

NO LEGS.

When little Rob went out of kilts,
So proud was he, he walkod on stilts,
For several afternoons,
To show his pantaloons.

Most grandly stalked he up and down,
Till nut-brown Meg in Green'way gown,
(His little sweetheart true)
Wished she might walk on them too.

At last, "I give 'ou half my bun
If 'ou will let me join 'ou fun."
Said Rob, "But 'ittle Meg,
'Ou hasn't any legs."

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

Little Annie is the daughter of a missionary who lives in the Northwest, far away from any white people. She is eleven years old and has never seen a white child excepting her little baby brother. Sometimes she gets lonesome for some little white girl companion.

Nevertheless, she is contented to live where she does, because she knows her papa is doing a great deal of good there. She sees how miserable and ignorant the poor Indians are, and she declares she will never go away from them until they are all Christians. Often she goes with her father to meetings and helps in the singing, and sometimes her sweet voice sings a song alone. The Indians are very fond of Annie's singing, for they love her very much and call her "the little white angel."

Not only does she help her papa in the services, but she also goes with him on his visits to the Indians' homes. Most of them live in tents made of heavy skins. Some have bark huts and a few have made for themselves little log cabins.

In the picture we see her talking with two old squaws. They have been recently converted, and Annie is telling them about Jesus: how good he is, and how he came to die for them. Even though this little girl is only eleven years old she has been the means of bringing many of these poor heathen to know and love God.

FOR HER COLOUR.

It was a great event for Daisy when her little sister was born. Her delight was unbounded. At the same time she felt a great increase of age and dignity, and announced to her mamma that she no longer

wished to be called Daisy, but by her own name—Isabel.

"We called you Daisy when you were the baby," said mamma, "because you were so fair and sweet that you reminded us of a daisy. Can you not think of some pretty flower that your little sister resembles?"

Daisy meditated for some time, and then gravely replied:

"I think we might call her Currant."

LITTLE MOTHER MARTHA.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

It isn't much fun to be a little mother if you can't doctor your own children. But suppose the grown-up mother of the little mother has positively forbidden her touching the medicine bottles?

These were pretty nearly the thoughts in one small maiden's mind; thoughts



THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

shooting back and forth like a pair of shuttle-cocks.

The maiden's name was Martha. Like Martha of old she was a care-taker.

"Here is my poor darling Angelina with the toothache, her face all swolled, and the big tears streaming down her pretty red cheeks."

(That was a fiction, because Angelina wore the fixed smile which always greeted her little mother.)

"I can't see her suffer," and Martha stamped her foot for emphasis.

"My mamma gives me par'goric for toothache, and it stops quicker'n anything. She said 'twouldn't hurt a baby. I've a good mind to climb on a chair an' get it. My baby needs it. I will—so there!"

Oh! little mother, take care.

When the medicine was measured in the spoon, "dese ten drops," though it poured instead of dropping, Miss Angelina proved obstinate, like some other children. No persuasion would make her open her mouth.

"I 'spect it's so swolled, she can't," said

the little mother; like many a grown-up mother, willing to make excuse. "I'll have to 'pend on the poultice."

But there was Kaiser quite longing for a taste.

"Well, he shall have it, then 'twon't be wasted," said this careful Martha.

Kaiser took it, though he sputtered and spit. Still a good part went down.

And then? Well, then the grown-up mother appeared, and snatched the bottle in a hurry.

"It's the ipecac," she exclaimed, with relief. "Kaiser'll have a time of nausea, that'll be all. But, Mattie, what shall mamma do to make you remember you must never, never touch the medicine bottles?"

"I did 'member, mamma; but I wanted to," confessed truthful Martha.

"Mamma is so very sorry. You might have poisoned Kaiser and yourself, too. Now I shall take the handkerchief from Angelina's face, and then I shall lend her for a whole week to the little girl over the way."

Now could any punishment be worse for a little mother than to lend her baby to a stranger?

LOVING THE SICK BEST.

Anabel Jones was a patient, kind little mother with seven dolly children. The two eldest, Dolly and Sally, were perfect beauties: "with golden hair and openin' an' shuttin' eyes." Sally could sit in her red chair alone, like a "weal-ly lady." Dolly could sit alone on the rug, "stwait as a soldier." Then Tiny and Silverhair and Susi were "beautiful," with caps and sashes and silk stockings. Jap Tommy used to be a smart, spry young boy; so did Nicodemus (called Nick for short); but somehow their legs and arms cracked, and turned round, till at last they all fell off. Anabel cried so that mamma took Nick to the doll hospital, but he came home worse than ever. The man broke his neck trying to fasten on some new legs.

So what do you think little mother Anabel Jones did? I will tell you. She put the "weal-ly" children in chairs, and let Silverhair play on the floor, while she held Nick (what was left of him) all the bright sunny day in her arms. She wrapped him in a flannel cloth to keep his bruised body warm, and tied her pretty hair ribbon around the bundle where his feet ought to be. She sang and told him stories tenderly and patiently.

Violet Grey came to play dollies one day; but when she saw Anabel holding Nick, she made a face, tossed her head, and said spitefully: "What old thing is that? I'd burn it up. It's an old mummy!"

Anabel got very red in the face, and replied: "Violet, you can jes' go home! I loves Nick the very best of all. So does all good mammas. So does Jesus love little crip'ly, and 'ficted and broken-up people. Mamma says so."