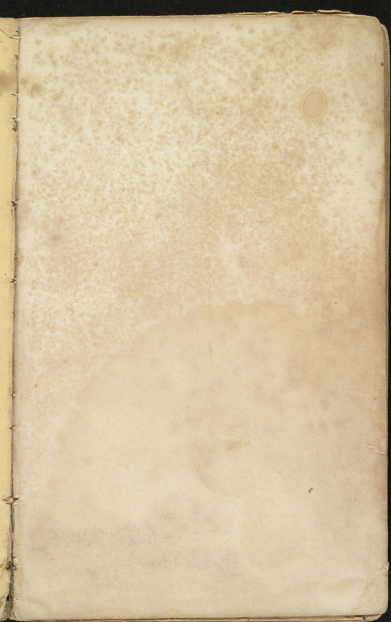
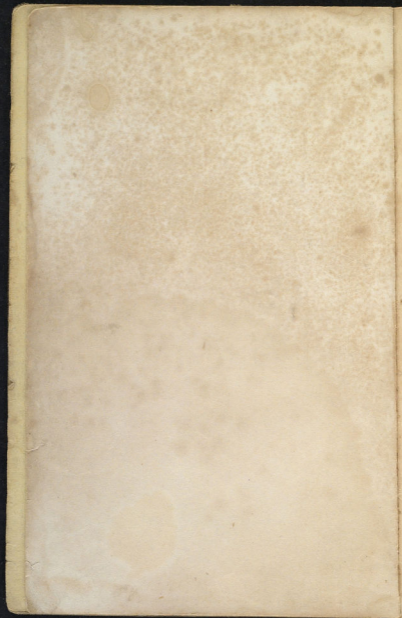


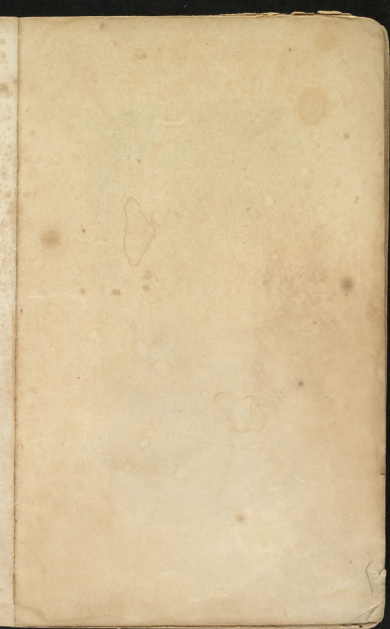


SHEPHERD
BOY

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THE SHEPHERD AND THE LAMB.

THE
SHEPHERD BOY OF BETHLEHEM;
WILLIAM AND HIS DOG;
ON
CASHMERE SWEARING.
AND
188
THE — LOR BOYS OF EIMEO.



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the blending of antagonistic colors is that of dry goods. Art students in this respect are in genre effects.

The colors have been popularly gross, not help but be retrocessive to the blue. We are, however, to have harmonious combinations as green and blue, brown and purple, and purple with its former enemy, the yellow. The color line in friendly neighborhood good fellowship.

Purple and yellow are the two most brilliant colors. Only a brilliant woman should wear purple accessories.

A very rich costume, combined of tulle and satin, is a bodice with a richly embroidered six-inch flounce of yellow velvet. The bodice is high-shouldered with its trimmings of yellow velvet, the ends finished with a heart-shaped cut. The neck is cut low and heart-shaped, the bodice is high enough on the shoulders to rest on the puffs at the top loosely strapped, hanging free to the elbow. An apron of yellow gauze, with gold buckles, the end falling free over the bodice. A gold gauze chemisette with a three-quarter length cut.

A handsome costume, which may be made of silk fabrics of richest quality as

THE
SHEPHERD BOY OF BETHLEHEM.

"Now, boys, are you all ready for a long ramble this morning?" asked Mr. Gordon as he entered a little parlour where his three sons Albert, James, and Frank were sitting.

"I am ready, pa," said Albert. "I can read my Latin to you without stumbling at a word."

"And I can go," replied James as he jumped up, and began to arrange the books, "for I have finished my sum and proved it."

"You have not done, I see, my little son," said Mr. Gordon, as he looked at the earnest brow of his youngest son, who was busily engaged with a map which lay before him.

