

Little Folks.

A Baby and a Book.

There was once a boy. Not a big boy, you know, but a little boy. And we were all proud of him, because he was a boy, and he was my cousin. He used to creep, because he couldn't walk, and I used to sit on the floor and say, 'Come, Willie,' and he would hurry and come just a little way, and then stop and look up. One day I kept on saying 'Come, Willie,' and he crept nearly all the way across the floor!

One day I had a birthday, and was seven years old. And grandma

lie go near the window, and I came right back and Willie was tearing up my book. I said, 'You dreadful boy,' and then I cried and took it from him, and that tore it more. My uncle Dean, that lives in Toronto to go to college, mended some of the pages for me, and he said, 'Mildred, is it better for a book to look very nice, or to have very nice things in it?' and I said, 'Both.'

'But,' he said, 'which would you rather have, this book that has poems in, or a quite new and pretty one with only the alphabet in it?'

'Oh, this one,' I said, 'I would

Willie.' That was to 'give gentle answers back again.' For I think now, (though my book is the prettiest there is) the things it says in books are nearly more important than the books themselves.

—Anstance Rede.

Goody Brown.

Snow had fallen fast for several days, and all the country around Wyndham lay under a thick pall. Beautiful it was undoubtedly, and yet there was a look of sadness in the white prospect.

At least, so thought Myra Hughes, as the old Hall carriage lumbered heavily through the frozen roads to the Hall.

She had just left school. The warmth and brightness, the companionship and merry laughter, were things of the past, and in their place was a big, lonely home, a grave almost unknown father, a strange maid for a companion, and a faint, faint memory of a dead mother.

It was no wonder that Myra thought the snowy trees and lanes looked sad.

She leaned towards the carriage window to hide the gathering tears, and her eyes fell on an old woman who supported a bundle of sticks on her shoulder.

'Who is that, Susan?' she asked the maid beside her.

Susan peered out.

'It's old Goody Brown, Miss Hughes,' she answered; 'they say she's been in the village longer than any one.'

'Then perhaps she knew my mother,' thought Myra, and her eyes brightened at the very idea. It was one of Myra's greatest desires to know something about her dead mother, but there was no one to tell her. Her father never spoke of the young wife whom he had loved devotedly. All Myra knew of her was that her father, coming as a young man into this, his uncle's property, had met and loved sweet Connie Leen, the aged rector's grandchild, and that she had lived in the big Hall for only four short years.

Myra determined to seek out Goody Brown. A week—a happier week than Myra had anticipated—passed away before she was able to wander out alone and find Goody Brown.

On this afternoon Susan had a cold, and after getting explicit di-



'COME WILLIE.'

gave me a very pretty book, and it said in it, 'For dear Mildred, with Grandma's love,' and it had pictures in it and poetry. And I learned a piece of poetry in it every Saturday, and said it to grandma on Sunday for a surprise. There was one poem that I knew before, 'The morning bright,' and I learned 'All things bright and beautiful,' and 'At happy Eastertime,' and some others that I liked ever so much. Sometimes I learned them by singing them to different tunes.

Well, one day I was learning 'God make my life a little light,' and I was sitting on the floor pretty near the window, and someone brought Willie in and put him on the floor a good way off from me, and I just put down the book and said 'Come, Willie,' and he began to creep and come pretty fast across the floor, and then auntie called, 'Mildred, Mildred,' and I went into the hall and she said not to let Wil-

not like an alphabet book at all.'

'And is it more important to read nice things or to do them?' said Uncle Dean, and I said, 'I don't know.'

Uncle Dean read a piece of the book just while he was pasting a leaf, and I learned the same poem after:

Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

I thought that meant not to slap Willie, so I didn't, though I wanted to hit him very hard on his head with another book, so he would know not to tear good things. Auntie slaps his hands, but I thought hitting him on the head would make him cry more. I am glad now I didn't do it.

When I saw Willie again I put my poor, dear, pasted book far away, up on the bookshelf before I said anything to him. Then I sat on the floor and just said, 'Come