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POWER AND PROVIDENCE.

THE God to whom at one survey
His works are still display'd,
And each event observes his sway,
Thro' all which he has made ;

Can order from disorder bring,
Thro' all this varied scene ;
Can regulate each secret spring,
That moves the vast machine.

Upheld by his supporting arm,
Empires can fear no foe ;
His frown strikes nations with alarm ;
They fall if he withdraw.

And nought so little, or so great,
But his protection share ;
And he who rules o'er empire's fate,
Makes man alike his care.

'Tis he relieves the wants we feel,
 To human power denied ;
 He guards us from impending ill,
 Which we could ne'er avoid.

The joys we prize would quickly blast,
 Denied his sov'reign aid ;
 And all our prudence could forecast,
 Would disappointment shade.