

## The Good Shepherd.

**T**HE Saviour is the Good Shepherd whose work is to take care of his flock. If one sheep strays away, the Good Shepherd leaves the ninety and nine and goes in search of the lost one. He wanders on through the darkness, out through the storm, down over the deepest precipice, up the highest mountain peak, through deep dark valleys, around craggy heights, in search for the lost sheep; and when at last he finds it, he tenderly gathers it in his arms, places it safely upon his shoulders, and hastens o'er danger and through storm to take it to the fold. He would give his life for his lost sheep. So the dear Saviour gathers his own to himself and protects them. He is the Good Shepherd who says:

"The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

"As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father; and I lay down my life for the sheep. And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd. Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me,

but I lay it down of myself. Dear children, do you know Him as your shepherd?



## Not Afraid.

"Who maketh the clouds his chariot." (Ps civ. 3.)

**T**WO little boys were talking together about a lesson they had been receiving, from their grandmother, on the subject of Elijah's going to heaven in the chariot of fire. "I say, Charlie," said George, "but wouldn't you be afraid to ride on such a chariot?"

"Why, no," said Charlie, "I shouldn't be afraid if I knew that the Lord was driving."

And that was just the way David felt when he said "What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee." He, knew that neither chariots of fire nor anything else could hurt him, if God was present as his protector and friend.

## God's Love.

"I have loved you, saith the Lord."—Mal. i. 2.

**I**S not this a sweet pillow to rest upon to-night? But a pillow is of no use if you only look at it; that does not rest you. You must lay your head down upon it, and then you rest. So, do not only think, "Yes, that is a very nice text;" but believe it, and lay your heart down restfully upon it; and say, "Yes, He loves me!"

How different these words are from what we should have expected! We should have expected God to say, "I will love you, if you will love me." But no! He says, "I have loved you." Yes, he has loved you already, poor little restless heart, that wants to be

loved! He loves you now, and will love you always.

But you say, "I wish I knew whether He loves me!" Why, He tells you so; and what could He say more? There it stands—"I have loved you, saith the Lord."

It is TRUE, and you need only believe it, and be glad of it, and tell Him how glad you are that He loves you.

But you say, "Yes, I know He loves good people; but I am so

naughty!" Then he has a special word for you: "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." He says nothing about "good people," but tells you that He loved you so much, while you were naughty, that He has sent the Lord Jesus, His own dear, dear Son, to die for you. Could he do more than that?

He says in the same verse (Mal. i. 2), "Yet ye say, Wherein hast thou loved us?" *Wherein? O herein!* not that you loved God, but that He loved you.

When you lie down, think how many answers you can find to that question, "Wherein hast Thou loved us?" See how many proofs of His love you can count up; and then go to sleep on this soft, safe pillow, "I have loved you, saith the Lord!"

MISS HAVERGAL.

**C**HILDREN are travellers newly arrived in a strange country; we should therefore make conscience not to mislead them.—Locke.