

WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

"I," SAID the duck, "I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on;
They make a cunning, three-toed track
In the soft, cool mud. Quack, quack!"

"I," cried the dandelion, "I;
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry."
And she lifted her little yellow head
Out of her green and grassy bed.

"I hope 'twill pour! I hope 'twill pour!"
Croaked the tree-toad at his gray bark
door;

"For with a broad leaf for a roof
I am perfectly weatherproof."

Sang the brook: "I laugh at every drop,
And wish they never need to stop,
Till a big river I grew to be,
And could find my way to the sea."

A TOOTH AND A SERMON.

ROBBIE BURTON thought that he should
be the happiest boy alive, if only he were
rid of his one trouble.

It was a very small thing that caused all the mischief; but small as it was, it was quite able, at any time, to interfere with any particularly delightful plan, and to turn what had been expected to be the brightest of days into the most forlorn and miserable that one could imagine. It had kept him wretched at home on the very Saturday afternoon, of all others, when the whole school were going to have a holiday; it had utterly spoiled for him his brother Harry's birthday party, to which both the boys had looked anxiously forward for weeks before; it had quite taken the taste out of all the delicious sweetmeats that Uncle Fred sent from the city; worst of all, as Robbie thought, it had been his miserable, unwelcome companion through many long sleepless hours, when he sat up in bed with a handkerchief knotted about his head, his night-light burning dimly. A glance at his troubled face would have told you already the source of his affliction—an aching tooth!

Yet, strange as it may seem, the single sure remedy which papa, mamma, Uncle Ben, and all his other friends urged over and over again, was the very one of which Robbie persistently refused to avail himself.

"I can't have it out, papa—indeed I can't!" he would answer in so piteous a tone that, whether wisely or not, Mr. Burton could not bring himself to insist upon the little visit to the dentist which would so soon have put an end to the trouble.

But the day came when the pain had grown absolutely unbearable, and after some tears, many misgivings and quick throbbings of the heart, Robbie was at last seated in one of the great reclining chairs which suggest such a sad irony of comfort. His papa stood on one side, holding his hand, with a firm yet sympathetic face; the skilful dentist selected an instrument as hastily as possible, lest Robbie's good resolutions should cool by delay; there was a single instant of horrible anticipation as the cold steel settled to its hold, one dreadful, crashing wrench—and Robbie beheld with grim and triumphant satisfaction the offending bit of bone, the cause of such long anguish, held aloft in the glittering forceps.

He flew home, as if on wings, and bursting into the parlour to tell the good news of his deliverance, he saw Uncle Ben reading in an easy chair before the grate.

"Bravo!" cried Uncle Ben, clapping his hands, while his newspaper fell upon the carpet. "I was sure that my boy was

ing of yours meant, 'Get rid of the tooth that is making soreness and inflammation.'

"Now there is another kind of trouble very much worse than anything that can happen to your body. It is the mischief that sin makes. Every wrong act done, every evil habit indulged in, hurts. And the hurt means, 'Get rid of the wrong; pluck it up by the roots!' It is tough work sometimes, my boy. To loosen the hold of a wicked habit is a great deal harder than tooth-pulling, but it pays a thousand times better. And nobody need try alone. You know who it is that will help."

WITHOUT PAY.

JANIE was a poor little beggar girl. She did not want to beg, but her mother was dead, and her father was a bad man, who drove his child out to get money and food, so that he might live without working.

Sometimes she was not able to get much money to take home, and then her father would beat her or make her go to bed without any supper. Poor Janie often went hungry, and a hard life she led.

One day as she was going down the street, she saw a number of boys and girls about her own age going into a large building. They belonged to a mission school, and Janie watched them until they all went in, wishing that she might go in too and see what the children were doing.

A gentleman who belonged to the mission school saw Janie as she stood looking

so wistfully up at the house, and said to her, "Would you like to go in and get a nice dinner with the other children?"

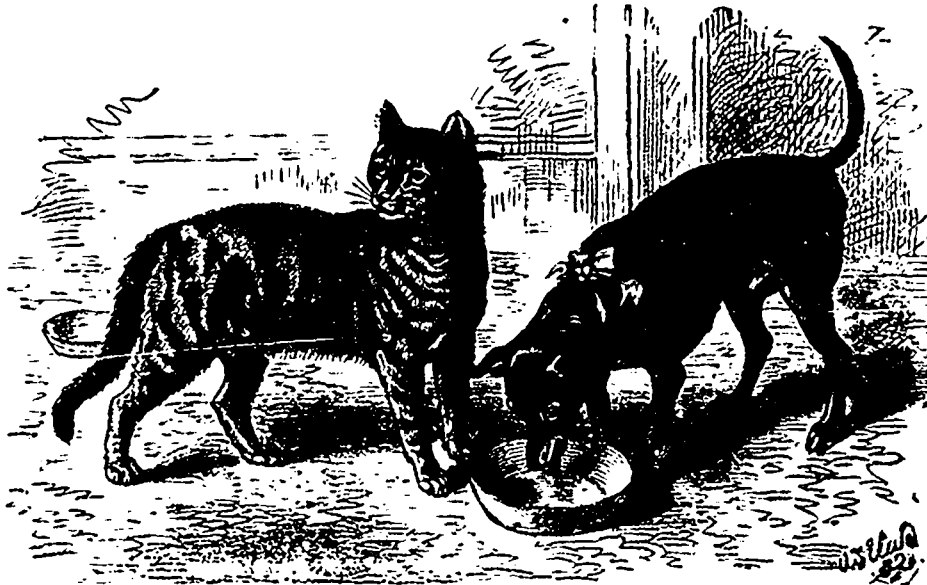
"I have no money, sir," she answered.

"You do not need money. The dinner is free, and you can eat all you want," said the gentleman.

"I will go then, sir;" and her eyes sparkled as she thought of the nice warm dinner she should have.

Just as Janie was invited to eat the dinner without paying for it, so Jesus invites us to come to him without money and get eternal life. He only wishes us to come and give ourselves to him, and he will save us from sin and death, and give us a body at last that will live forever. When upon earth, he bade the children come to him. He loves children now as much as he did then.

One great duty of life is not to give pain



GOOD FRIENDS.

something better than a coward—afraid of a moment's suffering. Aren't you paid for it already, my boy?"

"Yes, indeed, uncle. I don't know how I could have been so silly."

"Silly or not, you were not alone in it. There are a great many things worse than the toothache that people—grown-up people, too—are even slower to get rid of."

"What are they?" asked Rob.

"I'll tell you after a bit, my boy. But first, let me ask you a question: I suppose no sort of pain seems a very good thing to you, does it?"

"Why, no, uncle. Does it to anybody?"

"That depends on whether one understands what pain really means. Pain is only a warning—a danger-signal. It says something is wrong. Something must be put out of the way. If you thrust your hand into the fire, pain cries, 'Take it away!' If there is a thorn in your finger, pain says, 'Pull it out!' All this suffer-