

LITTLE FOLKS

A Little Struggle and What Became Of It.

(By Rose Smythe, in 'Early Days.')

Dora Brown spent the first part of her holidays in nursing baby and helping mother with the housework. She did a little grumbling too, because the rain, which began to fall the day she 'broke up,' did not look as if it was going to stop. However, one morning, waking early, she saw the sun peeping in

hand, she gave a little sigh. 'Oh dear!' she said; 'it's mother. Now I sha'n't answer. Every morning it's the same. "Dora, Dora"; and when I say, "Yes mother," It is always "Will you come and hold baby a minute?" or, "I want you to see that this pan does not run over." And I'm tired of it. For three days and a half I've been in that house working and nursing, and feeling miserable. Look! there are Mary Simpson and Annie Simpson, and

the head nearly hidden by a rose-bush, she could see without being seen. Mother was slowly walking up the back garden. She had baby in her arms—he was crying; and Tommy, dragging on to her dress behind, wanted to pick gooseberries.

'Pick gooseberries, muvver,' he shouted, 'me pick gooseberries.'

Something touched Dora's heart. 'Poor mother!' she thought. 'She's had that baby all night, and he's been cross because he's teething. I daresay she's tired. Perhaps her head aches.' She stood thinking for a moment, then she said to herself: 'Now, when I got up this morning and said my prayers by the bedside, I made up my mind that I would be a good girl to-day. But it seems that it is only easy to be good when there is nothing to be naughty about.'

'Dora, Dora,' mother was still calling, as, wiping two little tears away with the corner of her apron, she answered, 'Yes, mother; I'm comin'.'

That day Dora stayed at home to keep house and mind the little ones while mother went into the country to see her sister. But she returned in the evening with roses in her cheeks and a bit of news for Dora.

'To-morrow,' she said, 'your uncle is coming here in his trap, and he will take you back with him for a fortnight.'

Now we do not believe in doing good hoping to get something in return, but if something nice turns up for us—why, we are not sorry; and neither was Dora.—'Early Days.'

Cypselus--A Greek Baby.

This is a story about Corinth, the beautiful city in Greece where Paul stayed and preached, and to whose inhabitants he wrote two epistles: like the stories of King Arthur and King Alfred, it is so old we cannot be sure every word in it is true.

Once upon a time the government was in the hand of a powerful family, one of whom had a daughter named Labda, whom every one despised because she was lame, so she had to marry a stranger, who was despised like herself; and the oracle prophesied to him that he and his



through the window, and the birds were singing in the garden. So she dressed and ran downstairs. She lit the fire, put the kettle on, cleaned up, got breakfast ready and picked a large bunch of roses for the table.

Half an hour later she had finished everything, and was walking down the garden path when she heard some one calling 'Dora.'

Pausing with her hoop in her

lots of others, having fun in Westbrook's back garden I can hear 'em. Their holiday is holiday, but mine is awful! There she is again—"Dora, Dora." Some people are never satisfied! I know what I'll do. I'll just pop my head round this corner, and, if she isn't looking, slip through the front gate, get behind Wright's haystack, and stay there until she goes in.'

Peeping behind the wall, her lit-