

# LITTLE FOLKS

## 'Shining Sun.'

(By Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock.)

Shining sun, shining sun,  
Bringing back the day,  
Have you any word for me  
In my work and play?  
Little boy, little boy,  
If you're good and true,  
Wheresoe'er you work or play  
Light will shine from you.

Silver moon, silver moon,  
Sailing through the sky,  
Have you any word for me  
From your home on high?  
Little girl, little girl,  
Loving be to all;  
Shine like me, on rich and poor,  
On the great and small.

Little star, little star,  
Shining far in space,  
Have you any word for me  
In my lowly place?  
Little child, little child,  
Sailors steer by me.  
You can live a starlike life;  
Strong and steadfast be.

## Inquisitive Peter.

'But, dear me, if he hadn't been so inquisitive, it never would have happened!' Grandmother was apparently talking to no one at all; but Betty knew there was a story.

'Who was "he," grandmother? And what's "in-quis-tive"?''

'Why bless me! Is there a little girl in the room?' Grandmother looked very much surprised.

'Yes'm,' said Betty, meekly.

'Well, then, since you've heard so much, I might as well tell you the rest. But Peter would rather nobody told. He felt very much ashamed.'

'Peter who, grandmother? Please hurry.'

'Peter Bear. He lived in a cave with his father and mother, and they would have been very happy if little Peter hadn't wanted to know everything that happened. When Father Bear went out in the morning, Peter wanted to go too and see where he went. When Mother Bear wanted to see Father Bear a few minutes, Peter would come and stand up and listen, to try to find out what it was all about.'

Betty began to look suspicious.

'Every day Peter went all over the cave looking into bureau drawers.'

'Bureau drawers!' Betty's eyes came wide open.

'Holes in the wall,' said grandmother calmly. 'And sniffing in the storeroom

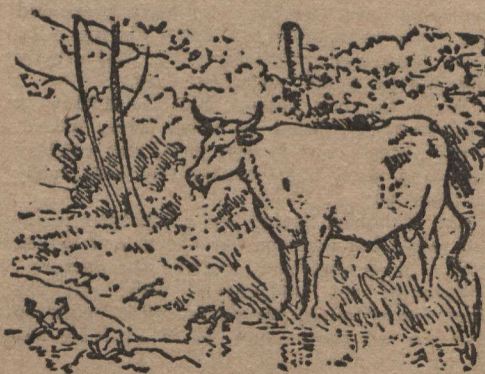
to see what there was for dinner, and getting dreadfully in Mother Bear's way. So one day Mother Bear made a plan. Peter was sniffing and snuffing as usual, when Father Bear jumped up and rushed out of the cave as fast as he could, as if he had an important engagement. Out rushed Peter after him as fast as his little legs would trot to find out where Father Bear was going; and he never stopped until he found himself all alone in the great woods, for Father Bear had run out of sight. Then how Peter cried! He called and called, but no Father Bear and no Mother Bear answered him. He was lost and alone in the great dark woods. O dear, if he had only stayed with mother! At last, when he was a very tired and very sorry little bear, Father Bear came strolling back. He had been waiting for Peter to be sorry. When they reached the cave, Peter went and lay down by Mother Bear and cried himself to sleep.'

'What is "in-quis-tive"?' said Betty.  
'Can't you guess?' said grandmother.  
—'Sunbeam.'

## The Frog and the Ox;

OR, THE RISK OF PUFFING YOURSELF UP TOO MUCH.

An Ox, grazing in a bog, chanced to set his foot among some young Frogs, and crushed one of the brood to death. One that escaped ran



off to his mother with the dreadful news; 'And, O mother!' said he, 'it was a beast—such a big four-footed beast!—that did it.' 'Big?' quoth the old Frog, 'how big? was



it as big—and she puffed herself out to a great degree—as big as this?' 'Oh!' said the little one, 'a

great deal bigger than that.' 'Well, was it so big?' and she swelled herself out yet more. 'Indeed,



mother, but it was; and if you were to burst yourself, you would never reach half its size.' Vexed at this doubting of her powers, the old



Frog made one more trial, and burst herself indeed.

## The Scissors Man.

(By Anna Burnham Bryant, for the 'Child's Hour'.)

The children were having a picnic out on the front lawn—a picnic party. A party, you know, is something nice to eat in the house, such as you could have on the stairs, spread out on the broad landing, with the narrow stairs for seats; or round the dolls' table, or in the wide window ledge. Rosy and Posy often had parties that way, but this was different. It was a lovely green and golden morning, and the lawn (or 'yard' as they called it) was like green velvet with gold stars sprinkled all over it. The gold stars were dandelions.

'Can we have an out doors party, mamma?' cried Rosy and Posy together, as they ate their bread-and-milk breakfast.

'I think there is a little pan of gingerbread in the pantry,' said mamma, smiling. She had planned for a busy forenoon, and baked that little pan on purpose to save buttering slices of bread for their luncheon.

'Oh, goody!' cried Rosy, dropping her spoon and darting for the pantry. 'It's hot right out of the oven, Posy!'

'And there is a pitcher of milk and two mugs,' added mamma.

'Oh, goody!' cried Posy, dropping her