

THE WATER LILY

VOL. X.

The National Temperance Society and Publication House, New York.

NO. 3.

Nobody's Kitty.

Nobody's kitty was out in the snow.

Nobody's kitty had nowhere to go.

Nobody's kitty cried:
"Miew, miew, miew!

Somebody pity me.
Do, do, do!"

So somebody peeped
from a window high.

She saw little kitty
and heard her cry.
Somebody pattered
down stair by stair,
With blue, blue eyes
and with golden hair.

Somebody gathered
the wanderer in;
Nobody's kitty, so
cold and so thin.
Nobody's kitty was
somebody's pet.
Ha, ha! my tale is not
ended yet.

Somebody's doggie
barked: "Bow,
wow, wow!

So I'm to be nobody's
doggie now!"

"Fie!" said his mis-
tress; "fie! that is
not true;

I've room in my heart
for kitty and you."

General Jack and His Army.

He was a poor
little general, lying
flat on the nursery

floor, his face all stained with tears,
and his eyes red and swollen. He

had been beaten—terribly beaten—
in battle. Who was the enemy? A

in a fez and a silk sash stuck full of
dreadful knives? An Indian with his
belt ornamented
with scalps? Oh,
no! General Jack's
enemy was worse
than these. The
Russian and the
Turk can only hurt
the body, but Jack's
enemy hurts the
soul, and spoils
it so that the
angels cannot love
it.

The truth is, Jack
had been having
a terrible tussle
with General Ill
Temper and Col-
onel Ob-sti-na-cy,
and at last Com-
mo-dore Crying
had come upon the
scene, and they
had quite finished
him.

He lay there sob-
bing and wiping
his eyes with his
little pocket hand-
ker-chief. Sudden-
ly the door opened
and somebody, tall
and slender and
dressed in white,
came softly in. It
was a very sweet
somebody, and she
smiled in the little

frightful Russian, with a moustache
as big as a whisk-broom? A Turk

boy's face and kissed him on the
forehead.



"What has become of your army, General Jack?" she whispered.

"Oh, mamma! I forget all about it."

"And you didn't muster General Love and Colonel Per-se-ver-ance and Captain Good-nature, and have them on the ground ready to meet the enemy?"

"No, mamma; I guess you needn't call me General Jack any more. No use tryin' to be a soldier!"

"So you are going to be a de-sert-er, that dreadful char-ac-ter which you despise so much. Suppose papa had de-sert-ed when he went with his reg-i-ment to Vicksburg? How sorry and ashamed his little son would have been all his life. And how sad papa will feel if I write to him that General Jack has de-sert-ed his colors and that the enemy has put him in prison!"

"I haven't any colors," said Jack, his eyes bright-en-ing, "nor any shoulder-straps."

"You must win them. The first time that you bring your army off the battlefield in good order, and leave Ill Temper and Laziness and all those naughty fellows groaning with their wounds, I will make you some shoulder-straps and work you a silk flag with em-broi-der-ed stars."

"What will the stars mean?"

"We will let them mean States of mind—in-no-cence, goodness, kindness, care for others, per-se-ver-ance, faith-ful-ness, in-dus-try."

"That will be lovely," said General Jack, putting his arms round his mother's neck. "I don't believe I want to secede from these States. But you'll have to help fight."

"I'll be Sec-re-tary of War," said mamma, "and Sec-re-tary of the Treasury, too, and keep you in supplies."

So General Jack began again to fight the battle of life with new courage. And I am glad to tell you that he won his shoulder-straps before long. After that he started a company of little boys, and they had a color-bearer to carry the beautiful flag that mamma made for him. And the best of it is, no boy is allowed to



be color-bearer who does not deserve it. If a color-bearer does a mean action the flag is taken from him and given to the bravest, most truthful, most gen-er-ous boy of the company. But each boy is al-low-ed to win back the lost honor by good behavior.

Would you like to belong to General Jack's company and fight in his army?—MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

Jerry's Kindling Wood.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

"Rat, tat, tat."

Mrs. Green came to her door.

Three little boys, with three little wheelbarrows of kindling wood, stood there.

"Just what I wanted," said Mrs. Green. "But whose shall I buy?"

"Jerry's," said Tom Hood, coming close to her side.

"You see, Brother Jack and I jest want pennies for candies, and he wants to buy some tea for his mother."

"You are a kind boy," said Mrs. Green.

"No, only common," said Tom. "Jack and me ain't sick or hungry. But Jerry's mother is sick and can't work, so they don't have anything."

Mrs. Green gave each boy two rosy apples, and Tom and Jack went on with their wheelbarrows.

She told Jerry to go 'round to the

shed and empty his wheelbarrow. Then she took him into the kitchen and gave him a good dinner. She put bread, cakes, and apples into a large box, and placed them on the wheelbarrow.

"Now we'll go to the store for your tea, and then you must take me to see your sick mother," she said.

"I'm 'shamed to have you go there, lady," he said, "and you've gin me more than the kindlin's is wuth."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Green.

