

LITTLE FOLKS

The Baby's Gaurdian.

A gentleman took, not long ago, a collie, who, after the fashion of its kind, soon made himself one of the family, and assumed especial responsibilities in connection with the youngest child, a girl, three years of age. It happened one day in November that the father was returning from a drive, and as he neared the house he noticed the dog in a pasture which was separated by a stone wall from the road. From behind this wall the collie would spring up, bark and then jump down again, constantly repeating it. Leaving his horse and going to the spot, he found his little girl seated on a stone, with the collie wagging his tail and keeping guard beside her. In the light snow their path could be plainly seen, and as he traced it back he saw where the little one had walked several times round an open well in the pasture. Very close to the brink were the prints of the baby's shoes, but still closer on the edge of the well were the tracks of the collie, who had evidently kept between her and the well; walking between the child and what might otherwise have been a terrible death.—*Band of Hope Review.*

Mother's Tears.

When Cyrus Hamlin was a small boy he had seven cents given him by his mother to celebrate muster-day. The money was for gingerbread, buns, etc. 'Perhaps, Cyrus,' said she, 'you will put a cent or two in the missionary contribution box at Mrs. Farrar's.'

As he trudged along he began to ask 'Shall I drop in one cent or two? I wish she had not said "one or two."' He decided on two. Then conscience said, 'What, five cents for your stomach and two for the heathen! five for gingerbread and two for souls?' So he said four for gingerbread and three for souls. But presently he felt that it must be three for gingerbread and four for souls.

When he came to the box he dumped in the whole seven, to have no more bother about it. When he went home, hungry as a bear, he explained to his mother his unreasonable hunger; and, smiling through tears, she gave him a royal bowl of

bread and milk. And he pathetically asked, 'What was the meaning of mother's tears?' — *American Paper.*

The Weed's Wings.

'Mamma, I never knew weeds were so pretty. Just look here!' And Gracie held before her mother a downy white globe of the daintiest texture, clinging to a stiff brown little stem.

'Isn't it beautiful?' said mamma. 'See, the globe is made up of white wings.'

'Wings?' said Gracie, wonderingly. 'They look like little white stars.'

'Yes,' answered mamma, 'they do, but they are really wings. Do you see the cluster of little brown seeds at the centre?'

'Yes,' said Gracie, looking at it carefully.

'Now,' said mamma, 'pull one of them out. No; wait. Blow the globe instead.'

So Gracie blew upon it gently, and, lo! away floated the little white stars, each carrying with it a tiny brown seed.

'Now, do you see,' asked mamma, 'why I called them wings? Each little seed has a wing, and when the wind blows upon it it flies away, carrying its seed with it, and then it drops down, sometimes a long way from the spot where the little weed which bore it grew, and there the little seed lies until it sinks into the earth, ripens and sends forth another weed of the same kind.'

'Isn't it wonderful, mamma? And see how beautiful each little wing is. I shall never say "old weeds" again. Their seed wings are as pretty as the flowers.' — *Youth's Companion.*

What Van Left Off.

Van is four years old, and very proud of the fact that he can dress himself in the morning—all but the buttons that run up and down ahind.'

Van isn't enough of an acrobat yet to make his small fingers thus do duty between his shoulder-blades, so he backs up to papa and gets a bit of help.

One morning Van was in a great hurry to get to some important work he had on hand, the marshaling of an army, or something of the

sort, so he hurried to get into his clothes, and of course they bothered him because he was in a hurry and didn't take as much pains as usual. Things would get upside down and 'hind side fore,' while the way that the legs and arms of these same things got mixed was dreadful to contemplate. So I am afraid that it was not a very pleasant face that came to papa for the finishing touches.

'There, everything is on now!' shouted Van.

'Why, no, Van,' said Papa, soberly, 'you haven't put everything on yet!'

Van carefully inspected his clothes, from the tip of his small toes to the broad collar about his neck. He could find nothing wanting.

'You haven't put your smile on yet,' said Papa, with the tiny wrinkles beginning to creep about his own eyes. 'Put it on, Van, and I'll button it up for you!'

And if you will believe me, Van began to put it on then and there! After that he almost always remembered that he couldn't really call himself dressed for the day until he had put a sunny face atop of the white collar and the Scotch plaid necktie. — *Webb Donnell, in Youth's Companion.*

'Mother's Comfort.'

I know a little girlie,
With loving eyes so blue,
And lips just made for smiling,
And heart that's kind and true.
She wears no dainty dresses,
No jewels does she own,
But the greatest of all treasures
Is her little self alone.

Her name is 'Mother's Comfort.'

For all the livelong day,
Her busy little fingers
Help mother's cares away.
The sunshine loves to glisten
And hide in her soft hair,
And dimples chase each other
About her cheeks so fair.

Oh, this darling little girlie,
With the diamonds in her eyes,
Makes in mother's heart a sunshine
Brighter far than floods the skies.
But the name that suits her better,
And makes her glad eyes shine,
Is the name of 'Mother's Comfort'—
This little treasure mine.

—Anon.