

LITTLE FOLKS



Comrades.

(Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Harper's Young People'.)

Here is our picture. Jocko and I
 Stood without winking or blink-
 ing,
 Just like two statues under the sky.
 I don't know of what Jocko was
 thinking,
 But I must confess that I felt quite
 fine
 That we should be taken to-
 gether;

I'm Jocko's comrade, and he is mine,
 And we face all sorts of weather.

Never mind me, fellows; I'm a
 boy;

But look at my dog, and tell me
 If you don't envy me some of the joy

That one day of days befell me,
 When Jocko came straight to my
 hand held out,

And into it, most sedately,
 Dropped that great muzzle; no
 growl or pout,

But free as a king and stately,

Talk of your pets! He's more than
 a pet!

He's a comrade, true as a brother!
 With a big brave soul, that's too
 proud to fret,

That wouldn't change me for
 another.

Jolly? Of course, for the road we
 take,

The rough or the smooth, glad-
 hearted;

See, what a beautiful picture we
 make

We two who refuse to be parted.

How Rover Saved Punch.

(Anna Guilbert Mahon, in 'Pres-
 byterian Banner'.)

Kathleen stood at the window
 looking down at the snow. It was
 the biggest snowstorm she had ever
 seen. She was sure it was going to
 be a blizzard such as she had heard

her father and mother talk about.
 The wind was blowing a terrific
 gale, hurling the snow into high
 drifts in some places and leaving
 the ground almost bare in others.
 She wished with all her might she
 could be out in it, plunging through
 the soft drifts with her little rubber

boots and feeling the soft, cool
 flakes on her face. But Kathleen
 had a bad cold and a sore throat,
 and the doctor said she must stay in
 the warm bedroom.

'Well, I declare,' exclaimed the
 little girl, 'if there isn't Punch!
 How in the world did he get out?'