

## Feed My Lambs.

**A**LMOST as soon as little Harry could talk he called himself,—  
“Mother’s lamb.”

He had often heard his mother speak of him, and to him, in this loving way, so that he learned to repeat the words himself.

Then, the first prayer that he was taught to say was the verse which forms the children’s hymn and the children’s prayer.

Kneeling at his mother’s knee, his hands clasped together and his eyes closed, he said,—

“Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,  
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;  
Through the darkness be Thou near me,  
Keep me safe till morning light.”

He knew what a lamb was, for he had seen the pretty little creatures playing in the fields, and once, when he was staying in the country, he saw a pet lamb at his uncle’s farm.

When he saw how kind and gentle every one was to the little lambs, he thought of all his mother’s love and care for him.

When he was older his mother said, “I must not call you ‘my lamb,’ now that you are so big.”

“And shall I have to learn a new prayer?” he asked.

“No, no,” said his mother, “you will be our Saviour’s lamb for a long time yet. When you are a big boy to me, you will only be a child to Him.”

“I’m glad of that,” said Harry. “Somehow it feels so nice to know that Jesus loves children so much that He calls them His lambs. Tell me just what Jesus said when He spoke in this way about the children.”

“When Jesus was on earth He always showed that He loved the children,” said Harry’s mother. “So after He rose from the dead He said to Peter,—‘Do you love Me?’ And Peter said, ‘Yes, Lord, you know that I love you.’ Then Jesus said to him,—‘Feed My lambs.’

“Perhaps He thought that Peter might only care for the souls of men and women, and so He made it quite plain that the children were just as dear to Him as the fathers and mothers, and that His disciples must not forget to feed the lambs of His flock.”