

[Sacred Poetry.]

"IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID."

In every ill beneath the sun
Remember, Christian, there is One
 To give thee aid ;
Your Saviour, ever prompt and nigh,
Seems to assure you, "It is I ;
 Be not afraid."

In darkest trials, when the mind
Is almost fainting, you may find
 His love displayed ;
Eager to check your heavy sigh,
He gently whispers, "It is I ;
 Be not afraid."

When foes distress, or friends depart,
In lonely sadness let your heart
 On Him be stayed ;
Unfailing succour from on high
He brings, and tells you, "It is I ;
 Be not afraid."

Should pain or sickness be your guest
Forebear to mourn your broken rest,
 Or strength decayed ;
For Jesus, ready to apply
His healing balm, says, "It is I ;
 Be not afraid."

Remember when you bear his cross,
That future joy for present loss
 Shall be repaid ;
Jesus would cheer your heart, and dry
Your tears by saying, "It is I ;
 Be not afraid."

And when the hour of death draws near,
Trusting in Christ you need not fear
 The gloomy shade ;
But with rejoicing hear Him cry,
In gracious accents, "It is I ;
 Be not afraid."

—Selected.