



EASTERN SHEPHERD.

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The shepherd in the East is much more tender and loving to his sheep than in Western countries. He knows his flock by name. He goes before them, and they know his voice and follow him. He carries the lambs in his bosom, and will risk his life to save his flock from the lion or the bear. All this is used in the Bible as a type of our Lord. "He shall lead his flock like a shepherd." He is described as the Good Shepherd, who lays down his life for the sheep. Let us remember that in the words of the Psalm, "We are his people and the sheep of his pasture." And little children are the lambs of his fold, whom he especially cares for and loves.

I have heard of some children who had a "missionary hen," and sold all the eggs she laid, putting the money in their mite-boxes.

THE BLACK BOY'S PRAYER.

A missionary one day observed a little black boy engaged in prayer, and heard him say, "O Lord Jesus, I thank thee for sending a big ship into my country, and wicked men to steal me, and bring me here, that I might hear about thee, and love thee. And now, Lord Jesus, I have one favour to ask thee: please to send wicked men with another big ship, and let them catch my father and my mother, and bring them to this country, that they may hear the missionaries preach, and love thee."

The missionary in a few days after saw the same child standing on the sea-shore, looking very intently as the ships came in.

"What are you looking for, Tom?" he asked.

"I am looking to see if Jesus Christ answers prayer," the child replied.

For two years that boy was to be seen day after day watching the arrival of every ship.

One day, as the missionary was viewing him, he observed him capering about, and exhibiting the liveliest joy. Then he said, "Well, Tom, what occasions so much joy?"

"Oh, Jesus Christ answers prayer—father and mother come in that ship;" which was actually the case.

A SONG.

Now's the time to make your mark,
Study, work away!
Bee, and bird, and flower, all
Nature's voice obey.

Now's the time to grow and learn,
Now to sow the seed,
And to watch its springing up
Into word and deed.

If you treasure well the hours,
In each heart and face
Shall the cheering impress dwell,
Childhood's happy grace.

While the days grow into years,
Study, work away!
Bee, and bird, the hours improve,
So the children may.

THERE IS OUR FATHER.

Two children were at the sea-shore on the outlook for their father's return from fishing. There had been no storm, so they were not afraid, but their father had been away two days and two nights, and the little folks wanted to see him back. They had watched for him hour after hour. Other fishing boats had passed, but his was not in sight, but at last the elder girl saw far off the well-known sail, and the boat she loved to see. Pointing it out to her little sister she said, "There is father!" But the little dot said, "I don't see father!" "No, nor do I," answered the elder, "but he is there; that is his boat, he is master of it, he will soon be here!" Both children were joyous. Though they could not see their father, they knew he was there, and that every moment brought the time nearer when they would see him, and talk to him.

There is another Father of all little children whom we cannot see yet, but we know he is near, and before very long we shall be at home with him, and see him, if we are good and have faith in him. Wherever we are, in sunshine or in gloom, we may always say, "There is our Father."

A little boy was asked, "Who made you?" "God made me," he said. "Why do you think God made you?" was asked. "Because," he said, "he wanted a little boy to love him."