

LOST, BUT FOUND.

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.