

Hindus did not want to associate with the Mohammedans, and as for the poor sweepers, no one wanted to mix with them in any way. One day I asked a man to do something for the very sick Indian, and he said, 'No, me a ———,' naming some caste. I said to him in French, for most of them speak a little French, "Wouldn't you do that for a sick man? 'No I can't, my religion won't let me.'

I gave thanks our religion makes it easy for us to render service to anyone.

(Written by a Canadian nurse on active service in France, a sister of one of our members.)—Sel.

#### HAVE A HEART.

My little daughter, one dark, rainy day, came indoors with a wet, half-starved kitten, and on remonstrating with her to take it out at once, she became indignant and said, "You don't remember, mother, when you was a little cold cat yourself!"—The United Presbyterian.

### GIRLS AND BOYS

#### FILL THAT MITE BOX.

How?

Get to work.

Help gather vegetables, and then ask for a share to sell.

Help with the canning and preserving, then ask for one jar to sell for missions.

Gather flower seed and sell.

Let each member of the Band take a basket of grapes and two cups of sugar to the home of the leader. These may be turned into jelly and sold.

A quart of peas brought by each child, a basket of potatoes, etc., may be marketed by the leader.

Give an out-of-door entertainment. "Santa's Allies," (Everyland, July, 1917), would build up interest and prove profitable. Price is ten cents. Order from Everyland, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.—Sel.

#### WALLIE: A LITTLE INDIAN FAMINE CHILD.

It was during the terrible Indian famine, and little naked, starving orphans were swarming by the dozens about the mission school begging to be taken in. But the school was full—running over—even those in it had only a little rice every day; but still they were not starving. At nights when the

door was shut the starving dogs were on the outside. And oh! once, outside with the dogs, was poor little Wallie, only four years old. No father or mother, no sister or brother! The pitiful black, naked skeleton would peep in through the door every night—the deep black eyes, so wistful but cheery even in spite of it all, would ask:

"Any one stand for Wallie yet?" That meant that away over in a country called Canada there were kind men and women, who would sometimes write to the mission teachers, and say, "Here are fifteen dollars, take in a little orphan and feed him, and take care of him, and I will send you fifteen dollars more next year." Every day Wallie hoped that some one would stand for her. But every night, for the mission teacher, the reply was, "No, dear, no one stands for you yet."

Wallie would slip off again in the darkness, and the teacher would turn to another teacher, and say, "I can't stand it; I must take her in!"

"But we can't, dear," the other would say. "You know we have not enough rice for those we have now." Night after night would come and go, still the child kept creeping up.

"Any one stand for Wallie?" The tone was so cheery at times, then wist-