

# COUNTING THE STARS,

## AND OTHER SKETCHES.



**I** WOULD have you, dear friends, number the Lord's benefits. I was walking along one winter's night, hurrying towards home, with my little maiden at my side. Said she, "Father, I am going to count the stars."

"Very well," I said; "go on."

By-and-by I heard her counting—"Two hundred and twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-four, two hundred and twenty-five. Oh dear!" he said, "I had no idea there were so many."

Ah! dear friends, I sometimes say in my soul, "Now, Master, I am going to count Thy benefits." I am like the little maiden. Soon my heart sighs—sighs, not with sorrow, but burdened with such goodness, and I say within myself, "Ah! I had no idea that there were so many." So I would have thee think about all that is within them.

Sometimes it is good to fetch out Memory, and say, "Memory, fetch a song for my Lord;" for Memory hath a sweet voice, she sings like