

- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy goodness shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile.
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

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Dark providence.

C. M.

- T**HY way, O God, is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wond'ring thoughts confound.
- 3 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love,
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!
- 4 'Tis but in part I know thy will:
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?
- 5 With raptures shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

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Messiah.

L. M.

- G**LORY to God! who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is love,
Ye saints and angels if ye can,
Declare the love of God to man.