

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.



By
Frederic E. Weatherly.

ILLUSTRATED BY
Alice Reeve.

Mary Scott

From

Auntie Flora

Christmas 1898.

New Westminster.





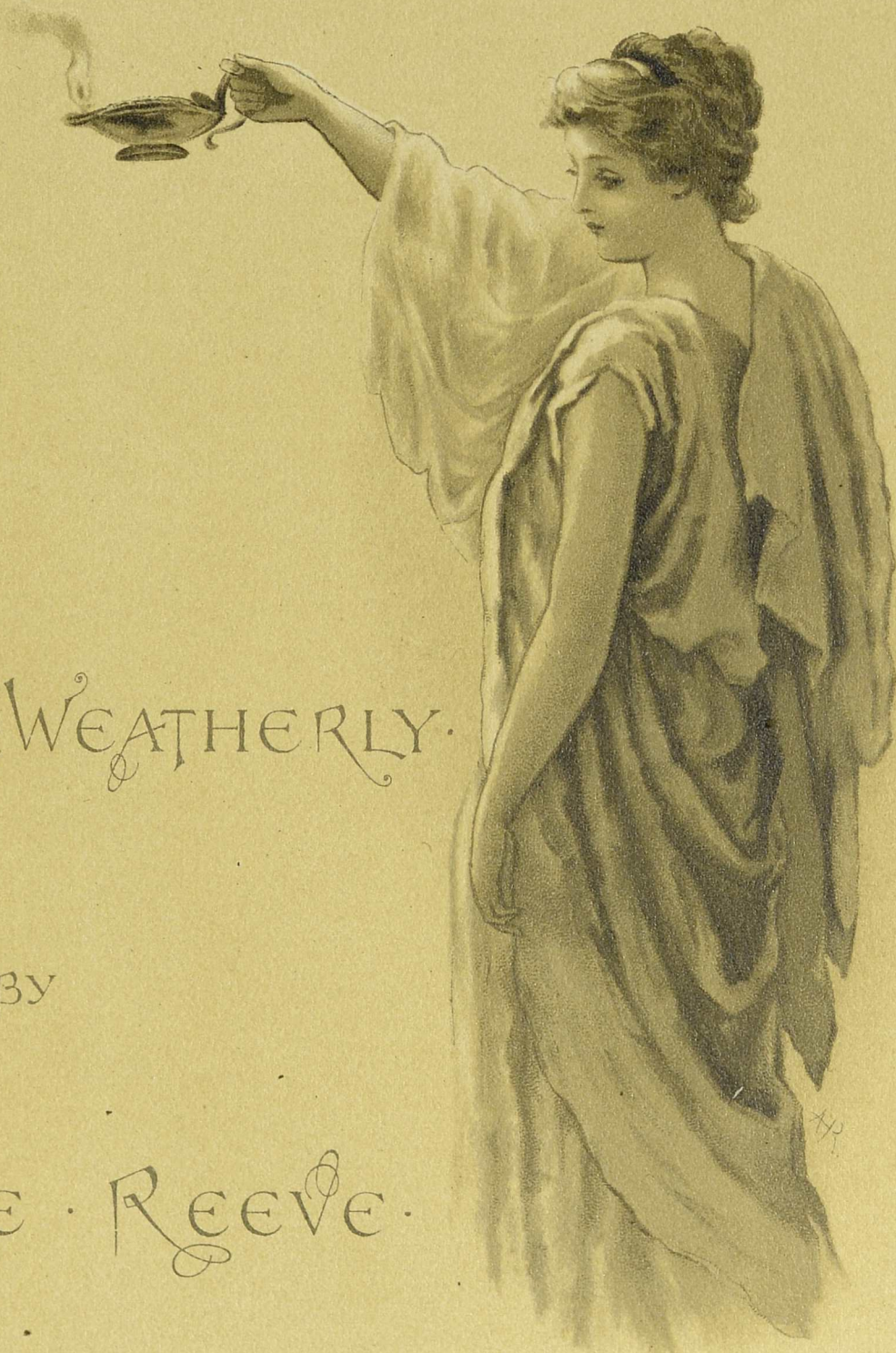
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THE BABE AT BETHLEHEM.

