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HE LOVES ME SO.

I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell;
But I am weak and sinful,
But this I surely know—
The Lord came down to save me
Because He loved me so.

I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And though I cannot see Him
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That I shall surely go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

—Mrs. Miller.

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MY FATHER.

Great God, and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I, a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky.

Art Thou my Father? Can'st Thou bear
To hear my poor, imperfect prayer?
Or wilt thou listen to my praise,
That such a feeble one can raise?