

# LITTLE FOLKS

## As Ye Would Be Done By.

Mabel Grey was a city cousin of Jessie Rivers, and a motherless girl; so it came about that, when Mr. Grey had to go abroad on business, he asked his sister Mrs. Rivers to look after his little girl till his return.

The Riverses lived far from the roar of the city, in a quiet secluded woodland spot called Barcombe-in-the-Woods. There were only Jessie and her older brother Dick; and, as might be supposed, she was something of a tomboy. Mabel's coming did not at all please her.

'A nasty, conceited, stiff thing

enough to make a companion of her. Mabel was a quiet, shy, reserved child, particular in her ways to a fault, and utterly ignorant of country life or habits.

'We'll soon take some of the starch out of her, Jessie,' whispered mischievous Dick to his sister at breakfast next morning. 'Let's put her on Mettle's back.'

It was holiday time, so the children were free to amuse themselves as they pleased.

'Come out and see the ponies, Mabel,' said Jessie after breakfast. So the three went out together.

It was very evident Mabel did

more of horses than is involved in driving behind a carriage one, looked on in amazement.

'Now,' cried Jessie, when she returned, slipping from her seat, 'it's your turn, Mabel.'

'Oh, no!' cried Mabel, shrinking back, 'I—I don't think I can, Jessie.'

'Why, I didn't think anyone could be such a coward,' said Jessie, with a curling lip. Mabel flushed deeply; she felt the careless taunt, and when Dick approached, he allowed him to lift her on Duke's back without any protest.

'I'll hold you at first,' said Dick. 'Now, Duke, move on, old fellow!' which Duke did, perhaps knowing what kind of burden he had on his back, very slowly and cautiously. Mabel clung to the reins, looking anything but happy.

'You can't enjoy this Dead-March-in-Saul pace much,' said Dick. 'I'll leave you now to a little trot by yourself. Don't lean back too much, and there is no danger. Hold on tight, give him a little touch, and you'll see how you enjoy it.'

Dick gave him a little touch himself as he let go, and Duke, who was getting tired of this slow pace, started at a brisk gallop across the field. Mabel turned deadly pale, and clung to the mane with both hands; but she bit her lips tightly together, and would utter no cry. I think if Jessie had seen her now she would not have called her a coward again. But Jessie, under the apple-tree, was laughing unrestrainedly with Dick over the city cousin's ignorance.

Presently Duke came to a stile. If Mabel had continued clinging to his neck, all would have been well, but she was now so nervous she did not know what she was doing. As Duke rose to make the leap, she released her hold, and falling from her seat, struck her head against the stile, and lay there quite still.

'Oh, Dick!' cried Jessie, breathlessly.

Both children ran to Mabel's side. She was very white, and lay motionless with closed eyes. Dick lifted her in his arms.

'Oh, Dick!' cried Jessie again, with a face as white as Mabel's own, 'is she—dead?'



she'll be, going about in gloves all day, and perhaps frightened of our ponies! Oh, I shall despise her if she's frightened of our ponies, Mother!'

'My dear, is it kind of you to speak like that?' remonstrated her mother. 'Jessie, I wish you to be very kind to your little cousin. Remember, God has taken away her mother from her.'

Jessie threw her arms round her mother's neck. She was warm-hearted and generous, if a little selfish.

'I'll try—because you wish me to, Motherie,' she whispered.

But when Mabel came, Jessie thought it would be difficult

not enjoy herself much at the stables.

'This is Bess,' said Jessie, going over to pat a pretty brown horse. 'She's as gentle as a lamb; and isn't she a beauty? Here's Princie, this lovely black creature; and this is Duke, my own, own horse.'

Duke was a fine chestnut, rather large for a lady's horse, but she was Jessie's own choice, and had been a birthday present.

'Now we shall have a ride,' cried Jessie. Dick came up with the saddle, and Jessie, lightly vaulting into it, was soon flying across the fields.

Jessie was really a capital horse-woman, and Mabel, who knew no