

the prairie, and these cast-off people will be *our* people, and our God will be *their* God."

WHAT TWO LITTLE GIRLS DID.

[For the Children's Record.]

I wonder if the little girl readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD would not like to hear a true story about a little girl's bazaar.

A bazaar held, not in a far away country like England, or even in the United States, but in a town in Cape Breton, where some of our little readers have been.

Two very little girls called Lena and Maggie heard of a lady missionary who spends her time teaching little heathen children about Jesus. The thought came into the minds of these little girls to have a bazaar to get some money to help this missionary lady in her good work. So they set to work and they made such a lot of things for a doll's wardrobe, for they thought doll's clothes would sell the best to their little friends. They worked very hard, and they made doll's aprons, and caps and dresses and muffs and all sorts of things that dolls require. Then they thought they would have what big people call a refreshment table, to make their bazaar just like a grown up one. As the season was the summer, these little girls thought they would have their little bazaar in a nice garden and call it a garden party. But the rain which came down so often this summer poured down in Sydney on that very day that Lena and Maggie had intended for their bazaar. So what do you suppose they did? Why they just moved all their things into a barn and there they had a very nice time.

Everyone who came to the bazaar had to pay two cents to get in. Then they paid two cents for their tea. And when I tell you all the nice things they had, and that every one who paid for the tea could have a taste of everything, you will think this bazaar much more generously conducted than most grown-up ones are. Why, there was cake and chocolate pud-

ding, candy, apples, plums, and flowers to make the table look pretty.

When the time came for closing, the little girls found that after paying their expenses, they had one dollar all for themselves. So they divided it into two fifty cents, and with a number of pretty Xmas cards which they had collected, these energetic little maidens set out with happy faces to see the missionary to give to her the proceeds of their little bazaar for the benefit of her little pupils in far away Trinidad.

C. C.

MANY LITTLES.

A missionary from India wrote for *The Juvenile Missionary Magazine* the following story:

"I must tell you what I saw when I was teaching in a zenana one day. It was a long, creeping, unpleasant-looking creature, with hundreds of legs. I wondered if you would have screamed had you seen it close by you. Some one killed it; and a few minutes after, what do you think I saw? Actually the dead centipede moving across the veranda where I was sitting!

"I knew it had been killed; yet there it was, moving, moving, slowly, slowly, all the time. What was making it move? I jumped up to see. I found it was completely covered with little ants; and the busy, tiny little things were carrying the big centipede.

"One little ant could not have moved it in the least; but when hundreds of ants set to work all together, then the big piece of work was done quite easily. So it may seem that one little child can do nothing to remove the sin and ignorance that there is in these dark heathen lands; but when each little child does what he or she can, and all the little children work together, then, why then, they set missionary ships afloat, and send missionaries to tell the good news of a Saviour's love, and to take the light of God's truth into all the dark places of the earth."