



THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

FIVE LITTLE BROTHERS.

Five little brothers set out together
To journey the livelong day.
In a curious carriage, all made of
leather,
They hurried away, away.
One big brother and three quite small,
And one wee fellow no size at all.

The carriage was dark and none too
roomy,
And they could not move about.
The five little brothers were very gloomy,
And the wee one began to pout,
Till the biggest one whispered: "What
do you say?
Let's leave the carriage and run away."

So out they scrambled, the five together,
And off and away they sped,
When some one found that carriage of
leather,
O my, how she shook her head!
'Twas her little boy's shoe, as every one
knows,
And the five little brothers were five little
toes.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

Little Annie is the daughter of a missionary, who lives in the North-West, far away from any white people. She is eleven years old, and has never seen a white child, excepting her little baby brother. Sometimes she gets lonesome for some little white girl companion.

Nevertheless, she is contented to live where she does, because she knows her papa is doing a great deal of good there. She sees how miserable and ignorant the poor Indians are, and she declares she will never go away from them until they are all Christians. Often she goes with her father to meetings, and helps in the singing, and sometimes her sweet voice sings a song alone. The Indians are very fond of Anaie's singing, for they love her very

much, and call her "the little white angel."

Not only does she help her papa in the services, but she goes also with him on his visits to the Indians' homes. Most of them live in tents made of heavy skins. Some have bark huts, and a few have made for themselves little log cabins.

In the picture we see her talking with two old squaws. They have been recently converted, and Annie is telling them about Jesus, how good he is, and how he came to die for them. Even though this little girl is only eleven years old, she has been the means of bringing many of these poor heathen to know and love God.

POLLIWOGS AND HEATHEN.

BY MRS. E. Y. MULLINS.

"Polliwogs! polliwogs! five cents a dozen!" was the unusual cry from a small squeaky voice that came in at the windows along Elm Street one morning in early June. It brought all the children to the sidewalk, and even the older folks looked out, to see little Jimmie Stone trudging along with a tin bucket full of polliwogs, or tadpoles, as they are more properly called. The rubber boots were still wet with the wade in Still River, and the little curly head about as wet from the heat of the long tramp. He was soon stopped by the group of eager children that clustered about him, while questions and exclamations came thick and fast.

"Where did you get 'em, Jimmie?"

"O, just see 'em wriggle!"

"What'll we do with 'em, Jimmie?" was the first that found an answer.

"Why, put 'em in a glass bowl of water and some sand, and a stone, and see 'em turn to frogs," said Jimmie, with business-like brevity.

"Oh! will they, though, ever turn to frogs?" asked one, with astonishment.

Another added, "I don't believe it."

But a big boy standing by, who had

been to college, said they would in a few weeks; so that settled the matter.

And then, sure enough, when they came to look closely at some of the little fellows, there were legs already sprouting from the wriggly, black bodies.

There was a general scampering away after nickels, for every child wanted a dozen, so as to go into the frog-raising business at once. Jimmie said to some economical ones, who thought a penny's worth would do, that they must have at least a dozen, " 'cause some was sure to die," and there wouldn't be enough left to raise a respectable family.

Soon the little crowd came back, with tin-pans and buckets, to get their portion of polliwogs, and also received instructions that the water must be changed every morning.

"They ain't no trouble," said Jimmie; "don't eat anything, and don't make any dirt."

Then the nickels were turned over to Jimmie, and as his little hands were about full, their interest was turned for a moment to the money.

"What are you going to do with it, Jimmie?" asked one.

"Send it to the missionaries out in China," he answered, promptly.

Some looked a little awed at the high purpose in Jimmy's polliwog business, while the college boy gave a laugh of amused superiority, and then said: "What do you know about missionaries in China?"

"Know about 'em? I know a heap about 'em. I know there are lots and lots of heathen in China—millions of them; more than all the people we've got in our country—and they don't know about God, and live wicked lives."

"But they are cowards," said one boy; "the Japs whipped them easy as nothing."

"Well, I don't care," said Jimmie; "if they were Christians they would do everything better, live better, fight for their country better, and—everything," his argumentative powers giving out. "I heard papa and mamma talking about it at home, and they said our missionaries were so brave to stay there and work on for the Chinese when the war put them in so much danger."

"Turning polliwogs into frogs, and thereby turning heathen into Christians, that's an idea worthy of progressive young America," said the big boy, as the little group dispersed.—*Our Monthly*.

In the infant class a week or two ago the minister was questioning on the lesson about the "spies," when he asked, "Now, what would you do if you had such a large bunch of grapes that you could not carry it?" One little nipper replied, "I would sit down and eat half of them."