks