

Now, last, this would not be passed by, that the Lord bids Peter feed his, not another man's sheep, but his sheep, that is, them whom He hath redeemed and ransomed with his own blood. This word contains an argument, wherefore the sheep should be fed, to wit, because they are the Lord's, ransomed with his own blood. And, more than that, this word admonishes the pastor, that he count not the flock to be his own, but the Lord's, and that he feed it not to himself, to use the flock for his own gain and advantage. Seeing, then, that the Lord hath committed to pastors the church, which is his own spouse and his flock, which he hath redeemed with no less price than his own blood, the Lord give pastors grace to be careful in feeding of them with that food of life, furnished unto them by the Lord Jesus! To whom, with the Father, and the Holy Spirit, be all praise and honour for ever. Amen.

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 POETRY.
 

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## HINDER ME NOT.

"Hinder me not!" I'm pressing on,  
 With earnest heart, to reach the shore  
 Of my eternal home.  
 Across my way,  
 Place not the thorns of earthly cares  
 To wound my feet: or, unawares,  
 Turn me astray.

"Hinder me not!" Too long I've been  
 Seeking the fading flowers that grow  
 In the broad way of sin.  
 Though when I've sought  
 To pluck the fairest, ever found,  
 They grew on Death's enchanted ground,  
 With poison fraught.

"Hinder me not!" The syren song  
 Of pleasure's voice, with music sweet,  
 I've listened to, full long;  
 But now, mine ear  
 Hath caught the strains the ransomed sing,  
 As round the great white throne they bring  
 The crowns they wear.

"Hinder me not!" The storm clouds lower,  
 The night is dark—I fear to meet  
 With fierce temptation's power.  
 But look! afar  
 Above the clouds, a clear, calm light  
 Shines on thy way—faint heart—a bright  
 And morning star.

"Hinder me not!" That glorious ray  
 With heavenly beams, is chasing clouds,  
 And night itself, away.  
 And now, as near  
 I come to Jordan's stream, it throws  
 A golden light the waves across,  
 My soul to cheer.

"Hinder me not!" I fear no ill;  
 "Since Christ is mine and I am His,"  
 I'll bravely do His will.  
 The smile, the frown  
 Of man, must now be nought to me,  
 But *this* henceforth, my watchword be,  
 "No cross, no crown."

A. S. M.