"Why, pa, I am rather puzzled; I want to find Bethlehem, where David was born, but I cannot."

"What map have you got, my boy?"

"Palestine, papa."

"Very well; now you are in the right road, you will soon come to the place. Here it is, my boy," continued his father, "not many miles from Jerusalem."

"Oh dear, so it is: how stupid I was not to see it."

The map being laid aside, the father and sons were soon on their way to a distant village; and right glad they were to get a long walk with their father, for he always had something amusing and useful to talk to them about.

"Look, look," said little Frank, "there is an old shepherd with a lamb in his arms and the dam running after him; how pretty they all look!"

"Does the shepherd remind you of any thing, my boy?" asked his father.

“Yes, papa, of my hymn, ‘See the kind shepherd Jesus stands.’”

“And of that chapter, too,” said James, “where it is said, the Saviour ‘carries the lambs in his arms.’ If I were the son of a poor man, I would be a shepherd.”

“It is a very honourable employment,” Mr. Gordon replied. “Many great and good men were once shepherds.”

“Will you not tell us about some one of them?” said Frank, taking hold of his father’s hand; “we have a long walk before us, so you will have plenty of time,”

“Do, do, pa,” repeated Albert and James, who were soon at their father’s side keeping step with him, while he began his tale.

“A great many years ago there lived in a country far from ours, a very pious and amiable boy. In a field near the city where he dwelt, you may easily imagine you can see him, a fine, ruddy, handsome boy sitting in a shady nook attending to his father’s sheep. His silent harp lies at his feet. The dews of evening are falling around him, and

he is gathering up his scrip as if he intended to move towards his nightly resting place. Now he is risen up, and is walking slowly before his flock, anxious to find a shelter for them during the shades of night, in one of the valleys by which the city is surrounded. He is carrying a feeble lamb in his arms, while many of the young favourites are frisking about his feet, and rubbing themselves against his loose garments. In his hand he has a wooden crook with which he pulls in any careless lambs that may lag behind or stray from side to side, but generally they know his voice, and they follow him, needing no dogs to bark round and round to make them keep together. If the young shepherd stops, they stop; if he hastens on a little faster, they do the same; a word, almost a look, from their youthful guardian is enough to keep them all in order. His sheep too are very handsome creatures. Some of them are half fawn colour and half white, very different from our sheep. They have long hanging silken ears, and fine

long sweeping tails, and are altogether more handsome than any we have in our country. The young shepherd often sleeps among them at night, and with the first dawn of the morning he leads them forth to pasture, always walking before them and guiding them to those places where they can find the best food."

"Was he a poor boy, papa?" asked James.

"No, he was neither poor nor ignorant; he was both a poet and a musician, and better than all, he was a pious boy, and would often compose a song of praise to God, and then sing it to his harp."

"Did he sing hymns like mine, pa?" said little Frank.

"I cannot tell you exactly what he sang in those early days of his history, but perhaps it was something like this,

'The Lord 's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green, he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.'

"Why did he sleep with the sheep, pa?" asked James, "our shepherds do not."

“It was very necessary in those countries to keep a diligent watch over the defenceless sheep, for wild beasts were often prowling about to seize some of them, and bear them to their dens. On one occasion a lion came to get a meal from among our young shepherd’s flock, taking off a lamb in his mouth from the midst of them; but the brave lad snatched it from the animal, and when the lion leaped upon him, he dashed the creature to the ground, so that he lay dead at his feet. At another time a bear came for the same purpose, and it was also killed.”

“Oh dear!” said Frank, getting up close to his father, “how could he kill a lion, pa?”

“There is a secret to be told about that, my boy. You remember the young shepherd was a *pious* lad, and therefore he had the great and mighty God to be his protector, helper, and friend, and the Apostle Paul says that when this is the case we ‘can do all things.’ So it was with this youth—the Lord delivered him out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear.”

"I have as yet told you nothing about the young shepherd's home. I will now leave him for a while in the green meadow with his flock, and take you to get a peep into his father's house. The home of this young shepherd was in a very interesting city called Bethlehem. His father, who was now an old man, had eight sons, and they had the happiness of having a *pious mother*. I wonder if Frank can tell me the name of the young shepherd?"

Frank was silent. "I can, papa," said Albert, "his name was David, and his father's name was Jesse. As soon as you said he was born in Bethlehem, the same place as the Saviour, I thought it must be David."

