

WHAT TOMMY CAUGHT.

Little Tommy Tompkins
Was so very slow
He couldn't seem to catch a thing,
Wherever he might go.
He couldn't catch a tortoise;
He couldn't catch a ride
Upon the very slowest cart.
No matter how he tried;
He couldn't catch the measles,
If that had been his wish;
And though he had the finest bait,
He couldn't catch a fish.
But papa saw him teasing
His baby brother Ben,
And you can just make up your mind
That he caught something then.

—Selected.

over together. When Annie was in church, she spent the time looking at the bonnets and the dresses, and thinking of school and recess and the other girls. And when she woke up on Monday morning, she did not take the Golden Text and the Bible thoughts about with her, to make her obedient and faithful and sweet. Some of her playmates thought she was "proud," and her mother was afraid that she was selfish. But all through the week Lucy tried to be patient and good, and every day her mother thanked God for her little daughter. And the neighbour's children who came in to see her, when they went away again, felt somehow that it was a mean thing to do wrong, and a lovely thing to do right.

smiled. People always smiled when Aunt Nellie came into the room.

"Poor old fellow!" continued Aunt Nellie, "he was quite sad as he danced along beside me.

"Then he said, 'Good-day, good-day; I am so glad that some one seems to be enjoying me. I was far away from here and a message came to me, rippling over the blades of grass, and saying, 'Hurry up, Mr. Rainy-Day! You should have been here long ago, for we are still quite brown and dry.'

"The lawns in the city will never grow green and velvety at this rate, the hay in the country will not amount to anything, and the farmers will blame you. Hurry up! Hurry up!



THE HUT IN WHICH LIVINGSTONE DIED.

ANNIE OR LUCY?

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

Annie went to church every Sunday morning, and to Sunday-school every Sunday afternoon. Lucy never went to church or Sunday-school, for Lucy was pale and weak, and lay in bed all day long; but Annie was round and rosy and healthy. Annie's mother taught her the Golden Text and told her the lesson story every week before Sunday came. Lucy had no lesson paper to tell her what the Golden Text was, or the story. But every Sunday morning, when her mother had made her comfortable and kissed her good-bye, and she heard the many footsteps passing along the street outside her window, she put her little thin hand over her eyes, and asked God to bless the prayers and the hymns and the sermon and all the people. And when her mother came back they talked it

Which of these two little girls, Annie, or Lucy, did more for God's church in our big world—the one who always went to church and Sunday-school, and always knew her lesson, or the one who never went and never knew her lesson? What do you children think is the best way to help the church?

A RAINY DAY STORY.

BY G. H. FAIRLIE.

"Nasty, horrid old rainy day," wailed Beth, as she looked out from the nursery window, and there must have been rain inside as well as out, for there were big drops standing on the little maid's chubby cheeks.

"Do you know what I heard Mr. Rainy-Day say as I came along the street?" asked Aunt Nellie, coming in just then.

"No," said Beth, and she actually

"The bulbs and the seeds sent a message through the earth, and they said 'the sun has baked the earth so hard that we can't get through, and the children and the grown-ups who planted us are watching in vain for our leaves. Hurry up—hurry up!'

"So I hurried up, and now no one but the grass and flowers seems glad to see me."

"Oh, I am!" cried Beth. "I think he's a dear old Rainy-Day."—*Jewels.*

It was an honest little fellow who answered his teacher's question. "what does lazy mean?" with these words, "Lazy means you always want your little sister to do it."

The highest place in the kingdom of God is reserved for the lowliest spirit.