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BOSTON COLLECTION

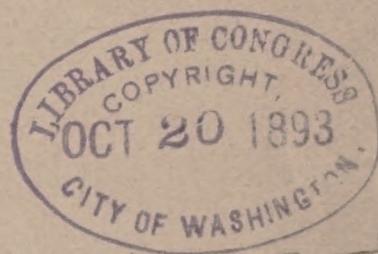
OF

# Kindergarten Stories

WRITTEN AND COLLECTED

BY

Boston Kindergarten Teachers



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## PREFACE.

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THIS collection of stories has been gathered by several of Boston's best Kindergarteners and is used by them in their daily work.

It is expected that experienced teachers will adapt, lengthen, shorten or re-make these stories, as the needs of their pupils demand.

Thanks are due to the authors who have kindly permitted such use of their work, also to the *Christian Register*, *American Kindergartener*, and *Dayspring*, for stories which first appeared in their columns.

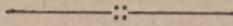
Ginn & Co. kindly allow the use of Miss L. B. Pingree's "Thanksgiving Story" and Miss S. L. Wiltse's "Story of a Cowslip," from "Kindergarten Stories and Morning Talks."

D. Lothrop & Co. allow the use of "Ten Peas in a Pod," from "Little Men and Women."

E. Steiger & Co. kindly allow the use of "Amy Stuart," — "How the Sparrows were Fed," — "The Fairy in the Mirror," and "The Echo," from their "Rhymes and Tales," by Alma L. Kriege.

These courtesies are gratefully acknowledged by the Publisher.

## KINDERGARTEN STORIES.



### DORA, THE LITTLE GIRL OF THE LIGHT- HOUSE.

I am going to tell you a story about little Dora who lived with her father, not in a house such as you children live in, but in a lighthouse on a little rocky island way out on the ocean. Some one has to live in the lighthouse all the time to take care of the big lamp and keep it burning brightly for the ships that go out on the sea, so that in the night they may know which way to go and keep off the rocks and dangerous places. Little Dora had no mother to take care of her, and she could not go to school because they had to go in boats to the land and it was very far away. Every day she went out to play in the sand, and she was very happy in the sunshine and used to pick up stones and shells that she found among the rocks. At night, as soon as the sun went to bed, she went with her father up the steps that led to the light and watched him light the great lamp that shone for the sailors far out on the ocean. One day her father said, "I must go away in my boat to the land to buy some things for us to eat, and a pair of shoes for my little girl, but I will come back soon, and you can come out and watch my boat and play in the sand till I

come back." So he went away, and Dora watched the boat till it was so far away it looked like a little speck in the distance. Before very long something came in the sky that hid the sun. What do you think it was? By-and-by the little drops of water came down out of the clouds, and little Dora had to run into the house. The rain came faster and faster, and Dora sat by the window looking on the water which was getting very rough and was tossing about in great waves. But she could see no boat coming from the land. Dora did not like to be alone, but she knew she must be a brave girl, so after watching a long time, she thought of the supper and went and made the table ready, put on the cloth and dishes and made everything bright for her father when he should come. But the night was growing dark, and there was no one to light the great lamp, which must shine on the ocean even more brightly for her father and the sailors who were out on the stormy sea. She took a match and went up the long stairs that led to the light, and tried to light it as she had seen her father do. But she was too small; the light was higher than her little hands could reach, so she went down the steps again and brought her little chair that would make her tall. It was pretty hard to carry the chair up the many steps, but it made her tall enough, and in a minute the great light was shining out on the stormy ocean; and little Dora sat down and watched it a long time, listening to the rain that was beating against the windows of the light. But something else came with the storm and shut in the light so it could only be seen a little way. The fog closed in all around it, and then Dora remembered the great fog-bell that she had seen her father ring, which the sailors

could hear, even if they could not see the light. The big rope was hard to pull and the bell was very heavy, but Dora pulled it a long time till the storm was almost over and the bell-rope got so very heavy that in a little while she was fast asleep. When the moon came out on the water and the great waves went down, then Dora's father was out again on the sea, making his boat go very fast, and when he got out of his boat and ran up the stairs as fast as he could, there he found the brave little Dora asleep, with the bell-rope fast in her hands and the lighthouse lamp still burning.

ADAPTED BY MISS LOMBARD.

### NAUGHTY LITTLE GOLD FINGER.

Gold Finger had received the present of a ring. It was a beautiful gold ring set with pearls and diamonds, which sparkled like sunshine on the water. Gold Finger was very vain, and as she put on the ring she said to the other fingers, "I am better than you ; you have no fine ring, and I shall not play with you, or have anything to do with you." When the other fingers heard this they were very angry, and the Thumb said, "If you don't want to have anything to do with us, we certainly don't want to have anything to do with you. We will not play with you or help you in anything you wish to do." For three days after this the fingers remained without speaking to Gold Finger. Then Gold Finger wanted to pick a rose, but the Thumb said, "I will not help you because you are so proud." And so the rose was left on the bush.

Next Gold Finger wanted a bright, red cherry, which

hung temptingly on a low branch of a cherry-tree, but the other fingers would not help her and the cherry was left on the branch.

Then Gold Finger wanted to knit a stocking, but the other fingers would not help her because she was so proud, and the knitting-needles fell to the ground.

Then little Gold Finger saw that without the other fingers she could do nothing; and she was sorry she had been so proud, and thought she would rather have the other fingers love her than to wear a fine ring.

So she whispered to the Little Finger and said she was sorry she had been so proud and cross; and the Little Finger said, "Excuse me," to the other fingers, as she passed in front of them and told the Thumb that Gold Finger was sorry; the Thumb told the Pointer; and the Pointer told the Middle Finger so that they all knew that Gold Finger was sorry, and all said they would help and love her just as much as ever.

ADAPTED.

[ Results.— Sympathy, Attention, Naming, and Counting Fingers. Pre-sentiment of unity. Monday 1st. week.]

### AMY STUART.

I once knew a little girl, named Amy Stuart, who loved to play better than to work. She loved to run in the garden and hear the birds sing, and chase the butterflies and smell the sweet flowers. Amy had no little brothers or sisters to talk to so she talked to the animals and insects and flowers, and she said they talked to her and she understood all they said. One day her mother said:

"Amy, I think you are big enough now to begin to do a little work every day. You will learn as you grow older that every one has some work to do, and it is best to learn to be industrious while you are young." "Oh, mamma," said Amy, "I don't like to work; I would rather play; it is so much nicer. Can't I go out in the woods a little while and play before my work." "Well," said her mother, "as I have nothing ready just now for you to do, you may go."

So away Amy skipped, thro' the pleasant garden into the shady woods. A squirrel ran across her path and Amy called to it. "Say, dear squirrel, you don't have anything to do but play and eat nuts, do you?" "My dear child," said the squirrel, "you are very much mistaken; I have quite a large family to support, and am very busy now laying by a store of nuts to last all winter, so I cannot stop to talk with you," and away he jumped. Just then a bee came buzzing by. Said Amy, "Little bee, do you have any work to do? I never see you doing anything but getting honey from the lovely flowers." "Indeed" said the bee, "it seems to me I never have time for anything but work. After I have filled my little bags with the flower honey I go home to my hive, build a beautiful honeycomb and fill the cells with honey, so you see I have plenty to do," and away he flew to light on a sweet pink clover. Amy walked on a little way when she saw some ants which seemed to be in a great hurry. She watched them a while and then spoke to them, saying, "Isn't that bread crumb you are carrying too heavy for you? It makes me so sorry to see you, I wish you could play all the time and enjoy yourselves." "Ah!" said the ant, "I am so glad to get the crumb, that I

quite enjoy carrying it although it is so heavy. I will rest a little while and tell you of a lazy fit I once had. Our house was entirely destroyed one day. I don't know what did it, but we just escaped with our lives. My brothers and sisters said, "Let us build a new one," but I said, "No! I am tired of working, let us go travelling and see if we can't find a house ready made for us; then may be we will find time to play a little as the butterflies do." So we travelled a long, long way but we found no house ready for us, and, as we were very tired, we tried to get some of our relations to share their houses with us, but they all said, "No; you must be very lazy ants or you would have built yourselves a new house long ago." At last we were forced to go to work and build a house, and since then we have been very well contented to do all the work that is necessary to do," and the little ant picked up his bread crumb and hurried away.

Amy sat down on a stone and this is what she said to herself: "It seems to me that everything has something to do, and what is so funny is that they all seem to like their work. But I don't believe flowers have any employment; I will ask one of them. So she walked into the garden and said to a handsome Poppy, "Dear Poppy, do flowers ever work?" "My dear little Amy," said the Poppy, "of course we do. Did you never hear that the flowers turned into fairies at night, and each one must do some good deed or she will not have any honey the next day? Now I will go and visit all the eyelids, and fan them until they fall asleep."

Amy walked slowly home, went to her mother and said, "Mother, the squirrels, the bees, the ants, and the flowers all have something to do, and I am the only idle

one among them. I think I will try and finish that towel I commenced so long ago." I have since heard that Amy grew up to be a very industrious girl, while she loved flowers and animals and birds and insects as much as ever.

Taken from "Rhymes and Tales," Alma L. Kriege. Copyright, E. Steiger, N. Y.

### HOW THE SPARROWS WERE FED.

All the sparrows that lived in a great elm-tree, standing in a city park, met on the morning after the first fall of snow to hold a council.

"This snow," began an old sparrow with a twisted bill, "is something I don't like. Robin Redbreast told me a month ago that it would come, and said we should do better to fly away south with him, but I thought I would stand by the tree. I felt badly enough when they took us, our nestlings and all, out of our English Oak and brought us across the sea, for I am a home body. But this snow—I don't know where to set my feet or pick a crumb for breakfast."

"Can't we go back to our English Oak?" asked a younger sparrow. "It isn't so cold there." "Not if they don't choose to carry us," said the old sparrow. "I have heard," said another, "that the people who live in these beautiful houses around the park are very kind and will give us plenty to eat if we act a bit friendly. Let us go over to that balcony; I see a little boy behind the glass looking at us now and he looks kind and gentle." So there was a whirring of wings and the whole council went over to the balcony, making the light snow fly as they alighted.

How the little boy's face brightened as they came. He had a Bible on the arm of the great chair in which he sat curled up like a bird in its nest.

"I wonder if God sent them," he said, for he had just been reading how God gives the lilies their beautiful dress, and how He feeds the little birds. As he read, "Your Heavenly Father feedeth them," he looked over to the old tree and they all came to him in a flock. "What does it mean, mamma" he said, calling his mother to him, for he was lame, and telling her all about it. "God has given you plenty of crumbs and a pair of hands to scatter them with," said his mother. "Perhaps that is the way our Heavenly Father wants to feed his sparrows."

A few minutes later the happy-faced boy was scattering crumbs on the balcony to as happy a group of sparrows, and every morning and night all winter they came to their young provider for breakfast and supper, and in this way the little lame boy began to lay up treasures in heaven.

Taken from "Rhymes and Tales," Alma L. Kriege. Copyright, E. Steiger & Co., 25 Park Place, N. Y.

## THE HONEST WOODMAN.

Do you know what a woodman is, children? He is a man who lives near a forest and spends all his time cutting down trees. The carpenter is the man who makes things out of wood, but the woodman is the man who cuts down the trees.

Once there was a woodman at work near a river, cutting down a tree; you could hear the click, click of his

axe all thro' the woods. He swung his axe high up over his shoulder to give a good blow, when suddenly the top of his axe flew off and was lost in the river — it was made of steel and was heavy and sank deep, deep in the water.

The poor man did not know what to do; he had lost his axe and he could no longer work. And if he did not work he could not get bread for his children. He thought of his little boy and girl at home and of his wife, their mother; they would have no food to eat and no clothes to wear, unless he could work, and he had no money to buy a new axe. He felt so badly that he sat down by the river and cried; he could not bear to go home. As he sat there crying, there came up out of the river a beautiful lady and she said, "My poor man, why are you crying?" "Oh," he said, "I have lost my axe in the river and I can't work any more and what will my poor children do for food?" "Don't cry any more then," said the lady, "for I will get your axe for you," and she sank deep down in the river. Soon she came up again and bro't in her hands a gold axe, all shining and bright. "There, my good man," she said, "is this your axe?" "Oh! no," he said, "mine was a strong steel axe; I want my own axe."

Then the lady went down into the water again and this time she bro't up a silver axe, "Here," she said, "is this your axe?" "Oh! no," he said, "mine was a strong steel axe; I don't want any but my own." And the lady said, "You shall have your own," and this time she went down into the water and brought up the steel axe, and she gave it to the woodman who thanked her and was very glad.

And the lady said, "You are an honest man; you would

only take what belonged to you, but I will give you the gold axe and the silver axe, and you can get money for them for your children.

That night the woodman was very late, and his wife and children were afraid some harm had come to him. They went way out in the forest to meet him, and soon they saw him bending under a heavy load. He had a right to bring home all the small branches from the trees he cut down, and beside these he had the three axes; the gold axe, the silver axe, and his old steel axe. He called his wife to help him, and when he had reached his home he showed the gold axe and the silver axe and told her all the story about losing the steel axe in the river. (Repeat the story.)

The next day the woodman took the gold axe and the silver axe into the city to a jeweler who gave him a great deal of money for them, they were such pure gold and pure silver.

Then the woodman was able to build a good warm house and to get shoes and clothes for his children and to send them to school.

### THE OPPOSITE SIDE.

A dishonest woodman hears of this and thinks he will get a gold axe. He is lazy and does not like to work, but he goes to the river and chops at the tree and loses his axe purposely in the river. Then he begins to cry and the fairy comes. When she brings up the gold axe and asks if it is his, he says, "Yes, that is my axe." "Oh, no!" the lady says, "You are not speaking the truth," and she disappears in the river carrying the gold axe with her.

So the dishonest woodman loses the gold axe and his own axe and has no axe to work with.

ADAPTED FROM LA FONTAINE.

Picture of the Honest Woodman, by Salvator Rosa, in the National Gallery, London.

### THE THREE BEARS.

Once upon a time there were three bears that lived together in a house of their own in a wood.

One of them was a Little Small Wee Bear and one was a Middle-sized Bear, and the other was a Great Huge Bear. They had each a pot for their porridge; a little pot for the Little Small Wee Bear; and a middle-sized pot for the Middle Bear, and a great pot for the Great Huge Bear.

And they each had a chair to sit in, a little chair for the Little Small Wee Bear; and a middle-sized chair for the Middle Bear; and a great chair for the Great Huge Bear.

And they had each a bed to sleep in; a little bed for the Little Small Wee Bear; a middle-sized bed for the Middle Bear; and a great bed for the Great Huge Bear.

One day after they had made the porridge for their breakfast and poured it into their porridge pots, they walked out into the woods, while the porridge was cooling, that they might not burn their mouths by beginning too soon to eat it.

And while they were walking, a little girl named Silver Hair came to the house.

First she looked in at the window, then she peeped in at the key-hole, and seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened because the Bears were Good Bears, who did nobody any harm and never suspected that anybody would harm them.

So little Silver Hair opened the door and went in; and well pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table. If she had been a good little girl she would have waited till the Bears came home, and then perhaps they would have asked her to breakfast, for they were Good Bears—a little rough or so as the manner of Bears is, but for all that very good-natured and hospitable.

So first she tasted the porridge of the Huge Bear and that was too hot for her. And then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear and that was too cold for her.

And then she went to the porridge of the Little Small Wee Bear and tasted that, and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right, and she liked it so well, she ate it all up.

Then little Silver Hair sat down in the chair of the Great Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her.

Then she sat down in the chair of the Middle-sized Bear, and that was too soft for her.

And then she sat down in the chair of the Little Small Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft but just right. So she seated herself in it, and there she sat till the bottom of the chair came out and down she went upon the floor.

Then little Silver Hair went up-stairs into the bed-chambers in which the three Bears slept.

And first she lay down upon the bed of the Great Huge Bear; but that was too high at the head for her,

and next she lay down on the bed of the Middle-sized Bear, and that was too high at the foot for her, and then she lay down on the bed of the Little Small Wee Bear, and that was neither too high at the head nor at the foot, but just right.

So she covered herself up comfortably, and lay there till she fell fast asleep.

By this time the three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough — so they came home to breakfast.

Now little Silver Hair had left the spoon of the Great Huge Bear standing in the porridge.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!” said the Great Huge Bear, in his great huge voice.

And when the Middle-sized Bear looked at his porridge he saw the spoon was standing in his, too.

“*Somebody has been at my porridge!*” said the Middle-sized Bear, in his middle-sized voice.

Then the Little Small Wee Bear looked at his, and there was no porridge in his dish, but the spoon was there.

“Somebody has been at my porridge and eaten it all up!” said the Little Small Wee Bear, in his little wee small voice.

Upon this the three Bears, seeing that someone had entered their house and eaten up the Little Small Wee Bear’s breakfast, began to look about them.

Now little Silver Hair had not put the hard cushion straight when she arose from the chair of the Great Huge Bear.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!” said the Great Huge Bear, in his great rough voice.

And little Silver Hair had pressed down the soft cushion of the Middle Bear.

