

"If you are prepared my child," answered the mother.

A little girl with a basket in her hand came loitering down the road. Her dress was faded and ragged; she had an old black hood on her head, which did not hide her tangled hair and her bare feet were almost black with dirt. Her father was a drunkard, and her mother a sickly, thriftless woman. Nancy was now on her way to school.

"There is a little child that needs a Missionary," said Sarah's mother, who sat at the window.

"Who, mother?" asked Sarah, running to look out. "Oh, Nancy!"

"Yes," said her mother. "The poor girl needs the heart of a Missionary to love her and to do her good. And a child of pity, and sympathy, and self denial, would, I think, be the best Missionary for her. Children like to learn of each other, and love springs up quick between them."

"Why, she is a very hateful girl," said Sarah, "the worst in the school; nobody can go with her."

"I thought she was in great need," said her mother.

"Could I do anything for her, do you suppose?" asked Sarah.

"Any one who has the heart for it can do good."

"I am sure I want to do good," said Sarah, as she ran for her sun-bonnet and books. She plucked a branch of roses as she passed through the gate, and then joined Nancy on her way to school.

"Good morning, Nancy," she said, as she came up with her.

Nancy was unused to attention, or even civility, and looked up surprised.

"Isn't it a pleasant morning?" said Sarah.

"Humph! I don't know," said Nancy.

Sarah offered her a fine rose, saying, "See how sweet it is."

Nancy was pleased with it, for there are few children who do not like a sweet-smelling flower, and whose little hearts do not smile at the sight of one. "Your folks have got a great many roses, haven't they?" she said. "I wish ours had. Once I had a root, and father stood on it and broke it down."

"My mother 'll give you plenty of roots in the autumn, if you want them," said Sarah.

"Mother says it's of no use; nothing 'll grow for us."

"You might have a root in a box, and put it in some place