

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.
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Not one of all the sparrows that
Float through the air on careless wing,
Falls to the ground unnoticed by
The great Omniscient eye,
Of Him that slumbers not.

Then wipe the faithless tear away,
Rejoice, O pilgrim, in the way,
Thy Father cares for all his hands have made,
And Oh! how much for those redeemed
By His beloved's blood.

Tho' oft the shepherd seems to lead
His flock by a dark mountain path,
O'ergrown with thorns where dreary fears
Assail them oft like armed foes,
He leads them right.

Tho' adverse winds blight earthly hopes,
And the crushing tide of human woes,
Break o'er thy bark in heavy waves,
Fear not, tho' near e'en to the grave.
The Saviour guides.

Tho' wild the tempest roars o'erhead,
And to it there seems no cessation,
Save in the sleep that knows no waking,
E'en the tranquility of the tomb,
Rest all on Christ.