

MY SAVIOUR.

Dear Saviour, may I call thee mine?
My hope, my friend, my guide?
Perish in ruins all that would
With thee my heart divide.
My Saviour's pard'ning voice I'd hear,
His saving pow'r adore,
And have his love and zeal inspire
My own yet more and more.

My Saviour's hallow'd cross I'd bear,
Who bore the cross for me,
And who in shameful agony
Expired upon the tree.
My Saviour's lowly mind I'd have,
Ambitious thoughts at rest,
And walking in his heav'nly ways
Be with his presence blest.

My Saviour's arm I'd lean upon,
His power alone I'd prove;
And knowing only his sweet will,
I'd prompt to duty move.
My Saviour's loving words I'd hear,
His wondrous works I'd trace,
Till called to dwell forever near
And gaze upon his face.

W. H. PORTER.