

THE GREAT SHEPHERD.

Sweet to trace His toiling footsteps
Here amidst the desert sands;
Bear in memory all His sorrow,
Thorn-clad head and piercèd hands,
Learn His love beside the manger,
Learn it on the stormy wave,
By the well, and in the garden—
Learn it by the cross and grave.

Yet not only in remembrance
Do we watch that stream of love—
Still a mighty torrent flowing
From the throne of God above,
Still a treasure all uncounted—
Still a story half untold—
Unexhausted, and unfathomed—
Fresh as in the days of old.

Christ at God's right hand unwearied
By our tale of grief and sin,
Day by day and hour by hour,
Welcoming each wanderer in;
On his heart, amidst the glory,
Bearing all our grief and care;
Every burden ere we feel it
Weighed and measured in His prayer.

Fragrant thus with priestly incense,
Every want and sorrow tells
Thoughts that fill the heart of Jesus
In the glory where He dwells.
All His love, His joy, His glory,
By His spirit here made known,
Whilst that spirit bears the sorrow
Of His saints before the throne.