

LITTLE FOLKS



(‘The Good Shepherd,’ Blackie & Son)

‘The Little Grey Lamb.’

(By A. B. D. Sullivan.)

Out on the endless purple hills, deep
in the clasp of sombre night,
The shepherds guarded their weary
ones—guarded their flocks of
cloudy white,
That like a snowdrift in silence
lay,
Save one little lamb with its
fleece of grey.

Out on the hillside all alone, gazing
afar with sleepless eyes,

The little grey lamb prayed soft
and low, its weary face to the
starry skies:

‘O moon of the heavens so fair,
so bright,
Give me—oh, give me—a fleece
of white!’

In many cathedrals grand and dim,
whose windows glimmer with
pane and lens,

‘Mid the odor of incense raised in

prayer, hallowed about with
last amens,

The Infant Saviour is pictured fair,
with kneeling Magi wise and
old,

But his baby hand rests—not on
the gifts, the myrrh, the frank-
cense, the gold,

But on the head with a heavenly
light of the little grey lamb
that was changed to white.

—‘St. Nicholas.’

The Fruitee Family.

(By Mary Alden Hopkins, in the
‘Congregationalist and Chris-
tian World’).

Starchbox Villa, Cupboard Lane,
Pantryville, had been the address
of the Fruitees ever since they
could remember—which was less
than a week. The cook made Mr.
Fruitee one evening out of evapor-
ated peaches and apricots and raisins
and almonds, with wire for bones
and muscles, and then she hurried
to finish Mrs. Fruitee and the rest.

Prunie, the dog, belonged
to the cherry-prune breed, which
is superior to the ordinary

prune dog. Mammy was an
excellent nurse; when Peachie
cried she stuffed the corner of her
candied orange peel apron into his
mouth to soothe him.

Master Nutty Fruitee was a
source of anxiety to his family.
Not only did he drink whole

bottles of vanilla extract, but
worst of all he stayed out late at
night.

One night Mrs. Fruitee heard
the wolf-mice squeaking in the
distance when she knew that her
son was two shelves from home.

‘Don’t get yourself into a stew,