They found the poor hovel where the sick woman lay, and her husband sitting beside her—sober.

"I'm a brute," he said. "My poor wife has worked herself to death trying to feed us, but I'll never drink another drop, God helping me. If I can get work I'll try to give her a good home."

Mrs. Green got a nice warm meal for the sick woman and her husband, and said:

"I believe you are a man and will keep your word."

And he did.

Jerry's mother soon got well, and they left the hovel for a nice home. Jerry went to school with Tom and Jack.

And he said that Tom's kindness in helping him sell his kindling wood was the beginning of their good fortune.

Rein, the Shepherd Boy.

BY URSULA GARDNER.

LITTLE Rein—a pale, timid boy—lived many years ago among the mountains in England. The other boys who lived near him were rosy-cheeked, strong, romping boys, noisy and daring, who made fun of Rein because he could not climb and run about as they did. If he tried to play with them he soon grew tired. If he went walking with the girls and boys, or tried to climb the mountains, he soon lagged behind and they called him coward.

He was a brave little fellow, for all that.

After a while he gave up playing with them and kept by himself. He would rather be alone than endure their rough teasing.

The grown-up men, too, when not at work would drink, use harsh words, and act roughly.

All this hurt poor, gentle Rein. So when he did not have to mind the sheep, Rein would creep away by himself and spend long afternoons drawing pictures with a sharp stone on pieces of bark. When he had to mind the sheep they took all his care, and his thoughts were only for them. He had to watch lest they go astray. If any harm came to them he would be scolded.

On Sundays he put on his best clothes and crept along till he came to the little chapel, where he loved to hear the singing.

One day the preacher told the story of the Good Shepherd. That took strong hold of little Rein's heart. He knew all about sheep, he thought, for was he not a kind of little shepherd himself? So he listened eagerly to every word, and the Good Shepherd himself drew near and blessed the sickly child and became his dearest friend.

Rein strove with all his heart to please Him. It was no use for the

boys now to tempt Rein to get angry or to use bad words. It was no use for the men to ask him to drink liquor. Rein did not care for such things. His life was to be a copy of the pure, holy, and patient Jesus.

One day a stranger came to the mountain where Rein lived. He was a great artist. He told Rein wonderful tales. They went over the mountains together.

Once when they were crossing a narrow ledge of rock the man's foot slipped and he fell down the steep

he said, "Put your arms around my neck and I will carry you back."

"You cannot," said the man in a very weak tone.

"The Good Shepherd will help me," said Rein.

And He did. It was a wonder to all how he did it, but after awhile Rein reached his home bringing the stranger with him. But it was too much for the weak child, who had never been strong.

The next morning the artist stood over the bed where poor little Rein was gasping for breath. "The Lord is my Shepherd" were his last words. He had given his life for the man.

**Thou, God, Seest Me.**

BY JESSIE MACGREGOR.

EACH word I say,
In darkness or in day,
The Lord can hear,
For He is ever near.

I cannot hide
From Him my sin and pride;
For day or night
To God is always light.

The Lord will be
A precious friend to me,
If while I live
My heart to Him I give.

Herself.

A MINISTER had preached a simple sermon upon the text, "And they brought him to Jesus."

As he was going home his little daughter, who was walking beside him, said, "I liked that sermon so much!"

"Well," inquired her father, "whom are you going to bring to Jesus?"

A thoughtful look came over her face as she replied, "I think, papa, that I will just bring myself to Him."

Her father thought that would do first rate for a beginning. It was the very best beginning she could make. Have you made such a beginning?

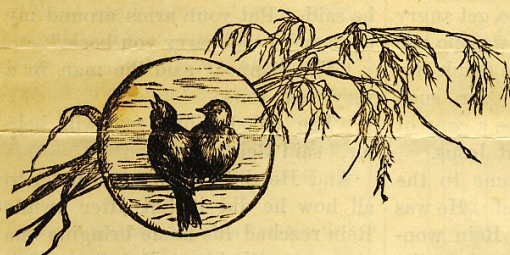
side and lay so quiet that Rein thought he must be dead. He climbed down to where the man lay.

"Can you help me?" whispered the man.

What could Rein do? He was a weak boy, while the man was large and heavy, but not now able to walk. If left all alone he might bleed to death, for he was badly hurt.

Rein breathed this prayer:

"Good Shepherd, Thou didst give Thy life for the sheep; help me now." And bending over the man,



A Happy Couple.

A Song of Spring.

I HEARD the bluebird singing
To robin in the tree:
"Cold winter now is over
And spring has come," said he
"Tis time for flowers to rouse from sleep
And from their downy blankets peep.
So wake, wake, little flowers,
Wake, for winter is o'er,
Wake, wake, wake,
The spring has come once more."

Said robin to the bluebird,
"My nest I now must build,
And shortly you shall see it
With pretty blue eggs filled.
Then let us join once more and sing.
So wake, wake, little flowers,
That all the flowers may know 'tis
spring.
Wake, for winter is o'er.
Wake, wake, wake,
The spring has come once more."

