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I AM WITH THEE.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

“I am with thee !” He hath said it
In His truth and tender grace ;
Sealed the promise, grandly spoken,
With how many a mighty token
Of His love and faithfulness.

He is with thee !—In thy dwelling,
Shielding thee from fear of ill ;
All thy burdens kindly bearing,
For thy dear ones gently caring,
Guarding, keeping, blessing still.

He is with thee !—In thy service
He is with thee “certainly,”
Filling with the Spirit’s power,
Giving in the needing hour
His own messages by thee.

He is with thee !—With thy spirit,
With thy lips, or with thy pen ;
In the quiet preparation,
In the heart-bowed congregation,
Nevermore alone again !

He is with thee !—With thee always,
All the nights and all the days ;
Never failing, never frowning,
With His loving-kindness crowning,
Tuning all thy life to praise.

He is with thee !—Thine own Master,
Leading, loving to the end ;
Brightening joy and lightening sorrow,
All to-day, yet *more* to-morrow,
King and Saviour, Lord and Friend.

He is with thee !—Yes, for ever,
Now, and through eternity ;
Then with Him for ever dwelling,
Thou shalt share His joy excelling,
Thou with Christ and Christ with thee !