

# LITTLE FOLKS

## God's Children.

Brownie had a guest all to herself.

Brownie's real name was Margaret Eleanor. Her father said this should not be nicknamed, so she became Brownie.

The visitor was her cousin Walter. He had been at Brownie's only once before; when he was a baby and Brownie wasn't even born.

The two children became great

'Oh!' said Brownie, 'aren't you afraid to be on the great wide ocean, with nothing but a ship to live in?'

'I have been, in storms,' admitted Walter; 'but not often. It's such fun going up and down, and sometimes right through the water. And the things one sees!'

'What?' asked Brownie, eagerly, a new world seeming to open before her.

'Oh! whales, porpoises, coral, shells, sword-fish, star-fish and ever

'What's this?' asked Uncle Jack, coming in.

'I'm telling Brownie about people we see on voyages,' said Walter.

'On voyages?' laughed his father, playfully pinching his cheek. 'Yes, Brownie,' said Uncle Jack, turning to his niece, 'some are strange. I have no doubt that you would think them very strange indeed. But they're God's children, you know, as we are, and we must remember it always.'—Elizabeth B. Walker, in 'Sunbeam.'

## A Cluster of Trailing Arbutus.

By Lucy Henrietta Wright.

'An' so I thought p'raps I could make it myself. It's such hard times, with Ned out of work, and dear knows how many extra expenses piling up.'

'O yes,' Mrs. Myers sighed wearily, as she folded up the garment she had been patching. 'For that matter it is always hard times with us; it does not seem to make much difference somehow, and I suppose one has just to get used to it.'

'O,' said her neighbor sympathetically. 'That's so with you; with your husband ailing, it can't help but be pretty tight work to make ends meet. Now, if Mr. Ford was to lose his place, I don't know what I would do; I declare I'd be clear discouraged, but you do keep up so well, Mrs. Myers; I cannot for my life see how you do it.'

'There's no use in complaining as I see,' Mrs. Myers' face was grave, and she spoke grimly. 'Things have to be done, and it seems that I'm the only one to do them, so what's the use of fussing?'

'Well, as I many a time say to Mr. Ford, I do feel for you—I declare there's our May cryin' as though she was hurt; I'll have to run over home an' see to her.'

Mrs. Myers, left alone in her neat little kitchen, moved about quietly, preparing her husband's lunch. If others felt that her invalid husband was a burden to her, did she not know in her inmost heart that her labor for him was that of love? If at times she grew weary, felt her trial was heavy, the thought of his tender appreciation could not fail to uphold her. So patiently, gladly she worked early and late, supporting the family, and ever ready with cheerful words and bright hopefulness, while her husband and children were happy in the sunny at-



BROWNIE AND WALTER.

friends. Walter listened politely while Brownie showed him her treasures—her dolls and the books chosen for her by her aunts. He didn't care for such things, and was glad when she said:

'Now, Walter, tell me what you do.'

'You know,' said Walter, 'father's a ship captain, and mother and I go with him.'

so many others,' said Walter, breathlessly running together all that came in his mind.

'Have you seen all those?'

'Yes, indeed, and lots more. Such strange people, too! Why, Brownie, you'd never think they were people! They jabber away, and dress so queerly. In some hot countries, the people hardly wear any clothes!'