

LITTLE FOLKS

Dear-Sweet and Dear-Naughty.

Oh, but May did have a hard time!

She was a dear little girl, 'Sometimes dear-sweet and sometimes dear-naughty, but always dear,' said mamma with her soft voice.

'I want to go into my room and pull down the shades and be very quiet, little May, for I have a very bad headache. Do you think you could play with all your playthings quite softly for two hours?' said mamma one day.

'Yes, mamma; poor mamma!' said the little girl, patting her mother's cheek.

That was dear-sweet May.

Well, she was very still for a

ing for a long time, and then, slowly, she came out on the street side. But the horse was far away, and nobody was passing, and May wanted to go back again.

'Poor mamma! I wasn't good, dear mamma,' she said.

That was dear-sweet May.

The tears began to roll down her cheeks, and mamma, seeing them, spoke to her.

'What's the matter, little girl?'

'Oh, mamma, Dear-naughty's havin' such a hard time!'

But the tears stopped. Mamma's soft voice always cured tears.

When they were up in the nursery once more, mamma said:—

'Now, May, say the verse.'

'The way of "gressors."'



whole hour. She put her dollies to bed, for they had headaches, and she pulled down the shades and stepped softly, and rocked in her rocking-chair.

Then there was a great noise in the street!

May ran to the window and saw a horse running away, and heard men calling, 'Whoa! whoa!' and saw a waggon breaking all to pieces.

Oh, it was so interesting! But May could see very little from the window. She ran downstairs and into the yard. The horse was running up the street.

'Mamma said to be quiet, and if I go in the street it won't sturb her,' May said to herself.

That was dear-naughty May.

She could not open the gate, so she tried to crawl under the fence, and when she got halfway she could not go any farther. She tried to crawl back, but she could not move, except to kick her feet.

Mamma saw her. She had heard little May go downstairs and was watching at the window.

May lay there, pulling and push-

'Transgressors. What does it mean?'

'Oh, dear-naughties,' said May. 'But the way of 'em is hard!'—May-flower.'

Like a Cradle.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking.

Silent, peaceful, to and fro;

Like a mother's sweet looks dropping

On the little face below,

Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning;

Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow

Falls the light of God's face, bending

Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,

Toss and cry, and will not rest,

Are the ones the tender mother

Holds the closest, loves the best,

So when we are weak and weary,

By our sins weighed down, distressed,

Then it is that God's great patience

Holds us closest, loves us best.

—Saxe Holm.

'Seeing the Animals.'

One day last June papa stayed at home from the office to take mamma and two-and-a-half-year-old Henry Paull to see the animals at Central Park. Henry Paull lives in the country, and had to take a little walk to the railway station and get on the 'choo choo' cars for a half hour's ride, then cross the ferry and ride in the nice horse cars and 'bump e-ty bump' up Fifth Avenue.

Henry Paull thinks papa makes the cars go, so whenever the horse car or stage stopped to take on or let off passengers, Henry Paull said, 'Go on, papa,' for he surely thought he would never get to see the animals.

At last papa said, 'Here we are, Henry Paull,' and how happy Henry Paull looked as he took papa's hand and trotted along by papa's side first to see the lions.

The mamma lion had three dear little lions beside her; two of them were quarrelling over a big bone that the keeper had given them for their dinner, but the other was playing with his mamma as she was lying on the floor—jumping on her head, trying to bite her ears—while the mamma lion gently put him aside with her paws, and when he was too rough chided him with a low growl. Henry Paull liked this, and wondered why papa would not hold him up longer to see the big mamma and her babies.

I think Henry Paull was rather glad that he did not have to stay long before papa's lion cage, for the papa lion was awfully hungry, so hungry that he kept walking up and down his cage, and every little while roaring so loud and long that even mamma was glad to go away.

The tigers, too, were very tired of waiting for their dinner, and scolded about it. So Henry Paull clung close to papa, and was glad to go to see the elephant, who was quietly eating hay, as he stood in the doorway. I'm afraid Henry Paull had a funny idea of the big elephant, as on one side of the building he could only see the big back and tail, and on the other side the long trunk gathering up the hay.

Anyway, Henry Paull was willing to go on very soon to see the cunning little prairie dogs, which he was sure were little 'pussy cats,' then up to see the great bears, panting in the heat, and at last to the