

GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 40.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.
Psalm lv. 22.

7s.

Cast thy burden on the Lord ;
Lean thou only on his word :
Ever will he be thy stay,
Though the heavens shall melt away.

Ever in the raging storm,
Thou shalt see his cheering form,
Hear his pledge of coming aid,
" It is I, be not afraid."

Cast thy burden at his feet ;
Linger near his mercy-seat :
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.