

know not. But "the
green pastures, still
paths of righteous-
his eye.

of all sorrow, but we
in it. All who min-
s of direst need will
and sickness and death
and that the worst
to the godliest homes.
ed out of sorrow, but
oundings that sorrow
be sorrow; God gives
neers our lonely hours
and gladness for tears.
th makes us shudder,
ere is a shadow there
and the light on the
direct from the throne

manent peace and joy.
he enemies who pur-
the gates of his Lord,
inside, can never enter
shall be safe there from
onor and courtesy will
our associations with
continue after the days of
eternity. "The house
home as long as night
ath, and for ever and

-Pictures.

shepherd going into the
about him, pressing
ide, or gradually stray-
adows, so very green,
ay the copious rains of
and tender and emerald
ning pasture-lands!

He knew of this particu-
the path into it from
herd. He knew of the
n which to lie down at
great rock in the hot
of the "still waters,"
ng detaining the thirsty
ant when they have the
l.
and strong! We shall

The sun is looping up
curtains in the west with
ers, and, looking kindly
is soon gone. The flock
and I catch at last the
ing into the fold. The
at the door, and counts

them as they slip by him. Are all inside the fold to-night? Hear his low, compassionate, musical voice. He has reached "ninety-five—six—seven—eight—nine!" The last one has gone by him. Where is the hundredth one?

There certainly ought to be a hundred sheep in the fold.

He looks sad, grieved, and murmurs, "There is one astray!"

He lifts his voice and calls, "Peter!" No Peter runs to the shepherd. He is an impetuous sheep and generally comes quickly when called. There is no Peter in the fold to-night! He is astray; off on some bleak mountain-slope, or in some treacherous morass.

The shepherd cannot stay.

He must hunt up Peter.

He strides off through the lonely pasture-land, taking such long, energetic strides in his loving haste. As he hurries he calls. O, his tender far-reaching voice, calling, calling! He has searched the mountains, gone through the thickets, when hark! How he starts! "Ah, that is Peter," he says, "down in the morass." Yes, poor, foolish Peter struggling in the quagmire, sorry enough that he ever forsook his Lord. But the good shepherd is coming! You can hear him splashing through the bog, and now he reaches poor Peter, lifts him to his bosom, and bears him away, saying, "I have prayed for thee, Peter!" What a strong shepherd is bearing that wandering sheep over the hills and the wild moorland back to the fold! What thorn-scratches on his brow and what scurs on his hands and how his feet bleed! "All for love," he says, "for love!" In the fold at last, and he counts again up to ninety-five—six—seven—eight—nine—one hundred!"

"All in the fold!" he cries with joy.

Let the night-winds moan and the wolves sniff around the fold! All, all are safe within.

It is morning now. The sun is throwing his golden lances at the trees, and they break and shiver and come down in a golden shower. The happy flock is going out as the shepherd calls, "Daniel!" "Mary!" "Benjamin!" "Peter!" They are away all the long day, down in the green pastures, strolling by the still waters, and at twilight homeward turns the flock. But look! What is that gloomy ravine ahead? And yet the way home runs through its very heart. So black is this valley of the death-shadow! How close to the shepherd huddle the flock! But do you see those sharp evil eyes glaring out of that place of densest shadows? Come closer, "Peter!" "David!" "Miriam!" O, what comfort it is to know the shepherd's long crook reaches across the flock and will keep off any assailant! And home is on the other side of the valley! Only a little way through the valley of the death-shadow!

Yea, they can cry, "Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me!"

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And now a feast of joy! A feast of honor, too! Let any scoff who will! The pastor has only words of welcome for his guests, such cooling water for hands and feet, such rare perfume for the head, such kindly seats of honor, such a loving cup of blessing! Yea, goodness and mercy fast pursuing through life, and then in the Good Shepherd's heavenly fold, the King's beautiful palace, lo, an abiding forever!

By Way of Illustration.

"The Lord is my shepherd." "The life of Christianity," said Luther, "consists in possessive pronouns." It is one thing to say, "Christ is a Saviour;" it is quite another to say, "He is my Saviour and my Lord." The devil can say the first, the true Christian alone can say the second.

Lord Shaftesbury, "the greatest man England has ever produced," said, "What a comfort it is to know Christ as a personal Saviour!" and after a pause, he added, "my Saviour!"

"I shall not want." George Müller, of England, who founded and has sustained so many orphan asylums in his own country, said: "I took God at his word. I have lacked nothing—nothing. I have had my trials, my difficulties, and my empty purse; but my receipts have aggregated millions of dollars, unsolicited only by prayer, while the work has gone on these fifty years and more."

To us in our land and times this Oriental figure loses much of the vividness that it has to one who visits Palestine and sees a Judean shepherd among his flock. He is as much attached to his fleecy friends as daily intercourse and nightly watchings and personal exposures to them could make him. He searches out fresh pasturage for them; if a sheep is caught in a thicket, he hastens to rescue it; if a lamb falls into a swollen torrent, he is at hand to lift it out; if a wild beast shows himself at night near the sleeping flock, the shepherd seizes his club and gives him battle. Not only the savage beast, but the Bedouin robber must sometimes be encountered. Dr. Thomson in his book says that one faithful fellow, between Tabor and Tiberias, instead of fleeing, actually fought three Bedouins, until he was hacked to pieces with their knives, and died among the sheep he was defending. "I am the Good Shepherd. I lay down my life for the sheep,"—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

"He restoreth my soul." I honestly believe that many a sick-bed has delivered the sufferer from a bed in perdition. "There it is," said a young man, as he pointed to a diseased limb which was eating away his life; "and a precious limb it has