

Dolly and the Ducks.

(By Gertrude E. M. Vaughan, in 'Child's Own Magazine'.)

Dolly was feeding the chickens when her mother called her.

'Dolly, dear,' she said, 'I have something to tell you.'

And as Dolly threw the last grains of corn to the tiny fluffy things, and skipped along the gravel path, she wondered what made her mother look so grave.

'What is it, mother?' she asked.

'It is this, dear; we are going

There must be room for them in such a big place as London!'

'I'm afraid we couldn't,' laughed her mother. And then she added, while the grave look came into her face again, 'Even a guinea-pig must be fed, you know!'

A few weeks later Dolly was greatly excited to see two huge yellow vans come to the door to fetch the furniture; and mother was calling her to get ready for the journey.

'Well, Dolly,' said her father,

a few minutes, she was clinging to his hand, as they threaded their way through the streets, which were so crowded with people and cabs and omnibuses, that Dolly wondered how everybody ever got safely to the other side.

Soon they turned in between two large iron gates, and in a few minutes a cry of 'delight' broke from Dolly.

'Oh, father!' she cried, 'what a lovely big pond! And look at the ducks and swans.. I am so glad we came!'

Her father smiled; and then he put a little paper bag in her hand full of bread-crumbs, which the little girl threw to the ducks. Such a crowd of them, came paddling towards her, quacking loudly and each was so afraid of being too late! There were wonderful foreign ducks as well as English ones, and great stately swans, and pretty divers that swim under water and then come up a long way off to breathe before going down again.

'Now, do you mind so very much having to come to London?' asked her father, as they turned to go home.

'Oh, no, father,' she answered, clapping her hands. 'I think it's a beautiful place—almost as beautiful as the country.'

Dolly went to many interesting places after this, and, among other wonderful things, she saw the wild beasts at the Zoo; but better than anything, she liked to feed the ducks in the park, because then she could play at being in the country,—and that was best of all.

The Right Sort of Boy.

He is the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work,
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk;

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way,
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day;

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can,
Who always keeps the right in view
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land, and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

—'Early Days.'

away from here to live in London, and I am very much afraid that you will have to leave your pets behind.'

'Oh, mother; must we go?' cried the little girl. 'It would be terrible to have no pets.'

'Yes, dear, we must,' her mother answered gravely.

Then a bright idea struck Dolly, and she said,—

'Mother, couldn't we take just one of each — one duck, and one rabbit and one chicken, and one white mouse and one guinea-pig?

when they had been in their new home about a week. 'And how do you like London? Is it as nice as the country?'

Dolly shook her head. 'I'm trying to like it, father,' she answered bravely; 'but it is not as nice as the country! I do miss my pets dreadfully.'

Dolly's father and mother looked at one another.

'Supposing you and I go for a walk, Dolly,' said her father. 'Run and get your hat.'

Dolly flew to get ready, and, in