"*Somebody has been sitting in my chair!*" said the Middle-sized Bear, in his middle-sized voice.

You know what little Silver Hair had done to the third chair.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and sat the bottom out of it!" said the Little-Small Wee Bear, in his small wee voice.

Then the three Bears thought it necessary that they should make further search.

So they went up-stairs into their bed-chambers.

Now little Silver Hair had pulled the pillow of the Great Huge Bear out of its place.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!" said the Great Huge Bear, in his great rough voice.

And little Silver Hair had pulled the bolster of the Middle-sized Bear, out of its place.

"*Somebody has been lying in my bed!*" said the Middle-sized Bear in his middle-sized voice.

And when Little Small Wee Bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place, the pillow in its place upon the bolster; and upon the pillow was Little Silver Hair's pretty head.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed and here she is!" said the Little Small Wee Bear in his little small wee voice.

Little Silver Hair had heard in her sleep the great rough voice of the Great Huge Bear; but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind or the rumbling of thunder.

And she heard the middle-sized voice of the Middle-sized Bear, but it was only as if she had heard someone speaking in a dream.

But when she heard the little small wee voice of the Little Small Wee Bear it was so sharp and shrill that it awakened her at once.

Up she started ; and when she saw the three Bears on one side of the bed, she tumbled out at the other and ran to the window. Now the window was open, because the Bears, like good, tidy Bears as they were, always opened their bed-chamber window when they got up in the morning.

Out little Silver Hair jumped and away she ran into the woods, and the Three Bears never saw anything more of her.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

### THE LITTLE ROOSTER. (PATIENCE).

In the barnyard where the Ducks and Chickens lived, were two little Bantam Chickens, a little Rooster, and a little Hen. They loved each other very dearly. The little Hen was so gentle and so patient, while the little Rooster was sometimes very noisy, and he had another very bad habit — he was always in a hurry ; he couldn't wait for anything. These little Chickens took a great many nice walks together. One day in the Spring this little Rooster and little Hen started out for a walk. The sun was so bright and the air was so warm, the flowers were all nodding and smiling to each other and they nodded their heads to the little Chickens as they passed — the leaves were so fresh and green on the trees and there was a beautiful green carpet on the ground.

The little Chickens walked along until they got out

into the country, and then they came to a garden with a low fence around it. Looking through the palings, the little Rooster spied a bed of strawberries, some of them just beginning to turn a little yellow and some of them quite green. None of them were ripe, for the sun had not been warm enough. "Now," said the little Rooster in a loud voice, "I shall have just as many strawberries as I can eat."

"Surely," said the little Hen, "you are not going to eat those green strawberries."

"Yes, I am," said the Rooster.

"Oh! please don't," said the Hen, "they will make you sick; wait a few days and they will be ripe and we can come again."

"You are so foolish," said the little Rooster, "you always want me to wait," and with that he stretched out his wings and flew over the fence into the strawberry bed. He ate and ate until he was full — The little Hen stayed outside and kept thinking how sick he would be. After a while they walked home and the night came and all the Chickens were asleep. The little Hen was suddenly startled in the night by a loud groan. "Oh! dear me; I'm so sick! — Oh! how my stomach aches!" The poor little Hen was so frightened because it was the little Rooster who was so sick. She got up and waited on him, but he was a very sick Rooster — he was so sick he could not get up the next morning — however, he recovered.

The Spring passed and Summer came. It was so warm that the little Hen and little Rooster thought they would like to walk out in the country.

As they started and walked along they became very much heated. After a while they came to a clear, beauti-

ful stream. "Now," said the Rooster, "I shall have a nice cool drink of water after this hot walk." "Now, my dear little Rooster," said the Hen, "won't you please sit down under these shady trees and get cooled off before you drink; because you know when one is overheated it is not good to drink cold water."

"Nonsense!" said the Rooster, "I'm not going to wait," and with this he put his bill down in the water and threw his head back until he couldn't drink another drop. The little Hen sat down and waited until she was rested.

That night the little Rooster was very sick again; this time the little Hen thought he was going to die. She put his feet in warm water and put a mustard plaster on him. He recovered, but he was very weak a long time.

Summer passed, Autumn came, and Jack Frost had made only one visit to the little streams, so they had only a very thin sheet of ice over them. One nice day the little Hen and little Rooster went out for another walk. They came to a stream; the Rooster stepped on the ice and begged the little Hen to skate with him.

"No," said the Hen, "the ice is too thin; it will break; we had better wait."

"Wait, indeed," said the Rooster, "you are always talking about waiting."

With this he skated off nearly to the middle of the stream, came back and begged again.

"No," said the Hen. Then he went to the middle and came back and begged again.

"No," said the Hen.

The third time he skated almost across the stream. The Hen was sitting on a stone crying, when she heard a

crackling sound — Crack! Pop! went the ice under the little Rooster and he fell into the water and was drowned.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

### THE MAN ON THE CHIMNEY.

Some workmen were building the tall chimney of a new factory. It would have amused you to see the men go to and from their work on the chimney. It was so tall that no ladder could reach to the top of it, so the men got up and down by means of a rope passed through a pulley, which was firmly fixed to the top of the chimney.

The men were all very glad when it was all finished and came down just as quickly as they could. Unfortunately the last man but one pulled the rope from the pulley. When he got down to the ground he looked back and saw a man standing on the top of the chimney.

“Oh! what have I done?” he said to himself. They were so frightened they did not know what to do. First they looked at their friend standing alone away up in the air; then they looked at the rope, which lay in a coil upon the ground.

“Poor fellow, he is done for,” they said. “He will starve if he has to stay there. He will be killed if he tries to get down.”

Just then the man’s wife came by. She did not begin to cry, scold or fret, she only said to herself —

“How shall I save him?”

In a moment she had thought of a plan and she shouted at the top of her voice —

“John! John! Unravel your stocking. Begin at the toe.”

He knew what she meant, and taking off his stocking, knit by this same good wife, he cut off the end and began to pull out the yarn.

When he had pulled out a long piece, he fastened one end around a little piece of brick which he gently let down.

The men were eagerly waiting for it with upstretched hands.

When they got hold of the yarn they fastened it to a ball of twine which the wife had brought. Then they shouted —

“Pull up the yarn till you get the twine.”

Soon they heard John say —

“I have it.”

Then they fastened the twine to the pulley-rope and shouted again —

“Pull up the twine till you get the rope.”

“Ay, Ay,” says John, and in a few minutes he had hold of the rope.

Then, snatching up the rest of the stocking for a keepsake, he let himself down as the other men had done and reached the ground in safety.

Appleton's 11 Reader.

## THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

A Lion was sleeping in his den, when a little Mouse playing right above him fell on his nose. He woke up and caught the Mouse and was about to eat it up, when it begged for life and freedom. “Look,” said the Mouse,

“how small I am, too poor, too poor a meal for you — it would be no honor for you to kill a little Mouse, and I might at sometime be useful to you and do you some good.”

“What good can you do me?” said the Lion haughtily, “But I grant you life and freedom because it would be mean for me to kill you.”

The Mouse ran away full of joy. Shortly after the Lion fell into the net of the hunter and could not get out. He roared so the woods resounded, then the grateful little Mouse came and gnawed diligently at the cords and ropes till it set the Lion free.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

### THE THREE GOLD FISHES.

There was a man who had three little Gold Fishes, the dearest little Gold Fishes in the world. He put them in a pond of beautiful clear water.

Every day he walked down to the pond and threw little crumbs of bread into the water.

The Fishes would swim quickly to the place where the crumbs fell, pick them up and eat them.

Then the good man would call out to them — “Dear little Gold Fish, remember two things, if you want always to be as safe and happy as you are now; never swim through the lattice into the big pond that is just next to the little pond, and never go up on the bank when I am not here.”

But the little Fish did not understand him. Then the man thought, “I must do something which will make them understand what I mean.”

So he went down and stood near the lattice, and whenever one of the Gold Fishes swam towards the lattice and tried to get through, he beat the water with a stick that he might frighten the Fish away.

He did the same thing whenever one of them came up to the top of the water to get up on the bank, so that he might drive it far below the surface.

"Now," he said to himself, "I think they understand me," and he went back to the house.

Then the little Gold Fishes came together and shook their heads, and could not imagine why the good man did not want them to swim to the top of the water.

"He is up on top himself," said one little Fish, "and I don't see why he won't let us come up just a little higher, and why should we be kept always in this little pond; it is like a prison. What harm would it do if we swam sometime in the beautiful big pond?"

"He is a cruel man," said the first Fish, "he does not love us and does not want us to have a nice time."

"I shall not obey him," said the second Fish, "I am going right off for a frolic in the big pond." "And I," said the first Fish, "I am going up on the bank to enjoy the beautiful sunshine."

The third little Gold Fish alone was wise enough to think, "The good man must have had some reason for not wanting us to go on the bank or into the big pond. I know he loves us and takes pleasure in us. He would not so often come to bring us nice crumbs of bread if he did not care for us. He is not cruel and I will do as he wanted me to, though I may not know the reason he wants it." So the good little Fish stayed down deep in the water.

The other two Fishes did as they said they would. One swam through the lattice into the large pond and the other played in the sunshine on the bank. Both laughed at the little brother who had chosen to obey the good man.

But what do you think happened? Can you guess? Scarcely had the first Fish gone into the big pond when a great Fish sprang upon him and ate him up.

Scarcely had the second Fish got to the bank when the water left him there in the sunshine and he had nothing to breathe and died.

Only the little Gold Fish who obeyed the kind man was left in the clear water of the beautiful pond.

TRANS. FROM LA FONTAINE.

## THE SUNBEAMS.

The Sun was up.

The sky in the east had told that he was on the way for it had turned red and gold as he came near. And now he looked down on the earth, and there was a new day and he sent out his Beams to wake all from sleep.

A Beam came to the little Birds in the trees, and they rose at once, flew about and sang as loud as they could.

Then a Beam came to the Rabbit and waked her, and she gave her eyes a rub and ran out of the wood into the green field to eat the fresh grass.

A third Beam came into the hen-house, and the Cock flapped his wings and crowed, and all the Hens flew out into the yard to get what they could to eat.

Now came a Beam to the bee-hive, and the Bee crept

out of his hive, rubbing his wings with his legs, and flew off to the fields to drink the honey of the buds and cups and bells which had awakened as he had just done.

The last Beam came to the bed of a Boy too fond of sleep and awakened him but he would not get up. He hid his face from it as he turned to the wall.

So he went to sleep once more though all the animals were up and at their work.

### POETRY.

The ground was all covered  
With snow one day,  
And two little sisters  
Were busy at play,  
When a Snow-Bird was sitting  
Close by on a tree  
And merrily singing  
His chick-a-dee-dee.

He had not been singing  
That way very long,  
Ere Emily heard him,  
So loud was his song.  
"Oh! sister, look out of  
The window," said she  
"Here's a dear little bird  
Singing chick-a-dee-dee.

"Poor fellow, he walked in  
The snow and the sleet

And has neither stockings  
Nor shoes on his feet.  
I pity him so  
How cold he must be!  
And yet he keeps singing  
His chick-a-dee-dee.

“Oh! mother, do get him  
Some stockings and shoes  
And a nice little frock  
And a hat if you choose.  
I wish he'd come into  
The parlor and see  
How warm we would make him,  
Poor Chick-a-dee-dee.”

The Bird had flown down  
For some pieces of bread,  
And heard every word  
Little Emily said.  
“What a figure I'd make  
In that dress,” thought he,  
And laughed as he warbled  
His chick-a-dee-dee.

“I'm grateful,” said he,  
“For the wish you express,  
But I have no occasion  
For such a fine dress.  
I had rather remain  
With my little legs free,  
Than be hobbling along  
Singing chick-a-dee-dee.

“There is One, my dear child,  
Tho’ I cannot tell who —  
Has clothed me already,  
And warm enough too.  
Good morning! Oh! who are  
So happy as we?”  
And away he went  
Singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

### A THANKSGIVING STORY.

It was nearly time for Thanksgiving Day. The rosy apples and golden pumpkins were ripe, and the farmers were bringing them into the markets.

One day when two little children, named John and Minnie, were going to school, they saw the turkeys and chickens and pumpkins in the window of a market and they exclaimed, “Oh, Thanksgiving Day! Oh, Thanksgiving Day!” After school was over, they ran home to their mother, and asked her when Thanksgiving Day would be? She told them in about two weeks; then they began to talk about what they wanted for dinner, and asked their mother a great many questions. She told them she hoped they would have turkey and even the pumpkin pie they wanted so much, but that Thanksgiving Day was not given us so that we might have a good dinner, but that God had been a great many days and weeks preparing for Thanksgiving. He had sent the sunshine and the rain and caused the grains and fruits and vegetables to grow. And Thanksgiving Day was for glad and happy thoughts about God, as well as for good things to eat.

Not long after, when John and Minnie were playing, John said to Minnie, "I wish I could do something to tell God how glad I am about Thanksgiving." "I wish so too," said Minnie. Just then some little birds came flying down to the ground, and Minnie said, "Oh! I know." Then she told John, but they agreed to keep it a secret till the day came. Now what do you think they did? Well, I will tell you.

They saved their pennies, and bought some corn, and early Thanksgiving Day, before they had their dinner they went out into the street near their home, and scattered corn in a great many places. What for? Why, for the birds. While they were doing it, John said, "I know, Minnie, why you thought of the birds; because they do not have any papas and mammas after they are grown up to get a dinner for them on Thanksgiving Day." "Yes, that is why," said Minnie.

By-and-by the birds came and found such a feast. And perhaps they knew something about Thanksgiving Day and must have sung and chirped happy all day.

MISS L. B. PINGREE.

### THE SWALLOW AND I.

The lilacs are in blossom,  
The cherry flowers are white;  
I hear a sound below me,  
A twitter of delight.  
It is my friend, the swallow,  
As sure as I'm alive!  
"I'm very glad to see you!  
Pray when did you arrive?"

*Swallow* —

“I’m very glad to get here ;  
I only came to-day !  
I was this very morning  
A hundred miles away.”

*I* —

“It was a weary journey,  
How tired you must be.”

*Swallow* —

“Oh, no ! I’m used to travelling,  
And it agrees with me.”

*I* —

“You left us last September,  
And, pray, where did you go ?”

*Swallow* —

“I went South for the winter ;  
I always do, you know.”

*I* —

“The South ! How do you like it ?”

*Swallow* —

“I like its sunny skies,  
And round the orange-blossoms  
I caught the nicest flies !  
But when the Spring had opened  
I wanted to come back.”

*I—*

“You are just the same old swallow,  
Your wings are just as black.”

*Swallow—*

“I always wear dark colors,  
I’m ever on the wing;  
A sober suit for travelling  
For me’s the proper thing.”

*I—*

“Your little last year’s nestlings,  
Do tell me, have they grown?”

*Swallow—*

“My nestlings are great swallows  
And mated long ago.”

*I—*

“And shall you build this summer  
Among the flowers and leaves?”

*Swallow—*

“No; I have taken lodgings  
Beneath the stable eaves.  
You’ll hear each night and morning  
My twitter in the sky.”

*I—*

“The sound is always welcome—  
And now, Good-bye.”

*Swallow—*

“Good-bye.”

## THE FAIRY IN THE MIRROR.

Did you ever see the fairies in the looking-glass? I know of a little girl who saw them, and I will tell you how it happened.

Nettie was a pretty good little girl, but she had a very unpleasant habit of frowning and fretting if anything did not please her. This happened so often and she frowned so much, she was beginning to have two little wrinkles between her eyebrows. Now when she looked into the glass with a scowl on her face, it made the fairies very unhappy, and they knew that Nettie was very unhappy too, and they were very sorry for her, so they tho't they would try and cure her of her faults. The fairies are able to make themselves large or small, and to look like anyone they choose. One fairy said to the others, "I think I have a good plan, one that will cure Nettie of her ill-temper. It is this—whenever Nettie looks into a glass with a cross face, I will show her very face and will look exactly as she does, only I will smile instead of frowning—then she cannot help seeing how much more agreeable she is when she is pleasant, and I think, in a short time, she will be a sweet and amiable little girl."

The very next day Nettie went to the mirror with a scowl on her face, and was surprised to see a little face appear in the glass, just like her own, but a little bright smile was sparkling in the eyes, and a merry laugh was ready to break from her lips. The little girl looked earnestly at the strange appearance in the mirror, and in a few moments she was smiling at the lovely fairy face.

Nettie was so pleased with her little fairy friend, that she often looked into the glass and always had a pleasant laugh with her. But one day Nettie came as usual, expecting to see that lovely fairy face—instead of that it was frowning and cross. Nettie felt very bad about it and said, “Oh! dear fairy, why do you look so cross?” “Nettie,” said the fairy, “I want to show you how you look when you frown.” “Indeed,” said Nettie, “I will never be so cross again, but try to be always kind and pleasant.” After this Nettie’s papa and mamma often said to each other, “What a dear little girl our Nettie is getting to be, she never frowns.”

Taken from “Rhymes and Tales” Alma L. Kriege. Copyright, E. Steiger & Co., 25 Park Place, N. Y.

### WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

Which is the Wind that brings the cold?

The North Wind, Freddie, and all the snow,  
And the Sheep will scamper into the fold  
When the North begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the heat?

The South Wind, Katy, and Corn will grow,  
And Peaches redden for you to eat  
When the South begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the rain?

The East Wind, Arty, and farmers know  
That Cows come shivering up the lane  
When the East begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the flowers?  
The West Wind, Bessie, and soft and low  
The Birdies sing in Summer hours  
When the West begins to blow.

### STORY OF THE MORNING-GLORY SEED.

A little girl, one day in the month of May, dropped a Morning-Glory Seed into a small hole in the ground and said :

“Now, Morning-Glory Seed, hurry and grow, grow, grow, until you are a tall vine covered with pretty green leaves and lovely trumpet flowers.”

But the earth was very dry, for there had been no rain for a long time, and the poor wee Seed could not grow at all.

After lying patiently in the small hole for nine long days and nine long nights, it said to the Ground around it :

“Oh, Ground, please give me a few drops of water to soften my hard, brown coat, so that it may burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves, and then I can begin to be a vine.”

But the Ground said —

“That you must ask of the Rain.”

So the Seed called to the Rain.

“Oh, Rain, please come down and wet the ground around me so that it may give me a few drops of water. Then will my hard brown coat grow softer and softer, until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves and I can begin to be a vine.”

“But,” the Rain said, “I cannot unless the Clouds hang low.”

So the Seed called to the Clouds—

“Oh, Clouds, please hang low and let the Rain come down and wet the Ground around me, so that it may give me a few drops of water—Then will my hard brown coat grow softer and softer until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves and I can begin to be a vine.”

But the Clouds said :

“The Sun must hide first.”

So the Seed called to the Sun—

“Oh, Sun, please hide for a little while, so that the Clouds may hang lower and the Rain come down and wet the Ground around me. Then will the Ground give me a few drops of water and my hard, brown coat grow softer and softer, until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves and I can begin to be a vine.”

“I will,” said the Sun and he was gone in a flash.

Then the Clouds began to hang lower and lower, and the Rain began to fall faster and faster, and the Ground began to grow wetter and wetter, and the seed-coat began to grow softer and softer until at last open it burst!

Then out came two bright green seed-leaves and the Morning-Glory Seed began to be a Vine!

MARGARET EYTINGE.

## APRIL.

A little brown Sparrow flew into a tree,  
And whistled and whistled right merrily ;  
Soon a good Robin came out of the wood,  
And he commenced singing as loud as he could.

Then down in the meadows in the blackest of bogs,  
Was heard a great croaking from numberless Frogs,  
This bro't out a Toad from its snug winter hole,  
And off he went, hopping beside a black Mole.

The Honey-Bees, feeling the heat of the sun,  
Came out of their warm honey hive, one by one ;  
The Butterflies balanced themselves on the wing,  
And wondered and wondered if this could be Spring.

A beautiful Daisy with little pink head,  
Now threw off her blanket and got out of bed —  
The sky looked so blue and the sunshine so bright,  
She nodded and whispered, "I think I'm all right."

The little grey Squirrels came out of their nests,  
And chattered and gambolled as well as the rest ;  
A little green Snake, quite as shiny as glass,  
Went gliding along through the velvety grass.

Some Geese and some Ducks at a neighboring farm  
Now quacked very loudly behind the great barn —  
How welcome the noise! What music they bring!  
With sunshine and gladness, beautiful Spring.

## HELIX, THE SNAIL.

Scene — Old Wood. Trees bent and shut out by the sun. Ground covered with moss, stumps and logs, ferns and bright toadstools growing. Lizards dart in and out. Snail could not run as fast as the Lizard but did the best he could.

He had no particular home and traveled looking for his dinner; generally he spent the day near by.

Whenever he walks, like a soldier he carries his tent with him, always on his back ready to run into whenever an enemy appears.

The best dinner he gets is a toadstool.

He runs up the stem and clings fast to the smooth firm edge, making a delightful meal. Once the Snail was a tiny white egg, as small as a currant, and was tucked away under a blanket (soft moss).

When ready to come out he ate up the egg-shell and set out to look for food.

Now his house was nearly an inch across, striped brown and gold. The house grew as fast as he did, and he could not leave it even if he wanted to.

The little Snail has a body flat on the lower side, instead of feet he has many little suckers to hold fast to wood or stone or to walk with. He has many brothers and cousins in the wood. One day he heard a great noise while he was climbing a tree, and was so scared he nearly fell and lost his balance, but remembered it would break his shell to fall.

So he listened and then he heard two Squirrels talking

very loud and saw a Bird near by which put in a word now and then.

“You are nobody,” said the bigger Squirrel very angrily. “How dare you steal my nuts?” “I did not think of stealing,” said the other very timidly.

“Better not try it again. My name is Lad Guy. You have no name.”

The little Bird sang :

“Oh! yes, his name is Chippy and mine is Robin Red Breast, and we are as good as you.”

“How much talk about names,” thought the Snail. “I would not tell Lad Guy, but I have none; I wonder how I could get one.”

The Squirrel scampered away and the Snail continued his walk. He thought much about his name. How? He forgot to look for toadstools but passed several and could hardly sleep that night. In the morning he was very hungry and looked for breakfast. He came to a large stone and crept over it, never around. Something poured over him, he forgot to run into his house, walked about a little and found himself on a hand. He was dizzy so far from the ground. A little girl held him. She had blue eyes, yellow hair and beautiful white skin. “What a beauty! let me take him home for a pet,” and she went into the house and put him on the window-seat. Then three pairs of eyes stared at him.

“What shall we call him?”

“How would Helix do?”

“He must have a place to live in.”

So they prepared a large pan with moss, vines and ferns. He was delighted with his new name. He had better food and was tired of toadstools, and thought

sponge cake moistened with water was much better and had no more trouble looking for food. Moss to walk over too.

Soon there were other Snails; their names were "Sewell," and "Fayette," but Helix was the pet and grew fat and pretty.

Every day he walked on his mistress' hand, and when he wanted to go anywhere he would put out a pair of long horns to feel with.

In a pair of larger horns were his eyes.

One day his mistress was going to drive and did not have time to put him away.

She left him on the window-sill under a glass.

The sun crept round and shone warm in the window. He put out his head as far as he could to get fresh air.

When his mistress came home, she found Helix dead. She sprinkled cold water on him but it did no good. Then she cried because she had been so careless and she made a picture of the Snail and put it away with the shell, which was no longer golden but white and homely.

### WHAT A BIRD THOUGHT.

I lived first in a little house  
And lived there very well—  
The world to me was small and round,  
And made of pale blue shell.

I lived next in a little nest,  
Nor needed any other;  
I thought the world was made of straw,  
And brooded by my mother.

One day I fluttered from the nest  
To see what I could find ;  
I said, "The world is made of leaves,  
I have been very blind."

At last I flew beyond the trees,  
Quite fit for grown-up labors —  
I don't know how the world is made  
And neither do my neighbors.

### THE LOST LAMB.

There was once a little girl who lived in a beautiful country a long way from here ; this country was Germany and the little girl's name was Gretchen.

She had a brother smaller than herself and he was called Fritz, and they both owned a very large dog whose name was Carlo.

Every morning the dog would go with Gretchen's father to tend sheep, for the father was a shepherd and that is the way he earned his living, just as your papa does by doing one thing, like a carpenter, painter, tailor or shoemaker.

Sometimes the father had to go away and be gone all night and then Gretchen and Fritz had to stay from school and take care of the sheep.

Gretchen's father and mother lived in a wooden house in the valley, which is the low land between high hills or mountains, and they had to travel up the steep hill-side where the green grass grew, so the sheep could nibble it and grow very large, and then they were sheared, which

means that all their beautiful white wool was cut off and made into yarn for stockings and mittens and worsted, such as our colored balls are made of, or into cloth, so that the people could have some clothes to wear.

When our Gretchen and her brother had the care of the sheep their mother would have to send a little boy with their dinner, which usually was some fresh milk and black bread.

After dinner Fritz would play on his flute which he always carried with him, tied around his neck with a piece of blue ribbon, and Gretchen would finish the sewing her mother had given her.

There is one thing they wore which we never saw. You know our shoes are made of leather, which is the hide of an animal. Theirs were made of wood, and when they walked you could hear them very plainly because they made a great deal of noise.

When they went to school they had to take them off and put them on the floor against the wall, and each child had his or her name marked inside. One morning Gretchen's father said — "Gretchen, you cannot go to school to-day; I must go to the city and Fritz must go with me to get a pair of shoes."

So, although Gretchen wanted very much to go to school, she said — "Yes, my father."

The children in that country never say papa.

Then Gretchen called the dog and drove the sheep before her to the hill-side and then sat down and rested.

When it began to grow dark she called the sheep and those who would not come she sent the dog after; he would bark very fiercely and then they ran to our little girl, but when they were counted, Gretchen found that

one sheep was missing, and she did not dare go home without it. She called the dog and said to him, "Carlo, I must find the other sheep; will you please take the others home while I go and look?"

Carlo looked at her, wagged his tail and barked just once.

So she went towards home a little way, and the sheep knew they were going home so they ran very fast, and Carlo barked if one stayed behind to nibble a little more of the sweet grass. Then Gretchen called and looked around and behind the rocks, and walked until her feet ached, then she sat down and waited a while, thinking perhaps she would hear the sheep "Baa." But it was all very quiet and grew darker and by-and-by the stars began to twinkle and she counted them until they were too many.

Then she took off her heavy wooden shoes and went on again.

When she reached the top of a hill she thought she saw a white speck way down as far as she could see. She ran and found the lamb all tired and hungry, and when she called it it tried to come, but she found its leg was broken. She tied her handkerchief, which she wore on her head instead of a cap, around the broken leg, and tried to carry the lamb but it was heavy, and after going a little way she had to stop, and laying it tenderly down on the ground she sat down beside it and wondered what she should do.

All the time she was growing hungry and frightened, then she cried a little and said her little prayer, and knew nothing more till the neighbors with torches and Carlo were beside her.

One of the men lifted her up and they took the lamb and went home.

Her brother stood at the door with outstretched arms ready to receive her.

After she was warmed and fed her mother pulled out the trundle bed from under her own and put her into it.

In the morning when her father heard the story, he called her to him and told her he was proud of his little girl, and Gretchen felt as if she could go through as much again to hear her father say that to her.

WILHELMINA S. HARRIS.

### THE BRAMBLE BUSHES AND THE LAMB.

Once there was a little brook and the water was very cool to drink. So the Cows and Horses thought, for many times a day they went to its banks to satisfy their thirst, and some Sheep and Lambs who were often in a field near by also liked to drink the water.

Now on the banks of the brook there were some Bramble Bushes, and when the Sheep and Lambs went down to drink, their wool would catch on the Bushes, and little pieces would get torn off. Then the Sheep would say—

“The Bramble Bushes are of no use in the world; they tear our nice wool which we give to the little children to make warm garments for winter.”

And the Cows said—

“And we give the children milk.”

And the Horses said—

“We give them nice rides.”

But the Bramble Bushes did not say anything.

There were some Birds building their nests in the trees around, and they were chattering and singing to each other.

By-and-by it was very still in the fields below, and one of the Papa Birds said to the Mamma Bird —

“I will go and see if I can find something nice and warm to line our little nest with.”

So he flew down and found a nice little bit of white wool on the Bramble Bushes.

He soon flew back and told all the other Birdies and soon others came and got all the pieces of wool on the Bramble Bushes and made their nests soft and warm with it, all ready for the little ones when they should come to live in them.

So the Bramble Bushes were of use after all.

CONTRIBUTED BY MISS E. C. CARR.

Adapted from American Kindergartener.

### THE SWALLOW'S NEST.

There was a Swallow who had built her nest underneath the eaves of a house. She meant to rear therein her children from year to year. (You know how the Swallow finds her nest every year.) In the fall (now is the fall of the year, the fall of leaves) she flew away with all the other Swallows to a warmer country and when she came back in the spring, she found her nest taken up by a Sparrow.

This lazy fellow would not build himself a nest, and rather settled in the empty Swallow's nest. She flew before the nest and said —

“Peep! Peep! Mr. Sparrow, make room for me, I have made that nest for my brood.”

The Sparrow said —

“Go your ways now, I am in.”

She begged a long time till he threatened to hurt her with his sharp bill.

The poor Swallow flew away with a sad heart; but as she met other Swallows she told them about her nest, and they all said, “We must punish the impudent Sparrow.”

So they took mud in their bills and flew to the nest and — yes, they shut its opening up with mud.

When the Sparrow came home he could not get in, and had to go to work to build his own nest.

Was it right to do as the Swallows did?

Why?

What have some birds to do?

Work.

What do they work?

What else?

How do they work for us?

[Sing: “The Swallow is a Mason.”]

ADAPTED FROM MRS. BERTHOLD.

## CHRISTMAS EVE.

One day, it was the day before Christmas, two little girls were talking together. Carrie’s parents were rich, they had plenty of money a nice house, a carriage and horses.

Minnie’s parents were very poor and lived in an attic

of a little house. "Minnie," said Carrie, "to-morrow is Christmas; Santa Claus is going to bring me lots of beautiful things, dresses, bonnets and toys; what is he going to bring you?"

"Oh, he is not going to see me this year," said Minnie sadly, "My father is poor and has been out of work for some time; he has no money; when you are dancing round the Christmas Tree which has so many lights, I must stay at home in the dark room."

Minnie looked very sad while she spoke; Carrie felt sorry for her and said to herself—

"I am going to give her joy."

Carrie loved Minnie for she was always kind and pleasant.

When Christmas eve came, Carrie had the most beautiful presents under the tree. She sang and danced, and thought of Minnie who surely sat at home in the dark attic room.

Carrie embraced her mamma, kissed her and said: "Dearest mother, you gave me so many nice things; I thank you for them. Please grant me one favor. Minnie's father is poor, she is not able to have anything; let me take her some of my presents then she will be happy too."

"Yes, my darling, you may," said her mother and kissed the good little girl. "Take Minnie anything you wish."

Carrie took a nice dress, a hood, two white aprons and a doll—she put them together in a basket, on the top she put apples and candy.

You ought to have seen Minnie, she was so happy.

But Carrie went home with the happiest heart.

It was the nicest Christmas eve she ever had.

Why? What are you going to do on Christmas eve?  
Sing Christmas Songs.

### THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

Now, little children, if you will sit still and listen, I will tell you a story about a Hare and a Tortoise, and how one day they tried to outrun each other. The Hare is a pretty creature somewhat like a rabbit, he has long legs and can run very fast.

But the Tortoise wears a great shell on his back, and creeps along very slowly.

The Hare, one day laughed at the short legs and slow pace of the Tortoise, but the Tortoise laughed too and said —

“Though you should run as fast as the wind, I will beat you in a race.”

The Hare thought it very foolish of the Tortoise, but he agreed to run the race, and they decided the Fox should choose the course.

They were to run from the sea-shore where the Tortoise lived to the edge of the forest where the Hare lived.

The Crow gave the word for them to start; he called out —

“Caw! Caw! Caw!” three times, as hard as he could. I suppose he meant to say, “Go! Go! Go!”

At first, as you may suppose, the Hare went ahead. His light feet sprang on the ground and he bounded along, shaking the dew off the flowers, and it did not seem to tire him at all.

By-and-by he thought he would look around and see

where the Tortoise was, but the Tortoise was way, way behind, nowhere in sight.

“Well,” thought the Hare to himself, “there is no use in running very fast; I may as well take a nap. There is the tree in sight; it will not take me long to run to it.”

So the Hare crouched down in the long grass and went to sleep.

But the Tortoise never for a moment stopped; he was on his way, moving as fast as he could.

That was not very fast to be sure, but then he never stopped for an instant.

He was hungry, but he never stopped to eat; he was thirsty, but he never stopped to drink.

All the Birds by the roadside laughed at him, and told him the Hare must have reached the forest long ago. But still the Tortoise went on; for, as he said, he could but try.

Well, when he came to where the Hare lay fast asleep, the Tortoise could hardly believe his eyes.

You may be sure he did not stop to rest there, but jogged on as fast as he could.

When at last the Hare woke up and looked about him, there was the Tortoise at the edge of the forest.

He reached the tree first and the Hare had lost the race.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

### A STORY OF A COWSLIP.

There was a time, long ago, when the Cowslip had no golden blossoms. To be sure she wished to have them, but, as she did not know how to get them, she contented

herself for one summer with only her rich, dark leaves; and in autumn fell asleep, with her feet curled close and warm under ground, and her head tucked beneath the cover which her mother had provided.

Soon after she had drawn her feet up and her head down, there came a frosty night, and Cowslip whispered softly:

“Good Friend, I am cold.”

And the Good Friend made haste to cover her with a gorgeous blanket of many-colored leaves, which the trees gladly gave.

After a few nights another frost came, and again the Cowslip softly whispered:

“Good Friend, I am cold”—and the Good Friend covered her with another blanket of warm brown leaves, and soft, velvet-like moss; but in a day or two, the good, listening, careful Friend heard a tiny, sleepy whisper from the Cowslip—

“Good Friend, I am cold”—and this time the Good Friend spread a beautiful blanket, soft and white as wool, under which Cowslip slept and dreamed until one morning in May, when she heard a sweet rustling all around her, whereupon she nestled in her bed, not knowing the rustle she had heard was caused by the rustling and whisperings of her companions under ground, who, like herself, were just awakening from happy dreams.

It was just opening her sleepy eyes when she heard a Robin sing, but as the earth still covered her, the song was half understood, and that she might hear better, she tossed up her arms to throw off the blankets which the wind and sun had removed before she awoke, and finding her bed uncovered, she thrust her head quite out of the

ground, into the very arms of a Golden Sunbeam who was looking everywhere for her.

She remembered both Sunbeam and Robin, and so glad was she to see them that she laughed a low, sweet "Ha! ha! ha! ha!" — and then she stood in full golden bloom, every "Ha! ha!" having become a sunny-hearted blossom.

Of course she was amazed and hung her head in a pretty, modest fashion as do the Cowslips to this day; for since that happy spring-time, not one of the family has failed to laugh itself into a blossom when it hears the Robin and sees the Sunbeam of merry May.

S. E. WILTSE.

### COURTESY IN BIRDS.

I witnessed the other day an act of such perfect courtesy on the part of two little birds, that I think you will be glad to record it, writes a gentleman in the "London Spectator."

We have a large cage in which are a cock goldfinch and two little manikins. The latter little sober-colored birds are considered very interesting. Wishing, however, to provide a mate for the goldfinch, I one evening brought a hen canary, and the next morning turned it into the cage with the others.

None of the rest of the birds took the least notice of the new arrival, but the two little manikins placed themselves, side by side, by the seed vessel, the canary being on the perch above.

They fed her, in turn, with seed, lifting up their little black heads one after the other, and letting her take the

seed out of their stumpy white beaks. This appeared to be pure courtesy to the lady stranger.

We have seen no repetition of the act, but one of the manikins having got wet one day, we watched the canary returning the courtesy by trying to dry its feathers by passing them through her beak.

### DIAMONDS AND TOADS.

[Stones and Brambles may be substituted for Diamonds and Toads.]

Once on a time there lived a woman who had two daughters.

The eldest one was very much like her mother, but no-one loved her, because she did many naughty things and was often very unkind.

But the youngest daughter was very unlike her mother and sister. She was always kind and gentle, and was ready to help those who were in trouble. She had a happy, sweet face, because she was always thinking happy, sweet thoughts. Now the mother did not love the good daughter as well as she loved the naughty one, and she gave her much hard work to do.

Among other things she had to go twice a day to a spring, more than a mile and a half away; and draw water; and she often grew very tired carrying home the heavy pitcher.

One day, while she was drawing water at the fountain, a poor old woman came out of the wood near by, and asked if she would give her some water as she was very thirsty.

“Indeed I will,” the girl answered cheerfully, and after washing her pitcher carefully, she filled it from the clearest part of the fountain and then held it while the poor woman drank.

Now it happened it was not really an old woman who had asked her for the water, but a beautiful fairy who had dressed in poor clothes, only to see whether or not the young girl would be polite and kind to her; and when she found how gentle and obliging she was, she said:

“My dear, because you have been kind to a poor old woman, I am going to make you a present: whenever you speak kind words there shall fall from your lips either a rose or a diamond.”

The young girl tried to thank her but found she had gone quickly away, so taking up her heavy pitcher she went home.

When she reached the house her mother said, “You are a naughty child; why did you stay so long at the fountain?” “Excuse me, mother,” the girl answered, “I did not mean to stay too long.”

And lo! as she spoke there fell from her lips two beautiful roses, two pearls and two diamonds.

“What do I see?” exclaimed the mother, “as sure as anything, diamonds and roses drop from her lips whenever she speaks.”

Then the girl told her mother about the woman who had asked her for some water at the fountain, and about the gift she had promised to give her, and all the time she was speaking, diamonds and roses kept falling from her lips.

“Upon my word this is very lucky;” said the mother,

“now I will send my other daughter to the fountain that she may receive this wonderful gift.”

Then she sent the older daughter to draw water, but she did not want to carry the large, heavy pitcher or take the long walk, so she went away feeling very cross, and pouting and grumbling all the way.

When she reached the fountain, instead of seeing an old woman as she expected, a beautiful lady, richly dressed, came out of the wood, and asked for a drink of water. It was, indeed, the same kind fairy, but she had changed herself into a beautiful princess to see what this sister would do.

When she asked her for some water, the girl said, in a very cross way, “Do you think I have walked way over here to draw water for you to drink? If you are thirsty you can take the pitcher and fill it yourself.”

“You are not very obliging,” said the fairy, “and since you have been so impolite, whenever you speak there shall fall from your lips either a toad or viper, until you learn to be gentle and kind like your sister.”

As soon as the girl reached home, her mother ran to her and said —

“Well, daughter?”

And the girl began to tell her what had happened to her at the fountain, but at every word there fell from her lips either a toad or a viper. Then the mother grew very angry and said, “Your sister must have been the cause of this,” and she talked to her in such a way, that the good girl, who was really in no way to blame for what had happened to her sister, went out and wandered into the woods and began to feel very sad. But the good fairy who lived there in the forest, found her crying, and see-

ing how good and gentle she was, she took her to her beautiful castle to live and made her very happy.

As for her naughty sister, it was a long time before she learned to be good and kind, but whenever she said anything naughty a toad or viper fell from her lips. She at last learned to be good and happy, and was loved as much as her sister.

Adapted from *Blue Fairy Book*, Ed. Andrew Lang, Pub. Longmans, Green and Co., 15 E. 15th Street, N. Y.

### LITTLE WATER DROPS.

There once lived in a rippling river, a Drop of cool, clear Water. It had a great many brothers and sisters, for the whole river was made up of Drops of Water like itself — and they used to have merry times, dancing and singing and sparkling along through the green fields, watering the grass and flowers, and making everything fresh and beautiful.

One bright Spring morning, after the heat of the sun and the warm April breezes had melted the ice from the banks of the stream, a Sunbeam came dancing out of the sky and lighted right in the middle of the river. As soon as it lighted, all the Drops of Water began laughing and clapping their tiny hands for joy, for the Sunbeams were so bright and happy that all the little Water Drops liked to have them come and play with them.

So for a long time they danced and played together very merrily, but as the day grew warmer and the great sun rose higher and higher in the sky, the little Sunbeam knew it was time for her to fly away, so she told the little

Drop of Water, who had been very busy and kind to its playmates during the morning, that she wanted a little Drop of Water to go away up into the sky with her, for the Gardener who took care of the earth and flowers wanted some Drops of Water to help Him.

The little Drop was very happy at the thought of going away to the bright blue sky with the Sunbeam, so it bade all its friends good-by, and the Sunbeam took it gently in its arms, and away they flew, up, up, up, past the green fields, over the trees and above the church spires, up so high that the little Water Drop thought they must be going straight up to the sun where the Sunbeam lived.

But after they had travelled on and on for a long time, the little Drop of Water grew so tired and sleepy, that its little eyes shut tighter and tighter, till at last it was fast asleep.

How long it slept it never knew, but when it awoke it was lying on such a beautiful white, fleecy cloud up in the blue sky, that for a moment it thought it was dreaming.

But soon it heard many little voices and a great rushing and laughing, and on looking it saw a whole band of sparkling Water Drops, like itself, hurrying somewhere in a cloud much darker than the one it was on, and as it came nearer they all cried with happy voices —

“Oh! come with us, little Water Drop, we are having such a nice time.”

So the little Water Drop gave a jump when the cloud came near, and was soon in the carriage with the others; which he thought was just the nicest kind of a carriage he had ever heard of — for it was made of a soft, dark cloud, and they had the wind for a horse, and away they went, faster and faster, through the sky, laughing and

singing all the way, till all of a sudden, they stopped quite near the earth, over a beautiful garden.

“Oh, let’s jump out,” they all cried, as they heard the Birds singing, and saw the Flowers nodding and beckoning for them to come down; so they all began to jump from the cloud; first they went slowly, but soon they went faster and faster, and as they fell they said, “Patter! Patter!” which meant, “How do you do, little flowers and grasses; we’ve come to give you a drink of water.”

Well, some of them jumped into lily cups, and some fell among rose-leaves, and some ran away into the ground as fast as they could go. But the Drop which came from the river lay for a moment on the ground, not knowing just where to go. But soon it heard, way down in the ground, a weak voice saying, “I’ve pushed, and I’ve pushed, and I’ve pushed, but the earth is *so* dry I can’t get up.”

Then the Drop of Water put his little ear down to the earth and listened, and put his little eye down to the earth and peeped, and then put his little mouth down to the earth and called, just as loudly as he could —

“What’s the matter, little Blade of Grass?”

A tiny voice answered —

“There’s no one to give me a drink of water, and I’m warm and tired, and I can’t push the earth away and get up to sunlight.”

So the Drop of Water began giving the Earth a drink, and the Earth began to grow moist and to give the Blade of Grass a drink, and the Blade of Grass began to lift slowly its tender head, until at last it pushed the earth away and jumped up into the sunlight.

Then the Drop of Water went down into a dark crack

in the ground, for it wanted to help other grass blades or seeds to grow, and it rolled on and on, all the time giving so cheerfully that wherever it went it made everything happy.

At last it found, away down under the ground, a great many Drops of Water that were hurrying toward the sea; so they travelled on together many days, growing larger and larger as other drops joined them till they again reached the sunshine and became a great river, flowing by large cities, turning mill-wheels and carrying ships safely onward.

After a very long journey, they entered the ocean, where the little Drop of Water found all the brothers and sisters it had left way back among the green fields before it went into the sky with the Sunbeam, for they too had been busy all the time, in giving to make others happy.

So they all had a very merry time, they were so glad to meet again; and they danced and sang until the sun set and the stars came out to tell the Drops of Water, as they do the little children, that it was time to go to sleep; so they wrapped their arms around each other, and put on their white nightcaps and were soon far away in dreamland.

C. SCANDLAN.

### THE LOST KNIFE.

There was once a little boy who had for a long time wished he owned a knife.

To his great delight, on Christmas night, Santa Claus brought him a very nice one.

It was pearl-handled, with two blades. Freddie, for that was the little boy's name, kept it in his pocket all day long, and at night placed it under his pillow.

Now Freddie had a playfellow. This playfellow was not a little boy, but a big, shaggy dog called Ring, who was always ready for a frolic. All the children loved Ring, for he was kind and pleasant with them.

When they played ball Ring liked to play too; and though he could not throw the ball he could catch it in his mouth, and the children thought *that* was great fun. One day Freddie came home from school looking very sad.

Mamma asked him if he were ill. No; he was not ill, but his knife was gone out of his pocket.

There was a little hole in the corner and the knife had slipped out. He and his little friends had searched everywhere for it, but no trace of it could be found.

Mamma said perhaps Ring would help find it, and explained to Freddie that often dogs possessed a strong sense of smell. So she called Ring and made him smell of Freddie's pocket, and gave him to understand that he was to find something that smelled just like the pocket.

"Bow, wow!" said Ring, and away he went, down through the garden and over into the field, for Freddie lived in the country where there were grasses and trees along the road to school.

He smelled the boy's tracks till he came to some bushes along the roadside, and here he stopped, for he was sure he had found something that smelled just like Freddie's pocket, so he took it between his teeth and scampered home.

Freddie was looking out of the window, and saw Ring coming up the path, and was overjoyed when he saw he

had the knife. "Bow, wow, wow!" said Ring, as he laid it down at his little master's feet.

Freddie was a happy little boy that night, and when he sat down to eat his supper he saved part of it for Ring.

## NORTH WIND AND THE SUN.

### FABLE.

The North Wind and the Sun had a dispute one day, each thinking himself stronger than the other.

"See how strong I am," said the Wind, "I can make that great tree bend, and I can break the little flowers off their stems" — and North Wind went rushing and roaring about to show how strong he was.

"Yes;" said the Sun, "but I can melt the ice, and help the flowers and trees to blossom — But see! here comes a man, climbing up the hill; he has a cloak on; now we will see which of us can make him take his cloak off. The one which does it will be the stronger. You may begin, Mr. North Wind."

So the Wind began to blow about the poor man. It pulled and tore at his coat and tried to get it off, and the Rain and Hail came and beat on the poor man and tried to help the Wind, but the harder it blew the tighter the man held his cloak about him.

"Now," said the Sun, "it is my turn."

So the Wind stopped blowing, and the Sun began to shine soft and warm on the poor man.

It dried his wet cloak, and soon he began to open it, and the Sun made him so warm he had to take his cloak wholly off; and soon his hat came off too, and then he was so

warm he had to take all his clothes off and take a bath in the river.

So which was the stronger, the Wind or the Sun?

Persuasion is better than force.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

## SPRING.

It was in the early Spring.

The sun had melted the snow from the hill-tops; the green grass blades were pushing their way through the brown earth, and the leaf buds on the trees were beginning to break open and let the tiny green leaves peep out.

A Bee, waked from the deep sleep in which he had lain all through the long Winter, rubbed his eyes, and having waked his companions, opened the door and looked out to see if the Ice and Snow and the North Wind had gone away. Yes; there was the warm, clear sunshine over everything.

He slipped out of the hive, stretched his cramped wings and flew away.

He went to the Apple-Tree and asked, "Have you anything for a hungry Bee, who has eaten nothing the whole winter long?"

The Apple-Tree answered:

"No; you have come too early; my blossoms are still buds and so I have nothing for you. Go to the Cherry-Tree."

He flew away to the Cherry-Tree and said, "Dear Cherry-Tree, have you any honey for us hungry Bees?"

The Cherry-Tree answered:

“Come again to-morrow, to-day my blossoms are all shut up, but when they are opened you are welcome to them.”

Then he flew to a bed of Tulips which he saw near, they had large, beautiful, many-colored flowers, but there was neither sweetness nor perfume in them and he could not find any honey.

Tired and hungry, the poor Bee turned to seek his home, when a tiny, dark blue flower, nestled down beside a hedge, caught his eye.

It was a Violet that was all ready for the Bee's coming. It opened to him its cup full of sweetness and perfume, and from it he drank his fill and carried much honey to the hive.

### STORY OF A BEAN.

“I think I ought to be doing something in the world,” said a little voice, out in the garden, one day.

“Pray, what can you do?” asked another and somewhat stronger voice.

“I think I can grow,” answered the little voice.

If you had seen the owner of the little voice, perhaps you would not have thought him anything remarkable.

It is true he had on a clean, white coat, so smooth and shining that it looked as if it had been newly starched and ironed, and inside of this he had two stout packages.

The coat had only one fastening, but this fastening extended a long way down the back and was a curious thing to see.

It looked just as if the coat had been cut with a knife and afterwards grown together again.

It was like a scar on your hand, and a scar it was called.

“Yes, I ought to be growing,” said the little voice, “for I am a Bean, and in the Spring a Bean ought to grow.”

Now you know how the coat came by its scar, for the scar was the spot that showed where the Bean had been and had been broken from the pod.

“What do you mean by growing?” asked the other voice, which came from a large red Stone.

“Why,” said the Bean, “don’t you know what growing means? I thought everything knew how to grow. You see, when I grow my root goes down into the soil to get moisture, and my stem goes up into the light to find heat. Heat and moisture are my food and drink. By-and-by I shall be a full-grown plant and that is wonderful. In the ground my roots travel far and wide, in the air how happy my stem will be! I shall learn a great deal and see beautiful things every day. Oh! I long for the time to come!”

“What you say is very strange,” said the red Stone. “Here I have been in the same place for many years and I have not grown at all. I have no root—I have no stem, or if I have they never move upward or downward as you say—Are you sure you are not mistaken?”

“Why, of course I’m not mistaken,” cried the Bean, “I feel within myself that I can grow, and I have absorbed so much moisture that I must soon begin.”

Just then the Bean’s coat split from end to end, and for one or two minutes neither the Stone nor the Bean spoke.

The Stone was astonished and the Bean a little bit frightened. However he soon recovered his courage.

“There,” said he, showing the two packages he had been carrying, “these are my two seed-leaves; in them is the food on which I intend to live when I begin growing; when my stem is strong enough to do without them they will wither away. My coat is all worn out too, I shall not need it any longer; look inside the seed-leaves and you will see the germ, part of it is root and part stem, do you see?”

“I see two little white humps,” said the Stone, “but I can’t understand how they will ever be a root and a stem.”

“I do believe you are a poor, dull mineral after all,” said the Bean, “and of course you cannot understand what pleasure a vegetable can have in growing. I wouldn’t be a mineral for the world. I would not lie still and do nothing year after year. I would spread my branches in the sunshine and drink in the sweet Spring air through my leaves.”

“What you say must be all nonsense,” said the Stone, “I can’t understand a word of it.”

But the Bean grew on without minding him. The roots pushed down into the soil and drank up the moisture from the ground; then the moisture went up into the stem, and the stem climbed hourly into the light.

