

the Great Shepherd to take care of us. David says, 'The Lord is *my* Shepherd, I shall not want.'

My friend, interrupting, said, "I am not in that position; I feel more like a lamb that is on the watch against the lion."

I replied, "As a converted man you believe in the Lamb of God, who bore away your sins. Now, in the same way of faith, believe in the risen Christ, as the Shepherd of God's lambs. By this simple act of faith, you will be brought into another state and privilege. You are lingering at Calvary, which is the wrong place for a believer. You ought to be on the other side of Christ's grave, the resurrection side."

He did not speak, so I continued: "When you are converted, and so become one of the lambs or sheep of God's flock, your old master, Satan, rises up and comes out against you. You watch for him, and make resolutions to resist him; but if at any time he catches you, as the lion caught one of David's lambs, what do you do?"

"Why, I pray to be delivered from danger, and determine not to be caught again."

"I thought so," I replied, "but the little lamb did not do that in its helplessness and despair, poor thing, it bleated. Then David, the true shepherd, went forward and smote the lion, and delivered the lamb. This is what your great Shepherd has done for you already. Satan is a conquered enemy. On resurrection-ground you will realize this fact, and find that your Shepherd is a very present Friend. He will make you more than conqueror."

"How is that?" asked my friend.

"A conqueror is a person who has overcome his enemies, and done with them; but more than conqueror is a man who walks in the midst of his enemies without fear, because his Shepherd is their Conqueror and his Keeper."

"But supposing the lion comes upon me when I am not thinking about him, what then?"

"That is just when he does come," I answered. "Did you observe that dear good man who sits at the corner of the platform in the Tent, and is always looking after the welfare of others?"

"Do you mean the gentleman who gives up his chair, and sits down on the steps?"

"Yes; the very same," I replied. "On one occasion he asked a pastor, 'What if the wolf comes upon one unawares?' 'Well,' replied the pastor, 'I suppose the Shepherd sees the wolf coming if the lamb does not.' The Shepherd is as watchful to protect the

sheep as the lion is to destroy it. You should watch the Shepherd, not the lion. That is the way to be kept; not to keep yourselves, but to be kept."

"The Lord is *my* Shepherd.' That little word 'my' brings all the precious things in that Psalm to one's self; without it all the precious pearls are unstrung!"

"I wish I could have that."

"My dear man," I said, "the very desire you express is a clear token that you may do so. That good desire does not come from Satan, but from the Holy Ghost, who is the author of it. Turn that desire into definite prayer, and believe the answer. In the same way as you accepted salvation, so accept the Saviour, the Great Shepherd."—*The Life of Faith.*

A PROPHECY OF SPURGEON'S CHILDHOOD.

Mr. Spurgeon, in a sermon on the blessing of Joseph, gave the following interesting reminiscence:

In closing, I wish to bear a personal testimony by narrating an incident in my own life. I have been preaching in Essex this week, and I took the opportunity to visit the place where my grandfather preached so long, and where I spent my earliest days. Last Wednesday was to me a day in which I walked like a man in a dream. Everybody seemed bound to recall some event or other of my childhood. What a story of divine love and mercy did it bring before my mind! Among other things, I sat down in a place that must ever be sacred to me. There stood in my grandfather's manse-garden two arbors made of yew trees, cut into sugar-loaf fashion. Though the old manse has given way to a new one, and the old chapel has gone also, yet the yew trees flourish as aforetime. I sat down in the right-hand arbor and bethought me what had happened there many years ago.

When I was a young child staying with my grandfather, there came to preach in the village, Mr. Knill, who had been a missionary at St. Petersburg, and a mighty preacher of the Gospel. He came to preach for the London Missionary Society, and arrived on the Saturday at the manse. He was a great soul-winner, and he spied out the boy. He said to me, "Where do you sleep? for I want to call you up in the morning." I showed him my little room. At six o'clock he called me up, and we went into that arbor. There, in the sweetest way, he told