

"So you wear sheep's clothing, eh?" jeered the bad woman.

"Do you?" wailed the good girl. "Is it true?"

"Yes; it is true," answered the good-looking man; "and I always shall wear it!"

"No, you shall not!" snarled the bad woman. "You shall not wear sheep's clothing. You are a wolf!" And she sprang at him and tore off his sheep's clothing.

But lo! no wolf was revealed—only a sheep!



## SHEPHERDESS FAIR

O SHEPHERDESS fair, the flocks you keep  
Are dreams and desires and tears and sleep.

O shepherdess brown, O shepherdess fair,  
Where are my flocks you have in care?

My wonderful, white, wide-pasturing sheep  
Of dream and desire and tears and sleep?

Many the flocks, but small the care  
You give to their keeping, O shepherdess fair!

O shepherdess gay, your flocks have fed  
By the iris pool, by the saffron bed,

Till now, by noon, they have wandered far,  
And you have forgotten where they are!

O shepherdess fair, O shepherdess wild,  
Full wise are your flocks, but you a child!

You shall not be chid if you let them stray.  
In your own wild way, in your own child way,  
You will call them all back at the close of day.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.



## SO MUCH MORE INTERESTING

SMALL DAUGHTER (*tired of playing alone*)—Mummy, when I get to heaven shall I always play wif angels?

MOTHER—Yes, my darling.

"Mummy, don't you fink that if I've been *vevy, vevy* dood all the mornin' playin' wif' angels, in the afternoon *p'waps* God will give me a lickle devil to play wif?"