



"I love God and little children,"—JOAN PAUL.

### When we go Fishing.

When we go fishing in the brook,  
Joey and Cleely and I,  
A crooked pin's our only hook  
That catches 'em! Sometimes we tie  
The string tight to a willow limb  
Just where the biggest minnows swim

Then we lie down there in the shade,  
And watch our hole that tip and float;  
And once a brace of rocks we made,  
And built a castle and a moat,  
But just as sure as we begin,  
Why, Joey goes and tumbles in.

Then all the frightened fish they hide  
Beneath the rocks and in the pool  
There's not a minnow to be spied!  
The water settles clear and cool  
With bubbles 'twixt the rocks and foam;  
But then we must take Joey home

Of course he cries at mamma's look  
She says: "Is this the only fish  
That you can catch in Silver Brook?"  
She knows, though, we'd set all this wish,  
With just our string and pin and pin—  
If Joey wouldn't tumble in!

—Virginia Woodward Cloud, in *St. Nicholas*.

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### Daisy's Afternoon Tea.

**D**aisy didn't quite know what to do. Mamma had a headache, and wanted to lie down, and had just asked her to amuse herself awhile, and had given her a penny to spend at the grocery store.

Daisy thought for sometime as to how she should "amuse herself." At last she said, "I will give an afternoon tea."

Off Daisy trotted to the grocery store, and with her penny bought a moist, sticky lump, twisted up in brown paper; and the grocery man, who was a great friend of Daisy's, when he heard of the afternoon tea, gave her a handful of raisins besides.

Then she went home; and Della, the cook, gave her a glass of milk with some cookies, and a big yellow banana.

Then Daisy took her own little table and rocking chair out in the shade under the big elm, and set the table nicely with a white cloth which she had begged of Della, and a beautiful bunch of flowers in the centre. Then she spread out her refreshments, and sat down to wait for the company.

It was some time before any one came. Finally, Daisy saw what she supposed was her own Kitty Clover; but it wasn't. It was a strange kitty, so poor and thin, and so scared and shy that it was a long time before Daisy could coax her near to drink some milk; but, when she did drink, she seemed to enjoy it so much that Daisy was glad her own fat Kitty Clover hadn't come to drink it up herself.

Just as the kitty was nearing the bottom of the glass, the arrival of a new guest sent her running up the elm tree as fast as she could go. The new guest was Prince, just home from a ramble, hot and hungry; and he finished the milk with two laps of his great tongue, and then ate cookies till Daisy called him "a greedy dog," and said he shouldn't have another one. So Prince thought he would take a nap under the trees.

Daisy waited a while longer, and was thinking she shouldn't have any more callers, when she saw a weary couple coming down the road—a man with a hand organ, and a tired, dusty little monkey.

The man asked Daisy for a drink, so she ran in to Della for more milk and cookies, and while the man was enjoying his lunch, the monkey perched on the edge of the table, and ate the big banana, piece by piece, from Daisy's hands. Then the man played some tunes on the hand-organ, and the monkey danced and did a number of pretty tricks. He then politely lifted his little red cap to Daisy, and held out a tiny paw for her to shake. The man lifted his cap, also, and they went off down the road.

It was almost night now, so Daisy ate the moist, sticky lump and the raisins herself. Then she ran in to tell mamma about her first afternoon tea, and how delighted all her guests were. And mamma was as much pleased as Daisy.

—*Babyland*.

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### Was it You?

There was somebody who said an unkind word which hurt somebody else. Was it you?

There was somebody who found nothing but faults in the belongings of his friend. Was it you?

There was somebody who borrowed a book and kept it for months. Was it you?

There was somebody who never stopped to think who was hurt by the sarcastic word. Was it you?

There was somebody who day in and day out, never did anything to make anybody else happy. Was it you?