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ONE PROMISE.

DEUT. XXXIII. 25.

Down from prophetic ages to the busy whirl
of to-day,
Grander than thought of sages, or poet's
burning lay
Come words of Infinite love, spoken in infinite
power,
A golden message of peace to comfort each
weary hour:
Fear not, though thy spirit faints and the
way thou canst not see,
The promise is forever, "As thy days thy
strength shall be."
Days that have little of grandeur, or of joy's
tidal flow,
Days that are born in shadow and catch no
sunset glow,
When we walk with restless feet such a
weary round of care,
That song is hushed into silence, and stilled
is the voice of prayer,
We blindly stray in the valley, nor scarce
can see the light,
The halos of God's glory encircling the mountain
height.
Through days of intense sorrow, when quivering
thrills of pain
May deaden the busy action of pulse and
heart and brain,
When love's own ministrations seem e'en
powerless to bless,
Ah! then, what untold comfort, what infinite
graciousness,
What splendor of glowing light through
darkness we may see,
Still shining in the promise, "As thy days
thy strength shall be."
Through agony thrills of anguish, precluding
thought of gain,
In some rare baptism of grief, some pentecost
of pain;

When with hearts still crushed and bleeding
from wounds of bitter loss,
When faltering, faint and weak 'neath the
burden of the cross,
Our lips can scarcely utter "God be merciful
to me,"
How strong the words endure, "As thy
days thy strength shall be."
Through the earnest toil and effort of con-
secrated life,
The strength for grand endeavor, in its swift
turmoil and strife,
As filled with inspiration for sublimer, nobler
deeds,
We turn from easy languor to the quest for
human needs,
With hands that are ready for service, feet
that are willing to run,
Even in thorny paths, that the Master's will
be done.
In tempest throes of life, or peace of its
waveless calms,
Through its minor strains of woe, or joy of
triumphant psalms,
Like the mighty undertone in the great un-
resting sea,
This promise giveth fulness to life's fitful
minstrelsy,
And in the vale of shadows with the angel
melody,
Still blends in sweet fulfilment, "As thy
days thy strength shall be."

BELLA M. SNAIL.

JOHNVILLE, QUE.

SURPRISING FACTS.

No doubt our readers will be equally
surprised with ourselves that the editor
of *The Christian Witness and Advocate
of Bible Holiness* should publish a letter
adversely criticizing another brother
minister by name, and then shut up his
columns against the slightest effort on