



THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

"I **SHOULD** like to be a missionary, aunt Mary," said little Ellen, "just like uncle William; do you think he would take me with him?"

"And leave mamma?" said a kind voice behind her.

"Oh, no, mamma, I had quite forgotten that; I never could leave you; but still, I *do* wish I were a missionary."

"And if my little girl had her wish granted, what would she do?"

"I would tell the little children about 'gentle Jesus,' mamma, and how he loves them; and I would try to get them to love him, that they might go to heaven."

"Well, Ellen, I am willing you should be a missionary; but can you not begin at home? You can set a good example to your brother; for if you are dutiful and affectionate, he will try to imitate you; and as he cannot read yet, you can teach him your texts and hymns, and tell him the Bible stories you are so fond of."

"Oh, thank you, mamma, I *can* do that; and now, will you give me a nice little verse to teach Willie?"

"Will this do, Nelly? 'Little children, love one another.'"

Ellen looked very grave, for she remembered that often, when her little brother teased her, she was apt to get angry, and forget altogether that there was such a verse in the Bible. However, she went to look for Willie; and when she had found him, they sat down together, and