He found me nigh to death,
   Famished, and faint and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
   He saved the wandering one.

He spoke in tender love,
   He raised my drooping head;
He gently closed my bleeding wounds,
   My fainting soul He fed.
He washed my filth away,
   He made me clean and fair;
He brought me to my home in peace,
   The long-sought wanderer!

Jesus my Shepherd is,
   'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
   'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
   That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
   'Tis He that still doth keep.

                                        BONAR.

7.   CHRIST'S ALL-SUFFICIENCY.

                    —

                Rom. v. 1.

I thought upon my sins and I was sad,
   My soul was troubled sore and filled with pain;
But then I thought on Jesus and was glad,
   My heavy grief was turned to joy again.