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The Little Ones.

The Robin Redbreasts.

Two robin-redbreasts built their nests
Within a hollow tree;
The hen sat quietly at home,
The cock sang merrily;
And all the little young ones said,
"Wee, wee, wee; wee, wee, wee."

One day (the sun was warm and bright,
And shining in the sky)
Cock-robin said, "My little dears,
'Tis time you learn to fly;"
And all the little young ones said,
"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

I know a child, and who she is
I'll tell you by and by,
When Mama says, "Do this," or "that,"
She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
She'd be a better child, by far,
If she would say "I'll try."

Nan the Flower Girl.

"Oh, how I should like to be rich!
How I should like to drive in a carriage,
and wear pretty clothes, and to have
nothing to do all day long but just what
I like best!"

So said the little flower-girl.
Every morning she rose early and went
out, from the town, into the woods and
fields. There she gathered the sweetest
violets and the first primroses, and made
them into nose-gays.

People said, as they bought her sweet
flowers, "How is it that the little
flower-girl looked so fresh and rosy?"

But she was tired to-day, and could
scarcely drag one foot after the other.



"Bubbles."

It was a warm spring morning, and
the sun shone brightly on Nan's brown
hair, as she walked onwards, hat in hand.
"Oh, dear!" she said at last, "I am so
tired. It cannot be any harm to sit down
on this bank, just for a little while."

The birds sang over-head. The sun
shone through the great trees and made
everything look bright.

Nan watched it all. After a while,
the blue eyes closed, the pretty mouth
drooped, and she was asleep.

She was dreaming—oh, such a dream!
A beautiful lady, with a sweet face,
stepped up to her, and said:

"Nan, little Nan, I know you well. I
have often seen you in town selling
your flowers."

"But, if you will come and live with
me, you shall never need to sell flowers
again."

"Oh, how kind you are! and how
beautiful!" cried Nan, gladly. "It is just
what I should like, better than anything
in the world."

"Come with me then, little Nan." And
the fair lady took her by the hand and
led her to her house.

She thought she had never seen such a
place. It was like a fairy palace.

What rooms! What pictures! A
gaily-dressed maid took Nan to a wonder-
ful room, which she told her was to be
hers.

The maid then dressed Nan in the fine
clothes she had always longed for.

In going about the palace, Nan came
upon a hall so large, that she was afraid
to enter it.

She put her head between the curtains
that hung before the doorway and peeped
in.

There was a sound of merry laughing
at the other end. Nan saw about twenty
maidens, all very lovely to look at, and
every one with long flowing hair and rich
dress.

One maiden turned and saw Nan's face
gazing through the parted curtains.

She pointed to it, then she and her
friends fled to the other end of the hall,
out of sight, laughing all the time.

Nan stepped in, and saw the beautiful
lady coming to meet her.

She took her by the hand and showed
her all the pictures on the walls, and
the wonderful things in the room, such
as Nan had never seen before.

"Well, little Nan, do you think you
will like this life?" said her beautiful
friend, as she smiled and drew Nan to
her, and stroked her hair.

"I am so happy," Nan said. "I think
I should like this to last for ever; but—
will you tell me what is your name?"

The lady smiled. "My name?" she
said. "No matter what my name is;
there is time yet, and you will know it
soon enough."

Nan thought she had never been so
happy in her life.

She drove in a beautiful carriage with
the fair-faced lady, and the people looked
after her and said: "How lovely she is!"

Once, Nan asked her friend who those
girls were that she had seen.

The lady said, smiling: "Those are my
maidens," but they always laughed and
fled, and looked back at her, and laughed
again.

Once they asked her to come and play.
They held out their hands to her, but
when their fingers closed over hers, she
shivered.

After this, Nan would have nothing to
do with them.

One morning, Nan rose early, and
thought she would try and find the
garden.

She longed to see a flower—there were
none in the fairy palace.

She stole through the quiet halls, and
came upon a large space, which she knew
must be the garden.

