

If you ask, "Who is with thee?"
God is here—My God with me!

No depth, nor prison, nor the grave,
Can exclude Him from his own;
His cheering presence still I have,
If in crowds or all alone.
In whatever state I be,
Every where is God with me!

My God for me! I dare to say—
God the portion of my soul!
Nor need I tremble in dismay
When around me troubles roll.
If you ask, "what comforts thee?"
It is this—God is for me!

Ah! faith has seen Him cradled lie,
Here on earth a weeping child;
Has seen him for my vileness die—
He the sinless, undefiled!
And thus I know it true to be,
God, my Saviour, is for me!

In life, in death, with God so near,
Every battle I shall win,
Shall boldly press through dangers here,
Triumph over every sin!
"What" you say, "a victor be?"
No, not I, but God in me!

C. F. Zeller.

EXPOSITION.

"Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." Eph. iii. 8.

There is something peculiarly interesting and impressive in these words. They were first uttered by a man who knew somewhat of their import and importance. They flowed fresh and warm from the inner soul of a sinner saved by grace. Paul was a good man, a holy man, a humble man, a heavenly-minded man. He had been apprehended by Christ, and he