

## THINE.

Thou know'st my weakness, Lord, my every  
failing,

Thoughts unexpress'd;

Those sinful thoughts my better ones assailing,

That throng my breast.

More than I think my wicked heart contains;

Thou canst divine ;

Lord, at Thy feet. Thy love that heart detains,

For I am Thine.

Thou art my Master ; may Thy arms of love

Around me twine,

And raise me to that blessed land above :

Lord, I am Thine.

Save me, that never more from out Thy fold

I go astray,

Within Thy arms my feeble spirit hold :

Turn not away.

Pardon, dear Lord, all that has been amiss,

That grieves Thee so ;

Grant me a foretaste of that heavenly bliss,

I long to know.

Thy seal is on my brow ; may a sweet calm

And hope be mine ;

That I may sing with joy this gracious psalm,

Lord, I am Thine.

J. P.

## TELLING JESUS.

One morning after a painful night, a sick mother, calling her daughter to her bedside, said to her, "Amid my sufferings I have learned to get rid of trouble;—with repentance for sin, carrying it all right to Christ."

She was in a peaceful frame. She seemed to feel so sweet a repose in resting on her Lord, and in casting all her sickness and sorrows on him that she could tell her joys to all around; and in this delightful state of mind she continued till she fell asleep in Jesus, dying gently, as if

"Angels kissed her breath away."

She spoke of this method of relief as a new discovery; though she had been a professor, and indeed an ardent and devoted Christian, for more than forty years. and had undoubtedly experienced before similar exposure on going with her sorrows to Christ. But such are often the effects of

the Spirit's workings on the soul. As Christ, his offices, his loveliness, and fullness, are more vividly revealed; as we lay hold of him with a firmer faith; as he dwells in us with increased vitality; and as love, hope and joy are more lively and intense; we feel almost as though we had found a new Saviour—a new way of deliverance from sin and suffering. Thus it is that the rejoicings of him who lives near to Jesus, from whom he draws his daily supplies, are ever fresh, ever new.

What an interesting truth is it, that Christ can relieve us of our burden, if, with repentance, we will cast it upon him!—This is indeed the only true method of getting rid of trouble. How happy for us if we could always realize it! How happy, if, when oppressed with bereavement, we, could go, as did the disciples of John when they had buried their master, and tell Jesus! if, when harassed with dread of sickness, when contagion is breathing its blasting mildews around us, or when disease is actually revelling in our veins, and nature giving way, we could go with this childlike spirit and tell Jesus! How happy, if, when suffering from the evil tongue or malicious dispositions of others, convinced that we too are sinners, we could look for relief to him who, "when reviled, reviled not again." How happy, if, in all our little troubles—those insect sorrows, which are continually swarming about us, chafing and vexing the spirit, often more annoying than the far greater afflictions—we could carry them right to Christ, crying "Lord breath into my ruffled breast!"—How happy, if, when anything occurs that tries, goads, and agitates us, and preys like a vampire on the spirit, saddening us by day, and driving sleep from our pillows by the tumult of thoughts it awakens by night, we could carry it to Him "who filleth all in all," and rest satisfied with committing it into his hands! Ah, how much the sorrows of life are aggravated by brooding over them, by nursing these little briers and thorns in the breast, instead of leaving them at the foot of the cross and finding relief in prayer!

It is now many years since this remark of the dying mother was heard by the writer, and often has its recollection quieted agitation, and quelled alarm, fanning