

LITTLE FOLKS



The East Wind.

Such a horrid day!' said little Phoebe, pettishly, as she entered the hall, flushed and tumbled after an encounter with the east wind. 'Now, Mother, isn't this wind dreadful? I could not get along at all; my hat blew one way, and my umbrella blew inside out—look!' and Phoebe displayed a most extraordinary arrangement of silk and whalebone before her mother's eyes.

'Gently, Phoebe,' said her mother. 'I do not like such ugly words from a little girl's mouth.'

'Everybody dislikes the east wind,' she said, at length, whilst watching her mother, who, with a dexterous twist, had restored the umbrella to its original shape.

'Not every one, Phoebe. Kingsley has called it "the wind of God."

'Oh, Mother, why?' asked Phoebe.

'Because it is in many ways a very useful wind. It is cold it is true, and ruffles my Phoebe's hair—and her temper.' Mother here looked slyly at Phoebe. 'But it blows away the foul air, and acts as a scavenger in the close courts and alleys of our cities. It shakes the trees too, and sends the sap along the branches; and it does no harm to little girls either, if it makes them run faster along the roads, instead of dawdling as they sometimes do.'

'Well, if it does all that, I must

be more polite to it next time,' she said merrily; 'but all the same I should like to live in those countries where it is never cold.'

'Those countries have their disagreeables as well. Should you like a sandstorm, for instance, when the sand comes in such clouds that you are obliged to lie flat on your face on the ground until the storm is past?'

'Why?' interrupted Phoebe.

'Because the sand would get up your nose and into your mouth, so that you could not breathe. Or would you like to be half eaten up by mosquitoes, or bitten by snakes, or eaten by tigers, or devoured by sharks, or—'

'Oh, Mother, stop! After all, the east wind is nothing, when I think of those dangers.'

'There is no bad but might be a worse,' quoted Mother, 'and we will be contented with that state of life in which it has pleased God to place us.'—'Sunday Reading.'

A Horse Which Thought.

Instances of great intelligence in horses are almost as numerous as the horses themselves, but there are few which make prettier stories than this, related in 'La Nature' by a Parisian.

At Vincennes, in my childhood, he writes, my father had two spirited horses of fine blood. One day while one of them, Prunelle, was

passing between two walls with my little sister on her back, the child slipped and rolled between the horse's feet.

Prunelle stopped instantly and held one hind foot in air. She really seemed to fear to lower that foot lest she should step on the child. There was no room for the horse to turn nor for a man to pass in.

In that uncomfortable position, with lifted foot, however, the horse stood patiently, while an attendant crawled between her forefeet and rescued the child.

Eating Crusts.

The awfulest times that ever could be

They had with a bad little girl of Dundee,

Who never would finish her crust.

In vain they besought her,
And patiently taught her,

And told her she must;

Her grandma would coax,

And so would the folks,

And tell her the sinning

Of such a beginning;

But no, she wouldn't,

She couldn't, she shouldn't,

She'd have them to know—

So they might as well go.

And what do you think came soon to pass?

This little girl of Dundee, alas!

Who wouldn't take crusts in the regular way,

Sat down to a feast one summer's day;

And what did the people that little girl give?

Why a dish of bread pudding, as sure as I live!

—'Canadian Farm and Home.'

Polly's Victory.

One stormy day in March a little bare-footed girl, armed with a long rake, might have been seen tripping down the street of a fishing village in North Wales. She was an odd-looking little creature with a crop of curly red hair; a freckled face and a funny turn-up nose; but a warm, loving little heart beat under her coarse pilot-cloth jacket, and unfortunately a warm temper went with it. What trouble that quick temper had given poor Polly! Her father and mother were both dead, but the dear grandfather with