But, alas! there was a gardener also.
He would not let her touch the flowers.
And the flowers were not like her sweet
wild ones. Nothing looked real.

Nan was so sorry that she could have
cried.

Soon after, the gardener sent some cut
flowers into the great hall.

"Oh, let me arrange them, do, please!"
cried Nan.

"No, no, my child," she said, gently,
but firmly, "I could not let you do it.
I thought you had forgotten all that.
Here you only live for pleasure."

She handed them over to a servant,
and Nan felt quite sad.

She was not nearly so happy after this.
The large rooms and the fine things tired
her out.

One day, sitting in one of the grand
rooms, she saw, from the window, child-
ren far off, playing.

They laughed and shouted in the open
air. They had large bunches of wild
flowers, such as Nan knew well.

They looked careless and happy as the
day, and Nan put her hands over her
face, and burst into tears.

"What an unhappy little girl I am!
I should like to go back to the green
woods and pluck the flowers freely."

"Oh, my flowers, my flowers! I love
you better than ever, but I can never go
back to you."

And she sobbed on. All at once, she
felt a hand laid on her arm, and heard a
kind voice say:

"Oh, Nan! has it come at last? Would
you like to go back, dear child?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Nan, "let me go
to my flowers—let me go back."

"You shall." The lovely face looked
sad. "My name, Nan, my name—my
name," and her voice grew fainter—"it
is Vanity."

"Vanity, Vanity," cried Nan; "oh,
no!"

But the grand rooms and the fair lady
had faded away, and—was it a dream?
—she seemed in a wood. On every side
were trees. Yes—it was all a dream.

And there were her flowers. She picked
them up wildly, and clasped them to her.
At last she sprang to her feet. What
a long time she had been asleep!

Then she went into the streets and
sang out as usual, in her fresh young
voice, "Pretty flowers, sweet flowers."

"Ah, there is Nan, at last!" said a
passer-by. And the people came to buy,
for they all liked Nan.

"After all," thought Nan, "how nice
it is to be a flower-girl! But I am sorry
for that kind and beautiful lady whose
name is Vanity."

A Lesson of Faith.

"Let me hire you as a nurse for my
poor children," said a Butterfly to a quiet
Caterpillar, who was strolling along a
cabbage-leaf in her odd, lumbering way.

"See, these little eggs," continued the
Butterfly; "I don't know how long it
will be before they come to life, and I
feel very sick and poorly, and if I should
die, who will take care of my baby but-
terflies when I am gone? Will you, kind,
mild, green Caterpillar? But you must
mind what you give them to eat, Cater-
pillar: they cannot, of course, live on
your rough food. You must give them
early dew, and honey from the flowers;
and you must let them fly about only a
little way at first; for, of course, one
can't expect them to use their wings pro-
perly all at once. Dear me! it is a sad
pity you cannot fly yourself. But I have
no time to look for another nurse now,
so you will do your best, I hope. Dear!

dear! I cannot think what made me come
and lay my eggs on a cabbage-leaf! What
a place for young butterflies to be
born upon! Still, you will be kind, will
you not, to the poor little ones? Here,
take this gold-dust from my wings as a
reward. Oh, how dizzy I am! Caterpil-
lar, you will remember about the
food—"

And with these words the Butterfly
dropped her wings and died; and the
green Caterpillar, who had not had the
opportunity of even saying yes or no to
the request, was left standing alone by
the side of the Butterfly's eggs.

"A pretty nurse she has chosen, indeed,
poor lady!" exclaimed she, "and a pretty
business I have in hand! Why, her senses
must have left her, or she would never
have asked a poor crawling creature like
me to bring up her dainty little ones! Much
they'll mind me truly, when they
feel the gay wings on their backs, and
can fly away out of my sight whenever
they choose! Ah! how silly some people

are, in spite of the gold-dust!"

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Red Rose Tea

"Is Good Tea"

If you use it you
know it is good.

Will you tell your
friends?