"Yes, you are right. We were about to see what was doing in David's house. They seem to be in a great bustle in the city this morning. A remarkable stranger has entered Bethlehem, and has called upon Jesse, and bidden him prepare himself and family for attending to a sacrifice. It was the prophet Samuel. The prophet's servant is waiting in

the court with a heifer, ready to offer to the Lord at the appointed time. But Samuel has some private business at the house of Jesse to-day."

"What was that, pa?" asked James.

"He had been commanded by God to anoint one of Jesse's sons to be king of Israel instead of Saul, who had disobeyed God. Samuel did not know which of Jesse's sons should be thus honoured, so he desired that all of them should appear before him, for God had promised to tell him which it should be. Jesse first presented Eliab his eldest son to the prophet, and as he was a handsome young man, Samuel thought this was certainly the chosen one; but God told him not to suppose that on account of his beautiful countenance or lofty stature, he was to be anointed, and the reason given was, 'The Lord looketh on the heart.' Jesse then presented six more of his sons to Samuel, but no command coming to choose any of them, the prophet asked Jesse if he had any other son. He replied that he had one more, his youngest, and that he was

taking care of the flocks. It would almost seem that poor young David had been forgotten, as no one had called him to the feast."

"Perhaps he could not be spared," remarked Albert.

"Yes; we find on another occasion that he could easily leave the sheep with the keeper; but however, Samuel could do nothing more until David made his appearance, and he said to some one near him, 'Send and fetch him, for we will not sit down till he come hither.' So that the very one who was not invited to join the feast, was now waited for as a principal person. As soon as the young shepherd came in, they all sat down to the feast, and David was placed near the prophet, for Samuel was assured by God that he was the chosen one. After the festival was over, Samuel took oil and anointed David as the Lord had commanded, and when this was done, we are told, that the Spirit of the Lord came upon David, and departed from Saul the king. The young shepherd however returned to his flocks, and the prophet to his home in Ramah.

“Some little time after this, King Saul became dreadfully distressed in mind, and some strange disease affected him, which his physicians could not cure. One of his attendants advised him to call for a skilful player on the harp, who might perhaps cheer his mind, and help him to forget his sorrow, adding that he had seen near Bethlehem a son of Jesse, who could play and sing delightfully. The king commanded a messenger to fetch the shepherd boy, telling him to bring with him his instruments of music. Jesse at once consented, and sent away his son with a present of bread and wine for Saul, according to the custom of those times.”

“What a change this was for David, pa!” remarked James.

“It was indeed: one day he was a plain shepherd boy watching his flock, the next a courtier of the king. After a time Saul recovered, and not needing David’s harp and voice to soothe his disturbed mind, the young shepherd returned to his sheep in Bethlehem, and I doubt not he was more happy sitting in

the shade with his lambs frisking about, than he was in the palace of the afflicted monarch. Not long after this, a war broke out between the Hebrews and the Philistines. While the armies remained within sight of each other for many days, arrayed on two opposite hills, with a valley between them, a champion came down from the camp of the Philistines challenging any one of the Israelites to single combat. This man was a giant, from the city of Gath."

"I know his name," said Albert, "it was Goliath."

"Yes."

"How tall is a giant, pa?" asked Frank.

"Goliath's height was eleven feet four inches, or nearly four yards high, his armour and his weapons of war were suitable in size, his coat was said to weigh more than a hundred and fifty pounds. It was made of brass plates laid one over the other, like the scales of a fish. His spear was like a weaver's beam, and his lance was very heavy. We can imagine his thundering voice saying day by

day, 'I defy the armies of Israel give me a man that we may fight together,' and then he marched up and down in their view proud of his size and strength. This he did for forty days. Terrified at his gigantic size and the flashing of his magnificent armour, the Israelites fled whenever he approached. Even king Saul himself, who was a fine noble-looking person, as well as his men of war, was greatly dismayed, and he offered great riches to any one who would kill the giant.

