

# LITTLE FOLKS

## The Pre-scrip-tion.

(By Abbie Farwell Brown, in  
'Congregationalist.')

It was a very dreadful time  
When my Mamma lay ill,  
The Nurse went tiptoe through the  
halls,  
The house was sad and still.

The doctor with his medicines  
Came every single day;  
He would not let me see Mamma  
To kiss her pain away!

But every time he looked so grave—  
For dear Mamma was worse;  
I knew they could not make her  
well,  
That Doctor and that Nurse.

I sat before the chamber door  
And cried and cried and cried—  
I knew that I could cure Mamma  
If I could be inside.

But once I had a splendid thought;  
Behind the Doctor's back,  
To write my own Pre-scrip-tion out,  
And tuck it through the crack!

I made upon a paper sheet  
Round kisses in a shower,  
And wrote—'A kiss for my Mamma,  
Please take one every hour.'

And from that very time, of course,  
My dear Mamma grew well.  
The Doctor thinks it was his pills,  
And I shall never tell!

## The Peacemaker.

(Frank H. Sweet, in 'SS. Messenger')

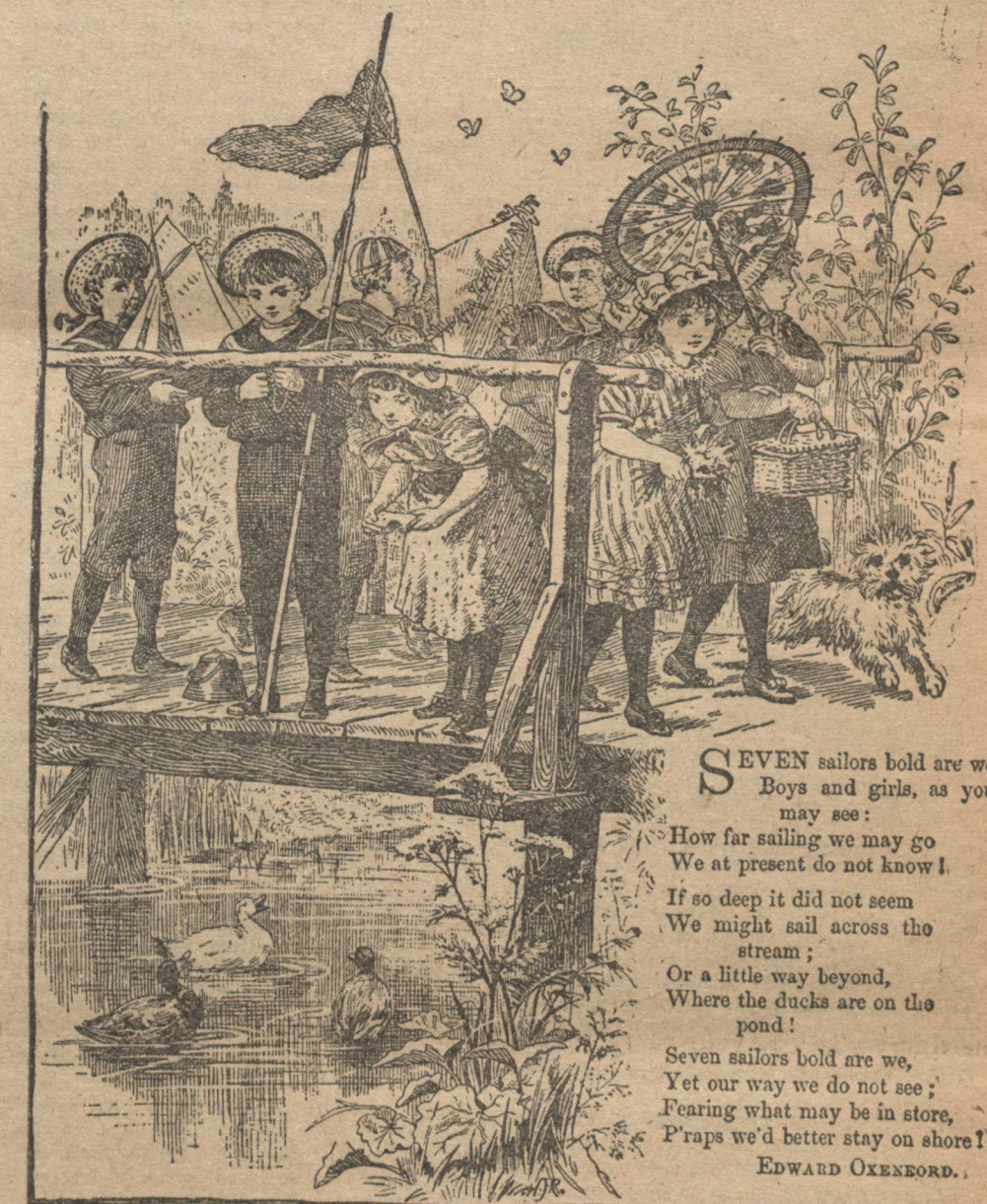
'That flower's mine!' cried  
Jennie, her voice rising a little;  
'I saw it first.'

'But you didn't pick it,' retorted  
Mary. 'You were going right by.  
It's the prettiest flower we've seen,  
and I picked it. It's mine.'

'No it isn't. All this land round  
here belongs to my father.'

'Well, I'm your guest, I'm sure.  
Guests always come first; that's  
what my mother says.'

'Cheery, cheery, cheer-up, cheer-  
up!' sang a robin in the bushes  
close beside them, and both girls  
turned quickly; the voice was so  
near, almost as though it were  
speaking right to them. 'Cheer,



SEVEN sailors bold are we,  
Boys and girls, as you  
may see:  
How far sailing we may go  
We at present do not know!  
If so deep it did not seem  
We might sail across the  
stream;  
Or a little way beyond,  
Where the ducks are on the  
pond!  
Seven sailors bold are we,  
Yet our way we do not see;  
Fearing what may be in store,  
P'raps we'd better stay on shore!  
EDWARD OXENFORD.

—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

cheer, cheer-up!' the bird sang  
blithely, and the sunshine dropping  
through the leaves seemed to rest  
lovingly upon his black head and  
rusty red breast.

Jennie flushed a little self-  
consciously and looked at Mary  
through the corner of her eyes.  
'Maybe I'll not take the flower  
this time,' she said a little doubt-  
fully, 'even if it did grow on my  
father's land. I—I forgot for just  
a minute about you being a guest.'

'Oh, I don't want the old flower,'  
shortly. 'Here, take the thing.  
It doesn't matter about being a  
guest. The land's yours.'

'Chee-chee-cheer-i-ly!' sang on  
the robin. 'Cheer-up-up-up!' The  
sunshine slipped from his back as  
he hopped to another branch, and  
glistened down through the leaves  
to a nest just below. It was so  
near the girls could see the blue  
eggs. Jennie made a resolute

effort, and the last vestige of  
shadow left her face.

'Don't you mind a word of what  
I've said, Mary!' she exclaimed  
contritely. 'I was just cross, and  
got out the wrong side of the bed,  
I guess. Of course the flower is  
yours. It was only my—my dis-  
temper, and I'm sorry. Now let's  
be friends again.'

'It was my distemper, too!' cried  
Mary quickly. 'I was as cross as  
could be.'

Then the lips of the little girls  
met lovingly, and the robin sang  
happily on, for had he not helped  
to make peace between these little  
friends?

## Dillydally.

Dillydally was nearly seven  
years old. See if you can guess  
why he came to have such a funny  
name.

'Oh, Dillydally! Where are you,