

LITTLE FOLKS

Grannie Whitecross.

Poor old Grannie White-cross! Children, would you like to hear about her? She lives all alone in a wee thatched cottage, her only companion being a pretty little grey kitten. Ah! but grannie at one time had a little grand-daughter named Bessie, who used to help her in many ways—used to wash the teacups, sweep up the fireside, all the time talking so pleasantly to her

be back again, and then you must come and live with us in Primrose Cottage—you will like that, won't you, grannie dear?" Of course grannie would like it; and so she cheered up, kissed pretty Bessie, and made up her mind to wait patiently till the happy day came round that would bring John and Bessie home again. Well, dear children, the time did seem long; but the happy day came at last.

warm chimney corner. Well, well, she will come some day! so I had best go home and get my tea, and give pussy her saucer of milk.'

Children, when grannie got home on that happy day, who should she see but John and Bessie standing at the door! Oh, the joy and happiness! Next week they all moved to Primrose Cottage, and lived happy ever afterwards. 'The Prize.'

The Children of the Bible.

THE SHUNAMITE'S CHILD.

(By the Author of 'Out of the Way.')

The little boy of whom I am going to tell you was the only child of his parents, and they loved him very dearly. His father was a rich man, who lived in a city called Shunem, and for many years he had been happy and prosperous. He and his wife felt that they had only one thing to wish for, and that was a little child of their own.

They were both good people, and had shown much kindness to God's prophet, Elisha; so when Elisha found out how much they wished for a son, he prayed God to give them this blessing. And God heard his prayer, and there was great gladness in the house of the rich man when the little boy was born.

You may be sure that when he grew old enough to trot about his father loved to have him at his side. They were often seen together. When the rich man walked through his fields to look after his laborers, and see how his crops were growing, the little lad went with him. And his mother loved him no less. He was, to both of them, the greatest of all their treasures, and the thought of parting with him would have almost broken their hearts.

But one hot summer day, when the child was out in the fields watching the reapers as they cut down the golden corn, he cried to his father, 'My head! my head!' His father thought that the sun was too hot for him, so he told a boy to carry him back to the house. The boy carried him home, and his mother took him on her knee and nursed him tenderly; but he did not feel better, and when the noon-tide came the child was lying dead in his mother's arms.

What did the poor mother do?



GRANNIE WHITE-CROSS.

grandmother, that old Mrs. White-cross, when she said her prayers, used to thank God for giving her so good a grandchild. But Bessie could not remain always a child. She grew up to be a tall, pretty girl; then she married and went to Canada. 'Don't cry about it, dear grannie,' she said, when her boxes were packed and she was ready to go away. 'Don't cry; John and I will soon

Grannie had gone to the hazel-wood to gather sticks for her fire. She went, leaning on her stick, for the poor woman was very rheumatic. 'Dear, dear,' she said to herself, as she sat down on a mossy bank to rest her weary limbs, 'if my dear Bessie were home again, she would go for the sticks instead of me; I know she would, she is so kind, and I would be able to sit quietly in the