

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wond'ring sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength and equal skill,
Shine through the world abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

5 But the mild glories of thy grace,
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face,
We see, adore and love.

C. M.

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WATTS.

1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands,
On all thy creatures writ;