

COLETTE'S WAYSIDE SEED.



HE northward-bound express was flying swiftly along, so swiftly that ever and anon Hal and Colette would turn their eyes from the beautiful scenes without and rest them by studying their fellow-passengers. Baby Louise claimed some attention, but for the most part, Colette especially, was interested in the strange faces. Mrs. Remington, their invalid mother, languidly watched them for a while, and then, finding that they were quietly amusing themselves, she leaned back with a sigh and was soon asleep.

"Hal," said Colette, "let us think we know all about these people." "All right," responded Hal, "but how shall we think?" Hal was very practical. "Why, that old gentleman on the front seat," explained Colette, "now what do you think about him? Where does he live, and—and all about him?"

"Oh, I see. Well, I'll say he's rich, 'cause I saw him count a roll of money, and then he's got on silk socks and a big ring, for I saw them. I'll guess he lives in Washington, and—he's good."

"I'll take the next," said Colette, "I guess she's rich, too, and I'll think she lives in our South. Oh, Hal! ain't she sweet? I wonder if she's going to be a missionary?"

"A missionary!" exclaimed Hal.

"Yes," said Colette. "I just wish she would. Don't you think, Hal, when God gives people sweet faces, he means them to do something more than just look pretty? Mamma said so."

"I don't know," said Hal, catching sight of a large bird, and squinting his eyes to see if he could tell what it was. Colette sighed; she felt the burden of Hal's indifference.

"She's in mourning," observed Colette, continuing her observations of the clear-cut face. "I guess her parents are dead, and you see, Hal, she could go easy."

"Go where?" asked Hal.

"Why, to the heathen! I wish she would go, we need more missionaries so much, and maybe if she's rich, she would pay her own way. Maybe that's what she's going to do!"

"You can ask her," said Hal, looking up suddenly. Colette, in her earnestness, had not noticed

that the young lady had changed her seat to the one opposite. The train had stopped, so Hal's words were distinctly audible.

"Did you want to ask me something?" she said, in a low voice, looking down upon Colette's flushed face.

"Yes," said Colette, gathering courage, "are you going to be a missionary?"

"A missionary!" said the astonished girl, looking her surprise, "what made you think that?"

"I don't know. I was wishing you would be."

"She said maybe you were rich, and could pay your own way, and she thought maybe as your father and mother might be dead, you could go very easily, and—"

"Oh, Hal!" exclaimed Colette, shocked at the impropriety of his words. Then to the young lady: "We were just thinking we knew all about the people, and that's what I thought about you."

"Oh, I see," and such a smile passed over her face that Colette could not help saying, in most earnest tones, "I wish you would."

"She says you've got such a sweet face, you'd make a good one!"

It was now Miss Winthrop's turn to blush, but looking at Colette, she said: "I rather think it takes more than a sweet face to make a missionary, but thank you, anyway, and won't you come over here and sit with me a little while?"

Colette glanced at her mother, but as she was quietly sleeping, she slipped down and went across to her attractive neighbor. Hal curled himself on the seat, and was soon amused by the moving panorama.

"What is your name?" asked Miss Winthrop, after comfortably seating the little figure.

"Colette Remington," answered the child; "please tell me your name?"

"Jean Winthrop. Now, may I ask why you singled me out to send to heathendom?"

Little Colette could not explain the magnetism of her new friend, but she felt it, and in her childish way, said: "I thought maybe as I liked you right away, and Hal and I thought you so pretty, that maybe the heathen would like you, too, and wouldn't be afraid of you, and you'd have such a good chance to tell them of Jesus Christ."

"I never thought of it," said Jean Winthrop, earnestly.

"You see," said Colette, full of her subject,