

"The princess said, "Yes; go call some one."

"The little girl scudded away straight to her mother. In a low tone she said, "O, mother, the princess found the baby, and she wants you to come and take care of it for her." With the little girl she hurried to the princess on the river-bank.

"The princess said to her, "Take this child away, and nurse it for me and I'll give you your wages."

"The mother of the little girl yearned to catch up the baby and hug it, but she was too wise. She slowly lifted the baby and went away home. How they would wait for father to come home from his work that they might tell him all about it! And how they would thank God and praise the little girl that evening!"

As the story had proceeded, one little brown hand after another had gone up, waving wildly. Its owner had been allowed to whisper the name, and had resumed his seat satisfied, to watch the others as it slowly dawned upon them. One child remembered that the baby was Moses, but could not recall the sister's name.

It was understood that the one who first guessed was to lead the next meeting, and tell the story to be guessed.

The next Sabbath Baij Nath told the following story:

"There was once a little girl playing about the compound, when the cry arose, "Sepoy ae hain! Sepoy ae hain!" "The soldiers are coming!" The little girl knew what that meant, and ran and hid herself in the dark kothri (closet); but the soldiers found her, and dragged her out, and how frightened she was, and how she did cry! When all the loot was brought together, the captain of the band saw the little girl, and he said: "That's a pretty little wench. I'll just take her along as a present for my wife." So they took the little girl miles and miles away, and she never saw her mother or her father or her home any more. But the little girl was glad that the captain had not let his soldiers kill her; so she was not sulky, but tried to be a good little girl, though in bondage. Her master was a korhi (leper), and one day the little girl was talking to the other servants, and she said, "I only wish the captain were in my country, and our prophet would soon cure him."

Some one told the captain what the little girl said; so he went back to her country, and soon returned quite well, and was always ever after very kind to the little girl. Now what was her name?"

Can you tell?

How Annie Helped.

Mamma had been sewing all day and she did look so pale and tired! The day had been very trying, for a small blue dress for Annie somehow would not go right. The seamstress had made a mistake which mamma had the greatest trouble in straightening out.

Annie was drawing in the nice, deep window seat. Annie liked to draw, and used to amuse herself making all kinds of pictures of houses and trees and men and women. She was drawing an interesting farm, full of chickens that were as big as cows, and cows that were as big as the farm-house, when she heard some one sigh. She looked up and saw that it was mamma, who was leaning back in her chair, looking so tired.

Then a thought came to Annie. She laid down the paper, and went quietly out of the room.

Down in the dining-room she found a little tray. On the tray she laid a little white napkin. Then she took down mamma's teacup and a shiny teaspoon, a little plate, and some lumps of sugar in a little saucer, and put them on the tray. Then she asked Mary, the cook, if she would make a cup of tea for her to take up to her mamma. Mary was delighted, and brought in a wee blue pitcher of cream and two of the thinnest little slices of bread and butter.

"I tell you, Miss Annie, I saw two of the biggest strawberries I've seen in my life out in the garden. Your mamma likes strawberries."

"That will be lovely," cried Annie, and out she scampered to the place Mary had pointed out. They were almost as big as apples. Annie picked them with as long stems as she could and took two or three leaves, too.

Then as she passed a bed of 'Jack' roses, she picked one little fresh, bright one. Dear, dear! how pretty the tray looked.

"And I shall carry it up all myself, and you'll see that I won't spill one drop."

Mary held the dining-room door open for the eager little girl.

Mamma's head was bent over her sewing, when she heard some cautious, slow little steps. She glanced up, and there she saw Annie carrying that pretty tray.

"Why, dearie!" mamma cried, all the tired tone vanishing from her voice. "Just exactly what I wanted, but I was too busy to ask for it."

Annie was so delighted she hardly knew what to do, but she had to be very calm not to upset the tea. They put the tray down on the machine, and mamma noticed everything that was on it before she poured the cream into her tea.

"But, dearie, you must eat one of those big strawberries, or I shall not be at all happy."

What a jolly, happy little tea-party they had! And how glad the little girl was to think that she, just Annie all by herself, had so quickly made mamma happy and rested!

Little girls can do much more than they sometimes think they can to make mamma happy.—'Examiner.'

Little Foxes.

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named—By-and-bye

Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter—Right
away.

Around each tender vine I plant
I find the little fox—I can't.

Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave—I
can.

No use in trying—lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low and drive him
high
With this young hunter named—
I'll try.

Among the vines in my small lot
Creeps in the fox—I forgot!

Then hunt him out, and to his den,
With—I will not forget again!

A little fox is hidden there
Among my vines named—I don't
care!

Then let I'm sorry!—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines and you.
—'St. John's Messenger.'