

# LITTLE FOLKS

## On the Wrong Side.

### A PARABLE FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

(M. B. Manwell in 'Sunday Magazine'.)

Spring had come to the land, for 'Have not rains greened over April's lap?'

Every baby-blade of grass was shooting up its inquisitive head to see what this fair world was really

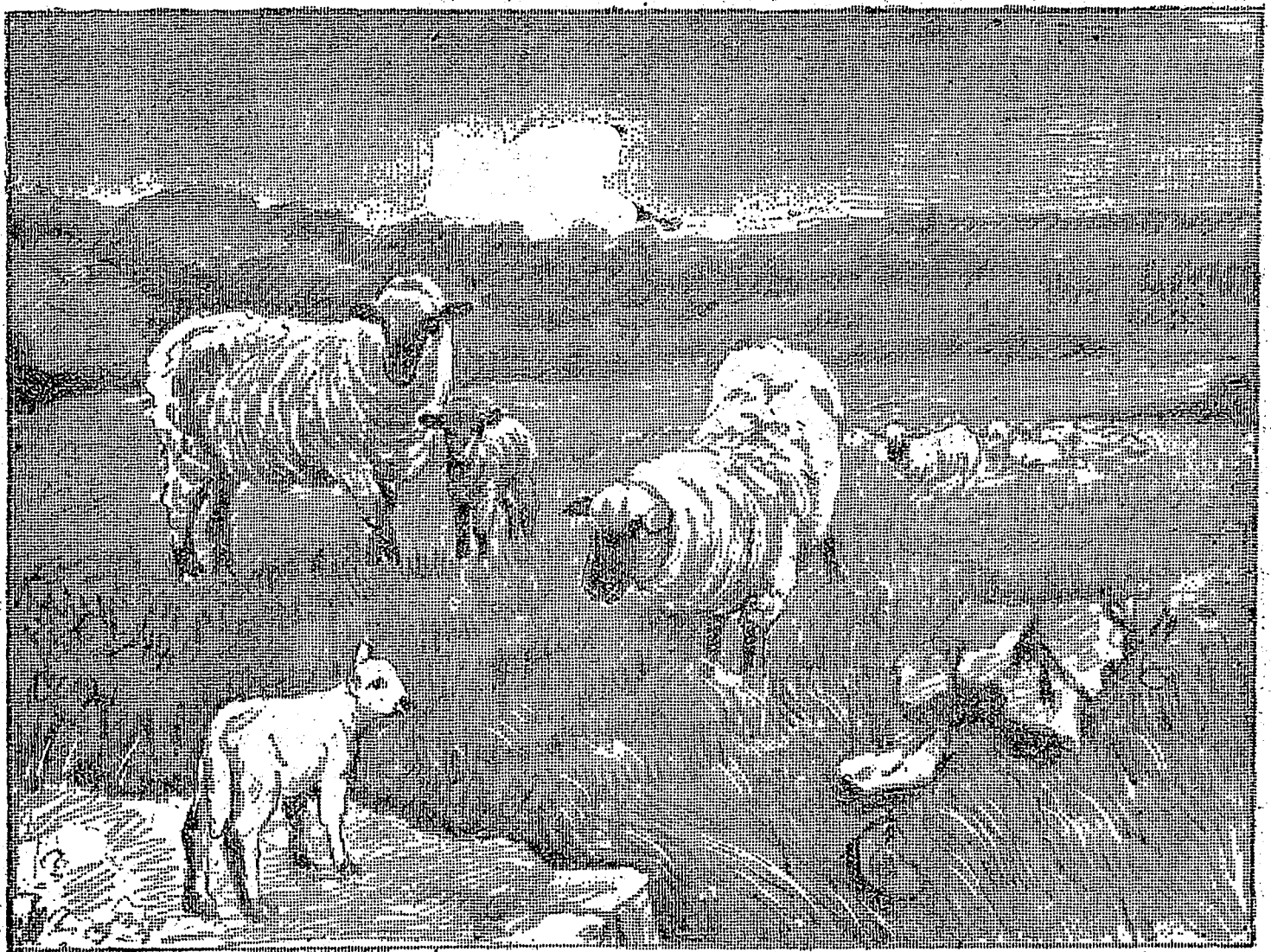
ers had a good deal to say to one another as they rubbed their soft heads together.

'It is all very nice, and such a surprise!' said Snowy, the white lamb to Darky, the black one, and Darky cordially agreed—as who would not that fine spring morning—while the contented sheep mothers looked on, each thinking her own lamb quite the finest on the downs.

The sunshiny hours sped by, and Snowy, growing stronger on his legs each moment, began to look farther

peep, and was shining with all his might, so there was no fear of rain.

Snowy said nothing. Perhaps he did not hear; perhaps he did not heed. What a fine, smooth place for a game, if we could get across, he thought. But there was the brook to cross, and Snowy had no acquaintance with water; he drew his foot back quickly when it touched the cold, shining mystery. Then, he set forth to stagger along the bank by himself, for Darky had timidly sheered up alongside of his mother.



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like. The tiny stream, the meadow's boundary, was rippling with a noisy gladness, already forgetting its ice-bound misery when Robbie, the farm-boy, was sliding and halloaing over it. The sun was playing bo-peep in and out of the fleecy, white clouds. Everything in nature was spick-and-span new, the newest thing of all being two lambs staggering feebly in the cool, sweet meadow-grass with their long legs that looked as if they belonged to somebody else, certainly not to themselves. Of course each had a mother close by, but the new-com-

ers had a good deal to say to one another as they rubbed their soft woolly form.

'I wonder what it is like over there, don't you?' he said to the other baby-lamb.

'My mother knows!' said Darky, wisely. It was quite enough for him that his mother knew.

'Oh, but I'd like to see for myself,' insisted Snowy. 'And why shouldn't I?'

'Because I wouldn't, if I were you,' advised Darky.

'Don't stray away, my child,' cautioned mother, who was lying down, for the sun had left off playing bo-

'Silly frightened thing!' scornfully said the adventurer, feeling quite a man of the world as he glanced back once at the peaceful group. On and on he staggered until, to his surprise, he suddenly lost the brook. It had gone out of sight under the meadow-grass; so Snowy had plenty of room, now, to skip and tumble and pick himself up again. Oh, what fun it was, to be sure! How tame it must be for Darky over yonder between the sedate old folk. At last, for he was only a day old, Snowy grew tired and hungry; his unmanageable legs