

LITTLE FOLKS

What a Rainy Day Taught Helen.

(By Nellie Alley, in 'N. Y. Observer'.)

Down came the rain with a steady patter, patter, as though it never meant to stop. The prospect was anything but pleasing to little Helen Worcester, as she stood with gloomy face pressed against the window pane, watching two bedraggled sparrows hunting for seeds in the wet road.

Poor little Helen's face had grown darker and darker as she stood watching the raindrops, for it was Saturday, and she had planned to spend it all out of doors. Mamma had even promised her that she might have a luncheon under the apple tree with one of her little schoolmates. Now it was raining so hard that even if it should stop, which did not seem at all likely, it would be altogether too wet to go out to play. Dolls and all her games had lost their charm, and she was feeling so disconsolate that two big tears were just making their way down her cheeks, when mamma opened the door and came into the room.

'Why, Helen, dear, whatever is the matter?' Is that mamma's sunbeam weeping?

'I'm afraid I'm not a sunbeam at all to-day, mamma; this rain is so very disappointing I really can't help crying.'

'Do you think, dear, it will help matters to have rain in the house as well as out?'

'No, I suppose not, but there isn't anything to do, and it's so lonesome when it rains. I don't see why it had to rain to-day.'

'Run and get mamma her mending basket, Helen, then bring your little chair over here by the window, and we'll see if a story will not relieve the lonesome feeling.'

The mending basket was brought, and as she worked away on a big hole in Helen's stocking, mamma began her story:

'Oh dear, oh dear, what shall I do?' sighed the rose. 'I am so thirsty I can hardly endure it. I have sent every rootlet just as far as I can after water, and now I have used it all up, I really am afraid I shall die. I love the sun, but oh, his beams are so hot they are



DAVID RESCUING THE LAMB.

'And David said unto Saul, Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock. And I went out after him and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth; and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him.'—1 Samuel 17: 34; 35.

withering me up,' and she drooped her beautiful head in utter discouragement.

'And I,' sighed the grass, 'am nearly perishing, too. My beautiful green dress is all turning a dirty brown, and all for lack of a good bath. Oh, that the good south wind would send us some rain.'

'Just think of me,' moaned the pea-vine. 'Here I have been doing my best to get my peapods filled for the good folks in the house, but how can I? when I've hardly strength enough left to hold myself up? If the rain doesn't come soon I shall die before I get half my work done.'

'Alas,' sighed the berry bush, 'I, too, shall fail of my work if the rain doesn't help us speedily. How can anyone expect me to produce juicy berries if I have no water to put into them? Sunshine is all very well, but it won't do alone, and the children will be so disappointed if I am not able to give them some berries.'

'You people down there are not the only ones that are suffering,' chirped the bird from the apple tree. 'The ground is so dry that the worms have gone so deep I can't find a single one, and you can't imagine how hard I have to work to find enough to keep my family alive.'