

A Good Fairy

Of all good fairies round the house,
 Good Nature is the sweetest ;
 And where she fans her airy wings
 The moments fly the fleetest.

And other fairies, making cheer,
 With her are gaily present ;
 They shine like sunbeams in the place,
 And make mere living pleasant.

The smiles she gives are rosy light
 Shed softly on the wearer ;
 They make a plain face something fair,
 And make a fair face fairer.

Before them dark Suspicion flies,
 And Envy follows after,
 And Jealousy forgets itself,
 And Gloom is lost in laughter.

Playing With the Sunbeams

In the old, comfortless horse car days, I once noticed a very beautifully dressed little girl, with a doll clothed in exact imitation of herself. Every frill and decoration of her little garments was exactly reproduced. I could not but think what a vast amount of labor had been lavished upon this display ! I wondered if it paid.

After regarding her surroundings for a little while, her attention was caught by the straw strewn upon the floor of the car. She immediately sat down in the midst of it and began to pick out from the chaff the "little straw flowers", as she called them—some dried seed vessels and slender oat stalks—carefully arranging them and casting upon her bouquet such a radiant look of satisfaction as I had not seen once bestowed upon the doll. Indeed, these fine lady-dolls never seem to awaken the emotion in their possessors that some commoner ones do, valued less for their clothes and more for their kindly faces, or originality and character.

I watched a little neighbor running hither and thither, peeping into every nook and corner. When asked what she was doing, she said, "Playing with the sunbeams. The sunbeams go everywhere and look at everything, and so do I." It reminded me of the

butterfly play of Pierre Loti and his little companion. They imagined first that they were caterpillars, crawling painfully along, seeking for leaves ; then they played that they were benumbed and lay down under the branches, with their white aprons over their heads for cocoons, calling out to each other, "Do you think you will be able to fly soon ? I can feel the wings opening on my shoulders." Then they would run lightly about, fluttering their white pinafores for wings, darting hither and thither and stopping to smell of every flower.

We do not need to provide costly toys for our children, if only we can put them out of doors in some safe and pleasant place, and observe what their own fancies will suggest to them to do.

Miss Tootsie, Peacemaker

It was the hardest thing that ever Billee had done in the short ten years of his life, this keeping "mad" with the Paterson girls. What was the use of having a new sled if he couldn't show it to the girls and take them coasting with it ? Or what good would the new picture book be, if he couldn't share it with his small companions ?

He had made one or two attempts to speak to the girls, but they refused to look or speak, and only a swish of short skirts and four fast flying feet surmounted by four stretchers of black stocking always greeted his appearance on the street.

One morning he saw Jill alone, and caught up with her before she had time to run. But all he had for his pains was the toss of a fuzzy "Tam", the tiniest end of a pink tongue, and an indignant "sass cat" from Jill before she took to her heels.

"And it isn't as if I'd done anything so awful bad", said Billee, in explanation at home, in answer to curious inquiries as to why he and the Paterson girls never played together any more.

"I only put a dead mouse into Jennie's coat pocket when it hung in the dressing room at school. I s'pose it was kind of cold and funny, but it couldn't bite. Girls are funny things, anyway. They'll go into fits over a kitten, and smooth it and love it, and they'll screech and run at a mouse. Any-