

JANUARY 24

January  
February  
March  
1960

# Bible-time

FOR FOUR'S AND FIVE'S



The lost sheep found

# The lost sheep

A good shepherd once had 100 sheep. Every evening when he brought the sheep home he would count them. "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10," and on to "95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100." Then he would close the door of the sheepfold and go home.

One morning the sun was brightly shining. The good shepherd went down the path to the sheepfold. *Baa, baa*, cried the sheep as they heard his footsteps coming.

Over the hills they went, the shepherd and his 100 sheep, till they came to green grass. While the sheep nibbled green grass the shepherd watched so that no wild animals could get them. He watched to keep them from falling over sharp rocks. When one little lamb wandered too far away, he called "Curly!" and back Curly came.

When shadows on the grass told the good shepherd that it was time to go home, he stood on a rock and called his sheep. They came at once. Then the journey back home began.

When they reached the sheepfold, the shepherd began to count them as they went through the door. "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10," he counted and on to "91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, and 98, and 99." Where was his 100th sheep?

The shepherd looked over all the sheep to see which was missing. It was Curly. "Curly! Curly!" called the shepherd. No answer. Only 99 sheep were in the fold!

It was dark night now. The shepherd wanted to go to bed. But somewhere out in the dark night little Curly was lost. The good shepherd could not leave him there alone! So he left the others safe in the fold and started out into the darkness with his light.

After he had walked a little way he stopped and called, "Curly! Curly!" No answer. Up hill and down he walked. Where could that lamb be? On and on the shepherd walked and walked, calling and listening for a little *Baa, baa*. But no answer came.

How tired the shepherd was! But he would not go home until he found that little lost sheep. On he went in the dark night. And at last he heard *Baa, baa*. It was Curly!

"Here I am," cried the shepherd. "I'm coming."

*Baa, baa*, said a tired little sheep's voice. There he was, caught in the rocks where he had tried to nibble some fresh green grass. Oh, how glad Curly was to be lifted up to the shoulder of the strong shepherd and to be carried back over the hills to the safe sheepfold!

"Now there are 100 sheep," said the happy shepherd as he put the little lamb inside the sheepfold. And he went into the house to tell his friends that the little lost sheep was found.

BIBLE STORY from Luke 15:4-6.

**Bible verse for the child:**

*"I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places"*

—Genesis 28:15.

# The two Ellens



The birthday party was over. Ellen had blown out the candles. All the ice cream had been eaten. And now the children were getting ready to go home.

"Mother, can't they stay just a little while longer?" Ellen begged.

"You have played together all afternoon," Mother said.

Ellen began to pout. "Then I'm going home with Janet and Billy."

"No," said Mother. "Darkness falls quickly in winter. It's time for all children, like good little lambs, to be in their own homes."

Mother fastened the last button on the last coat and hurried to the kitchen.

"Say good-by to your friends, Ellen," she called. "And close the door."

But as soon as Mother was out of sight, Ellen quickly put on her coat and ran out after Janet and Billy. The children talked of the fun they had had at the party. Soon they reached John's house. His mother opened the door and he went in. Then they came to Ruth's house. The group was getting smaller, but still Ellen went along. Finally, there were only Janet and Billy. Their mother was surprised to see Ellen.

"Does mother know you came home with Janet and Billy?" she asked.

Ellen nodded, but her cheeks felt hot.

"Are you sure?"

"She—she *said* I could," Ellen answered in a strange voice that didn't sound at all like her own.

She played with Janet and Billy for a while. Then she went to the window and looked out. It was getting dark.

"I have to go home," she said, suddenly. And hurriedly putting on her coat she rushed out the door.

She ran a whole block. Then she slowed down. Finally, her feet began to drag. What would Mother say? *What would Mother think?*

The trees made huge shadows and Ellen felt lonely and sad. What if she didn't have a nice warm home and a good kind mother and father? Tears filled her eyes and ran down her cheeks.

Then out of the shadows she heard a voice. "Ellen? Is that you?"

"Oh, Mother! Mother!" Ellen cried, running into Mother's arms. "It was wrong for me to go and I'm so sorry!"