"At this time Jesse had three sons in the army, and David was told to go and visit his brothers in the camp, to ask after their welfare and take some food to them. David rose up early in the morning and set off with the burden on his back to the camp. When he arrived, he left his load with the men who had charge of the baggage, and ran into the midst of the army to see what was going on there. While he was talking with his brothers about the business for which his father had sent him, he heard the Philistine giant reproaching the army of Israel. This made David very sor-

rowful. The thought that a wicked man, who cared nothing about that great and good God, whom he loved so much, should defy the armies of his chosen people, was very distressing to him; and he resolved to encounter the giant, depending on God's help. Having expressed his intention to his brothers, and some of the soldiers, Eliab, his eldest brother, began to scold him, and told him to go home to his flocks and to his father. The young shepherd did not return railing for railing, as many would have done, but he spoke mildly, and tried to make Eliab think as he did. David continued to declare his willingness to meet the Philistine champion, until some of the soldiers made it known to Saul, who commanded the young shepherd to appear before him.

“You remember that king Saul had seen David before; but now, having his shepherd's dress on, and perhaps being somewhat changed in his features, he did not recognize him. The king was pleased with his courage, but expressed his fears that he would not be able

to encounter a man so much his superior in strength, in years, and in warlike skill. To all this the young shepherd replied, that he had already slain a lion and a bear without any other weapon than his own hand, and he believed that the same God who then delivered him, would now be his shield and protector, as he undertook the enterprise in dependence on God's being with him. Saul liked this brave and pious answer, and equipped him for the combat with suitable armour, saying, 'Go, and the Lord be with thee.'

"How odd David must have looked in armour, pa!" remarked Albert.

"Yes, my son, and he *felt* very odd; but he soon laid it aside, and put on his loose shepherd's dress, for he knew all the issue of the combat depended on God, in whom he trusted. With his plain coat, instead of a breast-plate or corslet, his staff instead of a spear, a sling instead of a sword or lance, his scrip for a quiver, and five small stones picked out of the adjoining brook instead of arrows, he advanced, with confidence in the power of

God to deliver him, towards the gigantic Philistine. Now, boys, let us stand still for a moment, and try to imagine this scene. On one hill stand the Philistines, with their thousands of horses and chariots, and men all covered with glittering armour, and feeling sure of victory by the arm of their champion, Goliath, the giant of Gath. On the other hill stand the armies of Israel, with Saul their king, and all his warriors, who had so often proved conquerors when God had fought with them; but now faintly hoping that he would command deliverance for them by the son of Jesse.

“What deep anxiety must they have felt as the young shepherd of Bethlehem descended into the valley of Elah, between the two hills covered with the hostile armies, to meet in single combat the brass-covered giant, while the lad was seen in his homely dress and armed only with a sling, a staff, and five little pebbles, such as he had used to drive off the wild beasts from his flock. How earnestly every eye gazed on the brave youth as he

moved on; and doubtless, the king towering above the rest, was seen looking with interest on the stripling who had boldly undertaken what *he* was afraid to attempt. And many a son of Abraham, at that moment, prayed earnestly to the God of Abraham, that he would appear for him at this critical hour, and deliver Israel by the arm of the young shepherd.

“Only think how haughty the giant looked as he descended the hill. How slowly and stately he advances, covered with brass and iron! Before him marches a soldier who carries his shield, making himself look as grand as possible. When he saw the youthful David, and his humble array, he was very indignant, and said, ‘Am I a dog that thou comest to me with staves?’ The answer the pious youth gave proved that he depended for success on the living God. ‘I come to thee,’ said he, ‘in the name of the Lord God of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied.’ Now they draw nearer and nearer to each other, while the soldiers on both sides

look on with breathless anxiety. The giant is preparing to cut down his youthful adversary with one stroke of his ponderous sword, when David quietly placed a stone in his sling, and in a moment, directed by God's hand, it pierced the giant's helmet, and sinking into his brain, he fell on his face to the ground, at the feet of the shepherd boy.

"I should like to tell you more about David, how he was persecuted by Saul, and how he became king; but we are too near home now, so we must wait till we take another long walk together. I trust, my dear boys, you will go and search your Bibles for yourselves, and remember, that if you do not love and serve David's God, you will never join him in the loud chorus of the skies, in singing the praises of Him who, though David's Lord, shed his precious blood that you and he might be delivered from everlasting death."

WILLIAM AND HIS DOG.

