

*WHAT I BRING.*

I bring my sins to thee,  
The sins I cannot count;  
That all may cleansed be  
In thy once-opened fount.  
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee;  
The burden is too great for me.

My heart to Thee I bring,  
The heart I cannot read;  
A faithless, wandering thing—  
An evil heart indeed.  
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee;  
That fixed and faithful it may be.

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To Thee I bring my care,  
The care I cannot flee;  
Thou wilt not only share,  
But take it all for me.  
O, loving Saviour! now to Thee  
I bring the load that wearies me.

I bring my grief to Thee;  
The grief I cannot tell;  
No word shall needed be,  
Thou knowest all so well.  
I bring the sorrow laid on me,  
O, suffering Saviour, all to Thee.

My joys to Thee I bring,  
The joys thy love has given;  
That each may be a wing  
To lift me nearer heaven.  
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee  
Who hath procured them all for me.

My life I bring to thee,  
I would not be my own,  
O! Saviour, let me be  
Thine, only thine alone!  
My heart, my life, my all I bring  
To Thee, my Saviour and my king.

SAID OUT.—If you stand at the door of the kingdom of grace to light others in, but will not go in yourselves, you shall knock at the gates of glory in vain. Many a preacher is now in hell, who called upon his hearers a hundred times to use their utmost endeavors to avoid that place of torment.—*Baxter.*