



#### LITTLE SARAH AND HER CAT.

"THERE'S one thing for which I am just truly glad," she said to the cat; as she lifted her by her fore-paws, and rocked back and forth in the library.

"Nobody wants you, my dear old cat. They are giving away their things, and selling them, and making money with them for the missionaries; but nobody will buy my cat. Flora has sold every one of her chickens. I don't see how she could do it, and Trudie Burne won't eat a single egg, because she wants to sell them for missionary money, and her brother Tom sells all his strawberries and Fanny raises little bits of cucumbers and sells them; and it seems as if there wasn't anything to keep and have a good time with only my dear cat. I don't know how I'm going to make my missionary money; I must find some way, but I'm just as glad as I can be that there is nothing that can possibly be done with you, only just to play with you."

Alas, for little Sarah! The very next day she went with mamma to call on Mrs. Colonel Bates; and while she sat in the front parlor, in an elegant chair that was high and slippery, and waited for Mrs. Colonel to come, who should come puffing into the back parlor, where a man was waiting to see him, but the old Colonel

himself, and what should be the first words he said but these tremendous ones:

"I declare I would give \$5 for a good mouser! Such times as we have with mice around these premises! That's the way with an old place. Old family residences are humbugs!"

Five dollars for a good mouser! Mrs. Colonel came soon, and she and mamma talked and talked about a number of subjects which at another time would have pleased little Sarah. Just then her heart was too full of that one sentence to attend to anything else. Five dollars for a good mouser! And there was no hope of Colonel Bates giving that five dollars, or any other, to the missionary cause, on his own account. It was not a week since she had heard the ladies repeating what he said about the Foreign Mission work being a great mistake, a failure, a sheer waste of money; none

of his should be frittered away in that manner. There was not in all the town a better mouser than Tabby, and little Sarah knew it. And five whole dollars! It made her heart beat fast, and the tears came into her eyes. It took her two days to decide the matter, during which time she had so little appetite, and moped around so sadly, that her mother feared she was going down with the measles. One morning little Sarah knew, by the way her heart beat, while she was dressing, that she had decided. Tabby was to be put in the willow basket, and taken to Colonel Bates' by her own sad little self. She hurried now; she wanted no chance to change her mind. Swiftly her little feet flew over the ground, and she was at the Colonel's just as that gentleman was going through the hall on his way to breakfast. He opened the door for her himself.

"If you please, sir," said little Sarah, holding up the basket, and speaking very fast, "I have brought Tabby; she is a good mouser, and I know the missionaries ought to have the \$5; but I love her very much, and would you please hurry and give it to me so I won't hear her mew again?"

"What! what! what!!" sputtered Col. Bates. "What have we here? Who are you, little one? and what am I to give you?"

"That \$5, if you please; you said you would, you know, for a good mouser, and Tabby is the best one that ever was; my mamma says so. And the missionaries, you know, need the money, the heathen people do; and I mustn't be selfish and keep Tabby. Will you please to be very good to her?" and a great tear, hot from little Sarah's blue eyes, plashed on the Colonel's hand.

"Bless my body!" he said, and stood dazed for a moment; then he threw back his great head, and laughed so loud that little Sarah was amazed; then he took out his pocket-book. "So I promised \$5 for a mouser, did I? Who told you?"

"Nobody did, sir; I heard you say it the other day, when you talked with a man."

"Just so; my tongue was always getting me into scrapes. Well, here goes! Colonel Bates is a man who always keeps his word. Here's your \$5; and if it doesn't do the heathen good, it ought to, for your sake."

Now all this happened only recently. Of course I can't tell you how Tabby behaved, nor what the effect of her society was on Colonel Bates, nor what the children of the Mission Band said when little Sarah brought her \$5.—*The Pansy.*

#### CHILD-LIFE.

AN early traveller am I,  
Upon a road that looks  
As pleasant as the flowery path  
Beside the summer brooks.

I've gone a very little way,  
And yet I can't go back  
To pick up anything I've lost  
Or wasted on the track.

And if I careless pass each stone,  
I mayn't my steps retrace:  
And so I need a faithful Guide,  
To keep me by his grace.

#### "WAS IT OUR JESUS?"

A LITTLE three-year-old stood at the window one pleasant Sabbath watching for papa, who was at church. She soon spied him coming, and as he entered the door she raised her dark eyes and said, "Papa, what did the preacher preach about this morning?"

Her father replied, "He preached about Jesus."

"Papa, was it our Jesus?" she asked.

"Yes," said her father, "it was our Jesus."

The dark eye brightened at the thought that papa's minister knew her Jesus, and had talked about him.

Yes, the Saviour is every child's Jesus!