WILLIAM was a small boy. He was fond of both work and play. But he liked play the best. His papa let him get a dog. The dog was very good. He drove away some thieves one night before they got any thing. He would help William drive the cows. He caught squirrels, and opossums, and raccoons. He was a pretty dog. He was black all over, except one pretty white spot on his breast. He went with William to the mill and to almost every place; but he did not go with him to school or to church. Dogs ought not to go to school. They cannot learn, and they are apt to keep the boys from minding their books. Nor ought dogs to go to church. They can but bark, and fight, or sleep. It

does them no good to go there; for they have no souls to save. They may make a noise and keep men and boys from getting any good. William's dog's name was Pen. William loved his dog and his dog loved him.

After a while, mad dogs came into the place where William lived. They were heard of all about. The people were much afraid. The children were all told, if they saw a dog coming, to get up on the fences or climb trees. It was a time of many fears. Boys were afraid to go out at night. But William had to go out sometimes. One night he was about two rods from the house. Pen was near him. It was very dark, and he heard something jump over the fence near him. He at once thought of a mad dog. He was greatly alarmed. He could not say a word, nor did he move. In an instant, Pen and the mad dog were in a fight. They fought very hard. While they were fighting, William went into the house. As Pen and the mad dog made much noise, they soon brought Cap, another dog, which helped Pen all he could.

In a few minutes the mad dog ran and the others chased him. Some men and dogs followed the mad dog seven miles, and killed him. But William staid in the house. He was full of fear. He could not sleep well. The next morning, Pen and the other dog had to be killed, for in a few days they would have gone mad too. Poor Pen, who had saved William's life, seemed to know that he was to die. He went and hid under a corn-crib. Nor could he be made to come out. He was shot there. Poor William's heart was almost broke. He lost his dog, the very dog that saved his life. He dug a grave for him, and buried him in it. He never forgot Pen. But it was a long time before he gave thanks to God, as he ought, for saving him from the mad dog. It was right Pen should be killed, for he would soon have been as mad as the dog that bit him, and then he might have bitten some one, who would have died. A man is better than a dog. It is not right to let a dog or any thing live, if he will be likely to kill a man. Ex. xxi. 28-32. God says so.

When it suits to have a dog, it is well enough to have one. But we ought not to love dogs too much. They will not live long. Yet they may do much good. There were but two dogs in Noah's ark. All the kinds we have come from them. There is the Newfoundland, the bull, the shepherd's-dog, the terrier, the pointer, the spaniel, the fox-hound, the blood-hound, the grey-hound, the fist, the lap-dog, the wolf-dog, and many, many kinds. Dogs raised on blood are very fierce. It is very easy to love a dog too much. But while we love them, we ought to be kind to them. I never could tell why poor people, who had not bread and meat enough for themselves, should keep one or more poor dogs about them. Is it because they love to see something more miserable than themselves? You can teach a dog many tricks and useful ways. Some dogs seem as if they could learn almost any thing. Dogs are commonly faithful to their owners, and will not let any one touch them, dead or alive.

But the Bible says, "Beware of dogs."—

What does that mean? It means that we should avoid men who are, like dogs, fierce, greedy, and ready to bite and devour us.

William, of whom I spoke above, is now a preacher of the Gospel. What a mercy that he did not die when a poor wicked boy. Truly God is good. His mercy endureth forever. Praise him in the highest. How often are we all near to death. Sometimes we know it, but oftener we know it not.



take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

Now, whenever you are tempted to swear, because you are with other boys who swear, or because you have heard your parents, or others swear, remember, God has forbidden it: yes, the great God has said, "Swear not at all." If you break this commandment you will greatly offend God, and he will punish you for it when you die.

Some wicked persons have been known to drop dead while the oath was on their tongue. O how dreadful would it be if *you* were to die while breaking God's commandment!

I remember an anecdote of a man who was very profane. To one who was advising him to leave off profane swearing, he said, "O I only want a moment, just as I am dying, to say, "Lord, have mercy on me!" and that is all the prayer I ever mean to make." Well, it so happened that he was riding on horse-back over a high bridge. The horse became frightened, and by a sudden start threw him over the bridge. As he was falling, instead

of saying, as he had intended, "Lord, have mercy on me!" he called on God to damn his soul, and then sunk to rise no more. This he said, because he was so much in the habit of swearing. And where do you think his soul went? Why, doubtless, his prayer was answered; and God *did* destroy his poor soul.

O take warning, dear children. Break off your wicked habits of profane talk; and never use a word which you would not use if death were staring you in the face.

You know not *when* you will die. God may take you out of the world at the very moment when you are using some profane oath, or some vile expression. Then, where would your soul be? Besides, you must remember whose name it is you are blaspheming. It is the great and good God who made heaven and earth, and all things that are therein.

