



PAWNEE CHIEF.

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The Pawnees are a very fierce tribe of Indians in the far west. The picture gives a very good idea of their fantastic dress. The most conspicuous feature is the tremendous crest of eagle's feathers. It almost makes a man look as if he could fly.

POSITIVE FRANKIE.

The other night while Frankie's mother was tucking him up in his little white bed, she told him a story about a great giant called "Temptation," who was always trying to coax little people, and big people, too, to say and do things that were not right.

"He'll not coax me to follow him if I don't want to," said Frankie, firmly.

"Don't boast, little boy," said his mamma. "Lots of people are very sure they will not be led into bad ways, and yet very soon they find that the giant has a firm grip upon them."

"I'll never, never let him get a grip

upon me!" cried Frankie. "I'd like to see him try to get hold on me."

The very next morning, when Johnnie Craig stopped at Frankie's gate to ask him to go down to the river to help sail the new boat that he had made, this brave little fellow that was "never, no, never" going to follow the big giant slipped out of the yard and crept along by the hedges to the river.

Half an hour later a little, half-drowned boy was carried, dripping with water, into the pretty home where the boastful boy's mother lived, and for another half an hour there was a struggle between doctors and death for this positive little boy, who was not "one bit" afraid of the big giant, Temptation.

"The giant got me, mamma," was the first thing he said when he was able to talk.

"We have had hard work getting you out of his grip this time," his mamma answered, "but I hope you will keep out of his way in the future."

"I hope I shall," said Frankie, in a low

voice; "but I must not boast of my strength again—because—because I have none. I fooled myself, you see."—*Olive Plants.*

I CAN'T.

To everything you asked of Tom
He always said, "I can't,"
And one fine day there came to him
A present from his aunt.

It was a parrot, gaily clad
In white and red and green.
Tom said so fine a bird as his
Had never yet been seen.

He bought a cage, a splendid cage,
And placed the bird within;
He tried to make his parrot talk,
But not a word could win.

All sulky there the bird did sit;
A week passed by, and more,
But not a single word he said
Of all he'd learned before.

"O Polly, speak!" cried Tom one day.
His boon the bird did grant,
And, opening wide his mouth, he cried,
"I can't! I can't! I can't!"

BEGIN AT ONCE.

"Mamma, when I am a man I will begin to love Jesus."

These words fell from the lips of a little fellow scarcely six years old. His mother had endeavoured many times to impress upon his youthful mind the necessity of early piety, but hitherto all the persuasions seemed in vain.

When the child uttered these words his mother said: "But, my dear, suppose you do not live to be a man?"

He remained silent for some minutes, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, as in deep thought, and then, with a resolute countenance, added: "Then, mamma, I had better begin at once."—*Sunday-school Visitor.*

THE CHILDREN'S TASKMASTERS.

Some little children, I know, have hard taskmasters. I don't mean their teachers; oh, dear, no! I am some little children's teacher myself, and I shouldn't like to be called that. Well, then, what are the taskmasters? Bad habits. Take care how you put yourselves in their power. They bring troubles upon you that even your own Lord never meant you to bear. Might not the day have been a happy one if you had not been cross about every little thing, even with mamma? You felt like fussing on the way to Sunday-school, too, and did it. Must you keep away from Jesus, ashamed? Oh, no indeed. He wants you to come to him most of all when you need to be forgiven and to have some bad habit broken. He is stronger than your cruel taskmasters.