



THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER.

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With needle in hand, and workbox and scissors close by, this little housewife is making ready to mend the dresses of her different dolls. One doll is on her lap and probably needs looking after more than the others, or perhaps she is the favorite child of this little mother and so comes in first for the necessary operation of trying on her new dress.

On the floor we can see two more dolls waiting to be attended to; one a boy and the other a little girl. They, too, will get attended to in their turn, and when all the sewing and cutting are over the little family will look as neat and well-dressed as any other family ever did or will. So many little girls let their dolls go to rack and ruin, dressing them badly and never cleaning them, that we are sure this little woman will develop as she grows up into a most useful and energetic woman.

THE DEAD SEA-GULL.

Alice and Herbert lived at the seashore. Their father owned a sailing boat, and used to take people from the hotels out fishing and gunning.

The children loved the sand and the sea as few do who are not born and brought up by the great ocean.

They used to look for shells and seaweeds, and carry them home in a basket to their mother, who made pretty boxes and covered them with the shells; and pictures of the seaweed with shell frames. She sold them to the ladies who came down to the seashore for the summer.

The children loved the few birds that lived by the sea; the sandpipers and plovers and wild ducks, and especially the great sea-gulls, with their soft grey and white feathers and their big, strong beaks. They liked to watch them swoop down, seize a clam, carry it up into the air with their strong beaks, drop it from a height, fly down and tear open

the broken shell and eat the clam.

One day they had been gathering shells for their mother, when they came upon a dead sea-gull upon the beach. On its white breast was a large spot of blood.

"Oh! who could have shot a sea-gull?" exclaimed Alice. "They are not good to eat, and they do no harm to anybody. So what excuse could any one have for killing it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered Herbert. "I do know it is cruel to destroy an innocent bird just for sport."

"I did hear that ladies used the breasts of gulls for trimming their hats, but I don't see how they could do it. They wouldn't, I'm sure, if they loved birds as much as I do."

"Maybe they don't think," said Herbert. "Anyhow, we must go home now. So good-bye, poor bird."

WHAT A PENNY DID.

In a missionary meeting in England one of the speakers related an anecdote of a little boy who, having heard it said that for every penny subscribed a verse of Scripture might be translated into a foreign language, went home and begged that he might subscribe a penny, and be the means of translating a verse; "and," said the little fellow, "I should wish to be that verse, 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

At the same meeting another speaker arose and stated that Rev. Daniel Currie, afterwards Bishop of Madras, was one day sent to visit a dying Brahmin. He went, expecting to find him sunk in all the darkness of heathenism and superstition. To his surprise he found him a true believer in Christ, and rejoicing in the hope of heaven. Mr. Currie inquired how he had been brought to the knowledge of the truth. "Do you remember," said the poor man, "distributing verses of Scripture at such a place?" naming the village where he lived. "You gave one to me, and the verse was 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' That verse was the means of my conversion."

Vanity and ill temper are twins that every girl should turn away from her door, no matter how small and harmless a pair they may seem at first.—Selected.