



The Good Shepherd.

Scanning well-loved Bible pictures,
Stands by me my baby-boy;
Listening while I tell the story
Of the Shepherd's grief and joy.

'Through the forest, up the mountain,
O'er the moorland bare and cold,
See how far the sheep are hurrying,
Wandering from the sheltering Fold.

'Look! the little lambs are weary,
You may hear their cry of pain,
Tired and trembling, strength hath failed them,
Who will guide them home again?

'Dark clouds gather, winds are piercing,
Starless is the night and chill;
Torn and bruised, the sheep are lying
On that bleak and distant hill.

'See, who comes across the mountain
Through the night so dark and cold?
'Tis the Shepherd Who provided
For the sheep the sheltering Fold.

'Lo! His Hands and Feet are bleeding,
Briars sharp His Brow have torn,
Yet He presses ever onwards,
Searching thicket, brake, and thorn.

'Doth He hear the sheep's sad bleating
Through the roaring of the wind?
Yes, He heareth, and this Shepherd
He will seek until He find.'

With a gentle, wistful accent,
Lifting tear-dimmed eyes of blue,
Baby-boy looks up and questions—
'Is the Shepherd tired too?'

META GOING.