“How happy I am,” cried the Bean. It ran on the red Stone and clasped it with long, green branches covered with white Bean Flowers.

“Oh, indeed!” said the Stone. “So this is what you call growing, is it? I thought you were only in fun. How handsome you have grown.”

“Can I hang my pods on you, so that they can ripen in the sun?” said the Bean.

“Certainly, friend,” said the Stone.

He was very polite now that he saw the Bean a full-grown plant.

### THE ILL-NATURED BRIER.

Little Miss Brier came out of the ground:  
She put out her thorns and scratched everything 'round.

“I'll just try,” said she,

“How bad I can be;

At pricking and scratching there's few can match me.”

Little Miss Brier was handsome and bright,  
Her leaves were dark green and her flowers were pure  
white;

But all who came near her

Were so worried by her,

They'd go out of their way to keep clear of the Brier.

Little Miss Brier was looking one day  
At her neighbor, the Violet, just over the way.

“I wonder,” said she,

“That no one pets me,

While all seem so glad little Violet to see.”

A sober old Linnet, who sat on a tree,  
Heard the speech of the Brier, and thus answered he:

“'Tis not that she's fair,

For you may compare

In beauty with even Miss Violet there.

“But Violet’s always so pleasant and kind,  
So gentle in manner, so humble in mind;  
Even the worms at her feet  
She would never ill-treat,  
And to Bird, Bee and Butterfly always so sweet.”

The gardener’s wife just then the pathway came down,  
And the mischievous Brier got hold of her gown.

“O dear, what a tear!

My gown’s spoiled, I declare;  
The troublesome Brier has no business there.  
Here, John, dig it up; throw it into the fire.”  
And that was the end of the ill-natured Brier.

—MRS. ANNA BACHE.

From *The Children at Home*.

## THE ECHO.

“Hop! Hop! Hop!” shouted little Henry, as he was playing in a field near the wood.

“Hop! Hop! Hop!” came an echo in reply.

“Who’s there?” asked Henry, in reply, for he had never heard an echo before.

“Who’s there?” replied the echo.

“Foolish fellow!” cried Henry, at the top of his voice.

“Foolish fellow!” was the reply from the wood. At this Henry got very angry and called out many ugly names.

The voice from the wood repeated every word. Henry could not tell who it was speaking from the wood, so he

ran home and told his father that a boy hid in the wood called him bad names.

Ah, Henry, you have heard nothing but the echo of your own words; the bad names came first from your own lips. Had you used kind and gentle words, you would have had kind and gentle words in return.

Remember that kind words bring back kind echoes.

Taken from "Rhymes and Tales," Alma L. Kreige. Copyright, E. Steiger Co., N. Y.

### TEN PEAS IN A POD.

A little Seed lay in the moist, brown earth and talked to itself —

"Oh, how dark it is! How I wish I could see! How queer I feel! I think I am swelling! I'm afraid I shall burst my coat. There, I knew I should! Pop! It's burst sure enough!"

The little seed put out a pale green shoot and a little green rootlet, but she kept on talking.

"I can put out my arm and my foot. I am glad the old coat burst — I feel free and — why, now my little arm is pushing — push! push! I do believe I am going up out of my brown bed. Hurrah! I am going to see the light!"

"It is lighter — it is quite light — Hurry! Hurry!" The little Shoot pierced the brown clod, and if you had been there you might have heard it, as it cried out —

"Oh! how lovely this is! What beautiful clouds! Is that the sun? Good morning, splendid sun? And what is that music? It's a bird, a brown bird! Good morning,

thrush. A pear blossom is dropping on my head. "Good morning, pear blossom. Oh! how happy I am."

And the pale Shoot opened its tiny hands, and for pure joy shook its tiny green leaves out of their beds.

Just then a little boy came down the garden path. He had a rake, a hoe and a wheel-barrow.

"Oh, mamma," he shouted, "See! See! a little plant has come up in my garden."

"What kind of a seed is it, Arthur?"

"A Pea, I think, mamma; I planted them a week ago to-day."

"We will watch this little Plant," said mamma, "the first to come up—and we will watch it and see what happens to it."

So Arthur ran to the house and brought mamma a bit of scarlet wool, which she tied around the Plant.

The days flew by very joyously to the little Plant. Around it grew its brothers and sisters. They too had burst their coats and spread their green leaves.

They stood in shining rows with curling tendrils and swelling buds.

Every morning early the little boy came out to look at them.

One day he was sure he heard the little Plant say softly:

"I think I am going to have a blossom—a lovely pink and white blossom. Little Bud, I must hold you up to the sun. Grow, little Bud, grow fast!"

And when he came next day, there was the pink and white flower with wings outspread as if to fly.

"Oh! mamma! mamma! my Plant has a blossom; may I touch it? May I pick it?"

“No;” said mamma, “you must let it be and watch it every day. Perhaps you will then find something else by-and-by.”

Soon the pink and white petals began to grow brown. The little Plant mourned. “What shall I do? My blossom is fading.” But something better is coming—a tiny pod. Fall, little petals! Let the pretty pod grow and grow in the glad bright sunshine.

“Mamma,” said Arthur, “the first flower has fallen,” and then she showed him the tiny pod.

Fast fell the petals from the shining rows; larger, larger, rounder grew the green pods; and one morning Arthur’s mamma came with her scissors and one by one cut off the plump, full pods and put them in her pocket.

Arthur picked the first pod and tied around it a scarlet thread. They sat on the piazza and opened the pods.

In the little pod with the scarlet thread he counted one — two — three — four — five — six — seven — eight — nine — ten little balls.

So mamma made a tiny bag of fine netting for the ten peas and dropped them into the boiling water. “Bubble, bubble, bubble,” sang the water; dance, dance, dance, went the peas.

And when Arthur sat down to dinner, there in the centre of the dish of peas was the little bag of netting.

“What have we here?” asked papa. “The peas from my vine,” shouted Arthur.

Then mamma cut the netting and out rolled the peas into a saucer.

## NOT A BUSY BEE.

At the lower end of a large, old-fashioned garden, stood a row of bee-hives.

In one of these hives lived a Bee who did not like to work.

It belonged to the *Working-Bees*. It was always wishing it had been born a Drone, for the Drones have nothing to do all day but fly out with the Queen Bee when she wishes to take the air. But this discontented Bee was *not a Drone*, and so the others would not allow it to be idle. Its work was to gather the material for making wax, and this it did not like at all. This Bee had some nice brushes on its legs for sweeping the pollen off the flowers, it visited and two nice baskets on its hind legs for storing it away, and it could fly all over the garden to the flowers it liked best ; but the truth was, it was too lazy to exert itself much ; and it would fly about so slowly its neighbors would empty twice as many baskets as it did.

It was often scolded for its idleness, and often another Bee, finding it moping on a rosebush, would drive it to work.

As it was not busy, of course it was miserable and unhappy.

One day this idle Bee made up its mind that it would not work at all, so it flew off by itself until it came to a beautiful Nasturtium which had a long tube of honey. In a most polite tone it said, "My dear Flower, as I see that your door is wide open, I hope you will allow me to come in and rest and spend the day with you ; I am so tired,"

“Rest,” said the Nasturtium, “why the day has only begun — I have no place for all the bees that come. Please leave my door free.”

“Hard-hearted Flower,” hummed the Bee, “I always thought orange was a cold color. I’ll try this soft, white Lily.”

More graciously than before it spoke —

“Dear Lily, you have a kind heart, will you give me a place to rest for the day?”

“But you ought to be working;” said the Lily, “everybody has some work to do — I will give you some of my best yellow pollen to carry home, but that is all I can do for you.”

“No; thank you,” said the Bee, “These cultivated flowers have such high notions. Now that little Red Clover in the grass has the best honey of any of them, and she will surely befriend a poor, tired Bee.”

It flew straight into the heart of the Clover without so much as saying — “By your leave.”

After some time the Clover began to be angry and said —

“What are you doing here so long, lazy Bee? I am not able to fill my honey-jar while you are here; if you want any honey fly off with it.” And she shook her head so violently that the idle Bee had to fly away for safety.

It crawled on the ground to a melon patch but the gardener’s hose drove it away.

“There does not seem to be any place for me,” sighed the Bee — “I’ll crawl under the plank and rest a minute.”

It did not hear the gardener coming along the plank, and the man did not know that there was a Bee under the

plank. He put his foot on it, and the Bee suddenly found itself in a dark, lonely hole in the ground.

It buzzed round and round, vainly trying to get out, but could find no opening anywhere, and did not know as it would ever see the birds and flowers again.

It thought of the bright, warm sunshine, of the merry breezes and beautiful flowers; and the poor Bee thought within himself, "How gladly would I now fill my honey-baskets and work all the day with my brothers and sisters," and strange to say, at that moment the gardener lifted the heavy plank away — and the bee flew swiftly to the garden, anxious to see how many times it could fill its baskets with honey before sunset.

## WHAT ROBIN SAW.

Robin was a little boy with blue eyes, bright, rosy cheeks and soft, curling hair.

One day he lay out in the orchard under an apple-tree; the west wind blew softly, up above his head bees were busy in the soft white blossoms, and little white clouds went sailing by.

"Oh, dear," sighed Robin to himself, "how I wish I had an apple."

"So you shall have it, if you will come with me," said a funny little voice close to his elbow. Robin started, for there stood the tiniest old woman you ever saw, dressed all in red, and having on a large white cap.

"I come from the Red country," said she, "and where I live apples and cherries are ripe all the time, and the birds all have red breasts, and the sun always wraps himself at night in fleecy red blankets. Oh! the Red country is a very nice place for little boys. Will you come with me, Robin?"

Before Robin could open his mouth, another little voice spoke from behind him, and turning quickly, he saw a tiny old woman dressed all in blue.

"Come with me to the Blue country," she said, "I will show you the merry blue-birds that come in the spring-time. You shall gather all the blueberries you want, and violets and forget-me-nots grow everywhere."

"Is it far away?" asked Robin.

"No; very near," said the little Blue woman, "for you

have only to close your eyes three times, and then open them — look about, for there you are.”

“Wait a moment, please,” said something down among the grasses, “let me speak too,” and the very tiniest old woman of all stood before him.

“My home is in the Yellow country; there the sunshine always stays, and pears and peaches grow large and fine; there the yellow-birds fly about, and the ground is covered with dandelions and buttercups. Come with me, little Robin.”

“But sometimes I should like an apple, and blueberries are so good,” said Robin.

Then the three little old women talked together, while Robin looked and waited.

At last the little Red woman said, “You shall go with each of us; my Blue sister will show you where the blueberries grow. In my Yellow sister’s country, you shall fill your hands with buttercups; while from me you shall have ripe, red apples.”

Then said the little Blue woman, smiling, “There is a part of my country that touches my Red sister’s land that we call the Purple country, and there rich grapes grow; then, too, another part touches my Yellow sister’s country, there the leaves and grass are always fresh, and we call that part the Green country.”

Then the tiny Yellow woman spoke — “There is one more country, where my land touches my Red sister’s — there oranges grow and that is called the Orange country.”

“I like oranges;” Robin said, “let’s go quick.”

“Only little people that keep their eyes open will be able to find us,” said the little old woman, “You have

only to shut your eyes and open them three times. Now — One! Two!! Three!!!”

And Robin opened his eyes and saw only the sweet, white apple-blossoms; the little old women were gone.

Ever after Robin kept his eyes open to find to what country all the birds and flowers belonged.

MARIAN COLBURN.

[As preparation for this story three pipe dolls may be dressed — one in red, one in blue, one in yellow — with caps.]

## THE UGLY DUCKLING.

Out in the country, where the grass was green, a Duck was sitting upon her nest, waiting for her eggs to hatch.

She had been sitting on the eggs for many days and had grown very tired, and longed to take a run with her friends, in the grass, and have a good swim in the water.

At last one egg-shell after another burst open and in the eggs were little creatures that stuck out their heads and cried —

“Peep! Peep!”

“How wide the world is!” the baby Ducks exclaimed, as they opened their eyes and tried to stand on their feet.

“Yes, the world is, indeed, a large place,” the old Duck said, as she stood up and looked about her, “Such a very large place, my children, that I never yet have seen the whole of it. But dear, dear, there is still another egg to hatch; the largest one is still left! I am really tired of this long waiting.”

“Believe me,” said the old Duck, who had come to pay her a visit, “that is not a duck’s egg that is left in the

nest, and you had better not try to hatch it. It is too large and not the same shape as the rest. Let it be there and teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little longer," said the Mother Duck.

So she once more covered the egg with her warm feathers and waited patiently till "Peep! Peep!" said the last little one, as it crept forth to join the rest. It was very large and very ugly.

The mother looked at it —

"Can it really be a Duckling?" she said, "But we shall soon find out, for I will take them all to the water to-morrow, and see if it will swim with the rest."

Next day the sun shone warm and bright, and the Mother Duck took all her little ones to the water.

"Quack! Quack!" she said, and they all jumped, one after another, into the water, the ugly gray one among the rest.

"There! it is a Duckling after all," the Mother Duck said proudly — "Look; how well it can use its legs — it is not so ugly after all — Quack! Quack! come with me, now, and I will take you to the farm-yard, but you must keep close to me and mind you do not get trodden on."

And as they came into the farm-yard where there was much noise and confusion, the hens cackling, the roosters crowing, the dogs barking and all together, the little Ducklings were quite frightened.

They kept as close to their mother as they could, but, Alas! for the little one who came from the last egg. He was so large and awkward that all the Ducks and Geese laughed at him, and one of them was so unkind that he picked him with his sharp bill, so after running here and

there, and trying in vain to hide away, the Ugly Duckling flew over the fence and ran away from the farm-yard as fast as he could. He kept running, on and on, till he came to an open field where some *Wild Ducks* lived, and he tried to make friends with these, but they did not like strangers, and only laughed at him he was so ugly; so, at last, tired out and very sad, he hid himself under a tree and fell asleep.

Next day the Duckling left the fields and, after running a long way, came to a little house where an old woman lived with a pet Cat and Hen.

As the door was open the Duckling started to walk in, but as soon as the Cat and Hen caught sight of him they ran to him and said :

“Why, who are you, that you come into our house without knocking?”

And the little stranger answered :

“I am only the Ugly Duckling, but I am looking for a home.”

“Can you lay eggs and say Cluck, Cluck?” asked the Hen.

“Can you purr and curve your back?” asked the Cat.

“Alas!” replied the Ugly Duckling, “I can do neither of those things, but I can swim on the water and dive down deep for the worms at the bottom of the pond.”

“Oh, well! If you can do nothing but swim and dive, we do not want you here, and you had better run away to the water as fast as you can,” the Cat and the Hen said as they closed the door.

So the poor little Duckling once more started out to find a home. He went to the water and dived, but he was slighted by every creature, because of his ugliness.

The winter now came, and it was very, very cold — The Duckling had to live in the river, and dive down to the bottom for food, for he had no one to love him and give him a home, and one night the ice froze around him so hard that he could not get out and thought he must freeze to death.

But in the morning a man who was passing by stopped and broke the ice that was holding him, and set the Duckling free, so he roamed about during the long winter and looked for food.

At last the cold weather passed away, and the spring with its sunny days came back. And all at once the Duckling found out that he had grown large and strong, and that he could fly through the air.

So, with a happy heart, he flew about in the sunshine and at last came to a garden. On its banks, and from some bushes came three beautiful Swans; they rustled their wings and swam lightly on the water.

The Ugly Duckling looked at them with delight, and said to himself:

“I will fly close to the banks and tell them how beautiful they are — surely they will not be unkind to me though I am ugly.”

So he flew to the water's edge but what was it that he saw in the water? He beheld his own image; but Lo! he was no longer a clumsy dark, grey bird, ugly and hateful to look at, but a Swan.

And the great Swans in the water swam to him and stroked him with their beaks.

Into the garden came little children who threw bread and corn into the water, and the youngest one cried:

“Oh! there is a new one,” and the other children shouted joyously:

“Yes! and the new one is the most beautiful of all.”

Then his wings rustled, he lifted his slender neck and cried rejoicingly from the depths of his heart:

“I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was still the Ugly Duckling.”

### THE BUNCH OF KEYS.

A bunch of golden keys is mine,  
To make each day with gladness shine.  
“Good-morning,” that’s the golden key,  
That unlocks each day for me,  
When evening comes, “Good-night,” I say,  
And close the door of each new day.  
If friends give anything to me  
I use the little “Thank you,” key.  
When at the table, “If you please,”  
I take from off my bunch of keys.  
If by mistake some harm I do,  
“Excuse me,” “Beg your pardon,” too.  
On a golden ring these keys I bind,  
This is the motto, “Be ye kind.”

FROM MISS HOOPER’S SCHOOL, APPLETON ST.

### THE DISCONTENTED WEATHER-COCK.

Can anyone tell me what a village is? It is not like a big city, for there are only two stores, a meat-market and a tiny church. Yes; it is like a very little baby city.

See how tiny the houses are; they are so very small no one can call them houses but huts. In these huts fishermen live, men who go out on the water in small boats, and catch fish for themselves and their children to eat; then they send some to the big cities. These fishermen could not go out to sea every day, for sometimes the wind blew very hard indeed, and the water was very rough, so rough that the little boats would get filled with water, so they could not live on the water, but might sink.

