

sometimes from the child's point of view, and don't expect the inexperienced feet of the little ones to keep step with yours yet: little legs must have time to grow long and strong—

"O little feet, that such long years
Must wander on thro' hopes and fears
I, nearer to the wayside rim
Where toil may cease and rest begin,
Am weary—thinking of your road."

MILLY'S LESSON

Milly lay in the window on the sofa, propped up with pillows, watching the children playing outside.

"Oh, dear," said she, "if I could only go out and play," and the tiniest bit of a frown gathered between the blue eyes. "If it wasn't for this horrid old sprained ankle I could go," she continued, pettishly.

Just then mama came into the room with a skein of bright colored wool in her hands.

"Where is the good fairy who wants to help me wind yarn," she said with a smile.

"Tell me a story, mama, about when you were a little girl," said Milly eagerly, when they had finished winding the wool.

Mama was thoughtful for a moment, then she said tenderly: "Once upon a time long ago, there was a little girl who had everything her heart could wish for, and yet she was always discontented. She was selfish and spent all the time thinking about herself. One day she fell from her swing in the orchard, and hurt her poor little back so badly that it was thought she would never be able to walk again. At first it was very hard for the little girl, who had always been active, but after a year in a plaster-of-paris cast she began to realize how selfish and ungrateful she had been. 'If I ever get well,' she used to say, 'I'll try to make everybody happy.'

"Why not commence now," said her mother one day. 'You can be bright and cheery even when the pain is the worst, and you can be happy in seeing other people happy.'

"This set the little girl to thinking, and from that time she seemed more thoughtful and was kinder to others. No one ever heard

her complain. Of course, she had a hard fight with herself, but she won in the end."

"Did she ever get well, mama?" asked Milly eagerly.

"Yes, dear, and she lived to grow up. Then God sent her a dear little girl whom she named Milly."

"You, mama!" exclaimed Milly in astonishment. "Were you ever impatient or cross?"

"I'm sorry to say I was, dear, and I had to have a hard lesson to teach me patience. You don't need such a severe one. But in everything that God sends to us, there is a lesson for each of us to learn.

"Mama," said Milly soberly, "I'm so glad you told me this story, and I'm going to ask Jesus to help me to be good and patient."

THE MISSION OF ANN MARY

The train was whizzing over the shining rails very fast indeed. Bunny, her little nose pressed flat against the car window, wished it wouldn't hurry so

"Oh, Mama, see those sheep nibbling grass? Quick Mama! My, they're gone! but here are some cows instead, do you see?"

Across the aisle another small girl looked out of the window, but she did not chatter, for she had no one to chatter to.

When Bunny spied her she was all curiosity. "She looks dreffle lonely, Mama. Where do you s'pose her folks are? Can't I go and ask her?"

So, presently, the other little girl heard a sweet voice at her elbow. "What is your name, please? And where is your mama?"

"My name is Lotta," she answered, smiling shyly, "and my mama is in heaven, thank you. Papa's sick, so I'm being sent to my Aunt Johanna's till he gets well."

"But who's taking care of you?" asked Bunny, her eyes very big.

"God and the conductor. Even if the conductor forgot me, God wouldn't you know. Course it's kind of lonesome, but it wouldn't be if you should sit beside me."

"Well, I'll tell mama, and get Ann Mary—she's my dearest dollie. P'r'aps you'd like to hold her; she isn't 'fraid of strangers."