



THE LITTLE GIRLS OF INDIA.

motioned, kind-hearted, respectful, good-natured, patient, thoughtful, and can keep his temper under great provocation; and, in my opinion, a boy that can do that is apt to be conscientious and trustworthy."

But even to this day it is a marvel to Ben Martyn and to the boys who envy his "streak of luck" how he came to be a favorite clerk in a store where they pay higher wages, and are more careful about references and all that sort of thing, than any other store in the great city; but the senior partner and you and I know; only, you mustn't tell Ben.—*Selected.*

THE LITTLE GIRLS OF INDIA.

THE little girls of India are not the bright and happy little things that most of our children are here. A father here loves his little girl just as much as he does his little boy; but it is not so in India. When a little baby is born in a house there is great joy if it is a boy; but if it is a girl, there is grief. "Not wanted" might be the name of nearly every little girl in India. So the poor little girls do not get any love. They are made to do all the hard work even when they are six or seven years old. They have to carry great big pots of water, nearly as big, sometimes, as themselves. They never learn anything—not even to read and write. The parents say that if the girls are taught to read and write, they will refuse to do the cooking and the sweeping.

And more than that, they are taught that it is clever to tell lies and to cheat. They are taught to be sharp and cunning, and that it is a stupid thing to be honest.

What a pity that these little girls should be brought up in this way—no school, no guide,

no love! Good Christian women in India are trying to help these poor little girls and to teach them, but they have hard work to get them to come to them. In the picture you see seven of them. Mrs. Downes, a missionary in India, says that she has five little girls that come to her to learn to sew; but she says they always come with dirty hands. They have to be washed first thing, and even then their little brown hands seem to soil the white work. And she says it is very hard to teach them to be Christians. Their little minds have to be made clean like their hands.

Should we not pray for these poor little children? And should we not try to help them? Some say men and boys are happy in India. Perhaps they are; but women and girls are not. Our Christian religion alone can make them happy, and their sorrows cry to us for help.

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN--A LITTLE LADY.

"I'm going to be a gentleman when I'm big like papa," said little Joe one day.

"But papa was a gentleman when he was little like you," said grandma, who was sewing near him.

"Did he dress up in grandpa's coat and hat and walk with his cane, as I do with papa's sometimes?" inquired Joe.

"No; he wore pinafores and a little straw bonnet," said grandma, stitching away.

Joe looked at her steadily, as though he could not understand.

"Are you trying to think how he looked, dear?" grandma asked. "I wasn't meaning that; but I mean that his little cousin Kittie came to play with him, and he went to his box and brought out the very best toy that he had—a jumping frog—and said, 'This is for you, Kittie, 'cause you're a little girl.' And I think that did more to make him a gentleman than a coat, hat, and cane could have done."

This brings to mind a story told of a little princess who was carried ashore by a sailor. When he placed her down safe and sound at her mother's feet he said, "There you are, my little lady." The child gave the sailor a cross look, and said, "I am not a little lady; I am a princess." "Tell the kind sailor that you are not a lady yet," said her mother, "but that you hope to be one some day."