

The Good Shepherd

AND HIS

Very little Lambs

(Concluded)



HEN Auntie and the four children paid a visit to the flock upon the hill, something very sweet happened. Rose's little lamb, with the blue ribbon around its neck, ran lovingly toward her to be petted.

"See, Auntie!" Rose cried. "I told you it knew me! Oh, you dear, darling little lamb! Don't be cross, mother-sheep! I won't hurt your baby!"

For the mother-sheep had hurried after her baby and, with soft sounds and tender pushes of her nose, was anxiously coaxing it away from Rose. You see the mother-sheep was jealous.

"Would you know your lamb from the others?" Philip asked.

"N-no," said Rose, who hated to admit that she could not have picked out her pet except for the blue ribbon, "if anyone took off the ribbon I'd have to wait till the lamb ran to me."

John was caressing every sheep within reach. He was so very gentle that dumb animals never feared him.

"Well," said he, "Auntie, that's the difference about Our Lord. He knows His sheep as well as they know Him. Because He is God, and knows everything."

The next morning the group gathered again under the trees.

"Is this a Catechism Class?" Philip suddenly asked.

"No, dear. You have that in Church, don't you?"

Auntie answered. "This is just a little while we spend talking about the great day that is coming: First Communion. We know our Catechism pretty well, don't we?"