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THE PILGRIM'S WANTS.

- I want that adorning divine
Thou only, my God, can'st bestow ;
I want in these beautiful garments to shine,
Which distinguish Thy household below. Col. iii. 12, 17.
- I want every moment to feel
That Thy Spirit resides in my heart,
That His power is present to cleanse and to heal,
And newness of life to impart. Rom. viii. 11, 16.
- I want, O ! I want to attain
Some likeness, my Saviour, to Thee !
That longed-for resemblance once more to regain ;
Thy comeliness put upon me ! 1 John iii. 2, 3.
- I want to be marked for Thine own,
Thy seal on my forehead to wear ;
To receive that " new name " on the mystic white stone,
Which none but Thyself can declare. Rev. ii. 17.
- I want so in Thee to abide
As to bring forth some fruit to Thy praise ;
The branch which Thou prunest, though feeble and dried,
May languish, but never decays. John xv. 2, 5.
- I want Thine own hand to unbind
Each tie to terrestrial things,
Too tenderly cherished, too closely entwined
Where my heart too tenaciously clings. 1 John ii. 15.
- I want by my aspect serene,
My actions and words, to declare—
That my treasure is placed in a country unseen,
That my heart's best affections are there. Matt. vi. 19, 21.
- I want, as a traveller, to haste
Straight onward, nor pause in my way—
Nor forethought, nor anxious contrivance, to waste
On the tent only pitched for a day. Heb. xiii. 5, 6
- I want—and this sums up my prayer—
To glorify Thee till I die ;
Then calmly to yield up my soul to Thy care,
And breathe out in faith my last sigh.—Phil. iii. 8, 9.

—CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.