

It is I, be not afraid**A.B. Simpson:**

A little child with a tale of woe on his heart flies to his mother's arms for comfort-intending to tell her the whole story of his trouble. But as soon as that mother takes the child in her arms and expresses her love, the child becomes so occupied with her and the sweetness of her affection that he forgets to tell his story, and in a little while even the memory of the trouble is forgotten. It has just been loved away and the mother has taken its place in the heart of her child. In this same manner, God comforts us. It is I, be not afraid is His reassuring word. The circumstances are not altered, but He Himself comes in their place and satisfies our every need, and we forget all things in His gracious presence as He becomes our all in all. I am breathing out my sorrow On Thy kind and loving breast; Breathing in Thy joy and comfort, Breathing in Thy peace and rest. I am breathing out my longings In Thy listening, loving ear; I am breathing in Thy answer, Stilling every doubt and fear.