



"Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day."

WHEN I AM A MAN

BY MRS. LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

"When I am a man, I'll not worry and scold,

Or growl at the weather if too hot or cold;
I'll not use tobacco, nor drink wine or beer,
And of everything bad I'll be sure to keep clear.

I'll try for the good of others to plan,
And be a brave soldier, when I am a man.

"When I am a man, I'll let little boys
Have fun, if they do make plenty of noise.
I'll feed the beggar who stop at my door,
And give of my wealth to the ailing and poor;

I'll strive to be honest, and do what I can
To make the world better, when I'm a man."

Said grandma "Why wait till you're grown
Right away Commence your reform. Begin with to-day;

You may never be old, nor rich, nor yet great,
And many a blessing you'll lose while you wait.

Strive to be and to do the best that you can,
And life will be sweeter when you are a man."

SURE SIGNS.

Solomon said, many centuries ago,
"Even a child is known by his doings,
whether his work be pure and whether it be right."

When I see a boy slow to go to school,
and glad of every excuse to neglect his books,
I think it a sign that he will be a dunce.

When I see a boy haste to spend his every penny as soon as he gets it,
I think it a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see boys and girls of ten queering,
I think it a sign that they will be violent and hateful men and women.

When I see a child obedient to his parents,
I think it is a sign of great future blessings from Almighty God.

TRUSTFUL ROBIN.

In the depth of winter a robin came to the window of a house in the country, and looked as if it would like to come in. The master of the house opened the window and took the trustful little bird kindly into his dwelling. Soon it began to pick up the crumbs that fell from the table. The children of the house became very fond of the little bird. But the spring came again, and the bushes began to be green, the father opened the window, and the little robin flew away to the nearest wood and built a nest and sung a happy, lively song. And, behold, when the winter came again, there came the robin also to the house in the country, and he brought his little wife with

him. The master of the house and children were very pleased to see the two sweet birds looking about them so trustfully. And the children said: "The little birds look at us as if they wanted to say something." The father answered: "If they could speak, they would say, 'Kindly trust awakens trust, and love begets love.'"

HE SWALLOWED HIS OWN SKIN.

The following amusing incident is related by a writer in *Our Animal Friends*. My uncle and sister and I were out in the garden one day watching a little toad, and my uncle took a twig, and very, very gently scratched first one side of the toad, then the other. The toad evidently enjoyed it, for he would roll slowly from side to side, and blink very expressively. I was so interested that when they went in I took the twig and did as my uncle had done. 'If,' thought I, 'he rolls from side to side as I touch him, what would he do if I ran the twig down his back?' I did so, and what do you think happened? His skin, which was thin and dirty, parted in a neat little seam, showing a bright, new coat below; and then my quiet little toad showed his knowledge, for he gently and carefully pulled off his outer skin, taking it off the body and legs first, and then blinking it over his eyes, till—where had it gone? He had rolled it into a ball, and swallowed it!"

"LET ME PRAY FIRST."

A sweet and intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town a short time since, when she came to a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves by the dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing her, one of the boys by accident threw a stone toward her, and struck her a cruel blow in the eye. She was carried home in great agony. The doctor was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instru-

ment, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready for the doctor to do what he could to cure her eye.

"No, father, not yet," she replied.

"What do you wish us to wait for, my child?"

"I want to kneel in your lap and pray to Jesus first," she answered. And then, kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterwards submitted to the operation with all the patience of a strong woman. How beautiful this little girl appears under these trying circumstances! Surely Jesus heard the prayer made in that hour, and he will hear every child that calls on his name.

A lady who teaches the little Indian boys says it is very funny to see them modeling in mud. She says they take a lump of mud, and with a few pinches here and there they will transform it into a pig, buffalo, horse, man, chicken, or anything they have seen. She says she thinks few white children could do so well.

A GOOD TEXT FOR YOU.

Merton had to stay after school.

"You can learn that lesson in fifteen minutes. I will be back then and let you go, if you are ready," said the teacher.

Merton looked at his book, spelled a few words, wondered how many marbles he had altogether, wished he could see that ball game, caught a fly, and—fell asleep.

"I'll let him sleep," said his teacher, a few minutes later.

And so Merton slept till the room grew dark and the stars were out.

When he awoke the door was locked. He tried to open the door to go home. Then Merton remembered his lesson. "I could learn it in fifteen minutes if I had a light," he said.

But there was no light, and he was hungry, and—well, he wouldn't cry, but he wanted to.

"Hello, Merton! Have you learned your lesson?" said his teacher, coming in.

"I—don't—know," said Merton.

"Let's see; spell concern."

"C-o-n-s-u-r-n."

"No use. You must stay here until that lesson is learned."

Very soon it was learned, for Merton was given a light.

"Wish I'd done it sooner," said Merton.

"I wonder how many more times in your life you will think that?" said his teacher. "Suppose you keep account a week and let me know."

Merton did keep account one week, two weeks, three weeks, and then came to his teacher with a happy face.

"I've kept my text this week, every time!" he said.

And what was the text?

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

"He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer."