## Canadiak Link

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O tender Shepherd climbing rugged mountains
And crossing waters deep—
How long would'st Thou be willing to go homeless
To find a straying sheep!
I count no time, the Shepherd gently answered,
As Thou dost count and bind
The weeks in months, the months in years,—
My counting is just—until I find,
And that would be the limit of my journey—
I'd cross the waters deep,
And climb the hillsides with unfalling patience

Until I find my sheep.

-Sel.

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