

LITTLE FOLKS

Keeping Shop.

'What shall I do,' mourned Frankie, disconsolately, walking backwards and forwards the whole length of the nursery; 'Mov'r is out, and the girls aren't coming for ever so long, and I've got a cold, so I can't run in the garden!'

Nurse heard the little moan, but she was very busy over some needlework; Linda heard the little moan, but she had promised herself a swing in the garden, and some dreaming over her future plans.

So, for fear nurse should set her to amuse her little brother, she slip-

'I know!' said Annie brightly, 'I'll run to the village and get you some sweets and things, and you shall get the shop ready while I'm gone. We'll keep a shop, you and I, Master Frankie, and the young ladies shall come to buy!'

Frankie looked interested. 'But I can't make it alone, and nurse is busy,' he objected.

'Yes, you can, when I've told you how,' said Annie; 'just get your little table and put out some sugar and things nurse will give you on bits of clean paper. Then, if you have any more time, cut up this

so, but how could they dress up in anyone else's house? They ran home to ask their mother for some of her things, but were back before Annie after all.

The little shopkeeper was very disconcerted at the small array of confectionery he had to offer; but just as he was devising what he could say, Annie came in with flushed cheeks, bearing a basket of apples, cakes and sweetmeats.

'You'll be able to eat the sponge fingers,' she whispered kindly.

'And you must come and help me in the shop,' he responded. 'Thank you, Annie!'

What a pity that Linda was dreaming in the garden!—'Our Darlings.'

A Little Girl's Wish.

(By Elizabeth R. George.)

'Mayn't I be a boy?' said our Mary,
The tears in her great eyes of
blue,
'I'm only a wee little lassie,
There's nothing a woman can do.

'Tis so, I heard Cousin John say so,
He's home from a great college,
too;
He said so, just now, in the parlor,
'There's nothing a woman can
do.'

'My wee little lassie, my darling,'
Said I, putting back her soft hair,
'I want you, my dear little maiden,
To smooth away all mother's care.

'Is there nothing you can do, my
darling?

What was it that "pa" said last
night?

'My own little sunbeam has been
here

I know, for the room is so bright.'

'And there is a secret, my Mary,
Perhaps you may learn it some
day—

The hand that is willing and loving
Will do the most work on the
way.

'And the work that is sweetest and
dearest,

The work that so many ne'er do,
The great work of making folks
happy—

Can be done, by a lassie like you?
—'Housekeeper.'



THE LITTLE SHOPKEEPER WAS VERY DISCONCERTED.

ped out at once, and certainly with a little prick of conscience, found herself alone under her favourite trees.

Annie, the nursery-maid, heard Frankie's little moan, and for a moment she bent her head closer over her fine needlework; she, too, wanted to get on with what she was about. But she had asked her blessed Saviour that morning to help her to please him, and suddenly she wondered if this could be what she had asked for?

'Come along, Master Frankie,' she said; 'I daresay we can find a game you haven't thought of lately.'

'I want some goodies,' said Frankie, 'but nurse says they're not good for colds. Mother gave me a shilling, but—'

card into money, and get it ready for the young ladies to buy with.'

Nurse rummaged in her cupboard, but a few lumps of sugar and a little heap of broken biscuits made the grand total till Annie should return.

Just as Frankie had cut out the card money, two pairs of feet were heard racing up the stairs.

Frankie's face fell: what a pity they had come before Annie! He ran to the door.

'This is a shop,' he said, 'a confectioner's, and you can come and buy; only you must be dressed up grandly of course.'

The little girls looked at each other. A confectioner's shop would be very nice, especially with Frankie, who always gave away things