



WITH HIM.

THE silent Church, the empty pews, a sense
 Of loneliness and solitude around —
 I come and gaze upon the ruddy lamp
 That shows our dear Redeemer's Presence there,
 And as I kneel I feel His peace within
 My Soul, and then I know that where He is
 There also I may be. O, dearest words
 Of consolation sweet ! O, promise here
 In mystery fulfilled ! " I go that where
 I am, there also ye may be," and then
 With Pentecostal fire He came to dwell
 Upon our Altars, evermore, till time
 And things of time and sense shall pass away.
 We come, as joys or cares, as hopes or fears
 Assail our peace, we come, that where He is,
 There also we may be, e'en now — with Him !

ANNA SARGENT TURNER.