

LITTLE FOLKS

Round Animals.

'Will you, Uncle Bob?'

'Do what?'

'Draw us some of those lovely round animals.'

Uncle Bob tried to look as though he had forgotten what 'round animals' were like, and said, 'Do I draw animals?'

'You know you do,' said the little girl with the fair fluffy curls.

can't draw them all at once, you know.' However, he was a nice uncle, so he began the frog first. He first put the penny on the piece of paper and drew a line all round it, and then did the eyes and legs, and in one minute there was the frog you see in the picture.

You see the elephant in the other picture and the squirrel were done in much the same way. When

might have waited to hear if anything had gone wrong.'

'Pooh,' she said to herself, 'it only serves Bob right for calling me names, and my dear mother, who never waits to gossip, will be home from the village by now. I wonder why we didn't meet? She must have gone by the other road.'

'Tut, tut,' said the little whispering voice again. 'You know that dear mother of yours would never have passed by anyone in distress. Bob may have hurt himself.'

'Rubbish,' cried Maggie, 'what silly thoughts to have,' but the persistent little voice began to talk loudly.

'Fie, fie, not to listen to a cry of grief! Are you the little girl who knelt at her mother's knee this morning, and prayed, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us'? Cannot you forgive Bob for a little thoughtless teasing? Are you not ashamed of proving that you really are sulky? Go back, go back, and make friends!'

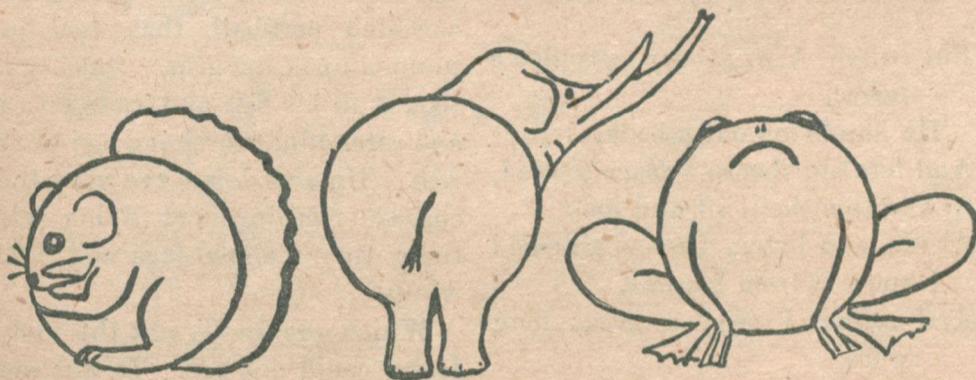
'But I'm tired,' grumbled Maggie, 'and this basket is heavy.'

Still she heard 'Go back,' and at last the frown fled, her face cleared, and Maggie cried out, 'I am ashamed of my temper, and I dinna mind saying so to Bob himself.' Round she marched, and as fast as her weary little legs would trot, back she went to the Bryers' lonely situated cottage—humming a verse her mother had taught her—

'Oh, you may be young, and not very strong,
But don't be afraid to own you are wrong,
And let the world laugh—for in God's great
sight
You have conquered self—and have won a fight!'

Little Maggie Bray was only ten years old, but, fortunately for her, her home teaching was of the best; and although she had, as you can see, a decided temper, Mrs. Bray's wise training had taught the child how to conquer it; so now, she firmly made up her mind to eat 'humble pie' to her little friend Bob, and not even to remind him of his rudeness the day before.

When she reached the cottage, she stood a moment, feeling a bit shy and awkward, until a sound through the open door made her



'But they must be round, like the ones you did the other day when it rained.'

'Ah! Now I remember,' said her uncle. 'Someone bring me a penny then. Now what shall I draw first?'

'A fat frog,' said the little girl.

'I want an elephant,' said Tom.

'A fat frog first, please, and may I have a squirrel afterwards?'

'All right,' said their uncle. 'I

he had finished them the boy said, 'I have only one animal and Cis has two. Can't I have another?'

'Another one?' said Uncle Bob.

'Yes, please, and make it a rabbit.'

Uncle Bob thought for a moment, and then he said, 'Why, that is the tea bell. Now, as I have shown you how to draw these animals, I think you ought to be able to do the rabbit yourself.'—D. M. N., in 'Child's Companion.'

Maggie's Fight and Victory.

'Hi, there, Meg, hi!'

Maggie Bray came to a standstill, but did not turn her head, and the shout rang out again through the clear frosty air, as the child stood, listening, but moveless.

'Hi, there, Meg, come back, I want you, I want you badly!'

Her lips drew into a tight line, as she muttered, 'Oh, it's your voice, Mister Bob, is it? I thought so, and not a step do I turn for you,' and, clutching her basket of bread she was carrying home from Market-town, Maggie quickly trotted off down the snow-covered road, wilfully deaf to the repeated cries of 'Meg, Meg!' in Bob Bryer's shrill boyish tones.

She almost ran until out of hearing, and some distance from the cottage where he lived, then Maggie slackened pace, and her

face grew flushed with more than the mere hurry.

'Maybe I might have turned, but I canna forget how Bob teased me only yesterday. Sulky Meg, he called me then, so let him find me that to-day—but—but—it's true his cry was strange, and sounded scared. Ah!' cried Maggie aloud, 'I know what it was—he must have been alone in the cottage, for I saw his mother gossiping at Dame Joan's, and now it's getting dusk he is frightened. Ha, Mister Bob, so you're a coward, are you, and frightened enough then you'll be, for Mrs. Bryer was settling down to a cup of tea and a long chat, as I could see. 'She won't be home this hour yet!' Maggie laughed—but somehow as she walked along an uncomfortable feeling grew in her heart.

'It's terrible to be nervous!' a small voice whispered, 'and you