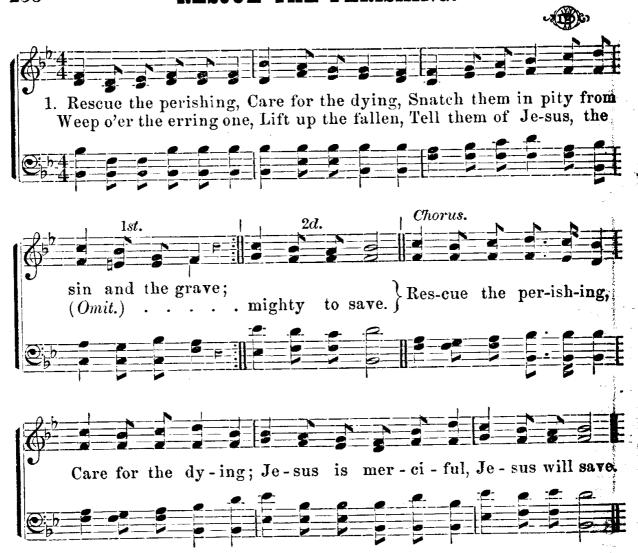
## RESCUE THE PERISHING.



## 642 Rescue the Perishing.

2 Though they are slighting him,
Still he is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently,
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried, that grace can restore.
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken, will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide.
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer, a Savior has died.

643 The Wandering Sheep.

Tune, Lebanon, Key F.

1 I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold:
I did not love my Shenherd's verience.

I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be controlled;

2 I was a wayward child.
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

3 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;

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