I had a dream of Bethlehem, I saw the stable there,
The Mother and the Holy Child, the manger rude and bare;
No crown upon that Baby brow, no royal robe had He,
But kings of earth their offerings sent, and wise men bowed the knee.
And ever came this song to me upon the wintry wind:
"We praise Thee, we worship Thee, O Saviour of Mankind!"

And then the stable faded, I saw the world unfold,
I heard men march to battle, I saw the strife for gold,
But still by high and lowly, and still by old and young,
The song I heard at Bethlehem from heart to heart was sung,
It pealed upon the summer sea, and on the wintry wind,
"We prais Thee, we worship Thee, O Saviour of Mankind!"

And last of all I seemed to see the gates of cloud unbar,
I saw the many mansions wherein the Blessèd are,
I saw the Babe of Bethlehem upon His great white throne,
The Shepherd with His loving sheep, the King among His own.
And still there came the song to me of Heaven
and earth combined:
"We praise Thee, we worship Thee, O Saviour of Mankind!"



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Hark! hark! a sound of weeping! the mothers' bitter cry,
It is the voice of Herod "their little ones must die!"

Wake, Mary, wake from slumber,
To-night thou canst not rest,
Take thee thy Holy Baby,
And clasp Him to thy breast.

Away! thou mayst not tarry,
Pause not, nor ask to know,
For God will send His angel
To point the way ye go!



Ride on, ride on, Thou little Babe,
Upon thy unknown way,
Sleep sweetly now! in royalty
Thou shalt return one day.
Sleep sweet, sleep sweet! the bitter dews
Of night are on Thee now,
But then a crown of glory
Shall deck Thy royal brow.
And then the gates shall open,
And all the people sing
"Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna to our King!"





MESSIAH.

He stood within the Temple among the Rabbis old,
Life seemed to Him a riddle He could not yet unfold;

He heard them talk and question, in language strange and dim,
They saw His dark eyes glisten, and then they spake to Him;

They told Him of Messiah, Messiah promised long,
Who once would come in glory and free the world from wrong;

And suddenly the Child looked up, His bursting heart was stirred,
And once again He asked the tale, and silently He heard.

Then lifting up His eyes to Heaven, He passed with bated breath
Back to His father's humble home at little Nazareth;

He knew, He knew life's riddle now, the meaning He could see,—
He was the true Messiah to set His people free!



SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN.



"They are only little children!
What can children do?" we say,
"For the world is hard and restless
And our life a bitter fray."
Only children? do we murmur?
Has not Love the mightiest sway?
Jesus Christ, our loving Saviour,
Was not He a child as they?

Adonài! Adonài!

Only children too are we;
Take us to Thy arms in mercy,
Suffer us to come to Thee

They are only little children?
Only children! do we say?
Jesus blest the little children,
Would not have them sent away:
Took them to His loving bosom,
Set them gently on His knee,
"In the kingdom of my Father
All must like to children be."

