

## THE LITTLE HINDU GIRL.

Poor Mali sits alone and weeps,  
 A gentle Hindu maid,  
 Her graceful form in sorrow bent  
 Beneath the aloe's shade.  
 No loving voice to soothe her grief,  
 Or quell her rising fears ;  
 Her nights are spent in restless sleep,  
 Her days in sighs and tears.

She never knew a father's love,  
 Or mother's tender care.  
 Curs'd from the day that gave her birth.  
 And doomed to sad despair ;  
 No joy lights up her wistful eyes,  
 Nor gladness cheers her heart.  
 Neglected, friendless, and despised,  
 In grief she sits apart.

She never heard of Jesus' love  
 To little children given,  
 And that He bids us come to Him  
 And have our sins forgiven ;  
 Had Mali known this Saviour dear,  
 Her heart had opened wide  
 To let this gracious Friend come in,  
 Her gods had thrown aside.

Oh happy little Christian girl  
 Whose heart is full of glee,  
 Who bounds to hear her Father's step,  
 And sits upon his knee ;  
 Whose home is full of light and love  
 Lit by the Gospel's flame,  
 Kindled by the glad news to men  
 That came with Jesus' name,

Will you not pray, and help to lift  
 The poor dark Hindu girls,  
 And bid the banner of our Lord  
 Whose Gospel light unfurls,  
 To wave triumphantly and free  
 O'er India's coral strand,  
 And bring the heathen children in  
 To fair Immanuel's land ?

*In Little Missionary.*

## ST. ANTONIO AND THE PIGS.

" Well, I'm just discouraged," said Farmer Ramos to his wife, as he sat sipping his coffee after dinner; " the pigs were in the corn-fields again last night,

and if I cannot find some way of keeping them out, there'll be no corn left to gather."

Farmer Ramos and his wife lived in one of the interior provinces of Brazil, on the edge of the virgin forest, from which they had cleared some fields for their yearly planting beans, rice and corn. Their house was a mud hut with thatched roof and earthen floors, and as we look in upon them now, we find them seated, each on a low bench, by their kitchen stove of beaten clay.

" Pigs in the corn-fields !" exclaimed the wife. " Why don't you put St. Antonio out in the field to-night to guard it ?"

" I did put some pennies under his image the other day, but he paid no heed, and I don't believe it will do any more good to take him out to the field, but one might try and see. He might do what we want him to for the sake of getting back into the house again."

" Now, husband, how can you speak so doubtfully of St. Antonio, when you know what wonderful things he has done ?"

" Well, Lucia, if one is good, more-ought to be better, and I'll take the oratory with all of them out to the corn field right away."

The next morning, bright and early, the farmer and his wife went out to the field to see how the Saints had kept their charge, and great was the man's disgust and the women's disappointment, to find the oratory lying upside down and the Saints scattered about on the ground; St. Antonio with a broken arm, St. John with a cracked head, St. Joseph without feet, and the Virgin with her tippet and finis-robos all torn and besmeared with dirt, while the irreverent pigs were feasting to their hearts' content.

" I'll hang the whole lot of them on this tree and leave them here to-night to see if they will do any better," said Sir Ramos, indignantly.

" Well, you shall not have the Blessed Virgin here any longer. It is not women's work anyhow, to be watching pigs," said the wife, as she gathered up the torn bits of finery, " and you had better bring in