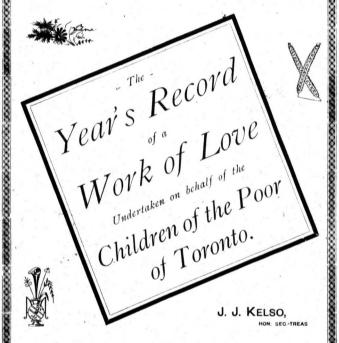
CHILDREN'S FRESH AID.

FOURTH-JUNE, 1891-SEASON



"Go out, children, from the crowded city, Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do; Pluck your handfuls of the meadow cowslips pretty, Laugh aloud to feel your fingers let them through."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.