

The Good Shepherd

AND HIS

Very little Lambs

(By Mrs Herman BOSCH).

THEY decided to have their talks in the garden under the old elm-trees — Auntie, who was big and knew a great many stories, and the four children, Rose and Anna, Philip and John.

Philip was nearly eight, and ever so much taller than his sister Rose and his cousin John, who were both seven. Anna was only six, and as she was as curly-headed and rosy-cheeked as a new doll, people would call her "The Baby," no matter how many times she reminded them that her name was Anna.

"You needn't mind," said Auntie, picking Anna up and settling her upon her knee. "You're nearly as tall as brother John, anyway."

"And John's seven," said Anna, very much soothed.

"Besides," said John, who was very fond and proud of his small sister, "I'm a boy, and boys have to be bigger than girls."

Auntie smiled at the manly little chap, who never wilfully hurt anything — people, or their feelings, or birds or cats.

"If Anna gets too comfortable, Auntie," said Rose, watching Anna settling her head upon Auntie's shoulder. "she falls asleep."

"I don't!" cried Anna, sitting up straight.

"Well, if she does, no harm is done. She's our littlest lamb of all."

"But I'm not a *baby*," Anna declared, dropping back into cozy comfort. "I don't mind being a little lamb."

"No, not a baby," Auntie agreed. "And the little lambs are exactly what we want to talk about this morning. See, there are some on the hill over there. Aren't they pretty?"