

no thought for human beings. They will not kill vermin, mosquitos, or any animal; they starve and ill-treat their cattle, but will not allow them to be shot, even when their legs get broken, and life is only prolonged suffering.

They have hospitals for lame cows and horses, dogs, goats and even for ants, fleas and lice, men being employed to feed these vermin on their bodies. But as a rule they give nothing to hospitals for their fellow men, nor to help those dying of famine.

Such are the terrible depths to which religion has fallen in India.

The young man in our picture has, let us hope, a brighter future than this before him. He has often heard about Jesus, and a short time ago he received a Bible. Let us pray that it may be blessed to his true salvation.

### POLLIWOGS AND HEATHEN.

"Polliwogs! polliwogs! five cents a dozen!" was the unusual cry from a small, squeaky voice that came in at my window 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.

"Where did you get 'em, Jimmie?"

"Oh, just see 'em wiggle!"

"What'll we do with 'em, Jimmie?"

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

"Oh, 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 wiggly, 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 any trouble," said Jimmie; "don't eat anything, and don't make any dirt."

Then the nickels were turned over to Jimmie, and as the little hands were about full, their interest was turned for the 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 Jimmie'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 all 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 a new idea," said the big boy, as the little group dispersed.—"Our Monthly."