

fell merrily enough, and the little rain-drop leaped out to join his brothers and sisters. Together they ran down the garden path, over the smooth sand, and then crept through the hedge and over the grass of the meadow, until, with a glad laugh, they leaped down into a brook, and sped away toward the sea. Even here the little rain-drop was not lost. It helped to water long miles of meadows, and the roots of great trees in the forest. It turned the wheels of huge mills and factories that gave work and food to thousands. It helped to hold up large ships and steamers, with all the wealth and the precious lives they contained. And so the little rain-drop was happy in doing good, happier than when it nestled in the soft, sweet leaves of the rose. It was so strong that at last it swept out into the ocean to finish what it had to do. But as it went into the darkness it sang, 'Happy is the little drop of water. The dear Lord did not make it for nothing. Work and sing! Work and sing!'

Little children, God has something for you to do—something higher and better than the duties of the little rain-drop. Don't wait! Find it, and do it!—'Chatterbox.'

Mr. Monk.

[For the Messenger.

Nellie was a little English girl, nearly five years old. She lived in a big house which was just like all the other houses on the same street. They all had iron



railings in front, and a little square porch with white steps. Nellie was very fond of sitting on top of the porch and looking at the people going by. One day a little Italian boy with an organ and a monkey stopped just in front and began to play. The monkey was a little black one with a long tail, and it wore a tiny red coat and yellow cap, and danced around to the music.



Nellie thought it was the sweetest thing she had ever seen, and ran indoors to beg her mother to give her some pennies for it. Her mother gave her the pennies, and some nuts, too, and Nellie threw them down to the monkey.

He gave the pennies to his master, but put all the nuts into his cheeks, till he looked as if he had a very bad toothache.

After that the organ boy used to come every week with the monkey, and Nellie

always had some money and some nuts and apples for them.

One day Nellie had a birthday, and when she came down to breakfast, there was a great big wooden box on the table.

What do you think was in it? Nellie was so excited that she didn't try to



guess, just jumped up and down while her daddy opened the box, and out came Mr. Monkey in his little red coat! He seemed to know who he was meant for, for he ran straight to Nellie and put his little black arms round her neck just like a baby. Nellie thought it was the nicest birthday present she had ever had.

The Italian boy said the monkey's name was Garibaldi, but Nellie didn't



like that, so she always called him Mr. Monk. Nellie had a little dog called Tim, who had lived in her house since he was a tiny little puppy, and at first he didn't like Mr. Monk at all.

They were always quarrelling, sometimes it was Mr. Monk's fault and sometimes it was Tim's, but I think Tim was the worst, because he was the host, and should have been very polite to the new arrival.

But one day they had a very bad quarrel, and after that they made friends.

It was this way:—

Nellie and Mr. Monk were playing with a doll, when all of a sudden Tim began to growl.

Mr. Monk jumped away with the doll still in his arms, and Nellie grabbed his tail.

Then Tim thought he would have

some fun, so he caught Nellie's dress in his teeth, was growling and worrying with all his might, when a big piece came off in his mouth. There was a great fuss then and Nellie's daddy came in and spanked Tim and Mr. Monk hard till they squealed.

After that I suppose they thought it would be better to behave themselves, and play together instead of fighting, for that's what they do now, and whenever one of them gets a piece of cake or

something nice at tea time, he shares it with the other.

The Snowball Shop.

(Annie Willis McCullough, in the 'Youth's Companion.')]

The snowball shop is up in the clouds, Ho! ho! As of course you know! There snowflakes gather in restless crowds,

When the season's arrived for snow. And there they wait in their cloud homes gray,

Ho! ho! To be sure, you know! Till it's time to start on their earthward way,

To fill the whole world with snow.

The snowball shop has a showroom great,

Ho! ho! Don't the children know? And the doors are open early and late When its shelves are filled with snow.

And this wonderful room is the whole outdoors!

Ho! ho! Yes, the children know! For there you will find the fleecy stores That come from the shop of snow.

You may run and shout and help yourselves,

Ho! ho! As I'm sure you know! For there's always more upon the shelves

Of this marvellous shop of snow! Oh, the snowballs, and snow-men, and sleds, and rides!

Ho! ho! All the children know! Oh, the snow houses, snow-shoes, and forts and slides,

That come in the time of snow! Ho! ho! Hurrah for the shop of snow!

Dorothy's Mustn'ts.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the 'Southern Presbyterian.')]

I'm sick of 'mustn'ts,' said Dorothy D.; Sick of 'mustn'ts' as I can be.

From early morn till close of day, I hear a 'mustn't' and never a 'may.' It's 'You mustn't lie there like a sleepy head;'

And 'You mustn't sit up when it's time for bed;'

'You mustn't cry when I comb your curls;'

'You mustn't play with those noisy girls;'

'You mustn't be silent when spoken to;'

'You mustn't chatter as parrots do;'

'You mustn't be pert, and you mustn't be proud;'

'You mustn't giggle or laugh aloud;'

'You mustn't rumple your nice, clean dress;'

'You mustn't nod in place of yes.'

So all day long the 'mustn'ts' go, Till I dream at night of an endless row

Of goblin 'mustn'ts' with great big eyes,

That stare at me in shocked surprise. Oh! I hope I shall live to see the day

When some one will say to me, 'Dear, you may,'

For I'm sick of 'mustn'ts,' said Dorothy D.; Sick of 'mustn'ts' as I can be.