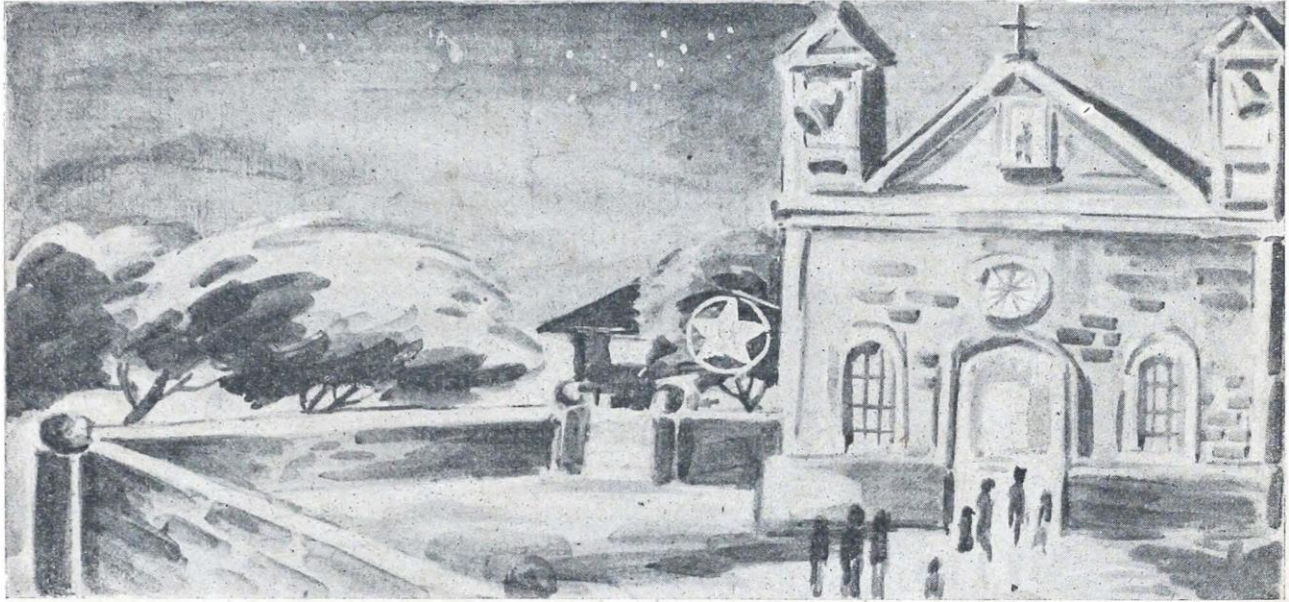


A POEM FOR THIS MONTH

**STANDING AT THE PORTAL**

By FRANCES R. HAVERGAL



STANDING at the portal  
 Of the opening year,  
 Words of comfort meet us,  
 Hushing ev'ry fear;  
 Spoken through the silence  
 By our Father's voice,  
 Tender, strong, and faithful,  
 Making us rejoice.

"I, the Lord, am with thee—  
 Be thou not afraid;  
 I will help and strengthen—  
 Be thou not dismayed:  
 Yea, I will uphold thee  
 With my own right hand;  
 Thou art called and chosen  
 In my sight to stand."

For the year before us,  
 Oh, what rich supplies!  
 For the poor and needy  
 Living streams shall rise;  
 For the sad and sinful  
 Shall His grace abound;  
 For the faint and feeble  
 Perfect strength be found.

He will never fail us,  
 He will not forsake;  
 His eternal covenant  
 He will never break.  
 Resting on His promise,  
 What have we to fear?  
 God is all-sufficient  
 For the coming year.