



NOVEMBER RAIN.

## A RHYME FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Oh, I'll tell you a story that nobody knows,  
Of ten little fingers and 'n little toes,  
Of two pretty eyes and one little nose,  
And where they all went one day.

Oh, the little round nose smelled something  
sweet,

So sweet it must surely be nice to eat,  
And patter away went two little feet  
Out of the room one day.

Ten little toes climbed up on a chair,  
Two eyes peeped over a big shelf where  
Lay a lovely cake, all frosted and fair,  
Made by mamma that day.

The mouth grew round and the eyes grew  
big  
At taste of the sugar, the spice, the fig;  
And ten little fingers went dig, dig, dig,  
Into the cake that day.

And when mamma kissed a curly head,  
Cuddling it cosily up in bed,  
I wonder, was there a mouse," she said,  
"Out on the shelf to-day?"

"Oh, mamma, yes," and a laugh of glee  
Like fairy bell's rang merrily—  
"But the little bit of a mouse was  
Out on the shelf to-day!"

## SELFISH SAMBO AND THE APPLE

The apple-tree could not think, but it  
seemed to know that Sambo liked sweet  
apples. It dropped one to the ground.  
Away the apple went rolling down the hill.  
The apple-tree, you see, was in a sloping  
pasture. Sambo was a black pony. When he  
saw the apple he galloped joyfully after it.

"I want the apple myself," cried little  
Joe. He was looking through the pasture

bars. Grandpa Gray  
stood by him, holding  
sister Bell upon his  
shoulder.

"I think, Joey boy,  
that there are enough  
apples left for you. You  
can spare Sambo this  
one."

By this time Sambo  
had chased the apple to  
the foot of the hill. It  
stopped against the  
wall, and the pony ate  
it with glee.

"There! I've lost my  
apple," said Joe.

Just then Mitchie,  
the cow, strolled near  
the apple-tree. She  
knew as well as Sambo

where the sweet apples came from. She  
stretched up her neck to reach the fruit. She  
could not quite do it, and looked sad. But  
Sambo saw her, and did not look sad at all.  
He set out on a fast gallop for poor Mitchie.  
He flung his heels in the air at her, and  
frightened the timid cow away. Then he  
smelled on the ground for apples, but found  
none.

"Served you right, you stingy thing!"  
cried Belle.

"Now, Joey, you see how it looks to be  
selfish," said Grandpa Gray.—*Our Little  
Ones.*

## DO YOUR BEST.

Boys and girls, always do your best.  
Some things you now do well, but with  
care and patience you can do much better.  
Use care, then. Be patient, spare no pains,  
and you will reap a rich reward. Write a  
postal card correctly. Avoid blots and  
misspelled words, and if you make a blunder,  
take a fresh postal card and try again. By so  
doing you will lose a cent, but you will  
make much more than a cent in your effort  
to be accurate.

When you begin to row a boat, row  
slowly at first, that you may learn to row  
correctly. Do not lift the oars high in the  
air, and do not plunge them deep in the  
water, but "feather" them, and get all the  
force out of them you can with long and  
steady pulls.

When you sew, let the stitches be even,  
and take as much pains as though your  
needlework was to be sent to the county  
fair on exhibition, and perhaps would take  
a prize. A prize you then will surely gain  
in the habit of doing your work just right.

When you first finger the piano, do not  
shrink back in disgust from the book of

"exercises." Keep at them, and hasten  
slowly until you have the perfect mastery  
over them. Correctness first, and speed  
will slowly yet surely follow.

Take as your motto in all the things you  
have to do the single word *thorough*. So  
many persons do a thing so nearly right  
that we wonder they do not make a little  
more effort and do it exactly right. They  
fail not in native ability, but in carefulness.  
Avoid their blunder, and put thought into  
all you do, and then you will form a habit  
which will be of almost priceless value to  
you in the journey of life.

## THE FIRST FALSE STEP.

It is the first false step that tells. You  
know that when you tumble down-stairs,  
O if you only had looked where you set your  
foot, you never would have had all that  
rolling and tumbling, beyond your control,  
until you found yourself at the bottom.

So it is with everything else in this world  
—with the man who falls into dissipated  
habits; with the woman who loses her self-  
respect and that of others; with a man who  
ends a respectable life with some deed that  
is dishonourable; with all who follow any  
course that brings its penalty of shame, suffer-  
ing, and death. It is the first little step  
that does all; and it may not be so very bad  
a step in itself—only a little wrong. It may  
be only a mistake, indeed, but the end comes  
all the same.

Let every boy and girl remember this.  
Just as it does not do to make a mistake at  
the head of the stairs, so it will not do to  
make even a mistake in the beginning of  
life—especially a mistake of the sort that  
leads to evil—for it often brings one to the  
bottom at last.

## "SAY O, MAMMA."

LITTLE Nellie went exploring grandma's  
room, and came back to mamma, saying, "I  
saw a big dog in grandma's room." Mamma  
quietly answered, "Did you?" But that was  
not what Miss Nellie wanted; to surprise  
her mamma, and make her open her eyes  
wide at the tale she told; so after a moment  
she said, "Mamma, why don't you say O?"

There are a great many little Nellies who  
like to astonish people; and sometimes they  
make things bigger than they are, or tell  
things that are not so, just to see how sur-  
prised people will look. They do not mean  
harm, but I think they will not feel like  
doing it again when they know that it is  
only one kind of lying, and that it is a sin.  
God gave you your eyes to see things as  
they are, and your tongue to tell what your  
eyes see.