

THE

Expositor of Holiness.

VOL. III.

JULY, 1884.

No. 1.

HE LEADETH ME.

In pastures green? Not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into the darkest night,
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright.

Only for this—I know He holds my hand,
So whether in green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters? Not always so;
Oftentimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day,
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie--what matter? He is there.

And more than this; where'er the pathway lead
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.

So where He leads me I can safely go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.—*Selected.*