On the top of that little church was a Weather-Vane; it showed just how the wind blew, whether from the North, South, East, or West. Every morning the fishermen look at the Weather-Vane, and if the Vane points from the shore they bring in their little boats, up on the sand, and find something to keep them busy until the Vane turns around and points *to* the shore, when they get in their boats and go away. This little Weather-Vane noticed how everyone watched him and depended on what he said, and he grew very conceited and thought himself the most important thing in the village.

One night after all the fishermen had looked at the Vane and gone into their huts, and one by one the lights had gone out, until it was all very dark, the Wind came along and gave the Vane a very hard push and said, "Turn! Turn! Turn!" but the Vane did not move, and again the Wind gave him another push and said, "Turn, Weather-Vane." "No," said the Vane, "I am not going to turn; I am the most important thing in the village, and what are you anyway? Only a breeze, and nobody cares for you." So the Vane did not turn, and the Wind went to the trees and said to the boughs, "Turn!" and the tree turned and shook its boughs, but the Vane would not turn. Then

the Wind gave it a wrench and it fell to the ground, broken in many places.

Morning came; the fishermen came out and looked at the church, but the Vane was not there, so they looked at the trees and saw the boughs all swinging away from the shore, so pulled their boats out and sailed away, and no one tho't of the poor, broken Vane, bruised and broken on the ground. By-and-by a man came along and put in nails and mended it, and then put it in its place again on top of the church spire. And there the Vane stood and tho't he would turn when the Wind told him to, for the fishermen could get along without him and he was not so important.

MRS. NORDLAND, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

### WISE OLD DOBBIN.

There were two little children, Harry and Annie, who lived in the country in a big old house.

Their father was a farmer and ploughed his ground in the spring, then planted his seeds, and had corn, wheat, and potatoes and all kind of vegetables in return for his work. They had three horses; two the children did not know very well, but old Dobbin was such a wise, gentle, old horse, Harry and Annie loved him very much indeed. When he was in the stable they would go quite near him, and call "Dobbin," and Dobbin would turn his head and see if they had a piece of salt for him or perhaps some sugar. Sometimes when Papa went to market to sell his potatoes and corn he would drive old Dobbin, then Harry

and Annie always wanted to go, for Dobbin was so kind Papa would let them hold the reins. One day Papa came in and said if they could get ready very quickly he would take them to drive, as he must see about some potatoes he wanted to sell. It did not take the children very long to find their hats and coats, and soon they were in the carriage with Papa, and away they went. Down a little hill, then out the big gate into the nice shady road they went, where it was so pretty and cool. You know in the country the houses are not very near together and there are a great many trees all along the road. So they drove on and on, by the mill where the great wheel was going round and round grinding up the corn, over the bridges, by the great fields where the farmers were cutting the hay, then down to the village among the stores. Papa went to the Post-Office and got his letters, then to the grocer's and bought some sugar and tea and other things Mamma had sent for.

Then they started for home and had gone but a little way when old Dobbin began to walk very lame, and Papa thought he must have hurt his foot on a sharp stone. So they stopped, and Papa got out to see and found Dobbin had lost his shoe. Back they went very carefully, for it hurt Dobbin very much to walk without his shoes, and stopped at the blacksmith's. He took Dobbin's foot right up and fitted a shoe very nicely, and Dobbin was so glad to have a new shoe again that he took them home very fast. Then Papa put him in the stall, but did not tie him for he would not run away.

A few days after this Papa took Dobbin again, and of course the children went too. This time it was to a farmer's, way back in the country, and they drove by the

shining river, winding in and out thro' the woods and the great fields. Harry and Annie both drove a little. Papa saw the farmer, and they were nearly home, when Dobbin walked lame again and Papa found another shoe off. They drove home very slowly and carefully, as Papa could not take Dobbin to get a new shoe that day, but he would very early in the morning.

Dobbin was put in the stable and given a nice drink, and Harry and Annie went to play. Annie thought of poor Dobbin without any shoe, and knew it must hurt him very much, so asked her Mamma for a big lump of sugar for Dobbin. She found the barn door open and looked in, but Dobbin was not there. She went back and told Mamma to send a man to tell Papa Dobbin was not in the barn. Papa said he had not seen Dobbin and feared he had run away. So down the road he went, asking everyone he met, if they had seen a lame white horse. One man said he saw him going towards the village. Papa hurried to the village, and as he went by the blacksmith's he looked in and what do you suppose he saw? Why old Dobbin standing there having a new shoe put on. The blacksmith said he saw old Dobbin coming up to the door all alone, and went out to see what it meant, when old Dobbin lifted up his foot and looked at him as much as to say, "I have lost my shoe; won't you give me a new one?" The blacksmith said, "Why; has Dobbin lost a shoe?" and Dobbin nodded his head as much as to say, "Yes." "Shall I put a new one on, Dobbin?" and again Dobbin nodded his head. So the blacksmith took him in and put on a new shoe. Then Papa took him home to Harry and Annie. Don't you think he was a very wise old Dobbin, to remember where his shoe-

maker lived and go there all alone and ask so plainly for a new shoe?

### THE LITTLE ARTIST.

Oh! there is a little artist,  
 Who paints, in the cold night hours,  
 Pictures for wee, wee children  
 Of wondrous trees and flowers.

Pictures of snow-white mountains,  
 Touching the snow-white sky,  
 Pictures of distant oceans,  
 Where tiny ships sail by;

Pictures of rushing rivers  
 By fairy bridges spanned;  
 Bits of beautiful landscapes  
 Copied from fairy lands.

The moon is the lamp he paints by,  
 His canvas the window-pane,  
 His brush is a frozen snow-flake;  
 Jack Frost the artist's name.

### THE WOODPECKER.

Now I am going to tell you a story with a big secret in it, and I want you to see if you can guess what it is so I won't have to tell you.

Once there were three little girls, Alice, Mamie and

Grace, who lived in a big house in the country, where there were a great many trees near the house.

One night a very dear Auntie came to see them, and they thought of all the good times they would have with her; and the best of all was in the early morning when they jumped out of bed and ran scampering thro' the hall, gave a big knock at Auntie's door, then ran and jumped into bed with her and had such a frolic. But this time, Auntie said, "Children I am very tired to-night, and I don't want you to come and wake me early in the morning; so you will not come and knock on my door, will you?" Of course the children said "No." The next morning very early what do you suppose the children's Auntie heard? (Children guess.) No; but a noise like this. (Knocking on the floor.) She tho't it very strange, for the children were usually so good about doing just what she asked them to. She could not understand it. Again she heard the knocking, and said "Come in!" in a very sleepy tone, but no one came. She thought this was very strange, and jumped out of bed and opened the door, but there were no children, yet she heard the knocking. It sounded as tho' it came from the room, so she closed the door and came back into the room. She looked under the bed — nothing there, behind the bureau, saw nothing but heard again the little knocking. She looked in the closet — nothing there. Then she tho't it came from the window; she looked out into the great tree that grew so near the house, and what do you think she saw? Yes; a woodpecker, throwing back his long bill making a nest. Then Auntie laughed just as hard as she could, when she saw who it was that was knocking. Then she heard a great pattering of little feet and a big lively knock at the

door, and in ran the children. "We knew you were awake, Auntie; we heard you laugh so hard. What was it? We were just as quiet as could be." She told them, and they ran to the window to see the bird at his carpenter's work, then ran down-stairs and begged Mary to give them some crumbs to scatter on the ground for the birds.

What other birds came beside the woodpecker, do you suppose? Yes; sparrows and pigeons. How does the woodpecker build his nest and out of what?

Yes; wood.

TOLD BY MISS HOOPER.

### THE BIRDIE THAT TRIED.

Would you like to hear the story of two little girls, who lived away out in the country? They lived with their mamma and papa, in a little white house among the trees, where they could hear the birds sing and watch all the beautiful wild flowers blossom thro' the spring and summer; and in the autumn they could pick the fruit, and watch for Jack Frost to open the chestnut burrs and let the little nuts drop on the ground for the little boys and girls or squirrels. But what I want to tell you about is something they saw one morning in June.

The birds had come from down South long ago, and the Robins seemed to think that the cherry-tree in front of the house was such a fine place for them, that they used to fly out and in all day long. Now, the room where Nellie and Katie slept had a window that looked directly in among the branches of this cherry-tree; and how they did enjoy watching the Robins.

You may be sure they were very happy when they saw one morning that two Robins had decided, after a great deal of hunting about, that there could not be a better place for building a little nest for their babies than this same cherry-tree, and so they began to hunt for hay and straw and bits of string for their nest; and, day after day, the little girls watched them until it was all finished, and then the Mamma Robin laid four beautiful little eggs in it. (The children saw them one morning when the mamma bird left them for a few moments.)

While she sat there, patiently waiting for the little birdies to come out, the proud papa bird sat on a branch near by and sang her a song, and went hunting around to find her, as well as himself, something very nice for breakfast.

Two long weeks the Mamma Robin sat there, and then there was a faint little "Peep!" under there, and then another, until four baby birdies were ready, with their open mouths, to have their breakfast too, and how hard the papa and mamma had to work to find enough for them to eat.

And how fast the funny bare little baby birdies grew, until their feathers and wings were well grown and they were so large that there was barely room for them all in the nest.

And now, at last, I am going to tell you what happened.

One morning, after Katy was dressed and had pulled up the curtains to look at the birds, as she always did, she called out to her mamma and Nellie, "Oh! come here, quick! There are only three birds in the nest! Where do you suppose the other one is?"

Mamma came quickly, and then said, "We will all go

down-stairs and out under the tree and perhaps we can find it."

So they all hurried down, and the first thing they heard was a loud noise that the papa and mamma birds were making, as they flew about wildly, from the tree to the fence and back again. Nellie cried, "What is the matter with them?" "Let us look on the ground and see if we can find the baby bird," said mamma. They did not have to look far, for close by, under the tree, where he had fallen from the nest, was the poor birdie, with his feathers all ruffled up, and his head almost buried among them.

"Oh! what shall we do to help him?" said Kate. But mamma said:— "Wait and watch; perhaps he can help himself. Listen to the old Robins; they are saying, 'Fly! Fly! Fly!' and are showing him how. Do you see him? And he is trying to use his wings." So they all kept very still and watched and listened, and sure enough the birdie *did* try. He could fly only a little way the first time, just up to the very lowest rail of the fence, but he kept on trying, and the next time, he went almost to the top and then to the lowest branch of a tree, and so up to his nest again. And after he had found out he had wings and could use them, he flew away every day and found his own breakfast, and before very long his brothers and sisters went too, for they were sure if he could fly they could fly too.

[Sing "Two Robin Redbreasts in their Nest."]

## STORY OF AN ACORN.

Once there was a little Acorn on an old oak-tree, and the rain fell upon it, the sun shone on it, the wind tossed it, all to please the little Acorn and help it to grow. The Acorn looked out on the world all day long and saw a great many things. How the great oak was beloved, how useful it was; people loved to stop beneath it, school children loved to play in its shadow, meek old cows came there for shelter, the little birds loved to sing among its branches; and the little Acorn said, "I wish I could do good to everybody as the tree does, but I am only a little Acorn; I can only sit here and swing. The North Wind comes a long way and sees a great deal, perhaps he could know something a little Acorn could do." So the next time the North Wind came along she said, "Oh! North Wind, do you know anything a little Acorn could do to help somebody?"

The North Wind gave him a friendly toss and said: "Be content and grow." Said the Acorn, "I'll ask the East Wind." When the East Wind came by she said, "Oh! East Wind, do you know of any good a little Acorn can do?" The East Wind answered rather roughly; "Stay where you are and grow." So when the South Wind came, the Acorn said, "Oh! South Wind, do you know any good such a little Acorn can do?" The South Wind kissed her and said: "Stay right here, dear, and grow." When the West Wind passed by, she asked him, "Oh! West Wind, don't you know something I can do?" The West Wind answered: "Stay right there in your cup

and grow." So the little Acorn sat, day after day, on the bough and grew, and grew, till one day there came a great wind and shook her off, and tossed her far away upon the ground. "Now," said the frightened little thing, "here's an end of me, and all my aspirations! I did want so to do something, but here I am upon the ground and in a hole too, and not able to help even myself; I shall soon be covered up and forgotten." The wind blew the leaves and the dirt over her, and the rain beat her down still farther into the earth, till she was quite out of sight. "This, then," she said, "is my grave." But the sun warmed the spot, and the rain moistened it, and soon the little Acorn felt a strange, wonderful life swelling within her, till she cried out: "Oh! my heart, how you reach upward!" and two bright green leaves pushed up above the ground, and farther up to make room for more, till at last the little Acorn found she had become a tree, and was dearly loved by those she was able to shelter and comfort.

Adapted from American Kindergartener.

### THE HEN HAWK.

One morning old Mother Hen went out for a walk, to show her children the world. "Now you must keep very close to me," she said, "for the world is very large and you might get lost; then there are some very large birds that fly high up in the air, who like to come down and carry little Birds and Chickens away. If you hear me call you must run just as fast as you can." Then she led them out into the barnyard, and on into the fields.

They had gone but a little way, when the old Mother Hen saw a huge bird flying around in circles over them and coming nearer. She called loudly, "Cluck! Cluck!" and all the little Chickens but one ran as fast as they could and hid under the mother's wings. This little one waited just a minute to find a fat little worm, when the cruel bird flew down and caught him in his beak to carry him off. Just then Mr. Barlow and Harry came by, out for a walk. Harry heard the noise the poor little Chicken was making and ran up to the big bird, shouting as loud as he could. The big bird was frightened and flew away and left behind him the little Chicken which had stayed away from its mamma.

The Chicken was very much hurt but still alive. "Look!" said Harry, "that cruel creature has almost killed this little Chicken. I will put it right in my bosom and carry it home, and I will give it part of my dinner to-day and every day until he is able to get some dinner for himself." So he carried the Chicken home very gently and put it in a basket on some fresh straw, and gave it some water and some bread. This he did every day until the Chicken was perfectly well. The little Chicken was so grateful to Harry for caring for him so gently and kindly that it grew very fond of him and would run after him like a dog, hop upon his shoulder and eat crumbs from his hand.

Arranged from Sandford and Merton.

## TAMING THE PIG.

Tommy saw how fond the Chicken was of Harry, and Mr. Barlow told him he could tame animals if he was kind to them and treated them gently and gave them something to eat. So one day Tommy took a large slice of bread in his hand and went out to see if he could find some animal to give it to. The first thing he met was a little pig, that had wandered away from its mother, and was lying in the sunshine. He called to it, "Pig! Pig! Pig! Come here!" But the pig could not understand him, and the noise made him run away. Tommy thought the Pig very ungrateful, and said, "If you don't know your friends then I must teach you." He ran after the little Pig, and caught her by the hind legs and was going to give her the bread; but the little Pig didn't like to be treated that way, and began squeaking very loudly so that its mother and brothers and sisters came running to see what was the matter.

Tommy didn't know how to take care of so many, and he dropped the Pig's leg and the Pig started to run away. It ran right between Tommy's legs and sat him down in a puddle of water, and the Mother Pig walked over him, so that he was dirty from his head to his heels. This made Tommy very angry, for he had meant to be kind to the Pig, and he thought this was very ungrateful treatment; so he caught the Mother Pig by her hind leg, and frightened her so that she dragged Tommy quite a long way—right among some Geese, which began cackling and making a dreadful noise. One of them, an old

Gander, who felt quite brave, walked up to Tommy and hit him several times with his bill. Now Tommy began to be frightened, and let go of the Pig and began to scream as loudly as any of them.

This brought Mr. Barlow, who asked what was the matter, for Tommy looked like a chimney-sweep with his clothes all black and his hands and face, too. "I was trying to tame the Pig," said Tommy, "I wanted to have them love me." Mr. Barlow told him to go and wash himself, and then he would talk with him. When he came back, he told him he did not tell him to catch the Pig by his hind-legs, but, that he must know something about Pigs or animals before he tried to tame them or he would get hurt worse than he did.

Arranged from Sandford and Merton.

### FIVE PEAS IN ONE POD.

Once there were five Peas growing in one pod. The Peas were green, the pod was green, the vine was green, the leaves were green, and they thought the whole world was green. The warm sun shone on the vine; the summer rain watered it. The shell grew larger and the Peas grew bigger and bigger.

"Are we to lie here, cooped up forever?" asked one.

"I am tired of it," said another.

"I fear we shall become hard," said a third.

"I want to see what there is outside," said a fourth; while the fifth, a very little pea, cried because he could not get out.

At length the vine turned yellow, the pod turned yellow, and the Peas turned yellow.

“All the world is turning yellow,” said the Peas with one voice.

Then there came an earthquake; the pod burst open with a crack, and all five Peas rolled out into the yellow sunshine. A little boy clutched them, and said they were fine Peas for his pea-shooter. He put the biggest one into his gun, and shot it out.

“Catch me if you can,” said the big Pea.

“I shall fly straight into the sun,” said the next one.

“I shall travel farthest,” said the third Pea.

