



**How Many Sheep Are Straying?**

How many sheep are straying?  
Lost from the Saviour's fold!  
Upon the lonely mountain  
They shiver with the cold;  
Within the tangled thickets,  
Where poison vines do creep,  
And over rocky ledges  
Wander the poor, lost sheep.

O who will go to find them?  
Who, for the Saviour's sake,  
Will search with tireless patience  
Through brier and through brake?  
Unheeding thirst and hunger,  
Who still, from day to day,  
Will seek, as for a treasure,  
The sheep that go astray?

Say, will you seek to find them?  
From pleasant bowers of ease,  
Will you go forth determined  
To find the least of these?  
For still the Saviour calls them,  
And looks across the world;  
And still He holds wide open  
The door into His fold.

How sweet 'twould be at evening,  
If you and I could say:  
Good Shepherd, we've been seeking  
The sheep that went astray;  
Heart-sore and faint with hunger,  
We heard them making moan,  
And lo! we come at nightfall,  
And bear them safely home.

*O come, let us go and find them,  
In the paths of death they roam;  
At the close of the day, 'twill be sweet to say:  
I have brought some lost one home.*

*. . . Ellen M.H. Gates, b. 1865*