

OUR FATHER'S CARE.

"Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

The golden lights of the summer
 Lie on the laughing land ;
 The voice of song is borne along
 By the breezes on every hand.
 The flowers spread out their beauty
 Above the vivid green ;
 And the water's rush, and the forest's hush,
 Make tender the glowing scene.
 But the cooling kiss of the summer air,
 And the joy and beauty everywhere,
 Are proofs of Almighty, loving care.
 For our heavenly Father knoweth
 We have need of all these things.

There are sounds of a gathering tempest,
 And the clouds are as black as night ;
 O'er the earth is spread a shade of dread,
 And all things sigh for light ;
 The leaves of the green woods quiver,
 And a silence falls around,
 Till over the hills with a haste that thrills,
 The thunder peals resound,
 And angry falls the pelting rain,
 And sullenly roars the mighty main,
 And the heart grows sad with a fear of pain.
 But our heavenly Father knoweth
 We have need of all these things.

The daylight calls to labor,
 And the work we have to do
 Claims all our powers for the flying hours,
 And we must each task pursue.
 Although we are often weary,
 And the aching hands hang down,
 There is much to be done ere the rest be won,
 And we wear the victor's crown.
 But the toil that comes to us by day,
 And even the troubles that throng our way,
 More proofs of the love of God display.
 For our heavenly Father knoweth
 We have need of all these things.

Yes, need of the light and shadow,
 Need of the loss and gain,
 Need of the rest and the labor,
 Need of the ease and pain ;
 For some great useful lesson
 Is taught by all that falls
 On our spirits here, till the rest be near.
 And the voice of the angel calls.
 Praise unto God ! His love shall guide
 To the sheltered place by the Saviour's side,
 And all is good whate'er betide :
 For our heavenly Father knoweth
 We have need of all these things.