

coming from shamefaced Ned that Robbie spoke up and said, "I know! It's stealing."

"Oh, I didn't mean to steal it! I was going to put it back again," sobbed Ned.

"But now it is broken and soiled, and you cannot return it just as it was," suggested Mr. Bates.

"Oh, what shall I do! What *shall* I do!" wailed Ned.

"Poor little boy, he feels so badly; I think we must forgive him," said Mrs. Bates. "You're sorry, aren't you Ned?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I am! I'm dreadful sorry, an' I'll never do so again."

"That is the way to show if you are really sorry," said Mr. Bates; "and we will say no more about it, but take you home to Mrs. Whitely."

"Don't scold him; he has been punished enough," Mrs. Bates said to Mrs. Whitely, as she gave Ned into her care on their return.

"I'm sorry—I truly am," Ned said as he nestled into Mrs. Whitely's arms and poured out his grief.

"I am sure you are," answered Mrs. Whitely, "and I don't mean to scold you; but I think a little punishment will help you to remember, and I will put you to bed for the rest of the day," for Mrs. Whitely was a sensible woman, and knew that a good rest would be the best thing for Ned's tired body as well as a help to remembrance.

When Ned was undressed, she said, "Now, before you get in, you can say a little prayer and ask God to forgive you"; and then she tucked him in and left him, with a kiss.

It was three days later that Ned's visit came to an end, and during the drive to the trolley Mr. Whitely delighted his heart by saying, "You've been so good that I have sent word to have Susie come next for a two weeks' visit."

Ned beamed for a moment, then his face clouded.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Whitely.

"You know," Ned whispered, "I was very bad *once*."

"But you were sorry, and we forgave you," answered Mr. Whitely. "You don't think Susie would be naughty in the same way do you?"

"I'm sure she would'nt," Ned answered. "I wouldn't have, only I didn't think," he went on; "an' I'll tell Susie all about it, so she'll remember to think."

"It isn't pleasant to be naughty is it, my boy?" asked Mr. Whitely; and Ned, in the full remembrance of all his grief, said earnestly.

"No, sir, it's truly dreadful."

CORNELIA FULTON CRARY.

LITTLE LAMBS IN DISTANT FOLDS.

TALKS WITH THE TINY PEOPLE.

(From *The Children's World*)

WELL, little friends, here we are again, ready for another talk! How shall we begin? I think, first of all, I will ask you a question. If I had you all here, right in front of me, I should ask it in this way: "Hands up, those who have ever been to a children's service on the beach!" I am sure a number of hands would go up at once. Well, to-day I am going to talk to you, not about children's services exactly, but about a hymn that I used often to hear sung on the beach only last summer. One verse began like this,—

"Little lambs of God are we";

and the children always sang it so heartily, because it was one of their favorites; but I do wonder how many of them really and truly *meant* it. You know God does like us to mean in our hearts the words that we sing, and it is no use to say, "Little lambs of God are we," if we have never come to the Lord Jesus and asked Him to be our Shepherd. There is a beautiful verse in the Bible which says, "He shall gather the lambs in His arm, and carry them in His bosom." Have you ever been to the Good Shepherd and asked Him to make you one of His lambs? If not, will you do it this very day?

But it is quite time I began to explain our title, "Little Lambs in Distant Folds." I expect you are all wondering what it means. You know that a fold is a place where a shepherd keeps his sheep. Well, one day when Jesus Christ was on earth, He began telling His disciples that He was the Good Shepherd and they were His sheep, and then He said something which was, perhaps, a great surprise to them. He told them that they were not his *only* sheep, but that He had a great many others who had never heard His name. Yet He loved them very dearly, and He longed that they should know all about Him; so before He went away to heaven He told His disciples to go and look for these other sheep, and tell them of the Good Shepherd and His love.

Have you guessed who these other sheep are? We call them the *Heathen*, and God's dear servants, the missionaries, are doing just what the disciples did long ago. They are leaving their homes and their friends, and are going right away to distant parts of the world to tell those poor lost sheep of One who died for them, and a great many have listened to the message and have learned to love the Good Shepherd very dearly.

Yes, Jesus Christ has many, many folds