

Gleanings in Prose and Verse.

JESUS, THOU NEEDEST ME.

Jesus, Thou needest me,
Even me, Thou Light divine ;
 Yea, Son of God, Thou needest me—
 Thou needest sins like mine.

Thy fulness needs my wants,
 Thy joy my misery,
 Thy healing skill my sickness needs,
 Thy wealth my poverty.

Thy strength my weakness needs,
 Thy grace my worthlessness ;
 Thy greatness needs a worm like me,
 To cherish and to bless.

Thy life needs death like mine
 To show its quickening power ;
 Infinity the finite needs,
 The Eternal needs the hour.

This wandering, wayward soul,
 Needeth a love like Thine ;
 A love like Thine, O Lamb of God,
 Needeth a soul like mine.

Thy fulness, Son of God,
 Thus needy maketh Thee ;
 Thy glory, O Thou glorious One,
 Seeketh its rest in me.

It was Thy need of me
 That brought Thee from above,
 It is my need of Thee, O Lord,
 That draws me to Thy love.

MOTHERS.—Some one has said that a young mother is the most beautiful thing in nature. Why qualify it? Why young? Are not all mothers beautiful? The sentimental outside beholder may prefer youth in the pretty picture; but I am inclined to think that sons and daughters, who are most intimately concerned in the matter, love and admire their mothers most when they are old. How suggestive of something holy and venerable it is, when a person talks of his "dear old mother!" Away with your mincing "mamas," and "mamas" suggestive only of a fine lady, who deposes her duties to a nurse, a drawing room maternal parent, who is afraid to handle her offspring for fear of spoiling her nice new gown! Give me the homely mother, the arms of whose love are all embracing, who is beautiful always, whether old or young, whether arrayed in satin or modestly attired in bombazine.

Not to care where you go is to go to ruin.

The heaviest troubles under which many persons groan are borrowed.