



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

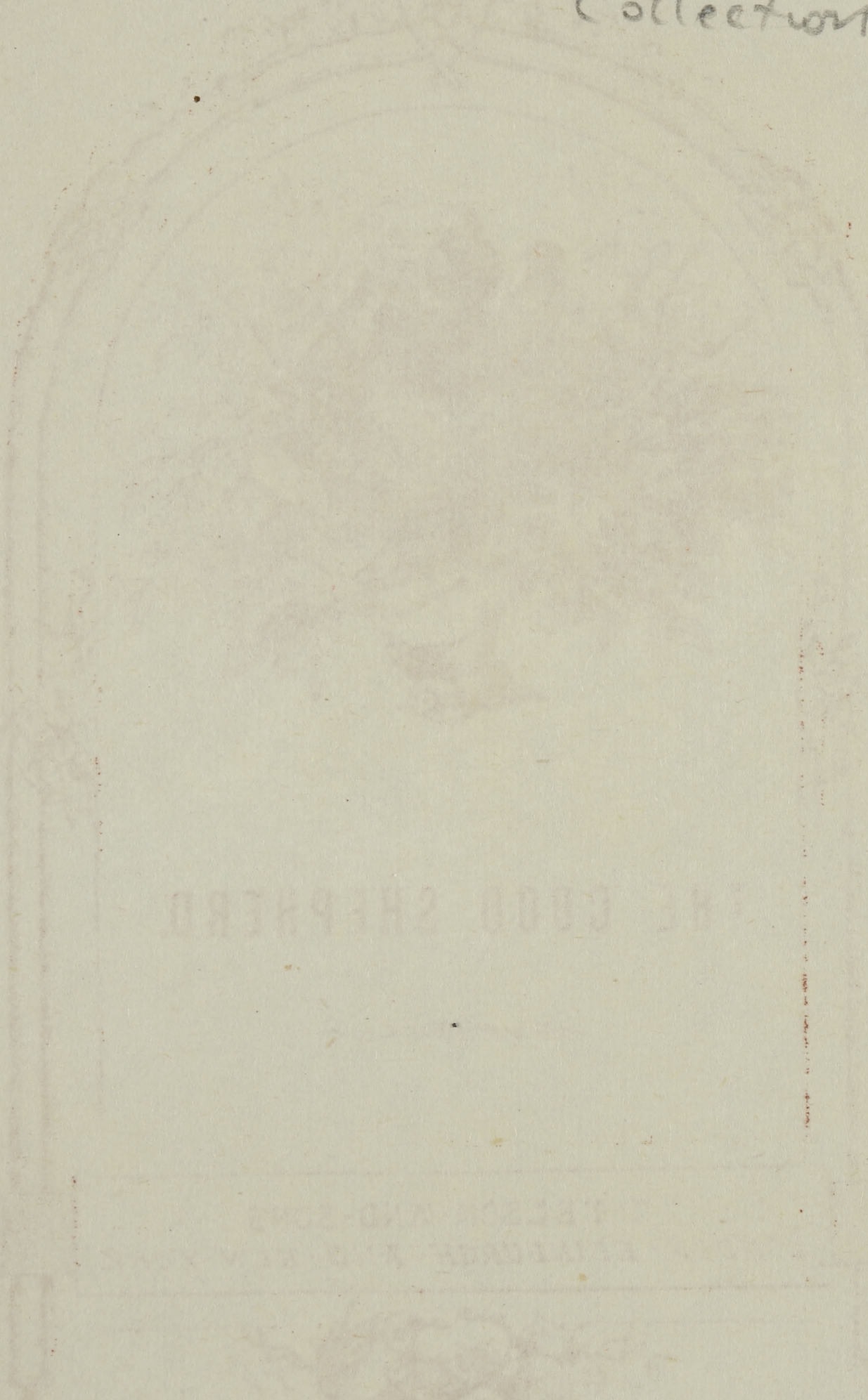


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GOOD

Children's
Books
Collection



a



EASTERN SHEPHERD.

BIBLE LESSONS

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

S

SUNDAY. Know ye that the Lord he is God: we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.—Ps. c. 3.

M

MONDAY. I have gone astray like a lost sheep.—Ps. cxix. 176.

T

TUESDAY. If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and seeketh that which is gone astray? —MATT. xviii. 12.

W

WEDNESDAY. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.—Ps. xxiii. 1.

T

THURSDAY. My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me.—JOHN x. 27.

