

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THREE PAIRS AND ONE.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY G. M. D.

You have two ears—and but one mouth:
Let this, friend, be a token—
Much should be heard, but not so much
Be spoken.

You have two eyes—and but one mouth:
That is an indication—
Much you must see, but little serves
Relation.

You have two hands—and but one mouth:
The hint to you would hobble—
For labour two, but only one
To gobble.

NELLIE DUTTON'S LAMB.

LITTLE Nellie Dutton was only seven years old when she lost her father, who had been a shepherd to a rich sheep-master on the Cheviot Hills. His widow was very sad and very poor, and had a hard struggle to support her one orphan, Nellie, who was too young to help her much. But Nellie knew the Good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep, and prayed to Him to make her one of the lambs of His flock.

She and her mother lived in a little cottage on the outskirts of the moor, where she kept a goat and a few hens. Mrs. Dutton knitted stockings for the farmers' wives, and sometimes helped in their dairy work in the busy summer time, and in the evening she taught Nellie to read in her father's Bible. Nellie used to help her by picking up firewood and herbage for the goat, and by winding the wool for knitting. When she was between nine and ten years old, she was sweeping away the snow from the doorway one very cold morning in February, when a drover passed the door with his flock, and in his arms was a poor little weak lamb, just born, that looked ready to die with cold.

The drover had known Nellie's father so he spoke kindly to her, and seeing how pitifully she looked at the little lamb, he said: "Here, Nellie, take this poor thing, it won't live an hour, but it will make a stew for you and your mother;" and so saying, he put it in her arms, and hurried on to his flock, which the sheep-dog was driving through the snowy road to market. Nellie was filled with joy at the thought of having the lamb for her very own, and she hurried into the cottage to her mother.

"O mother," she said, "see what I have got! Sandy, the drover, gave it to me to make a stew. He said it was dying; but if we warm a little milk for it, and keep it by the fire, maybe it would recover." Mrs. Dutton had just boiled some milk and poured it on some bread for Nellie's breakfast, and she said, "I have no more milk, Nellie."

"O! I'll share my breakfast with my little pet," said Nellie; and so saying, she sat down by the blazing wood fire, on her stool, and wrapping the lamb in a warm old shawl, she took it on her lap, opened its mouth with her finger, and by degrees got a few spoonfuls of the warm milk down its throat, and after a little the heat and food revived it, and it opened its eyes and gave a feeble little "ma-a." This was sweet music to Nellie's ears; and

squeezing her bits of bread out of the basin, and eating them herself, she kept the milk by the fire, and every half hour gave a spoonful or two to little Flossy—as she called her pet—and by evening it was able to stand on its legs without nursing; at night it was wrapped up warmly by the fire-place. Her care was successful; for every day it grew stronger, and soon followed her about like a little dog, and by the time the summer came, it was beginning to pick the blades of tender, sweet grass.

It would make our story too long to tell you of all the lamb's pretty gambols, and the delight of kind Nellie Dutton when it skipped about after her wherever she went. The next summer it had a good fleece to be shorn, that, when it was spun, made plenty of warm stockings for Nellie and her mother, as well as some to sell; and the next spring after that, lo and behold! there were two more little lambs, and the kind farmer, Mr. Mayfield, who knew Mrs. Dutton, and helped her in many ways, gave Nellie grass on his sheep-walk for her little flock, and offered to buy them all from her. Nellie sold the two babies, but the mother she would not part with. The lamb brought prosperity to the widow and her child.

Kindness to animals is the sign of a gentle, loving disposition, and it is pleasing in the eyes of Him whose "tender mercies are over all His works."

SEVEN TIMES.

SEVEN times one are seven—seven times one are seven, seven times two are fourteen," sang little Mary as she sat on the doorstep studying her lesson. Just then she felt something crawling on her neck, and jumped up, thinking it was a spider, and she was so afraid of spiders. But it was only her brother Robbie, who stood laughing as hard as he could, with a long straw in his hand.

"Now, Robbie," said Mary, "if you do that again I'll slap you."

Robbie ran away, and Mary sat down and began again: "Seven times two are fourteen; seven times three are twenty-one;" and then she screamed. She was sure it was a spider this time, but it was Robbie again; and Mary rushing up to him and with her face flushed with anger, slapped him so hard that he screamed with pain.

Mamma came to see what the matter was, and took Robbie up stairs with her. By and by she came back and asked Mary what she was doing.

"Studying my 'seven times,'" Mary replied.

"Seven times?" said mamma. "That reminds me of a story in the life of Jesus. One of His disciples came to Him and said, 'My brother has sinned against me; how often shall I forgive him, Lord? Seven times?' But Jesus, His whole face lighted up with a sweet, tender smile, answered, 'Not seven times only, but seventy times seven.'"

Mary stopped a moment, then hid her face in her mother's lap and sobbed: "I know you mean me and the way I treated Robbie a little while ago; but O, it's so hard to be good, and he did tease me so!"

"Let us ask Jesus to help you, dear daughter, and keep asking Him till all this quick temper goes away."

Mary learned a new lesson that day, and she has often thought of it since when she has said, "Seven times one," or "Seven times two," or "Seven times seven."

Mamma talked to Robbie too about teasing his sister and trying to make her angry, until the poor little fellow, who was rather thoughtless than bad, came and asked her to forgive him. Mary kissed him and made it all up, and went to bed that night a happy little girl, forgiven, and forgiving others.

A CHILD'S HEART.

THE other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand, and walking with painful effort, sat down upon a curb-stone on a fashionable street to rest. She was curious because her garments were neat and clean, though threadbare, and curious because a smile crossed her wrinkled face as the children passed her. It might have been this smile that attracted a group of three little ones, the oldest about nine. They stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered, and then suddenly faded away, and a corner of her old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the eldest child stepped forward and asked:

"Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all d—dead!" whispered the woman, a sob in her throat.

"I'm awful sorry," said the little girl, as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but you see I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you, child—bless you forever!" sobbed the old woman, and for a full minute her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child: "You may kiss-us all once, and if little Ben isn't afraid you may kiss him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy!"

Pedestrians who saw three well-dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her, were greatly puzzled. They didn't know the hearts of children, and they didn't hear the woman's words as she rose to go.

"Oh! children, I'm only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for; but you've given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years!"

"I WOULD never speak to her again. I would be angry with her as long as I lived," cried one little girl to another under my window. What poor advice, I thought. Somebody had hurt the other little girl some way—hurt her feelings, or struck her, maybe. But would she take this advice, and be angry as long as she lived? "No, Lou," she answered in a grieved tone; "I would not do so for anything. I shall 'forgive and forget' just as soon as I can."