

I AM THE SHEPHERD TRUE.*

“ I was wandering and weary
 When the Saviour came unto me,
 For the path of life grew dreary
 And the world had ceased to woo me,
 And I thought I heard Him say,
 As He came along His way,
 Ye wandering souls come near me,
 My sheep should never fear me,
 I am the Shepherd true.

At first I would not hearken,
 And put off till to-morrow,
 But life began to darken,
 And I was full of sorrow,
 And I thought, &c.

At last I paused to listen,
 That voice could not deceive me,
 I saw His kind eye glisten,
 So anxious to relieve me,
 And I'm sure, &c.

He bore me on His shoulder
 And tenderly He brought me,
 He bade my love grow bolder,
 And said how He had sought me,
 And I thought, &c.

I thought His love would lessen
 And fail when more He knew me,
 But it burneth like a beacon,
 And its light and heat go thro' me,
 And I thought, &c.

Let us do then, dearest brothers,
 What will best and longest please us,
 Follow not the ways of others
 But give ourselves to Jesus,
 If we follow in His way
 We will always hear Him say :
 My little flock come near me
 My sheep should never fear me
 I am the shepherd true.”

* The above lyric has been sent to us for publication by the Rev Mr. Muir of Galt. He lays no claim whatever to its authorship. It has been blessed to many in his own congregation, some of whom, alas! are now beyond the Jordan, and as it is not known in Canada, he believes its publication in the "Presbyterian" would be of service to the Church at large, in directing and comforting and sustaining many a Christian pilgrim in his journey through life.