

good-natured cook's domain, "have you any work this little friend could do?"

"Nothin'," laughed Bridget, who was one of Billy's best friends. "Unless he be after scroobin' me floor, an' Oi was just a-goin' to do that meself."

"Could you do that, Billy?" asked Mrs. Jeffers.

"Yes, ma'am, I think so. I play sometimes at scrubbing floor for our Nora."

"Well, Billy, I will give you fifty cents to scrub the kitchen floor; and mind you make a good job of it," laughed Mrs. Jeffers.

"Yes'm," answered Billy, "and I thank you, Mrs. Jeffers."

A moment later the telephone in Billy's home rang, and Mrs. Jeffers called over the wire:

"O Mrs. Barlow, come over right away. I've got somebody in my kitchen doing something, to show you."

And in a little while the astonished Mrs. Barlow was peeping through the door of Mrs. Jeffers' kitchen.

"Now come into the parlor while I tell you about it," whispered Mrs. Jeffers. "Do you know," she continued, when they were comfortably seated side by side, "that never have I had such a missionary sermon preached to me as the one I just received from little Billy. I had thought that we were doing nobly by that cause; but now I feel ashamed of myself."

A half-hour later, while the ladies were still talking, the little floor-washer again entered the parlor.

Mrs. Barlow, advancing to meet him, received the blushing, faltering lad with open arms. Pressing him close to her heart and kissing him, she whispered: "My precious little missionary boy! Your first work, and the first money you have ever earned for the Master. God bless you, Billy!"

SIXTY-SIX LITTLE WORKERS.

The first missionaries to China were sixty-six little workers, who went over in the steerage of a big ship. They were not seasick on the long voyage, nor have they ever had fever or cholera. They receive no salary, but do their work gladly and modestly. Sometimes they travel alone, sometimes two or three, and sometimes all together. They are dressed in leather and cloth. There are four who go about more than the others, and who are better known, and there are two ladies who travel mostly in plain clothes, but who are welcomed in many homes, especially by the women and girls. Have you guessed the riddle that the sixty-six little missionaries are the books of the Bible? The four who travel the most are Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and the two ladies are Esther and Ruth. And do you know the names of the others? Could your Sunday School class send one of these little missionaries to China this winter?—
—The Mayflower.



A THRILLING FACT.

By Jane Ellis Joy.

"Suppose," said the wise orator,—
though 'tis a thought stupen-
dous,—

Suppose a baby one year old, with
arms of the tremendous
Length of ninety-three odd million
miles,

Should, in a freak of fun,
Reach up and touch the sun?
That child would be

253
Years old,
I'm told,
Before it learned
Its hand was burned!"

—St. Nicholas.

THE CAT'S CRADLE.

I can't find Five-toes anywhere. Sister Helen. I've looked and called till I'm tired and worried out."

"I wouldn't feel troubled, little Flo. Probably she is out in the tall grass hunting crickets."

"I'm afraid Mr. Shaler's dog has frightened her again, and she has run off and will not dare to come back."

"There is Jack out on the piazza, looking quite too lazy to chase a cat. Flo, Roy is calling you. There is time for a game of croquet before supper."

"But I can't forget Five-toes. I shall be looking round for her all the time."

"Five-toes will look out for herself. She knows it isn't supper time yet."

The little children had their game; but Flo was still anxious, for the kitten did not appear. Darkness came, and bed time. Flo hid her face in the pillow and cried herself to sleep.

Towards morning Helen was awakened by her little sister. "Do get up, Helen, and find Five-toes. She's making an awful fuss somewhere—mewing and scratching. I'm afraid she'll wear her toes all off if you don't hurry up."

It was hard to find where the sounds came from, but without doubt it was Five-toes calling for help from somewhere. They looked into all the closets and under the stairs, but could not find her.

"I should think she was in the wall," Helen said. A large trunk stood in the room. She suddenly remembered that she had taken her new dress out of it, to show to a friend who had

called on her that afternoon, and she carried it down-stairs, leaving the trunk open. She lost no time in lifting the cover, and taking up the tray, and out sprang Five-toes with a grateful mew. The kitten had carefully pushed away the folds of the dress and curled herself down in a corner of the trunk, making not even a wrinkle or a muss in the delicate fabric.

"Now, Helen," said Flo, "I guess you'll believe what I've told you lots of times—that Five-toes is the brightest kitten in the world. Think of her keeping still 'most all night, shut up in that trunk, just because she didn't want to disturb us!"—Mary A. Wood.

LOST SPECIMENS.

The man who said jestingly that the chief use of going to college was to get stories to tell for the rest of one's life was not without a certain foundation for his words; since no anecdotes are more constantly repeated than those which belong to this part of life.

Graduates who left the Boston Latin School have a dozen years ago, for instance, are always pleased to tell what happened to a preceptor there who had awakened much interest in natural history among his pupils by the use of the microscope. He was in the habit of bringing specimens to school, and one morning an assistant found him groveling about the floor, an empty box in his hand and an expression of the deepest consternation on his face.

"Oh, I've done the most dreadful thing!" he exclaimed. "I've drowned my box and spilled all my specimens."

"Can't you pick them up?" asked the other.

"Oh no," replied the naturalist, with a groan. "I haven't made out to catch a single one."

"What are they?" asked the assistant, obligingly stooping down to assist in the search.

"Forty live fleas," was the startling answer.

The assistant sprang up like a flash. "Don't you think," he said, laughing, "that the pupils may be trusted to pick up the whole forty, if you give them time enough?"

A LITTLE CHINESE CHRISTIAN.

This pretty little story is told of a spelling class in China:

The youngest of the children had by hard study contrived to keep his place so long that he seemed to claim it by right of possession. Growing self-confident, he missed a word, which was immediately spelled by the boy standing next to him. The face of the victor expressed the triumph he felt, yet he made no move toward taking the place, and when urged to do so, firmly refused, saying: "No, me not go; me not make Ah Fun heart sorry."

That little act implied great self-denial, yet it was done so thoughtfully and kindly that spontaneously came the remark: "He do all same as Jesus."—Sel.