

LOST, BUT FOUND.

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I WAS a wand'ring sheep ;  
I did not love the fold ;  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controll'd.  
I was a wayward child ;  
I did not love my home ;  
I did not love my Father's voice ;  
I loved afar to roam !

The Shepherd sought his sheep ;  
The Father sought his child :  
They follow'd me o'er vale and hill—  
O'er deserts waste and wild.  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famish'd, and faint, and lone ;  
They bound me with the bands of love ;  
They saved the wand'ring one !

They spoke in tender love ;  
They raised my drooping head ;  
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,  
My fainting soul they fed.

They wash'd my filth away ;  
They made me clean and fair ;  
They brought me to my home in peace—  
The long-sought wanderer !

Jesus my Shepherd is ;  
'Twas he that loved my soul ;  
'Twas he that wash'd me in his blood ;  
'Twas he that made me whole.  
'Twas he that sought the lost—  
That found the wand'ring sheep ;  
'Twas he that brought me to the fold—  
'Tis he that still doth keep.

I was a wand'ring sheep—  
I would not be controll'd ;  
But now I love my Shepherd's voice—  
I love, I love the fold !  
I was a wayward child,  
I once preferr'd to roam ;  
But now I love my Father's voice—  
I love, I love his home !

H. BONAR.