

Little Folks.

Like the Good Shepherd.

The hero of my story was a little boy named Carl Kracht, who lived in a country far removed from our own, and in an ancient and old-fashioned town there, called Coblenz. He was the son of the Kuster, or verger, as we would call him, of the old Church of St. Castor, whose spire, with a cross on the top, you see in the picture.

Now, old Carl Kracht, the verger, lived in a small house just behind the tall monument and fountain which you also see in the picture. He was a very old man to have so

Carl was a very good and tender-hearted boy, like many German boys of his class:

One morning, very early, and long before it was time for him to go to school—for the Kuster's family were up before daylight—Carl had run out to get some water for his mother from the fountain. Just as he was re-entering the house, he heard the sound of a soft trample of many feet behind him, and, turning round, Carl saw a flock of sheep coming across the square, driven by a shepherd lad. The sheep ran helter-skelter in every direction, as

poor sheep lying out there on the square! It looks very, very ill, and I am going down to give it a drink of water from the fountain.

'Thou wilt do well, my child,' said the gentle mother, who was getting her husband's breakfast ready.

Carl snatched his big, wide-brimmed hat from the table, and ran quickly out again. The poor sheep was still lying there, and her eyes followed little Carl as he went to the fountain. Carl filled the big hat as full as it would hold of water, but however carefully he carried it, still the water streamed out through the soft hat, which was not, I am obliged to say, quite free from holes and tears; for the Kester Kracht was a very poor man, and could not afford his children new hats often. However, Carl held the remainder of the water just under the hot, thirsty tongue of the poor sheep; and the creature, bending her head, lapped it thirstily and eagerly. Carl talked gently and encouragingly to her as she did so.

'Drink, my poor little one! drink then, and get well again. Ah!' said Carl, remembering the picture of the Good Shepherd in St. Castor's, 'it is what the Good Shepherd would have done for thee, and so I am a little—just a very, very little—bit like Him now.'

The sheep seemed much refreshed, and no longer panted so painfully. Carl stood beside her, wondering what he should do; and, at that moment, he saw the shepherd lad appear round the square. He smiled when he saw the sight before him.

'Ah, poor thing! she is tired with her long journey, but we shall soon be at the end of it now. And thou hast been kind indeed, my little boy, to give her the water to refresh her. See, she is quite better now!'

And the sheep, encouraged by her master's kindly voice, rose up and trotted away, while the shepherd nodded pleasantly to Carl and bade him 'Good-morning.'

And ever after that Carl felt he loved the picture of the Good Shepherd more than any other in the church. For the way to learn to love Christ is to try and be like Him, and Carl, in his own small way, had done just as He would have done that morning.—'Adviser.'



LIKE THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

small a son, and he spent his time between attending to the ancient church, which many people went to visit, and smoking a very long pipe, fully three feet long, which is the favorite kind of pipe among the poorer classes in Prussia.

Carl had lived all his life of eight years in Coblenz, and knew nothing of the outside world. He went to school on week-days, and learned to read the crabbed German print, and to write the crabbed German handwriting, and to count how many 'pfennigs' went to a 'mark'; and on Sundays he went with his mother to the church, and looked at the beautiful pictures of the Good Shepherd, and the Saviour Blessing Little Children, and listening to the beautiful singing, and prayed his childish prayers, kneeling in the high, old-fashioned, wooden pew which his mother occupied. And

sheep have a habit of doing; and the shepherd shouted to them his guttural orders, and wildly brandished the club he held in his hand above them. Carl stopped to look at them, and by and by they had all passed the fountain. Then Carl was trotting indoors with his pail of water, when all of a sudden he heard a soft, plaintive bleat behind him. He looked round, and there, in the middle of the square, he saw one of the sheep lying on the ground. She had dropped out of the flock and the shepherd had not noticed her. She was evidently too weary, or too ill, to move; she lay panting on the ground, her little red tongue hanging out, and her eyes fixed on Carl with such a sad, pathetic gaze, that it went to his very heart. He ran into the house as quickly as he could, and set the pail down, calling to his mother—

'Oh, Motherkin, there is such a