

LITTLE FOLKS

An Envelope Town.

(By Mrs. I. M. Mullins, in the
'Sunday-school Times.')

Harrison lay on his little white bed. He looked wistfully out of the window. There were days when it was so hard to lie still and wait for that time when the doctor said he would be able to run about again. He had been real patient, mother said sometimes with shining eyes, and when he looked into them

plan. You may be sure Harrison looked puzzled.

What did you bring me all these envelopes for, Auntie?' he said. 'I never can write this many letters.'

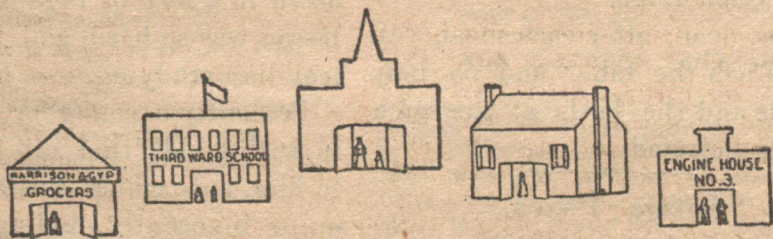
'Of course not,' said Auntie. 'They're not for letters, but to make houses.'

That was more astonishing still, but by this time Auntie had her wraps off, and was ready to show him. First she cut off the flap of an envelope, then she crushed in

a plan to make sloping roofs by taking a box-plait in each end of the house for chimneys, which gave a chance to push up the roof in the middle. Then he built churches with steeples, by cutting down the pointed tops of the ends; school-houses and stores, by pasting the pointed ends down or putting up signs; dwellings and barns of all colors and sizes, for which Auntie had provided by bringing envelopes of various sizes and colors. Then he found use for his library paste in gluing parts together, and putting people in doors and windows. Also for his box of paints, to make blinds green and vary the trimmings of the houses and clothes of his people.

He worked over it for days, and when he was done there was indeed a lovely envelope town spread over the bed.

When Auntie saw it she clapped her hands, and then hugged and hugged him, while Gyp barked and capered in joy and pride.—Louisville, Ky.



he wanted to try harder than ever. Then there was Gyp—dear, faithful little doggie—always by his side, who could hardly be persuaded to take necessary exercise. And everybody was good to him, but still there were hard days, and this was one of them.

Suddenly there was a rustle of skirts in the hall. Gyp flew to the door and barked in delight, while a gay voice called before she came in sight:

'Here I am, little soldier! And what will you give for an idea?' she added as she bustled in, in just the merry way that Auntie always came.

The little soldier smiled brightly and said, 'A kiss.' He knew what kind of legal tender Auntie liked.

'It is yours,' she cried, 'if you pay in advance.'

And from the merry smacking that went on, I think she was well paid. But Gyp made up with delighted snuggles whatever might have been lacking. Then Auntie drew out from one coat pocket a package of white envelopes of various sizes and shapes, from another coat pocket came a package of blue envelopes, and from her muff she drew still another of yellow and brown envelopes of various shades, shapes, and sizes, while from inside her blouse there came yet another package of gray ones. Auntie always did things on the wholesale

the back and folded it down to make the roof. Next she folded down the four corners to make the ends of the house, and lastly cut the windows and folded the shutters back, cut the door and left it standing open. Then it was done, and it looked like this:



Harrison was delighted, and said it was an idea worth having.

'I knew you would want to build a whole town, so I brought plenty of lumber,' laughed Auntie.

And sure enough, the idea grew amazingly, as ideas had a way of doing with Harrison. He devised

The Acted Lie.

A little boy, for a trick, pointed with his finger to the wrong road when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result, the man missed the doctor, and his little boy died, because the doctor came too late to take a fishbone from his throat. At the funeral the minister said that 'the boy was killed by a lie which another boy told with his finger.' It is presumed that the boy did not intend to do

The Shepherd.

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.
—William Blake.

