



PARTRIDGE AND YOUNG.

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Look at the poor little partridges nestling under their mother's big feathers, to keep as much out of the cold as possible. She has turned her back to the driving snow, and feels the cold very little. But she well knows that her little ones have not got half such warm feathers as she has, so she makes a cosy hole for them in the snow, and they tuck themselves away inside, and are as warm and happy as can be, in spite of the weather.

THE WHITE PAPOOSE.

BY JULIA D. COWLES.

"Please tell me a story about when I was a little girl," coaxed Mattie, one evening, as she curled down by mamma's knee.

Mamma thought a moment and then she laughed a little as she said, "Well, I will tell you one about when you were a very little girl indeed.

"You know papa once kept a store where there were a great many Indians. We were living there when you were born, and your Aunt Carrie was visiting us.

"The Indian women, or squaws, as they were called, used to come into the store with their papooses tied upon their backs, and I often used to see them. The brown babies were a curiosity to me, and I always noticed them.

"One day, when you were about a week old, Aunt Carrie went into the dining-room and found that every chair in the room held a squaw. She stopped in surprise, for they had not knocked, and she had not known that anyone but ourselves was in the house. But she had learned a little of their odd ways, so she was not frightened. She said, 'How do you do?' and asked them what they wanted.

"'Wah-se'-cha e ches'-te-na's papoose,' said the oldest squaw, and then they all laughed.

"'Wah-se'-cha e ches'-te-na' means 'little

white man,' and this was the name they had given to papa. So they meant that they wanted to see papa's baby, and that was you."

Mattie gave a little giggle at this, but her eyes were very wide open.

"Aunt Carrie knew that the Indians were all right as long as they felt friendly toward anyone, but they were very ugly if they became angry, so she said that she would see about it, and came and told me what they wanted. Of course we decided that it was best to let them do as they asked, so Aunt Carrie took you out in her arms and handed you to the oldest squaw.

"She looked at you, examined your clothes, laughed, and handed you to the next squaw, who did the same and passed you on, and so you went to each in turn. They all laughed as though they thought you a very funny papoose indeed, and then they gave you back to Aunt Carrie and filed out as quietly as they had come in.

"Aunt Carrie brought you back to me, holding you very close in her arms, as if she thought you had escaped a great danger."

The story finished, Mattie snuggled up in mamma's lap; she rather thought she had escaped a great danger, too.

"JOSHUA KNOWS."

"Where was Bishop Latimer burned to death?" asked a teacher, in a commanding voice.

"Joshua knows," said a little girl at the foot of the class.

"Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows he may tell."

Thereupon Joshua, looking very grave and wise, replied:

"In the fire."

THE PRAYING LITTLE CRIPPLE.

I once knew a little cripple, who lay upon her death-bed. She had given herself to God, and was distressed only because she could not labor for him actively among the lost. Her pastor visited her, and, hearing her complaint, told her that there—from her sick-bed—she could offer prayer for those whom she wished to see turning to God. He advised her to write their names down, and then to pray earnestly for them. Soon a feeling of great religious interest sprang up in the village, and the churches were crowded nightly. The little cripple heard of the revival, and inquired anxiously for the names of the saved. A few weeks later she died, and among a roll of papers that was found under her pillow was one bearing the names of fifty-six persons, every one of whom had been converted in the revival. By each name was a little cross, by which the little cripple saint had checked off the name of each convert as it had been reported to her.