“Let me alone,” said the fourth.

“What is to be will be,” said the little Pea, as he shot up and lodged in an empty flower-pot, in the window of a room where lay a poor sick girl.

Pretty soon the Pea sprouted, and began to grow up into a beautiful vine.

“Dear Mother, I think I shall get well,” said the little girl one day, “for my Pea is growing famously.”

“God grant it,” said the mother; and she took a stick and tied a string to it, so that the green vine might have something to cling to.

After many days there stood a beautiful pink Pea-blossom, smiling in the warm sunshine. The little girl kissed it softly, and said, “Now I am sure I am going to get well.”

ADAPTED FROM HANS ANDERSEN.

## LITTLE LAMMIE.

Once there was a little girl who fell down on the ice and hurt herself so badly that she could never walk again. She lived on a farm where there was a flock of sheep, and it had been her delight to play with the little lambs. There was one little lamb that she called her pet, and she begged her mother to let it be brought into her chamber. So her mother brought the little lamb and put it on the bed, and Lucy, for that was the name of the little girl, let it drink out of her hand and fed it with soft bread. Every day it was brought in, till it learned the way and came itself. It knew Lucy's voice, and would come when she called it from the window beside which her bed stood. It was a low window, and a pretty lawn surrounded the house, so that Lucy could always see the green grass and the dandelions and buttercups and red clover blossoms. And when she called her pet, whose name was Lammie, she would come bounding across the fields and put her head into Lucy's hand, and then she would nibble the green grass, but she would not eat the buttercups, for they made her mouth smart. The dandelions are very sweet, and she liked to eat those, and clovers seem to have sugar at the end of their blossoms where they stand in the cup that holds the little flowers.

Lucy longed to run races with the Lammie, but she was a good little girl and loved her mother, and did not wish her to be unhappy about her poor little girl who could not walk, so she never complained. She loved her Heavenly Father, because he had given her such a kind

mother and made such a beautiful world for people to live in. She loved the beautiful blue sky and the white clouds that the sun shone upon, and when night came she liked to look up at the stars and the bright moon.

Lammie grew larger and larger every day, and often came into the room and stood by the bed; but little lambs are not always polite, and Lucy's lamb sometimes ate the food prepared for Lucy without saying, "Please may I have it?" Lammies cannot understand words, but they can understand sweet voices like Lucy's, and when Lucy patted her lamb on the head, Lammie would lay her head down on the hand very lovingly and look up at her with her pretty eyes, as much as to say, "I love you." Lucy always had a wisp of fresh grass and dandelions for it when it came into the room, for that was the proper food for Lammies. It did not like to have anyone touch Lucy, and when it grew very large and strong, it would push the children away with its head if they came near the bed, and sometimes throw them down. Beasts do not know any better. They cannot be taught good manners as little children can. At last it began to push away Lucy's mamma, and one day Lucy said to her mother — "Mamma, I think Lammie had better not come into the room any more. She can play with me at the window and I will feed her there, but I cannot have her push away my good mamma, for I love her better than I do Lammie — I wish she had never grown up — and now she is a great sheep and had better live out of doors."

So everyone in the house tried to keep the doors shut but it was very difficult in warm weather, and Lammie would often get in and find her way to Lucy's room, and push the children about with her pretty head. At last

Lucy's papa had to sell it to another farmer many miles away. Sheep are not like dogs. Dogs can always find their way back to their masters, if they are carried ever so far off, but sheep cannot. But the Lammie really loved Lucy, and the farmer who bought her told Lucy one day that she would not eat for many days after he carried her home, and lost so much flesh that they thought she would not live. He had been told that she fed every day out of Lucy's hand, so one day he thought he would feed her out of his hand, and the poor unhappy Lammie was so hungry that she ate out of the farmer's hand every day, and grew fat and well again, and after a while was quite contented to stay with the old sheep and nibble grass.

One day the farmer went to see Lucy again, and while he was sitting by her bed, telling stories about her Lammie, he took from under his coat a dear little lamb and laid it on the bed by Lucy's side. She screamed with joy when she saw it, for it seemed to be her little pet lamb again. The farmer said, "It is your Lammie's baby, and I have brought it to you for a pet. Should you like to keep it?" "Oh! Thank you, thank you," said Lucy, "it would make me so happy, for I have missed my little Lammie so much." Then little Lucy cried bitterly, "Oh! I have missed my little Lammie so much, but I did not want dear mother to know it." So the dear little girl had grieved for her pet without saying anything about it, lest her mother should feel unhappy for her. Now she was delighted to have another little pet that could lie on her bed and feed out of her hand and cup.

Lucy could not get well. She had a great deal of pain,

and at last the Good Heavenly Father took her soul out of her poor broken body, and it went to live with Him in the beautiful Heaven, where there is no pain. There must be a flock of sheep, and flowers, and everything beautiful in that heavenly land, but we are sorry when little children get hurt so badly that they cannot live in this beautiful world till they are grown up. Our bodies are made just right for us to live in, and we must learn to take care of them, else they will give us a great deal of pain as Lucy's did. If Lucy had minded her mother, she would not have fallen on the ice and broken both her legs.

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. MANN.

### STORY OF BUZZY.

Once there was a little Bee, named Buzzy, who lived in a garden where there were a great many beautiful flowers. His mamma's name was Mrs. Queen, and she had more children than she could count. Buzzy had more than three thousand brothers and not one little sister.

As Mrs. Queen was the only lady in the house, and many of her children were too little to help themselves, she used to call on Buzzy's eldest brothers to help make the cribs for the baby Bees; and then, too, they often had to feed the little ones. Each little baby had a crib all to himself, and as the little cribs all had six sides and were made of wax, you may know that everybody had all they could do to make beds.

Some of Buzzy's brothers were lazy. They would not work. They flew and crawled about, and ate honey, but

Buzzy never saw any of them try to make honey or wax either. When Buzzy was first born he did not look at all like the bees you have seen. He was a little white worm, with large white eyes, and his mouth was like a caterpillar's. In his side were two little holes for him to breathe through, for Buzzy could not breathe through his mouth. For seven days Buzzy lived in this queer little body, in the crib where his mother had put him. He could crawl about very little, and managed to eat all the honey his brothers had put into his crib for him.

After a week had passed, something very strange happened. Some of the old Bees told the little worm to creep into a warm snug corner and go to sleep. Buzzy was glad enough to mind them, for he felt tired and sick. Then the little brother came and covered him all up, head, eyes and body with nice clean wax. The covering was so tight he could not move. He stayed in the little six-sided crib, feeling very sleepy and quiet, for ten days.

At the end of that time Buzzy's brothers thought he had rested long enough. They took off the wax sheets and blankets they had fastened him up with, and gave him some very nice food. He was glad to get it for he was very hungry after the ten days. Then he began to grow. Instead of the poor little white worm that had gone to sleep in the six-sided crib, he found he had a new suit of clothes of many colors growing out all over him, and he was changed into a bee with white, gauzy wings.

First he began scratching the wax off his body; then he looked at himself all over; then he walked about, to see if his legs were all right, for before he could only crawl. But the thing that pleased him most was the change that had taken place near his wings. He lifted

them up and down and shook them ; but he had very little room to fly in. He did not dare to use them very much for he was not quite sure what they were for.

The next morning his mamma asked him if he would not like to go out into the sunshine. She said that most of the other Bees had some work to do to prepare food for winter, and if Buzzy wanted to he could help them.

The young Bee was so delighted at the thought of seeing the flowers and feeling the bright sunshine that he flew off with his brothers. They went first to some morning-glories. Buzzy lighted on a bright blue one, and he stood looking about and feeling quite puzzled, for he did not know how to begin work. At last he began to cry and say that he was hungry. Very quietly one of his kind brothers came to see what was the matter. He found his antennae across Buzzy's face ; that is the way Bees talk. "Don't cry, Buzzy, dear," said his brother Bee, "just take a drop of juice from these sweet flowers and then take some bee bread, maybe after that you will feel better and can carry some bread home." "I can't get any juice," cried Buzzy, "I havn't any mouth ; I used to have a nice big one and could eat ever so much honey. Oh, dear ! I wish I was a worm again, I'm so hungry." Then the elder brother could hardly keep from laughing, but he did not laugh aloud for poor little Buzzy was in trouble, and his brother was too kind to laugh even if the thing did seem too funny. He flew up to Buzzy and patted him with his own wings and said. "You cunning little fellow, you don't know that you have as good a mouth as you ever had, only you have a longer tongue which you can thrust into the flowers and scrape off the nectar from the inside. See how I do it — Now you had

better try. I turn out my tongue over and over and get all the flower-juice, which is called nectar."

Then Buzzy tried and was delighted to find he too had a long tongue which would reach way down in the flower-cup. He thought he had never tasted anything so fresh and sweet as the nectar that the morning-glory gave him. So he flew to another flower and tried; but this time he threw his head back quickly and flew to his brother and crossed his antennae and hummed, "Oh! Affry, look! my head is all covered with yellow dust, and see, it is on my pretty wings too. Oh! brush it off — that is not a clean flower. I'm going to another." Affry said, "Oh, little brother, how many things you have to learn — you don't know that the yellow powder is bee-bread — The gardener calls it pollen — it is from that the large Bees make the wax boxes which hold our honey." "Oh! but it sticks on my hairs; I don't like it," said Buzzy. "Why, Buzzy, that is what our hairs are for — We just scrape it off, then carry it off in the baskets in our hind-legs." "Have I baskets in my hind-legs, too?" asked Buzzy, and he lifted one of his back legs and there he found a little triangular kind of a spoon, not like the old Bees', made to hold the pollen. He watched the other Bees take the powder off their heads, with their front legs; from them they passed it to the middle hair — then carefully packed the little baskets in their back legs.

By this time it was nearly noon, and Buzzy thought it time for his own work to begin, for he did not mean to be an idler. So he went to another blossom and tried very hard to get a load of dust, and though he spilled a good deal on the ground and tore a good many flowers he succeeded pretty well, and never was there a happier

Bee than Buzzy when he reached the hive with his first present to his Queen Mother.

Mrs. Queen showed him how to mix the powder with juices which he got from his own body, and soon he made a pretty little wax box with six sides, and as even and neatly done as any little cell could be. Then his mamma told him he ought to get some juice from the flowers and make some honey for his box. So this little busy Bee flew away to the same morning-glory vine. He had found so many nice things there, he thought it was the best place to go. When he got there he found the flowers had all gone to sleep and he couldn't get anything from them. He looked about to see what he could do and quickly spied some clover blossoms. He wanted to carry a large load this time, and he worked so hard that he did not see the sky was growing quite dark and cloudy. Presently it began to rain very hard. He was very much frightened, but he crept down under the leaves till he was sheltered by them, and waited patiently till the rain was over. As soon as the rain had stopped and the sun shone, Buzzy flew home.

As he came near the hive he saw a great cloud of Bees flying here and there, and he began to think something was wrong. The air was full of Bees and all seemed too busy and anxious to speak to Buzzy. At last he managed to make one of them hear, while he asked what was the matter. "Oh, dear, Buzzy, can't you see? Don't you know what has happened? A great storm of wind came and blew Mrs. Queen Bee over into the pond, and that is not the worst; they think that poor Mrs. Queen Bee is drowned." When Buzzy heard that he forgot about his precious load. He dropped it and squeezed thro' the

crowd of uncles, cousins and brothers until he reached his mamma. He tried, with all the rest, to lick her head and fan her with his wings. Soon they were made happy by seeing her open and move her wings. She slowly got on her feet, and when they saw she could walk a little, they flew off a little way so that she could warm and dry herself.

In a short time Mrs. Queen Bee was all right, but their house was very wet. They all thought it would be best to sleep that night in a tree which stood in a corner of the garden, and chose a nice large bough. Then all the bees flew close behind each other, alighting one on top of the other, till there were so many clinging to each other that it seemed as if a large black log of wood was hanging from the bough. And they slept there as quietly as if they were at home.

When the moon came out and the soft wind moved the branch gently, little Buzzy dreamed that he was being rocked to sleep in a morning-glory, and that he had for pillows little wax boxes filled with honey.

MRS. A. H. PUTNAM.

## THE SURGEON BIRD.

Some birds were in a nest under a study window. A gentleman sat in that study every day. He watched the birds — They were building the nest of clay. They brought round bits of clay in their bills. They stuck these bits upon the wall. After they had worked busily for awhile, they would perch on a tree near by. There they would sit and look at the nest. Sometimes they

would fly down and tear away all they had built. Sometimes a part of the nest would fall down. Then the birds would sit and think how to build it better.

Right in the middle of their work an accident happened. One of the birds stepped on a piece of broken glass. It cut her foot very badly. But Mrs. Bird was a brave little body; she wished to keep on with her work. She did keep on until she was faint and sick and could not fly upon the ground. Then she lay down; she closed her eyes; she looked very sick.

The other bird looked at her anxiously. Then he turned around and gave three loud, strange cries. Soon several birds came flying about, to see what was the matter.

A little Surgeon Bird came with them. He looked like the others, but he soon showed he was a Surgeon. He brought a bit of wet clay in his bill. He ground it fine with his own little beak, then he spread it on the bird's sore, stiff foot, just as a surgeon spreads a plaster. Next he took in his bill a long, green cornstalk which lay near. He flew up on a tin water-pipe under the window. One end of the cornstalk was near the lame bird. She took hold of it with her bill, and helped herself up on the water-pipe, too. Then the Surgeon helped her into the half-built nest.

Poor Mrs. Bird! It was very hard to be sick, and to move into the half-built house.

What do you suppose the Surgeon Bird did next? He went to work and helped Mr. Bird finish the nest. Then he flew off home.

Could the gentleman in his study have been kinder or wiser than that little bird?

## ANNIE'S NEW SHOES.

John and Nellie Egbert were coming home from school one day, when they met Annie Miller. The child was poorly dressed and looked as if she had been crying.

Nellie Egbert was a kind little girl, and felt sorry for Annie the minute she saw her troubled face. So she stopped, and putting her warm little mittened hand around Annie's cold one, she said "Why, Annie Miller, what's the matter, that makes you cry?" "I can't come to school any more," sobbed Annie, "'cause my shoes are so full of holes, and my papa is sick and can't earn any money to buy me new ones." "I have ten cents," said little John, "and I will give you that to buy some new ones." "Ten cents would never pay for a pair of shoes," replied Nellie, "but I know what we can do. To-day is Friday, and to-morrow will be vacation; we'll go home and think and think till we find a way to earn the money to buy them."

Annie's face brightened at the prospect of the new shoes, and soon they all ran home to their dinners.

John, Nellie and Annie lived in the country, where the fields of grass are dotted with daisies and buttercups, and birds live and sing in the trees.

The house where John and Nellie lived was a large white one, with flowers growing on each side of a broad walk which led to the front and side doors.

Behind the house, across the garden, was a beautiful grove of maple trees, and a few pine, spruce, walnut, and chestnut ones, too. After dinner John and Nellie went

out into the grove to play, for their papa had put a nice swing of stout rope up in one of the trees for their use.

"I know spring is here, because the pussy-willows are wearing their gray hoods and the buds are all coming out on the branches," said Nellie, as she swung back and forth. "I know that spring is here," said John, "because Jack Frost has gone to live north, and taken all the ice and snow away, and the robins and bluebirds have flown back here from the southland." Then he gave the swing a hard push that sent Nellie up among the low-growing branches. "Oh, John!" called Nellie, "help me stop the swing! The trees are telling me just how we can earn the money to buy Annie Miller the shoes."

As soon as she stopped the swing, out jumped Nellie. Then there was a great deal of talking and planning between the children; and at last Nellie said, "Let's see how many of the trees can help us."

First they went up to a tall, straight one and John said, "Can you give us some sap that will make maple-sugar? We want some to sell and take the money to buy our little friend some new shoes." But the Tree replied, "Oh, I am a Pine-tree. I grow to make boards to build houses of, but I have no maple sap." Then the children asked a great spruce, if that could help them. "I am sorry I can't," said this one, "but I am growing as fast as I can, so that next year I can make a pretty little Christmas tree for some little kindergarten children I know, but I have no sweet sap." Then a tall chestnut-tree near by spoke: "I have no sugar sap, but I am working to grow nuts for the squirrels and children to eat next fall." "Come over this way! Come over this

way!" called a chorus of trees. "We will help you to make some maple-sugar, for we are all sugar-maples; and we've not given any sap for a long time. There are just ten of us, as many as there are fingers on your two hands; and we will be glad to help you buy shoes."

The children whispered something about their big brother, Tom, and then ran to the house. All the way home the Robins seemed to call, "Shoes! Shoes!" to them; the sunshine seemed brighter than ever before, and the fresh spring air more delightful. They found Tom out by the great barn where the horses and cows lived, and told him all about poor Annie, and how the maple trees would give sap to make the sugar, if he would help them. Tom said "he would enjoy helping them," and then stooped and kissed each dear little face, he was so glad to see how thoughtful they had been for Annie.

Then they all went to the little room where the tools were kept. Here Tom found a bunch of metal spouts, a big augur, and a hammer. On the way to the grove, Tom stopped and asked a man who was working in the garden to bring them ten pails to let the sap fall into when it dropped from the trees.

