

“To give us good milk, such as you had yesterday, Rosy, and to make you and other little girls and boys fat and strong. Was not that very good of God!”

“Yes, papa,” said Rosy, again.

“Then will you remember that, my little one, when you say, by and by, ‘I thank God for my nice bread and milk’?”

Rosy said she would, and then she asked, —

“And do the pretty cows give us coffee, too, papa?”

“No, no, my silly little Rosy; don’t you recollect that we buy that at the grocer’s shop? We must go some day and ask him to let you see