



IS SHE SICK OR ONLY PLAYING?

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I can't make out whether this little girl is an invalid propped up in a cushioned chair, or whether she is only playing the part of grandmother with her glasses. She looks almost too grave to be playing. Yet she does not look very sick, and such young girls do not often wear pinch-nose glasses.

HELEN KELLER.

"I cannot see the bright faces of the flowers when I walk in the garden, but I know they are all around me, because I have touched them many times and because the air is full of their fragrance. Mother has some beautiful lilies now. Can you hear the lily-bells when they whisper together very softly?"

These words were written by Helen Keller, the wonderful child, whose heart is full of beauty and love, although she, too, is called deaf, dumb, and blind. But when we read the charming letters she writes, and the beautiful stories, it seems

as if she could see better than those who have eyes.

She is now eleven years old, and has learned so many things from talking with all the people who come to see her, and from reading all the books she can get, that she is able to write wonderful compositions and stories. I am sure you will be glad to read what she wrote once about her dog, Lioness.

THE DOG.

Come here, Lioness, I have many strange things to tell you about yourself. You may not believe it all, but it is true, and you must be still like a good dog, and listen to what I have to say.

Of course you know that you belong to the animal kingdom. You never could have thought you were a plant or a mineral, and everything else in the world belongs to the animal kingdom. You have a backbone, and that is why you are called a vertebrate; and when you have some cunning little puppies, you will feed them with milk, as other mammals do, and that is why the wise men put you in

the class Mammalia. Then, Lioness, you know perfectly well that you like raw meat better than anything else; and animals that eat raw meat are carnivorous.

How many feet have you? Can't you count four? See, here are your two fore-paws, and there are your two hind legs; and animals which have four feet are quadrupeds.

Your chest is broad and deep, so that you can take a good breath when you wish to run swiftly. Your mouth is filled with powerful teeth, similar in shape to the cat's teeth. You must not pull away your head so, for it is true! You are like Pussy in many things. Your tongue is soft, and you use it to lap up liquids. You never perspire through your skin as other animals do. When your body is heated, the moisture passes off from your tongue. That is why you always run with your tongue hanging out of your mouth. The under parts of your feet are padded, like a cat's. There are five toes on your forefeet, and five on your hind feet. The two middle ones are longest and equal. The fifth toes of your hind feet never touch the ground. Each toe has a strong, blunt claw. Hence you can't walk as noiselessly as the kitty. Your claws are better fitted for digging than holding.

Your senses of sight, hearing and smell are very perfect, but your sense of taste is not well developed. If you are hungry you will eat things which are not good at all. You can live a long time without food or drink. You have relations in all countries. Wherever there is a man, the dog is his best friend. You love people much better than the place where you live; but I am afraid, dear, you dislike cats. You turn many times before you lie down. Can you tell me why? You prick up your ears, and bark at the least noise; and I am sure there never was such a brave and faithful dog as you are, my own Lioness.

ROOM FOR THE CHILDREN.

Let the little children come
To a Saviour's breast!
Little souls feel weariness,
Little hearts need rest.

Jesus wants a tiny hand
In the harvest field;
To the touch of fingers small,
Giant hearts may yield.

Jesus wants a baby voice
Praises sweet to sing;
Earth's discordant choruses
Shaming, silencing.

Perhaps amidst the crowding throng
No one else might see
That some little faces asked:
"Is there room for me?"

Heaven is full of little ones,
God's great nursery,
Where the fairest flowers of earth
Bloom eternally.