

He bowed his head in anguish ;  
 But a smile of peace and joy  
 Lit up with Heavenly beauty  
 The face of the dying boy.

“God has heard my prayer,” he whispered ;  
 Then closed his weary eyes ;  
 And the waiting angel carried  
 His soul beyond the skies.

## I'm Thinking of Jesus.

“My meditation of him shall be sweet.”—Psalm civ. 34.

I'm thinking of Jesus my Saviour, to-day,  
 The unchangeable Friend I love best ;  
 And when weary and faint with the toils of the way,  
 I lean on His bosom and rest.  
 I know not what trials the future may bring,  
 But my heart has no reason to fear ;  
 I shall not be alone for my Heavenly King  
 Has said He will always be near.  
 The clouds and the shadows soon vanish away,  
 When a glimpse of His face I can see,  
 O I'm thinking of Jesus my Saviour to-day,  
 And I know He is thinking of me.

I'm thinking of Jesus, but had He not thought  
 Of me first in my folly and sin ;  
 His pardoning mercy I ne'er should have sought  
 And peace would have ne'er dwelt within.  
 But ah ! He had thoughts of compassion and love,  
 When He looked on my poor helpless state,  
 That made Him stoop down from His bright throne  
 To rescue my soul from its fate. [above  
 How great was the mercy that opened a way  
 To set poor imprisoned souls free !  
 O I'm thinking of Jesus my Saviour to-day,  
 And I'm sure He is thinking of me.