

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Legend of the Dandelion.

'Did you ever see such happy children before?' An old gentleman walking through the park saw the little boy, and he said his sunny face reminded him of 'the little flower that was made in the image of the sun.'

He asked the little fellow to sit down on the park bench beside him, and then he told him the story of the sunshine flower, which he

so very near the ground ever hope to be heard up there in the sky.

'One night a dewdrop that rested on the plant noticed how its leaves drooped, and begged to know the reason, and then the dewdrop told the plant such a wondrous thing. It said it was going up to the palace of King Sun, and would tell him about the sad little plant.

"Only," said the dewdrop, "lift your drooping leaves and keep

bees and the butterflies loved it, and the rain and the dewdrops helped to keep it fresh and fair, and so it grew. As the days went on, the flower began to feel old age creeping on, and by and by all its gold began to turn to silver; it was no more sunshine color, but instead, on the long green stem there rested a beautiful silvery ball. Then, one day, a gentle breeze came that way, and when it breathed on the little flower, ever so many silvery little winged things arose, and were borne away on the breeze.

'Then the little plant was sad again; but it waited, and when summer came, all over the field, wherever a little winged, silvery seed had fallen, another flower lifted a golden head.

'The next year and the next there were more and more flowers, until now, whenever the first warm days come, this whole corner of the earth is bright with blossoms. People have named the flower dandelion; but the children call it the sunshine flower.'—'Child's Hour.'

The Twilight Hour.

('The Child's Companion.')

They were alone together in a cosy, well-furnished room, two fair-faced children, whose dull black frocks told a tale of loss and sorrow.

The winter's day was drawing to a close, and the elder girl sat close to the window straining her eyes over an interesting story-book, while the younger one wandered about the room, with a sad woe-begone little face, for she was tired of her toys and weary of amusing herself.

Every now and then she paused at her sister's side, and gazed wistfully in her face, but there was no answering look, and her pitiful sighs were unnoticed.

At last, as the shadows grew deeper, casting strange shapes upon the walls, the little one's patience gave way to her longing for some attention, and while her heart began to beat nervously, she stole one tiny hand over the story-book, crying—

'Milly, Milly, do play with me—I'm so tired an' lonely!'

The bigger girl stirred impatiently, and shook off the chubby hand.



TWO HAPPY CHILDREN.

afterwards told to sister; as well as he could remember it.

'There was once,' the old gentleman said, 'long ago, when the world was young, a little plant which felt very sad because it looked so much like a weed and had no blossom like other plants.

'This little plant thought if it could only get to the great kind sun and tell him how it longed to have a lovely flower, the good king would take pity and send down his sunbeam fairies to paint one; but the sun was, oh! so very far away, how could a little plant that grew

fresh and green, that you may be fit to receive a flower.'

'The little plant did its very best and one day a long stem grew up, right in the middle of the plant; then there came a bud on it; and then a blossom, and, oh! such a beautiful blossom as this little bud grew to be.

'It was made in the king's own likeness, for it was real sunshine color. How happy the plant was! It spent all its days looking upward at the great sun, and trying to grow just as much like the king as possible; and the birds and the