

For the Little Folk.**Fairy Dot.**

Such lovely stories as Aunt Emily could tell—stories of fairies and goblins and of little flaxen-haired princesses! And how Dottie Dudley did love to hear them!

"I think, Aunt Emily," said Dot, "that I like best of all the story of the wish fairy. I wish I were a fairy, and that I could just grant wishes, wishes, all day long."

And what do you suppose Aunt Emily did? Made the loveliest crown of shining gold paper, and put little blue bows and bells on Dottie's shoes and a sash round her waist and a wand of glistening paper stars in her hand; and little Dottie Dudley was transformed into a sweet little hazel-eyed fairy. Aunt Emily kissed her and sent her off to "Fairy Dell."

"Oh, dear," said grandma, "I wish I could find my glasses!"

And away Fairy Dot flew, upstairs and downstairs, and back came grandma's glasses. Grandma's wish came true.

"Oh," said little brother John, "I wish some one would help me put my soldiers away."

And there on the spot
Was Fairy Dot.

Mother wished her flowers were watered, and father wished for his newspaper; Aunt Emily wished for some one to help stir the cake and seed the raisins, and Bridget wished she knew what the clock said; Towser looked as though he wanted a drink, and the kitten begged for some milk; and there were wishes, wishes, everywhere in "Fairy Dell." Wasn't it good Fairy Dot was there!—*Bessie C. Clymer, in the Kindergarten Review.*

A Spring Airing.

All the little kittens have washed their mittens,
And hung them up to dry;
They're gray and fluffy, and soft and muffy,
But its time to lay them by.

And now that we've come to the spring of the year,
They have them all out airing here;
And that is the reason, I do suppose,
Why this little tree that everyone knows
By the name of Pussy Willow goes.

—*Martha Burr Banks, in Good Housekeeping.*

By helping others, we help ourselves.
I'll help you, and you help me,
And then what a helping world there'll be.

—*Lucy Wheelock.*

A Nonsense Calendar.

It seems very sad
That the March Hare is mad,
For he does such ridiculous things:
He stands on his head,
And he dances in bed,
And he ties up his long ears with strings.

He carries a cane,
For fear it will rain,
His whiskers he stiffens with starch;
And its my own belief
That he is a thief:
For once the March Hare stole a March!
—*St. Nicholas.*

Waiting To Grow.

Little white snowdrop just waking up,
Violet, daisy and sweet buttercup;
Under the leaves and the ice and the snow,
Waiting, waiting to grow.

Think what a host of queer little seeds,
Of flowers, and mosses, and ferns, and weeds,
Are under the leaves and the ice and the snow,
Waiting, waiting to grow.

Nothing so small, or hidden so well,
That God cannot find it and presently tell
His sun where to shine and
His rain where to go,
Helping, helping them grow.—*Selected.*

A flash of blue 'mid branches bare,
A few glad notes from yonder tree,
The birds are back, I do declare,
To sing their songs for you and me!

I'll be a tiny sunbeam true,
A tiny ray of light,
And try in all I say and do
To make the world more bright.—*Selected.*

Papa—See the spider, my boy, spinning his web.
Is it not wonderful? Do you reflect that, try as he may, no man could spin that web?

Johnny—What of it? See me spin this top! Do you reflect that, try as he may, no spider could spin this top "

Though not teaching I have enjoyed the REVIEW during the past year, just the same. Its arrival each month has cheered me as much as a visit from a dear friend. It is a magazine that is certainly improving with age, and I sincerely hope that its popularity may measure more and more each succeeding year.
M. E. H.