

THE FOLD.

When God shall ope the gates of gold,
The portals of the heavenly fold,
And bid His flock find pastures wide
Upon a new earth's green hillside,

What poor strayed sheep shall hither fare,
Black-smirched beneath the sunny air,
To wash away in living springs
The mud and mire of earthly things !

What lonely ewes with eyes forlorn,
With weary feet and fleeces torn,
To whose shorn back no wind was stayed,
Nor any rough ways smooth were made :

What happy little lambs shall leap
To those sad ewes and spattered sheep,
With gamesome feet and joyful eyes,
From years of play in Paradise !