When you are about to swear, stop a moment, and look up to the sky. Remember, it is against the Being who made that sky you are sinning. Look again at your own body. It

is against the Being who framed that body you are sinning.

Remember, too, how *good* as well as great God is. Who feeds you? Who clothes you? Who gives you health? Who heals you when you are sick? Who gave you parents? Who provided for you the means of instruction? Why, God did all these things for you. Above all, he sent his dear Son Jesus Christ to die for your salvation. Is not God good? And can you offend, by profane or vile conversation, so good and great a Being?

Do not, dear children, any more offend him. Be sorry for the sins which you *have* committed; and sin no more. If wicked boys, who use bad language, have enticed you into their company, break away from them immediately. Go not with them. They will make you like them. You will resemble them here on earth; and when you die you will be destroyed with them for ever. Associate only with those who fear God. Choose for your companions those whose language is always correct. Remember that "he who walketh

with wise men shall be wise ; but that a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

Does your conscience accuse you of the sin of profane swearing ? Has your tongue, which was made to praise your Creator, ever been employed in taking his name in vain ? Then you must at once go to your God, and on your knees confess and mourn over your sin. Seek out some solitary spot, where none but God can see you. When you are thus alone, tell him what a wicked child you have been. Beg him to forgive you for Christ's sake. Pray for the Holy Spirit to create within you a clean heart, and to enable you to hate and to shun every false way.

The reason so many are in the habit of using profane language is, that they have by nature wicked hearts. What stronger proof can there be of it ? Swearing, lying, theft, hatred, envy, murder, and every other vice, proceed, our Saviour said, from *an evil heart*. Such a heart *you* possess.

Perhaps you have not gone to all these lengths in wickedness. You are, however,

capable of committing any, or all of these sins. You are by nature no better than those who have been left to commit them.

With such a heart, how can you expect to go to heaven? Heaven is a holy place. All its inhabitants are employed in praising God. No profane tongue is there.

On the other hand, hell is full of profaneness. Its inhabitants continually blaspheme the name of God. Into this fearful abode all the wicked are driven at death.

Do you tremble at the thought of going to this place of torment? You may *well* tremble. But you must repent of your sins, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, or you will perish and sink to this dreadful hell.

If conscience tell you that you have a wicked heart, a heart not yet renewed, you should at once inquire, "What must I do to be saved?"

If you have not upon your conscience the sin of profaneness, you have many other sins. You have perhaps been disobedient to your parents; you have not kept holy the Sabbath-day; you have not, perhaps, always told the

truth; you have had wicked thoughts; you have not loved God, nor been thankful for his goodness to you; you have not loved and followed the Lord Jesus Christ. Many, and possibly all of these sins stand recorded against you. They show that your *heart* as well as conduct has been wrong.

Now, with such a character you cannot go to heaven. If you die in such a state, you will sink to everlasting misery.

Do you ask, then, "What shall I do? How shall I get my sins forgiven, and my heart renewed?" The Bible tells you what you must do.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Acts xvi. 31.

"Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." Acts xiii. 38.

"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts iv. 12.

“For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.” John iii. 16, 17.

“And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.” 1 John iii. 3.

If you are thus pardoned and purified, you will employ your tongue in praising God for his mercy, and in praying for the conversion of the wicked. When you die you will go to be with God and the good. Heaven will be your home. There you will meet all the pious happy children who have loved and served God on earth. There you will hear no profane or vile talk. All there is purity and peace.

And now Christ is willing to bless you. When on earth, he took children in his arms and blessed them. He is equally able and willing to do so now. He can bless you with

pardon—he can bless you with a new heart—he can make your dying hours bright with hope—he can take you at last to that heaven where God and angels dwell. Make Jesus then your hope and your friend. He has promised, “they that seek me early shall find me.”

“Angels, that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name, Almighty God;
And devils tremble down in hell,
Beneath the terrors of thy rod:

And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse thy dreadful, glorious name!
And when they 're angry, how they swear,
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme!

How will they stand before thy face,
Who treated thee with such disdain;
While thou shall doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain?

There never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be given;
But I will praise thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heaven.

If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendship when I hear
Them take thy holy name in vain,
Lest I should learn to curse and swear.”

Ann Sherman

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Ann Sherman

