

up, up, toward the garret door. Who could it be?

The door flew open; it was Bruin, — great, black, hungry Bruin! He had got tired of standing in the barnyard. He had untied himself, and had now found his way upstairs.

The children were much frightened when they saw the big bear. Each ran into a corner to hide; but Bruin found them all, and touched each one with his big cold nose, and did not try to harm them in any way.

"This is nothing but a big dog," said the children. "See how gentle and kind he is." Then, one by one, they came out of their dark corners and began to stroke the rough old bear.

dōg'gīe bēat seek mārched
out dōne' hīnd sōl'dier shāg'gī
shout'ed sēe'ond ēn joyed' brōom'stīck

BRUIN AND THE CHILDREN.

Bruin laid himself down on the floor; and the youngest boy lay down by him and hid

his head with its golden curls in the bear's long black fur. "Good doggie," said the little fellow, "come and play hide and seek with me."

Then the eldest boy took his drum and beat upon it till the room was full of the noise. The bear rose up on his hind legs and began to dance. All the children were delighted, and the youngest shouted with joy.

Next, each boy took his toy gun, and Bruin, not to be outdone, seized the broomstick. "What a fine soldier he is, and how well he holds his gun!" shouted the second boy.

Then they marched — "left, left, left, right, left," — up and down the long room. It was fine fun, and shaggy old Bruin enjoyed it as much as any of the children.

In a little while some one came up the stairs and opened the door. It was the mother of the three boys. You should have seen her. You should have seen what a great fright she was in. Her face was as

white as the snow under the trees; her mouth was half open; she was ready to scream.

But the youngest boy laughed in great



delight and shook his golden curls. Then he shouted, "Oh, mother, we are playing soldiers with the big doggie!"

And just then the master of the bear came in and led him away.

trūst elōse friēnd'ly blōs'som
slēpt eōv'ered drēamed sweet'ness

THE KIND OLD OAK.

It was almost time for winter to come. The little birds had all gone far away, for they were afraid of the cold. There was no green grass in the fields, and there were no pretty flowers in the gardens.

Many of the trees had dropped all their leaves. Cold winter with its snow and ice was coming.

At the foot of an old oak tree some sweet little violets were still in blossom. "Dear old oak," said they, "winter is coming; we are afraid that we shall die of cold."

"Do not be afraid, little flowers," said the oak. "Close your yellow eyes in sleep, and trust to me. You have made me glad many a time with your sweetness. Now I will take care that the winter shall do you no harm."

So the violets closed their pretty eyes and went to sleep; they knew they could trust the kind old oak. And the great tree softly