



## For Thee

By M. B. C.

THE Heart of Jesus waits for thee;  
For thee His loving choice.  
And, while the Angels sweetest sing,  
He longs to hear thy voice.

For love of thee on Calv'ry's Cross  
He suffered, bled and died.  
Ah! canst thou, then, refuse His wish?  
He calls thee to His side!

Within the lonely church He dwells,  
A prisoner for thy sake.  
How seldom has He prayed—"Oh, give!"  
How often cried—"Oh, take!"

He fain would ease thy suffering heart,  
He fain would grant thee peace.  
Oh, tell thy anguish out to Him,  
And he will bid it cease.

Kind hearts are more than coronets.  
And simple faith than Norman blood.—*Tennyson.*

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Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.—*Johnson.*

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"O to pray believingly! it does away with the necessity of faith, for at once we touch God, we feel Him, we lay hold of Him, His arm is wound round us with a pressure which, when we have once felt it, we can never mistake for anything else.—*Faber.*

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The more humble we are the more kindly we shall talk, the more kindly we talk the more humble we shall grow.—*Faber.*