

Wolf, and he jumped from the bed, with his mouth wide open. But just then the grandmother came in, and the woodcutters with her. The Wolf tried to run out, but they were too quick for him. "Take that! and that! and that!" they cried. And that was the last of Sir Wolf.

Little Red Riding Hood ran crying to her grandmother. "Oh, grandmother," she said; "I am so glad that you have come! See the nice cake that I have brought for your Sunday dinner!"

"And I am glad, too!" said the grandmother. "But I came not a moment too soon."

Then she gave Little Red Riding Hood a cup of sweet milk to drink; and when they had rested a little while she took her by the hand and led her through the woods to her home.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever;
Do lovely things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make Life and Death and that For Ever
One grand sweet song.