



WOMAN CHURNING IN PALESTINE.

## THE RAINDROPS' RIDE.

Some little drops of water,  
Whose home was in the sea,  
To go upon a journey  
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage ;  
They drove a playful breeze,  
And over town and country  
They rode along at ease.

But, O, there were so many !  
At last the carriage broke,  
And to the ground came tumbling  
These frightened little folk.

And through the moss and grasses  
They were compelled to roam,  
Until a brooklet found them  
And carried them all home.

## GOD SEES.

A little boy was taking aim at a robin  
with his air-gun.

"Don't you know that it is against the  
law to shoot robins," asked the lady.

"Yes, but nobody will know who did  
it if I do kill him."

"God will know. Should you dare to  
shoot Mrs. Clark's mocking-bird, over  
there on the porch, while she is sitting  
there?"

"Of course not."

"Then you should not dare to shoot  
the robins; for they are God's birds, and  
he sees you just as plainly as Mrs. Clark  
would."—*Selected.*

A BABY WITH A LONG  
NAME.

A missionary in Africa  
writes about a baby with a  
very long name, Ntambu Ngan-  
gabuka. She tells us how this  
baby takes its morning bath :  
"One day I heard the baby  
crying as if its little heart  
would break; and I went to  
see what could be the matter  
with it, and found its mother  
washing it in front of her  
house. And do you think that  
she had a nice little bath-tub  
and scented soap and warm  
water? O no! She held the  
baby up on its little feet, and  
was pouring cold water over it  
by handfuls. The poor baby  
was screaming at the top of its  
lungs, and fighting against the  
cold water as hard as it could;  
but the mother paid no atten-  
tion to that, and went on with  
the washing. Did she have  
nice, warm, flannel cloths with  
which to dry it, and others in  
which to wrap it? No; but  
when the washing was over she  
lifted the baby up, and with  
her mouth blew vigorously into

its eyes and ears to drive out the water,  
and that was all the drying it got. Then  
she proceeded to dress it. The dress con-  
sisted of a string of beads round its waist,  
one round its neck, and one round each  
of its wrists and ankles. The air and the  
sun did the rest of the drying.

## YOU CAN'T CHEAT GOD.

Ned took his cousin Grace along to keep  
him company while he worked at a job he  
had to perform.

"I don't think you're doing your work  
very well," she said. "It looks to me as  
if you were slighting it."

"That's all right," laughed Ned. "What  
I'm doing now will all be covered up, you  
know."

"But isn't that cheating?"

"Maybe 'tis, after a fashion," answered  
Ned; "but it isn't like most cheating, you  
know."

"That's not the way to look at it," said  
Grace. "If it's cheating, it's cheating;  
you know that. You can't excuse it be-  
cause it isn't the worst kind of cheating."

"But the man won't know about it,"  
said Ned.

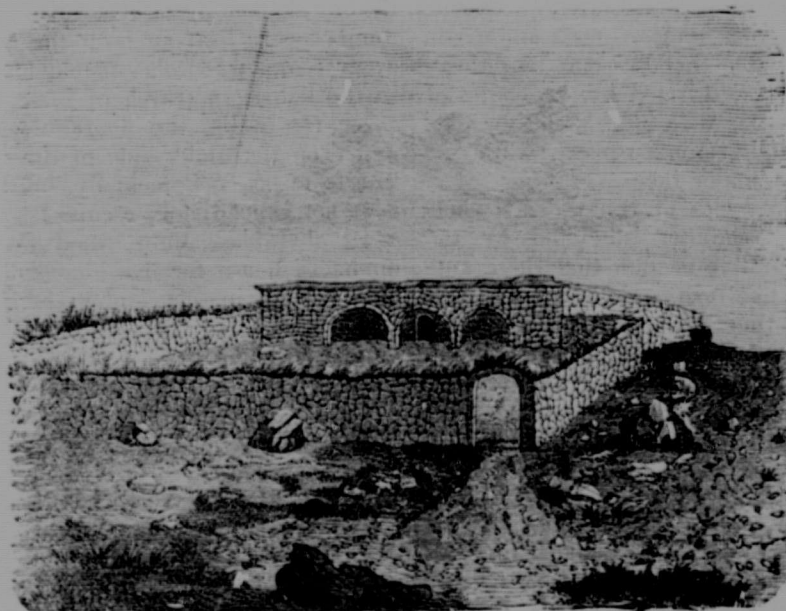
"He may not," said Grace, soberly,  
"but God will. You can't cheat God."

Ned stopped work, and went to think-  
ing. Presently he said: "You're right.  
I'm glad you said that, Grace. I'm going  
to begin over. There shan't be any cheat-  
ing this time."

Ned undid what he had done, and be-  
gan again; began right, and I know he  
felt better for it. I hope he will always  
remember that no one can cheat God.—  
*New York Observer.*

## HOW THE PARROT SETTLED IT.

Mr. Brown had a bird dog, a very hand-  
some hunter, and I must tell you how he  
was spoiled for hunting. It was so funny  
a circumstance that his master always  
laughed when he told the story, although  
he was much vexed to lose so good a game  
dog. His housekeeper had a parrot given  
to her, and the first time that the dog came  
into the room where the bird was he  
stopped and "pointed." The parrot slowly  
crossed the room and came up in front of  
the dog, and looked him squarely in the  
eye, and then, after a moment, said:  
"You're a rascal!" The dog was so much  
astonished to hear the bird speak that he  
dropped his tail between his legs, wheeled  
about, and ran away; and from that day  
to this he has never been known to "point"  
at a bird.—*Selected.*



SHEEPFOLD IN PALESTINE.