

Under still other names, His boundless grace  
And love to symbolize for Adam's race.

See yonder flock upon the mountain bare!  
Is there no hand to guide or tend them there ?  
When the wild beast comes prowling from his den,  
Who will protect the helpless creatures then ?  
Who, when the pastures fail, and springs are dry,  
Will lead them forth where greener pastures lie ?

What! pitiest thou the helpless flock ? So He,  
Thy watchful friend, in pity thinks of thee !  
" I the Good Shepherd am, and ye the sheep ;  
With tenderest care my little flock I keep ;  
No ravenous beast shall prey upon my own ;  
They know my voice and follow me alone !"

Is yonder sun a welcome sight to thee,  
As up the east he rides exultingly ?—  
Do the hills wake to beauty as he comes,  
And valleys blush with countless opening blooms ?  
Do the streams sparkle, and the woodlands ring,  
With the sweet lays where happy warblers sing ?  
He is a SUN, and when his radiance streams  
Beauty and gladness waken in his beams,  
The soul expands to perfect leaf and flower,  
And ripening fruitage waits the vintage hour ;—  
Songs of rejoicing float upon the air,  
And 'neath his rays 'tis summer everywhere.

Is yonder vine a pleasant, goodly thing,  
As upward still its laden branches spring,  
As its ripe clusters woo the longing sight  
To linger still with ever new delight ?—  
" I'm the true VINE," saith Christ, " the branches ye ;—  
The Living Vine, abide ye still in me ;  
Thus shall my life to every branch be given,  
Thus shall each branch bring forth the fruit of Heaven !"