

little songster thoughtfully for a few moments longer.

Then Eloise looked at mother with a smile, and suggested that they all go and cut out pictures to paste in their scrap album.

So the three settled cheerily down to work, and the time passed so pleasantly that they forgot all about the rain, and dinner-time came before they had begun to get tired.

'I wonder if the birdie has gone yet,' Eloise exclaimed at the dinner-table. 'If he isn't,' she said soberly, 'I think we ought to thank him for his good example, and tell him that we tried the singing in the rain this morning too.' — Isobel E. Nichol.

### When Mamma Grows Little And I Grow Big.

(By Jeannette M'Millan, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Dear little, sweet little, Barbara Dunn,  
Sat on the stile at the set of the sun,  
Sat on the stile and swung her feet,  
Sang as she sat, putting dolly to sleep,  
Dear little Barbara Dunn.

'Dolly,' said dear little Barbara Dunn,  
'When I am grown up, mamma will be young,  
This is the way I am sure it will be,  
When I get so big, she'll be little like me,'  
Wise little Barbara Dunn.

'But dolly,' said sweet little Barbara Dunn,  
'I never shall be too grown up for fun,  
I'll love you and dress you and keep you alway,  
And mamma when she's good shall hold you and play.'  
Sweet little Barbara Dunn.

### God Says We Mustn't.

As a mother sat reading to her three children she came to a story of a naughty boy who had stolen apples and pears from an orchard near his father's cottage. After reading a part of the story, she made a pause, according to her

usual practice, to put a few questions. 'William,' she said, 'why ought we not to steal apples and pears?'

'Oh,' replied William, 'because they do not belong to us.'

'And what do you say, Robert?'

'I say because, if they caught us, they would send us to prison.'

'And now, Mary, it is your turn to give a reason. Say, dear, why ought we not to steal apples or pears, or anything else?'

'Because,' said little Mary, looking meekly up at her mother, 'because God says we mustn't.'

'Right, love,' said her mother. 'What God commands, we are bound to do; and what He forbids, we are bound to leave undone. 'Thou shalt not steal' are His words. If ever you are asked why you should not do what is wrong, let your answer be the same as the one you have given me: "Because God says we mustn't." — 'Early Days.'

### The Lost Hour.

'Coax your auntie to let you stay at home this time,' urged Frank, as he sat in the sand-pile with Lester. 'Sunday school is only one hour, anyway, so it doesn't matter for once. You might stay with me. It's awful lonesome alone.'

'I haven't missed a Sunday yet,' said Lester, thinking of Miss Ethel and all the boys and girls. 'I know my Golden Text and everything.'

'Well, then, it don't make any difference whether you go or not,' said the little boy. 'Your auntie will let you stay if you just ask her.'

'Want to stay at home from Sunday-school?' said Auntie Belle when Lester asked her. 'Why, isn't this a sudden notion? You told me you hadn't missed a day. I am afraid your mamma won't like it.'

But both boys coaxed until she said Lester might stay with his friend. Mamma had been called away suddenly on Saturday evening, so Aunt Belle came over to stay with Lester and little Nell until mamma and papa came home.

'I guess you didn't go to Sunday school yesterday, did you Lester?' asked old Mrs. Brown. 'I missed

my paper and have been lonesome for it ever since.'

No—I—that is, I stayed at home with Frank,' said Lester, remembering that he always brought a Sunday school paper to the dear old lady who could not go herself. 'I'm sorry about the paper.'

'So am I, but it isn't often you miss,' said Mrs. Brown. 'Next Sunday you'll bring me one, I'm sure.'

'I missed you last Sunday, Lester,' said Miss Ethel, meeting him on the street as he was going to the store for mamma. 'I was just on my way to see if you were sick, for you are one of my most faithful scholars.'

'I wish I hadn't stayed at home,' thought Lester, as he hurried on after seeing Miss Ethel's grieved look. 'I guess it don't pay to lose even one Sunday.'

And when the end of the year came, what do you suppose happened? Why, the minister read a list of names of the boys and girls who had not been absent a single Sunday from Sunday school, and gave them nice books for prizes. There were little boys and big boys, little girls and big girls, and some grown people, but Lester's name was not among them.'

'For just one hour that day, mamma, I missed a prize,' said Lester, when he told his mamma all about it. 'And that isn't all, either. All the time I wanted to be in Sunday school. I'm going to do better next year.'—'Ram's Horn.'

### Best Of All.

'Twas a brown little, plain little,  
thin little book,  
In passing you hardly would give it one look.  
But the children all loved it, 'Because,' they all cried,  
'Tis full of nice stories—'tis lovely inside!'

'Twas a brown little, plain little,  
thin little girl,  
Her nose was a failure, her hair wouldn't curl;  
But the children all loved her,  
'Because,' they all cried,  
She's so kind and so bright and so lovely inside!'  
—Minnie Leona Upton.