

MY SHEPHERD.

"He leadeth me!"
And so I need not seek my own wild way
Across the desert wide;
He knoweth where the soft, green pastures lie,
Where the still waters glide,
And how to reach the coolness of their rest,
Beneath the calm hillside.

"He leadeth me!"
And though it be by rugged, weary ways,
Where thorns spring sharp and sore,
No pathway can seem strange or desolate
When Jesus "goes before."
His gentle shepherding my solace is
And gladness yet in store.

"He leadeth me!"
I shall not take one needless step through all,
In wind, or heat, or cold;
And all day long he sees the peaceful end,
Through trials manifold.
Up the far hillside, like some sweet surprise,
Waiteth the quiet fold.

– *Selected.*

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