

# Louisburg Echoes.

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**S**TILL, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,  
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;  
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,  
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,  
Its closing eyes look up to thee in prayer;  
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,  
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,  
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;  
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,  
Shall rise the glorious thought - I am with thee.

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