

I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

A MAN WHO SWALLOWED A BIBLE.

IN the days of my boyhood, my father told me that he knew a man who had swallowed a Bible. This greatly excited my astonishment, and I wondered how it could be. My father having an object in view, never explained what he meant; but went with me some time afterwards, to call upon the old man. I remember that visit as well as though it happened but yesterday.

Oh how graciously did texts of Divine truth fall from the lips of that aged servant of Christ! His Bible seemed to be a mine of illimitable value, and he drew forth liberally, like one who draws water from a well that he believes to be inexhaustible.

As we came away, my father said to me, "Well, and what do you think of this man having swallowed a Bible,"

"Think, father!" said I, "why I think that he has indeed swallowed a Bible; for the Word of God seems like meat and drink to him."

Boys! it would be well if each one of your number would swallow a Bible. You would find it "sweeter than honey and the honey-comb." *Selected.*

FIVE LITTLE FOXES.

B*Y-and-By, I can't, No use in trying, I forgot, I dont care.* These are sly, crafty little creatures, that sometimes lurk in our homes, and unless we drive them away as soon as we find them, they will be very hard to get rid of after awhile,

and give us a great deal of trouble and unhappiness.

"Take away the foxes, the little foxes that spoil our vines," is a verse in the Bible, (Song of Solomon, 2. 15.)

Here is a way some one has found to get rid of those I have mentioned;—

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox, named—*By-and-by.*

Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter—*Right-away.*

Around each tender vine I plant
I find the little fox—*I can't*

Then fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave—*I can!*

No use in trying—lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low and drive him high
With a good hunter, named—*I'll try.*

Among the vines in my small lot
Creeps in the young fox—*I forgot.*

Then hunt him out and to his den
With—*I-will-not-forget-again!*

A little fox is hidden there
Among my vines, named—*I don't care!*

Then let *I'm sorry*—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines and you.

—*Christian at Work.*

RICHMOND'S COUNSEL.

M*Y son," said Leigh Richmond, "remember you must die, and you may die soon, very soon. If you are to die as a boy, you must look for a boy's religion, a boy's knowledge, a boy's faith, a boy's Saviour, a boy's salvation; or else a boy's*

I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE.