

## What Kate and Tommy Did.

Kate's father and mother were very poor, and Kate and her little brother Tom never had new clothes. They always had to have their things made out of those which others had done with.

But they did not mind this; they were happy although sometimes

Kate had only one toy. This was an old man that danced on a string. But her friend Nina had been very ill, and Kate knew that she would like the toy to play with. She told Tommy what she was going to do.

'I'll take her my kitten,' he said. So when they reached home



they had not quite as much to eat as they would have liked.

One day at Sunday-school the lesson was about Jesus going about doing good. 'And Jesus wants us all to do as He did,' said the teacher. 'I think every one of us can do some good if we try.'

'What can I do?' Kate said to herself, as she went home. 'Oh, I know! I will give Nina my old man.'

## Who Stole the Baby?

(Ida S. Nichols, in 'Wellspring'.)

Little Judith Cameron looked for the first time on her baby brother. She had lived seven years without either brother or sister, and oh, the joy of now having a baby brother!

'You sweet darling, you precious lamb!' she cried, as she leaned over the sleeping baby. 'O father, how kind the angels were to leave him here! Are you quite sure that he was meant for us?'

'There is no mistake,' replied her father, smiling. 'This is his home, and he is a gift to you, little daughter. You must guard him and protect him.'

'I will, indeed, I will! I'll never let anything hurt my darling baby brother.'

It did seem, as the days went by,

they took the toy and the kitten to Nina.

'Oh, thank you!' said Nina; 'I should like to play with them very much. But I could not take them for my own, truly I couldn't.'

As Nina got better, they had many merry games together, and these helped Nina to get well quickly. So Kate and Tommy did some good after all.—'Our Little Dots.'

as if no harm could come to the baby, for Judith could hardly be induced to leave his side even to eat her meals. The day baby was three weeks old, Mrs. Cameron insisted that Judith should go and spend the afternoon with one of her little playmates who lived about half a mile away.

Judith kissed the little fellow as he lay in his tiny bed, and then with a sigh turned away to obey her mother's wishes.

Just as Judith was passing through the front gate, she met Miss Smith. 'Good morning, Miss Judith,' said Miss Smith. 'I've come to steal your baby brother. I am going to take him home.'

If Miss Smith had known what a literal child Judith was, she would not have spoken as she did. She went into the house without an-

other thought of her words. Not so with little Judith; she stood for a long time by the gate post, her heart beating fast at the thought of that horrid woman stealing her darling brother. Why, Miss Smith had washed-out blue eyes and such a big mouth! Of course brother would grow up to look just like her, for if she stole him she would be his mother, and children always looked like their mothers. Oh, dear! how could they live without him?

By this time Judith was in tears, but she choked back her sobs and quietly entered the house and went softly upstairs to the room where the baby was sleeping. The door was open into her mother's room and she could hear Miss Smith and her mother talking, but could not see them. The nurse had just gone downstairs to wash the baby's flannels, so Judith felt that the responsibility of protecting the baby rested upon her. She seized the little sleeping bundle and quietly fled downstairs, through the yard, and into the stable.

In one corner of the stable was a pile of hay in which a hen had made a nest. Judith thought this would be a nice, soft bed for baby. She laid the little one down wrapped snugly in his little blanket, and, like Miriam of old, determined to watch close by to see that no harm came to her brother.

All was quiet, except the buzzing of the flies, and the occasional stamp of the horse in the stall. Mrs. Biddy walked in and looked with surprise at her nest; she could not remember having laid such a funny-looking egg as the little bundle that occupied it. With a scared cut-a-cut-a-ca-daw-cut she hurried out to tell her sister hens.

Judith watched faithfully five, ten, fifteen minutes, then she fell asleep by baby's side.

Meantime, at the house Miss Smith chatted on with Mrs. Cameron, till she suddenly remembered she had another call to make, and, rising, she said, 'I must take another look at your sweet baby before I go.' She went into the room where she had seen baby when she first came, and was surprised to see the empty crib. 'Oh, he is not here, the nurse must have carried him downstairs. Never mind. I'll see him again sometime.' So with best