

picture; but you will see the one which was drinking.

Rosy admired them very much, and wanted to go as near as she could that she might see them well; for although they were so very big and had such long legs, she was not a bit afraid of them. She never was afraid of anything when her papa was by, because he was so very strong — stronger than all the world she thought.

“Who made the cows, Rosy?” asked her papa, when she had looked at them a little while.

“God,” said Rosy, softly; “God made everything, didn’t he, papa? Why did he make the cows?” she asked, after thinking a minute.