

LITTLE FOLKS

A Queer Flag.

The rest of the camping party were farther down the stream, but Grace and Baby, who had been picking daisies in the field, had wandered farther off than they thought.

'We'll carry back lots of 'em, Baby, so mother can have her whole tent trimmed with flowers,' said Grace.

'Es,' answered Baby, nodding his round head, just as he always did to everything his sister said.

So Grace's pink sunbonnet moved steadily on, and Baby's little feet trotted bravely after it. The daisies near the path had been small, but farther back they grew larger and finer, and the children pressed on through the tall grass until their hands were full.

'Oh,' cried Grace, 'it's higher than our heads here! But we have flowers enough, and I guess we'll go back now.'

'Es,' answered Baby, cheerfully.

But going back was not so easy, for Grace could not see the path—could not even see the tops of the tents. She walked a little way, but the grass grew only taller, and she could not find the way out. If they could not see the tents, the people in the tents could not see them either, she thought, and for a minute she wanted to cry. But Baby was looking right up in her face, and it does not do for a little girl to cry when she has a baby brother to take care of.

She could not see anything but the tall grass around her, but when she looked up there was the clear blue sky overhead, and she knew that God could see her even if mother could not. Then a thought came to her, and she laughed.

'I know what to do. I'll put my pink sunbonnet on a stick and hold it up high, and they'll see that.'

Sure enough, the waving pink sunbonnet was soon seen, and father came laughing through the grass and carried Baby safely out on his shoulder, with Grace marching after him and waving her sunbonnet flag.—Ruth Cady.—Selected.

The Little Truant.

'Bunny! Bunny!' called Mary as round and round the house she went in search of her pet.

He was just as black as a lump of coal, not a white hair to be seen, and as cunning as could be.

Of course he had faults, and the worst of these was his bad temper. When anything displeased or frightened him, he would stamp his little feet, or rather make a knocking sound with his hind ones.

He was very slow to make friends; but when he did make them, he would do almost anything for them. It was so cunning to



see him stand on his hind legs and beg. His little ears went up straight, the eyes sparkled, and he put his front paws together, after which Mary gave him some cabbage leaves which he nibbled with delight.

One afternoon Mary came home from school and found her pet missing. She called and called, but he did not come. She searched the yard, barn, and even the dog kennel, but no Bunny.

As it was very cold outside, Bunny thought he would be more comfortable by the kitchen fire. So he watched his chance and, when the door was opened, slipped in and climbed into the wood box. There it was so nice and warm that he went to sleep. When Nora went to fix the fire for night, she found Bunny all curled up in one corner of the wood box. 'You naughty fellow!' she cried. 'You little truant! Here you have made little Mary cry; for she thought you were lost in the cold woods, and here you are as snug and warm

as can be! I will go tell her this minute that you are safe.'

Whack! whack!

'Yes, do,' said Bunny.—'Children's Visitor.'

Eating Their Crusts.

The awfulest times that ever could be

They had with two little lads of Dundee,

Who never would finish their crusts.

'And what do you think soon came to pass?

In vain they besought them,

'And patiently taught them,

But no, they wouldn't,

They couldn't, they shouldn't.

These little lads of Dundee, alas!

Who wouldn't take crusts in the regular way,

Sat down to a feast one summer's day;

'And what did the people those little folks give?

Why, a dish of bread-pudding, as sure as I live!

—Selected.

Barbara's Adventure.

'A fresh breeze was blowing, and all the black-eyed Susans in their yellow gowns began to nod. Barbara stopped to look at them. 'Why, they are bowing to me,' she thought; and, catching up her pink skirt, she made a deep courtesy in return. 'Good mornin', you pitty flowers,' she said. 'Barbara goin' to the wiver where big bwother goes to swim.'

The flowers did not seem pleased at the news, for they stood quite still.

Mamma was busy upstairs unpacking, and nurse was helping her; and, though Barbara knew it was naughty, she intended to go by herself. Nurse had held her skirts so tight yesterday when she tried to look over the bank, and would not let her climb down and poke with a long stick to find out how deep the water was. Now she could do as she pleased, and she trudged on.

The path, which at first went straight ahead, suddenly turned at