

## THE SAVIOUR'S KNOWLEDGE.

“We are sure that thou knowest all things.”—John xvi, 30.

Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow  
Of the sad heart that comes to thee for rest;  
Cares of to-day, and burdens of to-morrow,  
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed.  
I come before thee at thy gracious word,  
And lay them at thy feet; thou knowest Lord.

Thou knowest all the past; how long and blindly  
On the dark mountains the lost sheep had strayed;  
How the good shepherd followed, and how kindly  
He bore it home, upon his shoulders laid,  
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,  
And brought back life and hope and strength again.

Thou knowest all the present: each temptation,  
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;  
All to myself assigned of tribulation,  
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear;  
All pensive memories, as I journey on,  
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

Thou knowest all the future: gleams of gladness,  
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast,  
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,  
And the dark river to be crossed at last.  
O! what could hope and confidence afford  
To tread that path, but this, thou knowest Lord?

Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing;  
As man, our mortal weakness thou hast proved;  
On earth with purest sympathies o'erflowing,  
O Saviour, thou hast wept and thou hast loved!  
And love and sorrow still to thee may come,  
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

Therefore I come, thy gentle call obeying,  
And lay my sins and sorrows at thy feet,  
On everlasting strength my weakness staying,  
Clothed in thy robe of righteousness complete;  
Then rising and refreshed I leave thy throne,  
And follow on to know as I am known.

—*Dr. Kennedy's Hymnologia Christiana.*

## WHY WE LOSE OUR FRIENDS.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

One of the most sad things in our earthly experience is that we must make and lose friends. We seldom make a friend through our design and planning; but we are thrown into the society of this and that one, and there is something between us that draws us together. For the want of a better name, we call this sympathy. We hardly know how or why we are drawn together, and it is sometimes a long time before we know where the line between acquaintance and friendship lies. It is not necessary that our friends be of the same age, of the same temperament, or the same anything. His traits of character may be the very opposite of ours. We need make no special effort to make friends, but rather to keep them when made.

We lose our friends in four different ways. 1st. By death.