

'If this is a complaint bureau, I'll enter my complaint,' snorted the horse, poking his head over the fence. 'It's so long since I've had a mouthful of fresh grass, I've almost forgotten how it tastes.'

Just then up stole the south wind, and softly caressing these complaining children, whispered: 'I know you are suffering, dears, but just be patient a little longer, and I will do my best for you,' then she hurried away to find some clouds.

She worked so hard all night that when morning came the sky was covered with clouds, and as soon as they understood the situation they sent the raindrops down in a hurry to comfort these poor forlorn children of Mother Nature.

At the comforting touch of the rain drops the drooping things began to revive; the rose began slowly to lift her beautiful head, the grass began to look green again, the pea-vine straightened itself, the berry bush began work at once, and the robin chirped his thanks as he flew down to pick up a big fat worm.

'Thank you, mamma,' said Helen, looking up with a happy face. 'I didn't know I was so selfish in not wanting it to rain when everything wanted it so much. Now I am going to the window to see how happy things are growing, and, oh, mamma, there is the robin pulling up a great long worm. I'm so glad now that it's rainy, for after all I'll get the most benefit from it.'

'Yes, dear, our Heavenly Father knew what was best, better than you did, and we can always trust Him, darling, to do the best thing for us, even though we cannot see it at the time.'

### A Big Blot

One day when Aunt Clara was out of the room, Charlie and Frank tipped over a bottle on ink which stood on her desk.

'Don't tell her!' whispered Charlie. 'We'll shut the door and run away and she'll never know who did it.'

'Oh, we ought to tell her,' urged Frank, 'and say that we are sorry.'

'No, don't tell it; it's ever so much easier not to,' whispered Charlie, and ran away.

'I'm going to tell her this very

minute, before it gets any harder,' said brave little Frank.

When he had found auntie and told her, she hastened to her room and wiped up the ink and put some salts of lemon on the ugly spot that it had made on the carpet. 'I'm so glad that you told me at once,' she said, 'for if the ink had dried in it would have ruined my carpet and desk. Now I don't know that it will show at all.'

'It is just like God forgiving us, isn't it, auntie?' said Frank, thoughtfully. 'If we tell him about our sins right away and say that we are sorry and ask him to forgive us, he does, and then our hearts are clean again.'—'Sunday School Visitor.'

### The Little Brown Dog

(May Ellis Nichols, in 'Wide Awake'.)

Little brown dog, with the meek brown eyes,

Tell me the boon that most you prize.

Would a juicy bone meet your heart's desire?

Or a cosy rug by a blazing fire?

Or a sudden race with a truant cat?

Or a gentle word, or a friendly pat?

Is the worn-out ball you have always near

The dearest of all the things held dear?

Or is the home you left behind

The dream of bliss to your doggish mind?

But the little brown dog just shook his head

As if 'None of these are best,' he said.

A boy's clear whistle came from the street,

There's a wag of the tail, and a twinkle of feet,

And the little brown dog did not even say

'Excuse me, ma'am,' as he scampered away,

But I'm sure as can be his greatest joy

Is just to trot behind that boy.

### Queen Alexandra

From a Bible-class in one of our western towns a young girl was sent to a London hospital. She was very ill, and had to keep her bed for many weeks. During that time she one day heard that a concert was to be given in the largest ward by some of the nobility. The day came, and all the patients went,

leaving her the only one in the ward. Presently the door opened, and in came a beautiful lady carrying lovely flowers. She spoke so kindly to the poor sufferer that her heart was touched and she told the visitor her life-story. The lady was very sympathetic, and when she left her stooped down and kissed her. Nurse came in soon after and said, 'So you had a visitor? Do you know who that was? That was the Princess of Wales.' The lady who is now the Queen Consort of the Empire has 'a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathise.'

### Song of the Whippoorwill

(By Garrett Newkirk, in 'Bird Lore'.)

'I am a bird misunderstood,  
So-called the Whippoorwill;  
One always trying to be good,  
With reputation ill.

'For people say that when I speak  
I am to William bad;  
That every night I only seek  
To punish that poor lad.

'Now I love William just the same  
As I do John or Jim;  
And never think of laying blame  
Or wishing harm to him.

'And when you hear my plaintive call

While hours are growing late;  
I'm thinking not of him at all  
But crying to my mate;

"Fear no ill,

Keep you still,

Come I will."

'When darkness comes upon the sky,

I take my searching flight,  
For moths and beetles as they fly,  
Above the earth at night.

'Then while at intervals I rest  
Upon a rock or rail;

To comfort her I think it best  
My loving wife to hail;

"Fear no ill,

Keep you still,

Come I will."

### Five Questions.

At a Sunday school rally in Brooklyn, N.Y., the following questions were discussed in five minute talks:—

'Who am I?'

'What am I?'

'Why am I?'

'Where am I?'

'What then?'

How would you answer these questions?