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THE SHEPHERD.

Little Agnes Douglas was very fond of walking in the country, so her mother one bright morning, told her to put on her bonnet and tippet, and she would take her a nice country walk. Agnes was soon ready, and she and her mother set out. On the way, the little girl gathered some pretty wild flowers, and ran on before her mother, till at last they came to a large field, in which there were a number of pretty little lambs. "Oh," said Agnes,

"how happy the lambs look, playing about and enjoying the cheerful sunshine!" "They look very happy now," replied her mother; but, perhaps at other times, you will see the tender creatures exposed to stormy winds and pinching frosts; and then your little heart would pity them, and you would fear the weather would kill them." "Yes," said Agnes, "I recollect, last year, I saw some nearly dead; but the shepherd came and gathered