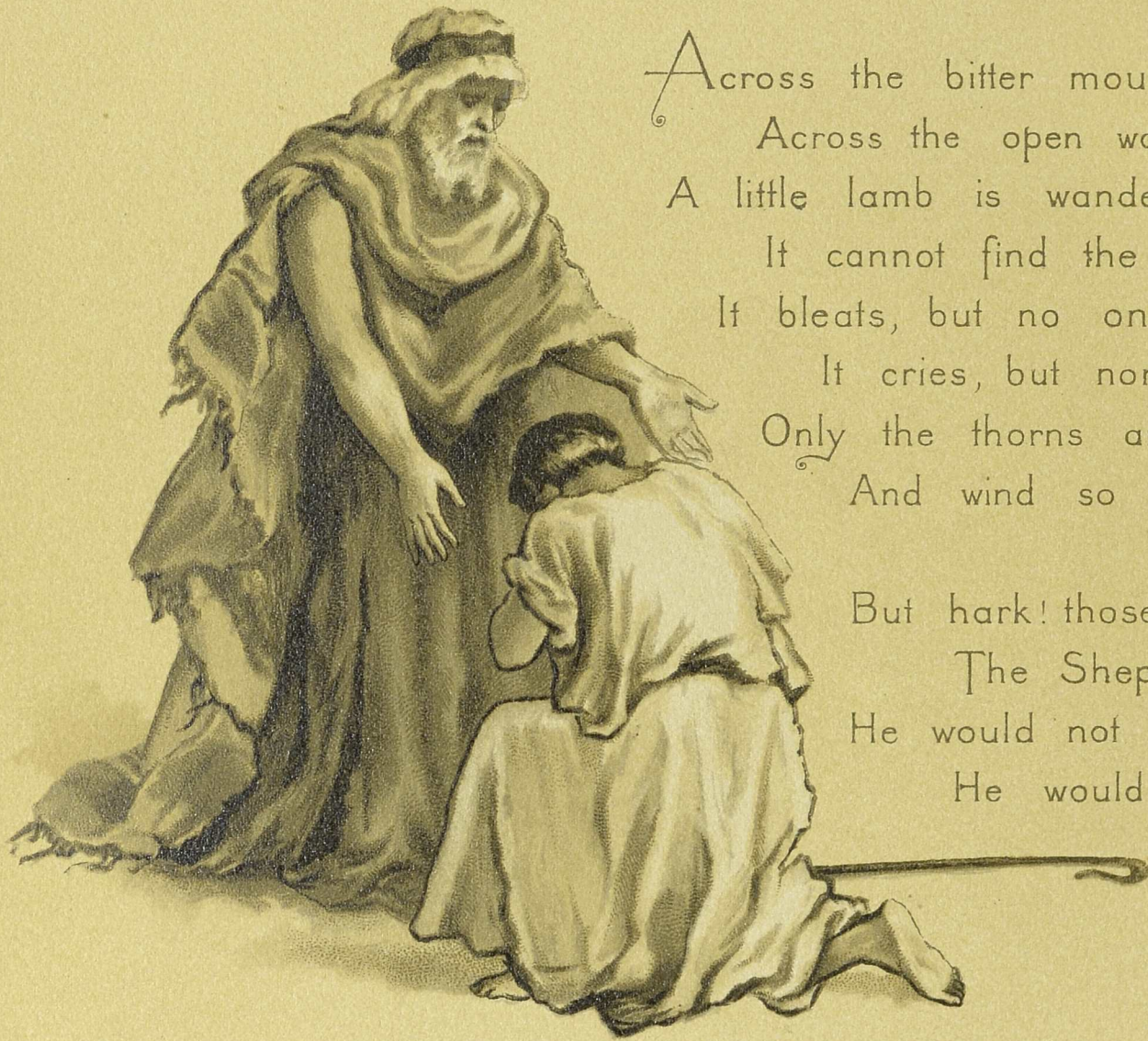
Adonài! Adonài!

From temptation set
us free;
And make us like little
children,
So that we may
come to Thee!





THE GOOD SHEPHERD.



Across the bitter mountain,
Across the open wold,
A little lamb is wandering,
It cannot find the fold.
It bleats, but no one answers,
It cries, but none can hear,
Only the thorns and brambles,
And wind so keen and drear

But hark! those well-known accents,
The Shepherd's loving cry,
He would not lose his little lamb,
He would not let it die.

And we too in our blindness
Like sheep have gone astray,
Wild dreams and fond illusions
Have lured us from the way.
O hear us, loving Shepherd,
And find us where we roam,
Stretch out thy hands in pity
And lead us once more home.

The lights of earth are phantoms,
The world is vain and cold,
There is no light, no peace, no love,
But only in Thy fold.



CHRIST OUR COMFORTER.

Through the fields the Saviour passes, over Galilee's white strand,
And the people crowd about Him, for the touching of His hand,
And He heals them of their sickness, but He will not let them go,
They are weak and faint and hungry, and the evening sun is low.

He is calling: He is calling: "I will give you food and rest,
Stay with Me and I will bless you, with the blessing that is best;
Stay with Me and I will tell you of another brighter shore
Where ye never shall grow weary, and shall never hunger more."

Through the world He still is passing, through our labour, care, and strife,
In His hands the Bread of Heaven, on His lips the Word of Life,
'Twas for us that He was wounded, 'twas for us He came to die,
"Is it nothing, is it nothing, ye that heedlessly pass by?"

He is calling! He is calling! He is knocking at the gate,
"It is I" He gently whispers, "Hear Me ere it be too late,
Though your sins be red as scarlet,
though your tears be like the rain,
There is love and peace in Heaven,
and ye shall not ask in vain!"

