

LITTLE FOLKS

'The Garden and the Butterfly.'

(Willow Wand, in the 'India Ladies' Magazine.)

'What a dull life you must lead in this secluded spot!' said the Butterfly to the flowers as she fluttered about a beautiful garden—one sunny morning. 'Tis a pity you cannot see something of the gay world as I do.'

'Why pity us?' said a little Daisy, looking up with her bright eye from the lawn. 'The dew and the sunshine refresh and enliven us and the storm has no power to hurt the flowers of this sheltered garden.'

'You are only a little flower, so little pleasures content you' replied the Butterfly, 'but do you not find it irksome,' said she to the Wall-Flower, 'not to have freedom to climb alone?' 'By no means,' answered the Wall-Flower. 'Once indeed I fretted against these supports, but time has taught me that they were placed here to strengthen me and, I knew that without them I could not have thriven so well.'

'That may suit a prosy, matter-of-fact temperament,' retorted the Butterfly. 'You at least must have more romance in your disposition,' she continued, 'alighting delicately on a lovely standard Rose. Just now I happened to fly past a group of your companions in a large open space of ground; crowds of people had assembled to admire their beauty, which could never have been seen to the same advantage in this out-of-the-way garden.'

Now the Rose had listened well pleased to the Butterfly's implied compliment to her charms and she began to grow discontented with her quiet surroundings. 'It is not surprising,' she murmured, 'that the staid old Wall-Flower and that insignificant young Daisy are satisfied with their lot. They are quite unsuited by nature for brilliant scenes. But why was beauty bestowed on me to be seen and admired only by the few in this humdrum way.' What then was the delight of the Rose when the Gardener came by, and stopping to look around on the flowers exclaimed. 'That standard Rose is a beauty. She would win a prize at the Flower Show to-day.' So saying he carried her away.

'Good-bye flowers. Good-bye! I have got my wish at last,' cried the Rose joyously. 'You will repent it,' said the Wall-Flower sternly. Truly it was a day of proud triumph for the Rose. Many another fair Rose was there but she was declared the fairest of them all. Towards evening, the sky, which had been cloudless all day, grew overcast, the wind began to rise and the heavy drops to fall. Amid general expressions of regret at the sudden gloomy change in the weather, the bright gathering dispersed rapidly. No one took any more thought of the poor Rose left to face the pitiless storm that night.

Before morning the clouds broke a little and the welcome sun beams flew

Sand Strongholds.



—S.S. Messenger.

Castles in the sand,
Reaching toward the sky!
Towers and turrets grand,
Twenty inches high,
Moats and keeps and frowning ports;
Never were there stouter forts.

Castles in the sand,
All astir with life.
Each devoted band
Ready for the strife.
Though the sea its legions calls,
Safe are we behind these walls!
—Washington 'Herald.'

down with words of pity and comfort to the bruised and drooping flower. With renewed hope the Rose heard the gardener's step approaching.

'How miserable the Roses look this morning,' said the gardener sadly, 'and they were so blooming before that unlucky storm. Well, well. I must see what care will do for my Prize Standard. May I if I carry her back to her old spot in the garden the poor thing will revive.'

Ah! how thankful was the weary Rose to be in her peaceful Home once more, with the familiar faces of the other garden-flowers around her.

Again the Butterfly flew past. 'Dear me! Rose! Is that you?' cried she. 'Really I scarcely recognized you. You are so changed and faded.'

'Alas!' sighed the Rose, 'why did I ever give heed to your flattering words! See to what my foolish vanity has brought me! all my grace and freshness gone for ever.' 'Nay, not so,' broke in the Daisy with her cheery voice, 'the storm has indeed crushed you, but only for a while. Lift up your tired head and let the gentle breeze dry your tears and the glorious sunshine gladden your heart, and soon in the healthful life of this quiet garden you shall sweetly bloom again.'

The Old Doll.

At her mother's request, Marjorie put her new doll into the carriage and went outdoors.

'Now, take your new dolly to ride,' her mother had said, but Marjorie got no farther than the summerhouse, a few yards away. She sat down on the lowest step, drew the doll carriage up close, and looked the new doll squarely in the face.

'No name!' she said in a low voice, 'no name, but I can't give you Mary Jane's; for even if she is too shabby to sit by your side, she shall still be one of my children. You are beautiful—you are! But so was Mary Jane once.'

Marjorie started up with a determined air, and went near the house. Through the open window came the sound of her mother's voice: 'Now, Esther, I'm going to put this old doll into the ragbag. That child shall not drag about such a looking thing any longer. If you say nothing about it, she'll never ask for it, for I know she is delighted with her new doll.'

Marjorie stood still outside the window. 'O, dear, I wish I could stop crying,' she sobbed; 'I must run off so mamma won't see me, and know that I heard. But I'll find Mary Jane—I will! And I'll hide her where no one can find her; but near enough so I can have her when I'm lonesome.'

Marjorie soon found an opportunity to search the ragbag. She hauled out the sorry looking Mary Jane, and secretly resolved to hide her under the bed-clothes. 'Away down at the foot of the bed,' thought Marjorie.

Bedtime came. Mamma, smiling at the thought of her easy dismissal of Mary Jane, gave Marjorie her new doll, and kissed her good night.

Marjorie could not go to sleep at just that minute. Mary Jane was smothering at the bottom of the bed.

'I'll take her out for just two or three minutes, and put her right back again, so mamma won't see her in the morning.' But in the morning mamma saw the shabby doll clasped in the chubby little hands, and the new doll lying on the floor, and she knew the old love had come back to stay.—'Kindergarten Review.'