

LITTLE FOLKS

Baby Foxes at Play.

A bright new book of animal stories for children, by Rev. William J. Long, of Stamford, Ct., entitled 'Ways of Wood Folk,' contains this vivid description of the antics of fox cubs:

One of the most fascinating bits of animal study is to begin at the very beginning of fox education, i. e., to find a fox den, and go there some afternoon in early June and hide at a distance, where you can watch the entrance through your field-glass. Every afternoon the young foxes come out to play in the sunshine like so many kittens. Bright little bundles of yellow fur they seem, full of tricks and whims, with pointed faces that change only from exclamation to interrogation points and back again. For hours at a stretch they roll about and chase tails and pounce upon the quiet old mother with fierce little barks.

One climbs laboriously up the rock behind the den and sits on his tail, gravely surveying the great landscape, with a comical little air of importance, as if he owned it all. When called to come down he is afraid, and makes a great to-do about it. Another has been crouching for five minutes behind a tuft of grass watching, like a cat at a rat-hole, for some one to come by and be pounced upon. Another is worrying something on the ground, a cricket, perhaps, or a doodle-bug; and the fourth never ceases to worry the patient old mother till she moves away and lies down by herself in the shadow of a ground cedar.

As the afternoon wears away and long shadows come creeping up the hillside, the mother rises suddenly and goes back to the den. The little ones stop their play and gather about her. You strain your ears for the slightest sound, but hear nothing, yet there she is plainly talking to them and they are listening. She turns her head, and the cubs scamper into the den's mouth.

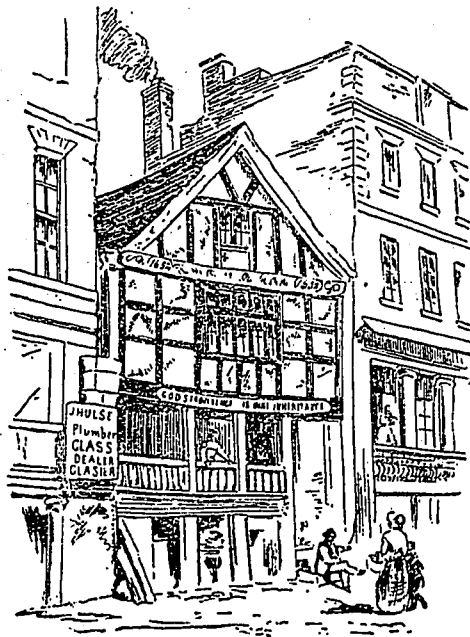
A moment she stands listening, looking, while just within the dark entrance you get glimpses of four pointed black noses and a cluster of bright little eyes, wide open for a last look. Then she trots away,

planning her hunt, till she disappears down by the brook. When she is gone, eyes and noses draw back. Only a dark, silent hole in the bank is left. You will not see them again—not unless you stay to watch by moonlight till mother fox comes back, with a fringe of field-mice hanging from her lips or a young turkey thrown across her shoulders.

God's Providence House.

Have you ever visited the ancient city of Chester? and, if so, have you noticed standing there in one of its narrow streets a building called 'God's Providence House?'

You have perhaps read in your English Histories, about the dread-



ful Plague of London in 1665. Many story-books tell the sad tale of what happened then, and even in school-books we are told much that would be very interesting, if it were not so awful.

Just thirteen years before the Plague broke out in London, it raged in the city of Chester, and it is said that one household escaped it. The roomy old building in which this family lived is still pointed out to visitors. It bears this inscription: 'God's Providence is mine Inheritance.'

I cannot tell why it was that the people living in that one house escaped the Plague when it was raging all around. Most likely, as well as putting their trust in God, they were careful in attending to His laws of health and cleanliness as far as was possible in those old days. And so, as they

were obedient, He was able to take care of them.

The inscription over the house looks as though both they and their neighbors ascribed the safety of those who lived in it to God alone, for ever since then—more than two hundred years ago—it has been called 'God's Providence House.'

How safe we are, whatever may rage around, when we are looking straight to God to take care of us, and all the time attending to the things He has told us to do! In this life we never shall know all that His good providence has shielded us from, and when pain or sorrow do reach His dear children, we know that they can only come through that same tender providence, which simply means God's fatherly providing. Thus trouble is turned into blessing before it reaches us.

How safe we may be in Him now! and, if sheltered beneath the blood of the Lord Jesus, how safe we shall be, one day, when worse than any plague shall rage around! —S. E. A. Johnson, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

Uncle John's Story.

(By Ross Levi.)

'Tell us a story, tell us a story,' cried three eager children to their Uncle John.

'What kind of a story do you want?' asked Uncle John. 'Do you want a true one?' 'Yes, yes a true one,' cried the three little voices. 'Very well, I will tell you how I lost my leg.'

'When I was a little boy not much bigger than you, Percy, I lived with your grandpapa and grandmama, away in the backwoods, many miles from any town. One day my mama told me that I would have to go with a message, to my aunt's, who lived about eighteen miles from us. My papa owned only one horse, and, as he was busy working with him on the farm, my mama told me that I would have to go this message on foot. So I got ready and started on my long journey. When I had walked about half way, night was already coming on, when a heavy rain storm overtook me. I thought it was best for me to get under a tree, and wait till the storm blew over. Not far from where I