



GOD'S FOOTPRINTS. (See page 162.)

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 any 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—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.—Mrs. E. Y. Mullins, in *Our Monthly*.

JENNY'S LESSON.

"JENNY," said a very tired mother to her daughter one afternoon, "will you help me sew this braid on your sister's dress?"

"Oh, mother, how can you ask me to help you when you know that it takes all my time to make those pictures!"

"What pictures?" inquired her mother.

"Why, a lot of us girls met yesterday at Katie Easton's house, and formed a club—we call it the 'Busy Workers,' because we will be always helping the poor. We are making pictures for the poor sick children in the New York Hospital. Do you think it a good plan?"

"Perhaps it is," said her mother absently.

"So Jenny, leaving her mother to sew on the braid, started upstairs to make pictures. She had not been up there very long when Katie Easton came in.

"Well, Kate," said Jenny, "I thought you were never coming."

"I would have been here sooner, but we had company for dinner, and Chloe had so many dishes to wash that I stayed to help her."

"Well, Kate Easton, you shock me! The very idea of your helping your servant," said Jenny, very much surprised.

"Now, look here, Jenny, didn't we form a club, and each promise that we would do all we could to help others?"

"Well, that has'n't anything to do with helping servants wash dishes," said Jenny.

"Yes, it has, too. I couldn't go out trying to help other people, all the time knowing that mother or some of the servants would be glad of my help. Do you think you could?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Jenny.

After a pleasant afternoon, at tea time Kate went home. As soon as she was gone, Jenny came down stairs, and went to find her mother.