Before the man came with the pails, Tom was busy among the maple-trees. First he took the augur and bored until he made a deep hole in the tree, in which he put one of the spouts, and hammered it in tight. All at once the children saw the clear sap begin to run from the spout. It looked like water; but when Nellie tasted it she found it was sweet. So Tom went from tree to tree and made a hole and hammered in a spout, until he reached all the ten trees that had promised to help.

Soon the man brought the ten pails and put them under the spouts to catch the drops of sap as they fell.

There was an old stove in the back room of the house, and Tom said next morning he would build a fire there, and put a big kettle on filled with sap, and let it boil, and boil, till the water would all go away in the hot steam, leaving the sweet part of the sap in the kettle, which would be maple-sugar. All the afternoon Nellie and John watched the pails; and when they were full of sap, Tom carried them to the house.

Saturday morning the fire was built, and the sap began to boil. For hours the great kettle steamed and bubbled and sang, till just at night Tom said: "Well, now we'll sugar off." Then he took the great kettle from the stove, and putting a broad wooden spoon into it, he stirred the thick syrup at the bottom for a long time. All at once the syrup looked like damp brown sugar, and then Tom poured it into pans to cake. "I'll go and ask mamma to come and see our nice brown sugar," said little John, and he soon returned with his mother. As soon as she looked at the little scalloped cakes in a row, she said: "What delicious-looking maple-sugar! I would like to buy it," and laid on the table two shining silver dollars. "Thank you, dear mamma," said Nellie and John, looking up with bright, glad eyes into her face. "Will that be enough to buy the shoes?" said little John. "Yes," said Mrs. Egbert, "and now I'll get my hat and coat, and go with you to get them." That night Annie Miller went to bed a very happy little girl, for, side by side, near her stood a pair of new shoes; and John and Nellie were happy, too.

All that night Nellie dreamed of a beautiful fairy, with

butterfly wings, that flew round and round, holding in her hands a tiny pair of silver shoes. Just before she went to fairyland she came and kissed Nellie, and whispered something in her ear; and this is what she said "The happiest days are those spent in helping others."

SOPHIA L. BIXBEY.

Taken from Mother's Nursery Guide.

### BENNIE'S SUNSHINE.

Little Bennie lived with his grandmother, in the basement of an old house. The street was so narrow that the warm sunlight could not shine into the low rooms, and grandmother was too feeble to go out of doors. She had been sick now for a week, and a kind neighbor came in to help with the work. Little Ben did errands, and tried his best to be useful.

It was a pleasant spring day, and after Bennie had come from the store with a pitcher of milk, he sat by grandmother's bed, and told her how warm and bright the sunshine was, and how he wished it would shine into their windows. "Ah! it has been so long since I felt the sunshine!" said grandmother, and she sighed. While Bennie watched her she seemed to sleep, and he put on his cap, poured the milk into a bowl, and went out, with the pitcher in his hand, shutting the door softly behind him. He had a plan for bringing sunshine to dear grandmother. Was not the Common near, where the sun just shines all day long? Surely some of it could be spared for her.

So little Ben ran all the way, till he came to the wide

Common. Then he placed the pitcher carefully down on the grass, so the sun could shine straight into it. "I will wait till it is quite full," he thought, and so began to pick the yellow buttercups that grew all about. He soon had a big bunch, and they were as bright as the sunshine. "Grandma will be so surprised when she wakes up, and how pleased she will be to have the sunshine, after all," Bennie thought. He started for home, with the buttercups in one hand and the pitcher in the other, his face rosy and smiling.

Grandmother was still asleep, so he laid the buttercups on her pillow, where she would be sure to see them, as soon as she opened her eyes. He set the pitcher on the table, and sang :

"Wake! says the Sunshine,  
'Tis time to get up;  
Wake! pretty daisy,  
And sweet buttercup."

Soon she opened her eyes, and the first thing she saw was the bunch of buttercups.

"Why, they are like sunshine!" she said.

"Yes, grandmother," cried little Ben, "and I have filled the pitcher with real sunshine—just see!" But when they looked inside the pitcher was empty; all the bright light had gone out of it.

Grandmother comforted her dear little boy, by telling him that his loving face was her best sunshine; that even if she could not go into the beautiful country, she was happy with him always.

It was not long after this before kind friends came and

took little Ben and his grandmother out into the country, to stay all summer. And with the sunshine and little Ben to help her, grandmother at last grew strong enough to walk in the green fields. She called Bennie "Little Sunshine." Don't you think it was a good name for him?

MABEL RUST.

Original Story.

### A LESSON OF FAITH.

"Let me hire you as a nurse for my poor children," said a Butterfly to a quiet Caterpillar, who was strolling along a cabbage-leaf in her odd, lumbering way. "See these little eggs," continued the Butterfly, "I don't know how long it will be before they come to life, and I feel very sick and poorly; and if I should die, who will take care of my baby Butterflies when I am gone? Will you, kind, mild, green Caterpillar? But you must mind what you give them to eat, Caterpillar; they cannot, of course, live on your rough food. You must give them early dew, and honey from the flowers; and you must let them fly about only a little at first, for, of course, one can't expect them to use their wings properly all at once. Dear me! It is a sad pity you cannot fly yourself. But I have no time to look for another nurse now, so you will do your best, I hope. Dear! I cannot think what made me come and lay my eggs on a cabbage-leaf. What a place for young Butterflies to be born! Still you will be kind to the poor little ones, will you not? Here, take this gold-dust from my wings as a reward. Oh! how dizzy I am! Caterpillar, you will remember about the food."

And with these words the Butterfly closed her eyes and died; and the green Caterpillar, who had not had the opportunity of even saying, "Yes" or "No," to the request, was left standing alone by the side of the butterfly eggs.

"A pretty nurse she has chosen, indeed, poor lady!" exclaimed she, "and a pretty business I have in hand! Why, her senses must have left her, or she never would have asked a poor crawling creature like me to bring up her dainty ones! Much they'll mind me, truly, when they feel the gay wings on their backs, and can fly away out of my sight whenever they choose! Ah! how silly some people are, in spite of their painted clothes and the gold-dust on their wings!"

However the poor Butterfly was dead, and there lay the eggs on the cabbage-leaf; and the green Caterpillar had a kind heart, so she resolved to do her best. But she got no sleep that night, she was so very anxious. She made her back quite ache with walking all night long round her young charges for fear any harm should happen to them, and in the morning she said —

"Two heads are better than one. I will consult some wise animal upon the matter, and get advice. How should a poor crawling creature like me know what to do, without asking my betters?"

But still there was a difficulty — whom should the Caterpillar consult? There was the shaggy Dog who sometimes came into the garden. But he was so rough — he would most likely whisk all the eggs off the cabbage-leaf with one brush of his tail. There was the Tom-Cat, to be sure, who would sometimes sit at the foot of the apple-tree, basking himself and warming his fur in the

sunshine, but there was no hope of his giving himself the trouble to think about butterflies' eggs. "I wonder which is the wisest of all animals," sighed the Caterpillar, in great distress; and then she thought and thought till at last she thought of the Lark. In the neighboring corn-field lived a Lark, and the Caterpillar sent a message to him, to beg him to come and talk to her; and when he came, she told him all her difficulties. The Lark listened to her story, and then went singing up into the bright blue sky. He sailed away so far that the green Caterpillar could not hear a sound. So she resumed her walk around the Butterfly's eggs, nibbling a bit of cabbage-leaf; now and then as she moved along. "What a time the Lark has been gone!" she cried, at last. "I wonder where he is just now!" And still the green Caterpillar kept walking around the eggs. At last the Lark began to be heard again. The Caterpillar almost jumped for joy. "News, news, friend Caterpillar!" sang the Lark; "but the worst of it is, you won't believe me!" "I believe everything I am told," said the Caterpillar. "Well, then, first of all, I will tell you what these little creatures are to eat." "Dew and the honey out of flowers," sighed the Caterpillar. "No such thing, but something you can get at quite easily." "I can get at nothing quite easily but cabbage-leaves," murmured the Caterpillar. "Excellent, my friend," cried the Lark, "you have found it out. You are to feed them with cabbage-leaves." "Never!" said the Caterpillar, "It was their mother's last wish I should do nothing of the kind." "But why do you ask me," said the Lark, "and then disbelieve me? You have neither faith nor trust." "Oh, I believe everything I'm told," said the Caterpillar. "No, you don't; you won't

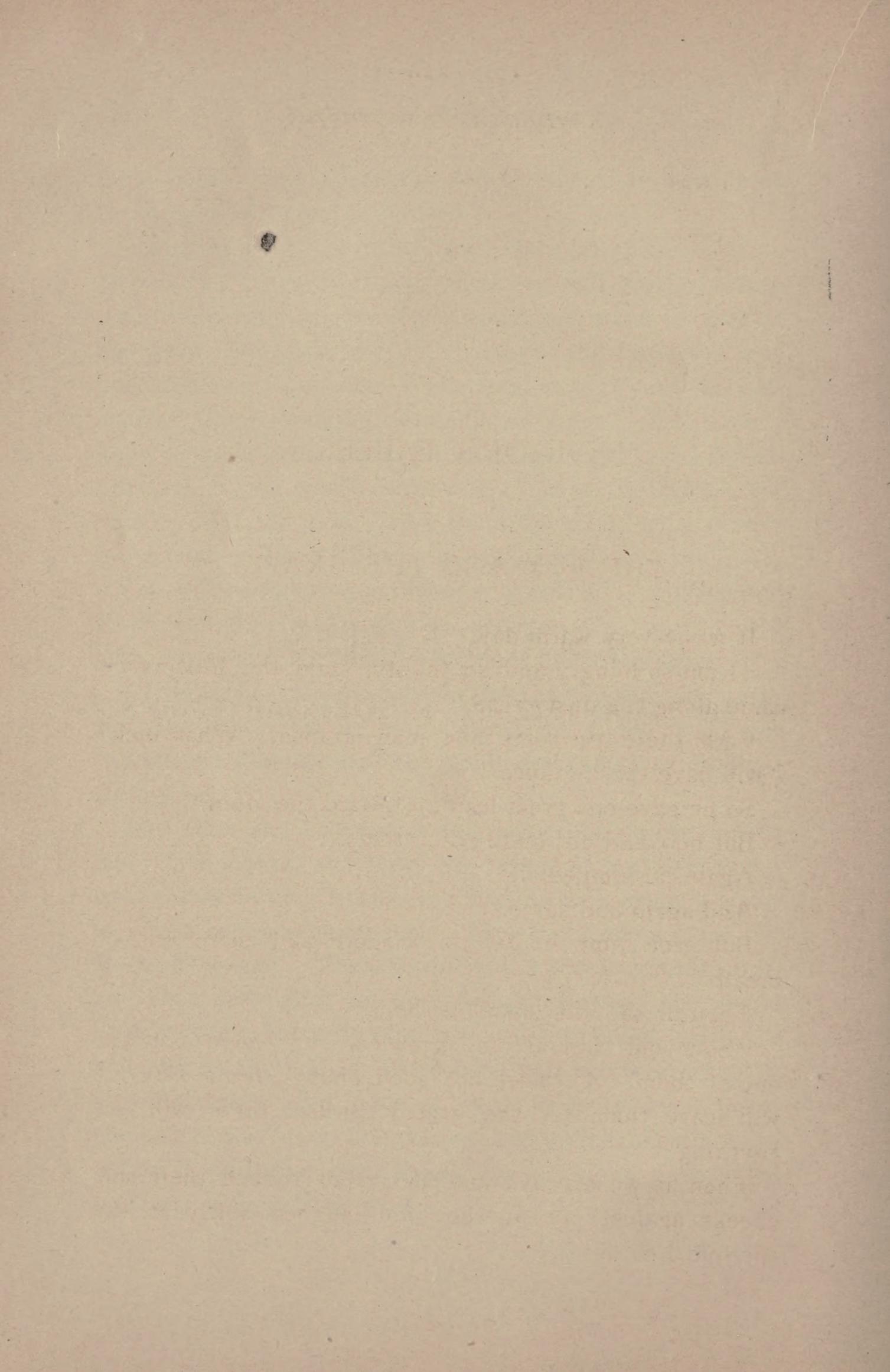
even believe me about the food. What do you think those eggs will turn out to be?"

"Butterflies, to be sure," said the Caterpillar. "Caterpillars!" said the Lark, "and you will find it out in time," and away he flew, for he did not want to contest the point with his friend. "I thought the Lark was wise and kind, but I find he is foolish and saucy," and the Caterpillar began walking around the eggs. "I wish I knew what he sees when he soars so high." "I would tell you, if you would believe me," says the Lark. "I believe all I am told," said the Caterpillar with a very grave face. "Then I'll tell you something," said the Lark. "You will one day be a Butterfly yourself." "Wretched Bird! you are cruel as well as foolish. Go away! I will ask your advice no more," exclaimed the Caterpillar.

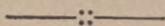
"I told you you would not believe me," cried the Lark. He flew away, telling the Caterpillar if she ever got beyond the cabbage-leaf, she would see things as wonderful as that.

Just then the Caterpillar felt something move beside her. She looked, and there were eight or ten little green caterpillars moving about, and had already made a show of a hole in the cabbage-leaf. They had broken from the Butterfly's eggs. The Caterpillar felt very much ashamed, and then very glad, for she thought perhaps she would change into a butterfly after all. She thanked the Lark and told all the rest of her relation that she was going to be a Butterfly. But none of them believed her. After some time she spun her cocoon and rolled herself away within it, and after some days came out again, a beautiful butterfly with painted wings.

ÆSOP'S FABLES  
TO BE ADAPTED BY KINDERGARTENERS.



## ÆSOP'S FABLES.



## THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

It was a very warm day.

“I am so hungry and so thirsty,” said the Fox, as he came along the dusty road.

“Ah, there are some fine juicy grapes! What luck! I will have those grapes.”

So he gave one great leap up toward the vines.

But he could not quite reach them.

Again he jumped.

And again and again.

But each time he fell back more and more out of breath.

Then he sat and looked at them.

“Sour old things!” he growled. “I would not eat one of them. They are not good enough for a Fox. I will leave them for the greedy Birds. Birds will eat anything.”

Then he went away; and the grapes rubbed their soft cheeks against one another and laughed softly at the silly old Fox.

## THE ANT AND THE DOVE.

A little Ant had fallen into the water.

"O help! help! I shall drown!" cried the Ant.

A Dove in a tree near by heard the little Ant cry for help.

"I will throw down a leaf," said the Dove.

"Here, little Ant, is a leaf. Climb up on it and you will float to the shore."

"Oh, I thank you, kind Dove!" answered the Ant, as he reached the shore. "You have saved my life."

A few days later the Dove was busy, building her nest. Near by was a man with a gun.

"He is going to shoot the Dove," cried the Ant. "I must stop him!"

So the Ant ran up to the man and bit his heel.

"O my heel, my heel!" screamed the man; and he dropped his gun.

This startled the Dove and she flew away.

When the man was gone she flew back and said, "I thank you, little friend. To-day you have saved my life."

## THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW.

A Dog had stolen a piece of meat for his dinner.

"Now for a feast," said the Dog. And away he trotted with the meat in his mouth.

On his way home there was a brook to cross. The water was very clear and very still. The Dog saw his own shadow in the water.

“There is another Dog with another piece of meat,” thought he.

“R-r-r-r,” growled he, looking down into the water.

“R-r-r-r,” growled the Dog in the water, looking up at him.

“I’ll have that piece of meat,” thought the greedy Dog on the bridge. So he growled again and showed his teeth.

The Dog in the water showed his teeth too.

That made the Dog on the bridge angry. Snap! Snap! and down went the meat into the water, and the greedy Dog had nothing but his own thoughts to dine upon. I wonder were they pleasant.

## THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.

A Lark had made her nest in a wheat-field.

All summer the little Larks had been growing strong and large.

All summer long the wheat had been growing tall and ripe.

Now the Larks were nearly old enough to fly. Now the wheat was nearly ripe.

One day the farmer came to look at his wheat.

Said the farmer to his son, “The wheat is nearly ripe; go and ask our neighbors to help us harvest.”

“Oh, dear!” peeped the little Larks; “We must get ready to fly away.”

“There is no need to move yet,” answered the mother.

“But are you not frightened?” asked the baby Larks.

“Not as long as the farmer depends upon his neighbors,” answered the Lark with a wise smile.

In a day or two the farmer came again to look at his wheat.

Said the farmer to his son, “The wheat is nearly ripe; go and ask our uncles and our cousins to help us harvest.”

“Oh, dear!” peeped the little Larks; “We must get ready to fly away.”

“There is no need to move yet,” answered the mother.

“But are you not frightened?” asked the baby Larks.

“Not as long as the farmer depends upon his relatives,” answered the Lark with a wise smile.

In a day or two the farmer came again to look at his wheat.

Said the farmer to his son, “The wheat is nearly ripe; go and sharpen the scythes. To-morrow I will begin to harvest.”

“Now, children,” said the mother Lark; “it is time for us to fly.”

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