

That Horrid Rain

did not seem so hard to take when her bright little face was smiling at them, and when she told them she hoped the "med-die" would make them better. After each trip the light little figure would come skipping down the ward with the empty glasses, her face full of gladness at the loving words or kiss from the women, whose eager eyes followed her.

One woman who was very ill often asked to have little Mary lifted on to her bed to chat to her. She reminded her of her own little girlie at home. For fear you may think this was a little angel, and not a real little girl, I must whisper to you a secret. Little Mary had a quick, naughty temper sometimes, and had to be sent to a quiet little room by herself until good. But she was soon sorry and our "little sunbeam" came back again. When the day came for the children to be sent down to their own room, all the women wished they could keep the little child guest who had brought cheer to many lonely hearts.

LOST!

By Elizabeth Preston Allan

When I went visitin' to-day,
And stood by nurse's knee,
I heard the lady say she'd lost
A little girl like me.

She cried, and kissed me on my curls;
It made me feel so bad;
To lose their darling little girls
Must make such mamas sad.

But I kept wonderin' how she could
Have lost a little daughter;
I lost my kitty Whitefoot once—
(Somebody must have caught her!)

So many times I've lost my doll,
And other playthings, maybe;
But how could any mama lose
A really, truly baby?

Nurse said the little girlie died;
I'm sure that can't be so;
For if she died, she went to heaven,
And that's not lost, you know.

Why, heaven is for us little ones

The very safest place!

How could a little child get lost
Before God's very face?

The holy angels guard the gates,
The gentle Shepherd's there;
No harm comes near His little lambs;
All days are bright and fair.

—The Children's Friend

THAT HORRID RAIN

"Oh, dear!" sighed little Beth, as she gloomily looked out of the nursery window one rainy day, "there's that horrid old rain coming down as fast as it can; I know it won't stop, and I'll have to stay right here in the house when I wanted so much to go to Aunt Emma's; it's too mean for anything!"

"Dear, dear!" sighed the white-haired grandma from the depths of her easy chair, "what a pity the thunder clouds will creep inside!"

There were so many things outside just pining for that lovely shower! First came Mr. Duck, who had such funny little red rubbers on his feet, and whenever he walked they made a cunning three-toed track in the soft, muddy ground. He had been so hot all day, his throat was full of dust, and he could not eat a bite, for the bits of food he picked up tasted as if they had just come from the oven.

When he saw the storm clouds gathering in the sky he said, "Quack, quack! how glad I am!" and quickly set to work to oil his clothes so that he might be ready to run about and enjoy the rain. Splash! splash! he went into the puddles, throwing the water in tiny sprays all over him.

The pretty yellow butter cups out in the field were hanging their heads under the sun's scorching rays. "Oh, dear!" they cried, "our roots are drying up, and the tiny baby buds will surely wither if a shower does not come."

The frilled caps of the daisies, that should have been as white as snow, were an ugly brown color.

The dainty pink goblets that Mr. Clover