

"I THAT SPEAK AM HE."

JOHN 4:26; 9:37



*She came, the thirsty one, to fill her pitcher,
And found a stranger sitting on the brink;
And while she poured for him the well's refreshment,
He gave the precious cup of life to drink.
And when she wondered at her life's revealing,
And if Messiah deeper depths could see,
He graciously her rising faith encouraged,—
"I that speak to thee am he. &"*

*And so when we, blest Master, come all empty
To fountains we but drink, and drink, in vain,
Be thou with satisfying waters waiting,
That we may drink and never thirst again.
Our wayward hearts' true inwardness disclosing,
Constrain our timid faith to hope in thee,
And let us hear again the gracious message—
"I that speak to thee am he."*

*They turned him from the synagogue accursed,
Whose gift of sight the Savior had bestowed;
And, burning under grief and indignation,
He sought again the well-remembered road.*



La Samaritaine à la fontaine by James Tissot, 1886.

*And while he mused upon his kindly patron,
And if he could indeed Messiah be,
Lo, One with beaming countenance addressed him,
"I that speak to thee am he."*

*And so, dear Lord, when our dim eyes are opened,
And one-time friends thy healing power despise,
Be thou an ear with words of cheer and comfort,
To grant our saddest hour a glad surprise.
And when life's subtle mysteries perplex us,
Unlock to us with faith's unfailling key,
That we may hear from out the open portals,
"I that speak to thee am he."*

*The proud and haughty still a sign requiring,
In vain the zenith and horizon scan,
While walks among them One with vesture girded,
To wield the purging and discerning fan.
But he who humbly treads the path of duty,
With eyes unsealed shall his Deliv'rer see;
His trial hour shall brighten with this token—
"I that speak to thee am he."*

—R. B. Hennings

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