

in that tongue. She even gave public instruction in the Greek language and general literature. To these studies she added the higher branches of philosophy and theology. In many of these she was nearly self-taught.—Her persevering industry was constant and unwearied. But what engaged the affections of her friends as much as her extraordinary abilities commanded their admiration, was her peculiar sweetness of disposition and modesty of deportment. She had learned from St. Paul that the most valuable adorning was that of a meek and quiet spirit; and when a day of trial and perplexity came, she found the pearl of great price far outweighed all other treasures of knowledge.

To be continued.

The faithful Shepherd.

"The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want: He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters."—Psalm 1. 2.

Dear children,—You will at once see that the subject chosen for our lesson, is that of a shepherd watching his flock. When you think of the life of a shepherd, you will be ready to exclaim,—What a delightful occupation that of a shepherd must be! To recline upon the mountain's brow—sit under the shady trees, and wander beside the murmuring brooks—surely a shepherd must be very happy. But, dear children, you must learn not to look for happiness in the objects that surround you, however beautiful they may be. 'Tis God, and God alone, as he is seen in Jesus, that can fill us with imperishable happiness.

Do you remember who won the first martyr's crown? It was a shepherd. In Genesis iv. 2, we are told that "Abel was a keeper of sheep," and you know Abel was put to death by the cruel hands of his envious brother, Moses, too, who was so meek, and

who guided the Israelites through their wilderness journey, he kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law. It was while engaged in feeding his flock that God appeared to him in the burning bush, and commanded him to go to Pharaoh, and ask that hard-hearted heathen monarch to let the children of Israel go. David also—the man according to God's own heart—he was a shepherd. It was while he kept the sheep that his father sent for him to appear before Samuel the prophet, to be anointed king over Israel. 'Twas the shepherd-king, inspired by the spirit of God, who wrote the most of the Psalms, and who could say, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." Probably he loved the word "shepherd" more than any other. It would bring to his remembrance his happy youthful days in which he tended his flock. Going before, they followed their youthful leader, as he gently led them to the cooling stream to slake their thirst, or to some quiet vale, clothed with the richest pasture. And no doubt, dear children, he delighted in the beautiful and appropriate expression—"The Lord is my shepherd." He gloried to "lie down" and rest his soul upon those "green pastures" of Divine truth which God had provided, and to follow Jesus as he led him to the "still waters," even the glorious "gospel of the blessed God," in order to satisfy his "thirsty soul." O, dear children, Abel, Moses, and David were shepherds—faithful shepherds—but they were more, they were happy shepherds—men who had taken God as their "portion for ever," and, consequently, they found him to be their "exceeding joy." The birth of the blessed Jesus, you remember, was announced to shepherd. They were faithful: They were watching their flocks during the night; and lo! the herald-angel descended. Commissioned by the great Jehovah, he proclaimed to their astonished and delighted hearts the best, the most thrilling, the most glorious news that ever gladdened, or ever will gladden the souls of men.