

## WHAT ONE LITTLE INDIAN DID.

BY SOPHIE S. SMITH.

Away up in Alaska, there was a poor little Indian girl whose parents were dead. She was sad and neglected. No one cared for her, her hair was tangled, face and hands dirty, and her only garment, a cotton dress, was ragged and soiled. No wonder that tears oftener than smiles showed themselves on her face, for her life was filled with more sorrow than joy.

One day, this little girl found her way into a mission school, taught by a good woman, who felt much interest in such poor little waifs, and did what she could to make their lives brighter, and teach them the way to Heaven. Here she learned a great many things she had never heard of before. She learned how bad she was, and that there was a Saviour to whom she could go, who would help her give up her bad ways and lead a new and better life.

The Indians gave the child to the teacher, who felt especially drawn toward the poor little outcast, and longed to help her. The teacher took her home. She learned to speak English in six months, to read the English Testament, to write, sew, and to do many kinds of housework. She became tidy, pleasant-mannered, clean and happy. After she had been with the teacher a while, there grew up in her heart a great wish for a doll, only a cheap little doll, such as we can buy for ten cents. She began to save up her pennies to buy one. One day she picked several quarts of berries, for which some one gave her ten cents.

That afternoon, the lesson at school was about Christ, who gave up so much, and for our sakes became poor. This made the little girl wish to do something to show her gratitude and love for the dear Saviour, who had loved and given himself for her. That night, when bedtime came, she carried the ten cents, which she had earned, and which she had treasured so carefully to buy a doll, and giving it to the teacher, said; "Teacher, divide;

Jesus half, me half." She was willing to give up part of her money to Jesus, and wait a little longer for her doll. How many of my little readers will do as much and send their money to teach just such needy children as this child once was.

## CHILDREN, GO AND TELL OF JESUS.

Children, go and tell of Jesus,  
How He died to save our souls;  
How, that He from sin might free us,  
Suffered agonies untold.

Tell the guilty of their danger,  
While they wander far from God;  
While they live to Christ a stranger,  
And reject His precious Word.

Tell them of the joys of heaven,  
Purchased by the Saviour's blood;  
How that they might be forgiven,  
Jesus left His home above.

Tell them how He hath ascended  
To prepare a home on high;  
Where all sorrows shall be ended,  
Where the good shall never die.

"And thou, my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve Him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind; for the Lord searcheth all hearts and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts; if thou seek Him, He will be found of thee; but if thou forsake Him, He will cast thee off for ever." 1 Chron. 28: 9.

Father! now the day is past  
On Thy child Thy blessing cast;  
Near my pillow, hand in hand,  
Keep Thy guardian angel band,  
And throughout the darkling night  
Bless us with a cheerful light.

Let me rise at morn again,  
Free from every thought of pain;  
Thus, my Father, day by day,  
Keep me through life's thorny way.