

EDITH'S MISSIONARY DAY.

"I'm going to be a missionary."

It was Edith's gentle voice that said that, when a lull came in the other voices. The children were all in grandma's room, having their go-to-bed talk. Grandma's white head gleamed among the little tousled, dark ones, and now and then grandma's low voice found a bit of a chink to creep into. Then it always said something worth while.

"A missionary, dearie?" she said now, peering into Edith's sober little face.

"Yes'm, truly honest, grandma; I decided that long ago, when I was little. I'm going to be a missionary like Aunt Faith. But it's such a long time to wait. I'm afraid all the heathen will be gone. How-old must I be, grandma?"

"To be a missionary? Why, let me see — about eight years old, dearie, I should think."

"Why — ee!"

All the children joined in the exclamation. All the little faces gazed at grandma in astonishment.

"Why, I'm eight *now*!"

"She's most quarter past," added Ned correctly.

"Then, dearie, you can be a missionary now. You needn't wait any longer."

Edith's mouth made up into another round "O!" but straightened again into its ordinary lines, for she suddenly understood what grandma meant.

"Yes'm," she murmured softly; "but it's too late to-night, grandma, anyway."

"Then begin to-morrow morning, dearie," grandma said quietly; but she got Edith's little brown hand into hers a minute, and squeezed it encouragingly.

Hannah came then and took them all off to bed.

Edith, curled in her little bed beside Bunch o' Mischief, dreamed she was in far-away China, teaching little Chinese girls to read the Bible. They made a great deal of noise, and kept pounding her with their fists — or, was it Bunch o' Mischief? Why, yes!

Edith opened her eyes, and there was Bunch o' Mischief trying to wake her up forcibly. It made Edith cross. "You naughty, naugh — ty baby!" she mumbled sleepily.

"Tell me a stoly! tell me a stoly!" coaxed Bunch o' Mischief. "'Bout how the mulley cow jumped over the moo — oon. Begin it quick! hurry!"

"No, I sha'n't eith —" but Edith stopped there. Would it be being a missionary to try to keep her eyes open, and tell the moon story? She was so sleepy, and the moon story was so silly; but —

"Well, once upon a time there was a brindle cow," she began bravely, "who — wh — oo — o." She was drowsing off already, but Bunch o' Mischief's hard little fists brought her back to consciousness. Then she sat up in bed and

told the moon story once, twice, three times, patiently. After that "Little Red Riding Hood" and the "Jack and Bean Stalk" story filled up all the time until the getting-up bell rang.

"I've begun; I *think* I have," Edith whispered to grandma on the way downstairs to breakfast.

Nora had a headache, and Edith washed the silver and glasses for her. That really seemed like being a missionary; for Nora lived in China; and, if it wasn't the right China, it didn't matter so very much. Hearing Bunch o' Mischief's letters seemed like missionary work too; for Edith heard them out of the Bible, and made believe she was teaching a little heathen (Bunch o' Mischief was *most* a little heathen sometimes) to read.

But the other things, the reading to the old black auntie and weeding the poppies — O dear! missionaries never did those; and if they did, it was not any fun. But Edith persevered stanchly. When it was time to go to bed she crept into grandma's lap, and cuddled happily against the dear, soft shoulder.

"It isn't as much *fun* as I thought, grandma," she whispered; "but it leaves a good taste in my mouth."

And grandma only kissed the tired little face, but the kisses talked to Edith very plainly.

ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL in C. M. F.

OUR BABY.

Have you heard about our baby,
Our wee bit blossom girl?
I think if you could see her
Blue eyes and teeth of pearl,
The dimples in her rosy cheeks,
And hear her baby glee,
You would not wonder that we think
A sweeter cannot be.

God sent her when His flowers
Brightened the earth in June,
The robins and the bluebirds
Were all just then in tune;
She's had a birthday since she came,
And more and more we love
This birdling in our dear home nest,
Our little cooing dove!

I've heard of far-off countries
All bright with birds and flowers,
Where baby sisters are not loved
Tho' most as sweet as ours.
"She's nothing but a girl," they say,
"We're sorry that she came—
We're proud of baby boys, but girls
Are scarcely worth a name."

Such hearts are very dark and hard.
Because they've never known
The Saviour who has blessed our homes,
And can make them like His own.
What if our baby lived with them
As their heathen children do;
How can I bear to think of it?
She'd be a heathen, too!

O children! happy children!
Little boys and girls who know
That Jesus came to save us all,
Have we told the heathen so?
Didnt He leave His love for them,
Didnt He call them too?
I want to send some one to take
This happy news, don't you?

—Over Sea and Land. H. M. J.