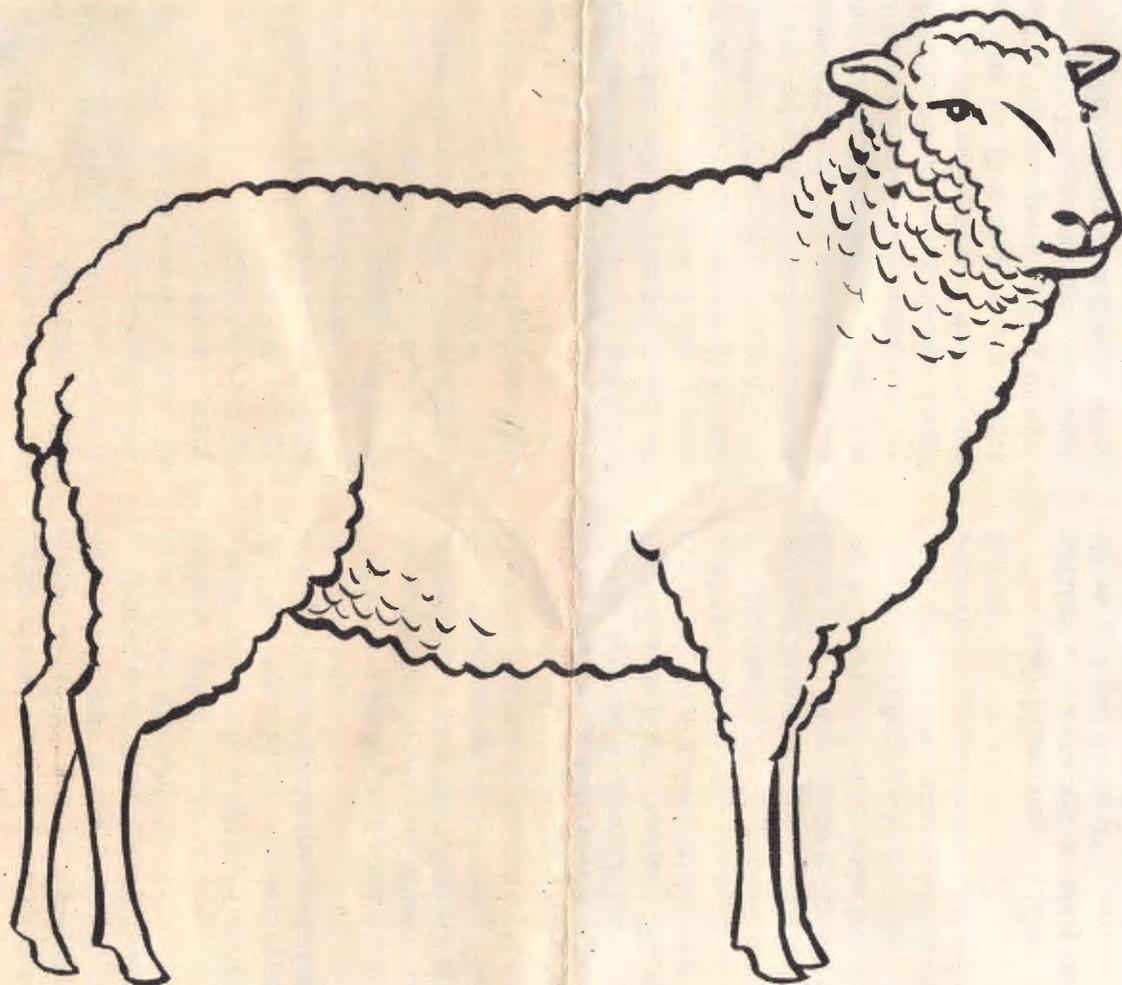
Mother dried Ellen's tears. "Come," she said gently. "We'll go home now."

"But you don't know the worst part," Ellen said. "There seems to be *two* of me, Mother—a good Me and a bad Me. And the *bad* Me told a lie."

"I see," Mother said. "And is the *good* You going to try harder to do what is right?"

"Oh, yes!" Ellen promised. Then an awful thought came and she whispered, "Does God still love me?"

"Yes, I'm sure He does," Mother said. "*He knows* you are truly sorry for doing wrong."



Spread glue lightly on the sheep and place cotton on it for wool.