



AN HOUR WITH THEE.

*My heart is tired, so tired to-night —
 How endless seems the strife!
 Day after day the restlessness
 Of all this weary life!
 I come to lay my burden down
 That so oppreseth me,
 And, shutting all the world without,
 To spend an hour with Thee,
 Dear Lord;
 To spend an hour with Thee.*

*I would forget a little while
 The bitterness of tears,
 The anxious thoughts that crowd my life,
 The buried hopes of years;
 Forget that woman's weary toil
 My patient care must be.
 A tired child I come to-night
 To spend an hour with Thee,
 Dear Lord;
 One little hour with Thee.*

*The busy world goes on and on—
 I cannot heed it now;
 Thy sacred hand is laid upon
 My aching, throbbing brow.
 Life's toil will soon be past, and then,
 From all its sorrows free.
 How sweet to think that I shall spend
 Eternity with Thee,
 Dear Lord;
 Eternity with Thee.*

By MARY WHEATON LYON.