

FEAR NOT, LITTLE FLOCK.

Though the Church of Christ is a little flock, it is of priceless value. It has been purchased with blood. It is the flock of God, however divided and distracted; and though scattered in the dark and cloudy day, yet it will be gathered together at last by "our Lord Jesus Christ, that Great Shepherd of the sheep."

But even now it is under his care, his supervision, his control, and no grievous wolves can devour those who listen to God and to the word of his grace. No one can pluck even the feeblest lamb in all that flock from the hands of the Heavenly Father. The Great Shepherd cares for his little ones; and as there are flowers that bloom in desert wastes and in lonely valleys, which are seen by no human eye and watered by no human hand, but are as fair and as fragrant as those which share the most costly culture, so the Good Shepherd feeds his own flock in the wilderness, in green pastures, and by the side of still waters, restores, and guides, and comforts, and protects them, even to the end.

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd," and while he feeds them, how blessed to know that "He that keepeth Israel shall never slumber nor sleep."

"The Lord is our shepherd, our guardian and guide,
Whatever we need, he will kindly provide;
To the sheep of his pasture his mercies abound,
His care and protection his flock will surround."

– *Christian.*

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