

(All sing.)

"Yes! dear Jesus, we will come,
Oh, we'll come to thee!
In life's freshness, joy, and bloom,
Oh, we'll come to thee!
While the spring around us glows
And the early violet blows,
Like the gently opening rose,
Oh, we'll come to Thee!"

(Second child.)

We are little singers,
Singing songs of praise
To our heavenly Father
For our happy days.

(Third child.)

We can serve Him being
Cheery, kind, and true
To our parents, teachers,
And each other too.

(All sing.)

"Jesus bids us shine
With a clear, pure light,
Like a little candle

Burning in the night.
In this world of darkness
We must shine,
You in your small corner
And I in mine."

*(Also 2d and 3rd stanzas.)**(Fourth child.)*

We are little soldiers,
Fighting with our might,
Always 'gainst the sinful,
Ever for the right.

(Fifth child.)

We are little learners,
Learning all we may
Of those other children
Who to idols pray.

(The six recite together.)

We are little prayers
To the one true God,
[Fold hands and uplift faces]
Help us, loving Father,
Understand Thy word.

Make us little sisters,
Teaching tenderly
All those other children,
Who belong to Thee.

two children in white now step toward the six,
g their baskets to them and singing:)

"Little givers! do you part
With a glad and willing heart,
For the angel voices say,
'Little givers! give to-day.'"

(The six sing in response.)

"Grateful tribute will I bring
Unto Christ my Saviour, King.

Thou hast giv'n thy life for me,
I will give my all to Thee."

(They drop their pennies into the baskets and the two step back to their places.)

(Sixth child to audience.)

We are little givers,
Glad to give and do,
Will you join our army
Giving gladly too?

(All sing.)

"Little givers! come and pay
Willing tribute while you may;
Many offerings though but small
Make a large one from you all."

(Four leave stage from right, four from left, the two in white last, who then pass their baskets for the collection.)

NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB,
Missionary Helper

TO MY YOUNG FRIENDS.

Let me tell you about a short tour I made. The Syce as we call him, harnessed my horse "Jack" to the little dog cart, and soon we were going at a good pace along the river road bound for Polavarum, right among the hills where I intended to make my camp.

The afternoon was bright and cool. The road was good, and little "Jack" strong and willing, so that I had a delightful ride.

There were quite a number of ox carts on the road, and plenty of men, women and children, walking along, some carrying wood from the jungle. Near Polavarum there is a big tank half a mile long, where I noticed some six or eight ducks swimming in the water, and some solemn looking cranes wading about as we passed, and then the travelers, bungalow, resting so snugly under the shade of some mighty tamarind trees was reached. Just at dark Cornelius, my preacher, and myself walked into the village, and preached to about 30 people near the temple. After we had finished speaking another man commenced to preach, and told the people that Jesus was the only Saviour, and said that they should all believe on Him. As it was dark I could not see who it was, but found out upon asking that it was my ox cart driver, who really knows the gospel, but he is not a believer. Cornelius and I had an enjoyable walk back to the bungalow, there were hundreds and hundreds of fireflies. Cornelius wanted to know whether they got their food in the day time, or whether they were flying about now and getting it with the aid of the light. This I could not tell him, but perhaps some of you will inform me when you write to me.

Next morning the Syce saddled "Jack" for the road ended at the village of Polavarum, and so it was neces-