

that the shepherd does not drive his sheep nor chase them with dogs, as is done in most other countries; but that he goes before them, looking down upon them, and apparently speaking to them; while they follow him, obedient to his call, and regarding him with loving looks. And there is the gate-keeper, or porter, standing in the gate-way with his keys in his hand; and on the left, far away in the distance, we see another flock of sheep following another shepherd. Now we can understand the Saviour's description:—"To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice; and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them; and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers." Jesus is the good shepherd who once laid down His life for the sheep; who gathers the lambs in his arms and carries them in his bosom. Is He your Shepherd? If He is, you will try to follow Him—to be like Him—to do what you know He wishes you to do—to hate what He hates, and love what He loves.

#### THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.

**W**INGED ANGELS! fold your wings;  
 Seraphs! keep mute the strings  
 Of all your lyres:  
 The Lamb of God is slain!  
 But see!—he lives again,  
 O'er earth and heaven to reign:—  
 Wake all your choirs!

Bow down in gloom, ye skies!  
 The Lamb for sinners dies—  
 He dies—in love:  
 Now lift your voices high,  
 Ye powers of earth and sky!  
 He lives no more to die,—  
 He reigns above.

Behold the Lamb of God!  
 His praises spread abroad;  
 Wake, heart and voice!  
 Sinners, with guilt distressed!  
 Saints, wrapt in blissful rest!  
 Souls, waiting to be blest!  
 In Christ rejoice.

#### HARDENING THE AXE.

BY JOSEPH ALDEN, D.D.



**W**HEN I was a boy I liked to go to the blacksmith's shop. Mr. Gale, the blacksmith, was a very sensible man. He was appointed one of the judges of the County Court shortly after the occurrence of what I am about to relate.

One, two, or three boys, besides myself, had strayed into the shop. Mr. Gale had made an axe. It was well shaped, and, so far as we could see, finished. To our surprise, he took it up, put it into the coals, and commenced blowing the bellows.

"Are you going to hammer it any more?" said one of the boys.

"No," said he. He generally used no more words than were necessary to express his meaning.

"What are you heating it for?"

"To harden it."

"Does heating it harden it?"

"No."

The boy did not ask any more questions, but watched Mr. Gale as he took the axe and plunged it into the cold water, then put it in the fire again for a short time, and then poured water on it, and finally he laid it aside.

"Is it done?" said the boy.

"Yes."

"Is that the way to harden steel?"

"Yes."

"Any body can do it."

"Any body that knows how. If he don't know how he will be likely to make it too hard."

"What harm would that do?"

"Make it brittle, so that it would break like glass. It is a nice operation to harden an edge-tool properly. There is a kind of hardening that any body can do, and a great many are doing it all the time." So saying he brushed the dust off the anvil with his leather