The robin and the bluebird
Soon after flew away,
But as they left the tree-top
I think I heard them say:
"If birds and flowers have work to do,
Why so have little children, too.
So work, work, little children,
Work, for winter is o'er;
Work, work, work,
The spring has come once more."

A Good Gift.

If you were to give your play-mate
a nice new pen-knife, and the next
day you saw him blunting the edge
by trying to cut a stone with it, you
would say:

"I shall not give Bill anything
again; he only spoils good things."

Now, God has given to each one
of you a price-less gift. He has
given you life. He gave you your
bodies, which you are to take care of.
There is something that will always

harm your bodies if
you take it, for it is a
strong poison. What
do you think it is?
Strong drink. There
is nothing that so
quickly harms both
body and soul as does
this poison, drink.

Tobacco, too, is
another poison that
always does harm to

the user. It injures the nerves and
the heart, makes the sight poor and
the breath foul.

It is because God means you to be
always happy and good that we urge
you never to do anything that will
harm God's precious gift—your body
and your life.

Our Letter-Box.

ARE you not glad that cold winter
with its ice and snow has gone away?
March, the windy month, is really
here, and though it brings rough
weather, we know it cannot last long.
Soon we shall have warm sunshine
and bright spring days.

Our Letter-box is full as usual.
Our first letter is from a boy in Dan-
nebrog, Neb., who has worked for
the interest of our little paper. He
says:

I am a little boy twelve years old. I
have three brothers—Oliver, Hardy, and
Sankey. We got up a club for the WAT-
ER-LILY for 1896, and now we have one
larger for 1897. We have had the WAT-
ER-LILY over seven years, and we like it
very much. We have a nice place for
skating in winter and boating in summer.

Yours for teetotal temperance,

AMANDUS HANNIBAL.

If you could only see the stream
where they boat and skate you would
agree with us that it is just lovely.
Amandus sends us a picture of it.
The trees on each side are bending
over the water, which looks as clear
and smooth as a mirror. He and
one of his brothers are sitting in a
rowboat looking right at us, but we
do not know which one is Amandus.
We suppose it must be he who holds

the oars, as he is the oldest. Danne-
brog used to have one church and
two saloons. Now it has two churches
and one saloon. We hope that saloon
may soon have to close its doors.

Our next letter comes from a girl
in Illinois, who says:

I am a little girl eleven years old. I
have been reading the WATER-LILY for
three years and can't do without it. I live
in the country, and go to school every day,
and to Sunday-school every Sunday, and
that is what I love to do. I have three
brothers and three sisters and a dear papa
and mamma. Papa does not drink liquor
nor chew tobacco.

LYDIA BOHLANDER.

Lydia ought to be a very happy
little girl with so many to love her.

NEW TEMPERANCE PUBLICATIONS.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY publishes
over 2,000 different publications, among which are
the following:

**A Tour Around the World Among the
TEMPERANCE BROWNIES.** By Mrs. W. F. Crafts.
16mo, 32 pages. **.10**

An interesting and valuable pamphlet, describing a
tour around the world in a flying machine. While
it entertains, it also gives much useful information
regarding the drinking customs of the various
countries all over the world. The information is
imparted by the "Brownie" folk, who are dressed
in the costumes peculiar to the countries they rep-
resent.

Juvenile Temperance Reciter No. 5.

Compiled by Miss L. Penney. 16mo, 64 pages. **.10**
This has a fine variety of bright recitations in prose
and verse intended for the little folks to recite at
Sunday-school entertainments and all public meet-
ings. The best collection ever published.

Catechism for Little Water Drinkers.

By Miss Julia Colman. 16mo, 32 pages.
This is illustrated and contains twenty lessons with
short questions and answers, also five responsive
exercises and two songs. Just the thing to put in
the hands of the little girls and boys.

The Temperance Fourth Reader. By

Mrs. J. McNair Wright. Nicely illustrated. Board
cover, 20 cents; paper. **.10**
This has twenty-seven stories or reading lessons,
written in a bright, entertaining style, each teach-
ing some important temperance truth.

New Fountain Medal and Pin. This
is a new medal, made of aluminum, suspended to
a bar pin by rich tricolored ribbon. A handsome
decoration, sure to please the children. Per doz-
en, \$1.50. Single one. **.15**

The National Temperance Society and Publication House,
58 Reade Street, New York.

The Water-Lily.

An Illustrated Monthly Paper for the Little
Folks.

Single subscriptions, 10 cents a year. For four or
more copies sent to one address, only 6 cents a year
each; fifty copies for \$3, or one hundred copies
for \$6.

Subscribers in New York city must send 12 cents
per year additional for postage.

PUBLISHED BY THE
NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND
PUBLICATION HOUSE.

58 READE STREET, NEW YORK.

Entered as second-class matter at the New York,
N. Y., Post-Office.

MARCH, 1897.