F

FRIDAY. I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.—JOHN x. 11.

S

SATURDAY. And he shall set the sheep on his right hand.—MATT. xxv. 33.

1. *Who is the Good Shepherd.*—The Lord Jesus Christ. He claims the title for himself.

2. *Who are the lost sheep?*—Sinners. They are called lost sheep, because they, like lost sheep, have wandered from Him who alone can protect them: they are defenceless and sure to be destroyed, for they can never return of themselves.


3. *What does the Good Shepherd do for his sheep?*—Seeks them, brings them back, feeds, guards, and dies for them. All this Jesus does for sinners.

4. *Who are Christ's sheep?*—Those who follow him and take him for their shepherd.

5. *How may you become one of Christ's sheep?*—By listening to his call, and crying to him to save you. He will do it, for he loves the lambs of his flock.

6. *Where shall Christ's flock be gathered together at last?*—In heaven. All Christ's sheep will be gathered there—no wolf, no thief can enter,—he will lead them by green pastures and living waters.

ILLUSTRATIVE STORY.

“HEN I was a girl, about your age,” said mamma to her little Mary, “I lived up among the hills with my grandfather, and I will tell you what happened one winter, to a shepherd who stayed at the foot of the hill, during a snow-storm.

It will make you understand what a good shepherd must do.

“ My grandfather’s house stood about half a mile from the shepherd’s cottage. It was an old house, with great thick walls, and small windows ; a few old trees stood round and sheltered it from the storm. But it was very comfortable inside ; I remember the dining-room, with a large wide fire-place, and all the wall panelled with oak boards, and polished bright with varnish ; how cheery it looked when the blazing fire roared up the chimney, and grandfather took me on his knee after dinner to tell me a story. There was no other house near the shepherd’s cottage for many miles ; all was high hills and green valleys, where the sheep fed.

One evening, soon after Christmas time, the snow began to fall in little white flakes, then it went off again ; but great clouds were gathered up in the north, and soon quietly, but heavily, the snow began again. Next morning it had covered everything with a thick white mantle. It

snowed all that day, and part of next, and then a cold wind began to blow; and the snow was so deep and so dry that the wind drifted up all the windows and doors of our house, and almost hid the cottage altogether. We could not get out at our back door at all. I was tired with being shut up; and I was standing at the window after tea, breathing on the glass, and clearing a little spot to look out at, when I saw a little black speck moving near the cottage slowly through the snow. "What is that moving at the cottage?" I asked grandfather. "It is James himself going out to look after his sheep. This wind would soon drift the snow over the sheep and smother them—for the stupid sheep always go to the sheltered side of the hill, and there the snow gathers thickest; therefore, though it is so cold, and so deep with snow, the shepherd must go and take his sheep to a safe place. The worse the storm is, the more danger to the sheep, and the more the need of the shepherd." "This is a fearful night; I hope James

"will take care of himself," was the reply. But James never returned to his cottage! Next morning his wife anxiously looked for his return, the storm set in again, and towards evening she made her way to our house, to tell us her sad fears. All who could go out set out, but the snow had hid his footsteps, and they soon returned to wait for morning—all search was fruitless, till the snow melted, when his body was found at the foot of a crag, his faithful dog watching near, though hardly able to crawl. At a little distance a dead lamb was found, and it was supposed he had been attempting to carry the lamb to a place of safety, when, through darkness and drifting snow, he had missed the path, and fallen over the rock. James was a good shepherd.

Now, I will tell how you and I are like these poor sheep, and how Christ is like a good shepherd. We are like these sheep, 1st, Because we are sinners, and God's wrath, like the dreadful storm, is ready to destroy us. 2d, Because we try to forget

this, and this just makes our ruin more sure. So the sheep stupidly go where their destruction is certain. Christ is like a good shepherd, 1st, Because he seeks to save us from God's wrath, and make us good and happy. 2d, Because he gave his life to do this; he died on the cross for us. Will you not love that Good Shepherd, and do what he bids you? then you may say with David, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
 With all-engaging charms;
 Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms.

"Permit them to approach," he cries,
 Nor scorns their humble name:
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these
 The Lord of Angels came.

He'll lead us to the heavenly streams
 Where living waters flow,
 And guide us to the fruitful fields,
 Where trees of knowledge grow

The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
 Shall be its Shepherd's care;
 While folded in the Saviour's arms,
 We're safe from every snare.

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