

T H E

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“ENOUGH.”

I am so weak, dear Lord! I cannot stand
One moment without Thee;
But oh, the tenderness of Thine enfolding!
And oh, the faithfulness of Thine upholding!
And oh, the strength of Thy right hand!
That strength is enough for me.

I am so needy, Lord! and yet I know
All fulness dwells in Thee;
And hour by hour that never-failing treasure
Supplies, and fills in overflowing measure,
My least, my greatest need. And so
Thy grace is enough for me.

It is so sweet to trust Thy Word alone.
I do not ask to see
The unveiling of Thy purpose, or the shining
Of future light on mysteries untwining:
Thy promise-roll is all my own—
Thy Word is enough for me.

The human heart asks love. But now I know
That my heart hath from Thee
All real, and full, and marvellous affection;
So near, so human! Yet Divine perfection
Thrills gloriously the mighty glow!
Thy love is enough for me.

There were strange soul-depths, restless, vast, and broad,
Unfathomed as the sea,
An infinite craving for some infinite stilling;
But now Thy perfect love is perfect filling;
Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,
Thou, Thou art enough for me.

—Selected.