

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.

POETRY.

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.