

## TWO CHILD MISSIONARIES—A TRUE STORY.

Two little girls were going home from a Junior Missionary Meeting one pleasant Sunday afternoon. The meeting had been full of interest to them. They thought it must be beautiful to be a missionary, to teach poor ignorant people about Jesus, who loved them and died for them.

Then they heard something new and wonderful. They could be missionaries, little children though they were; for there were people right around them who did not know Jesus. They could be "home missionaries."

"Let's be missionaries, Naomi," said Ruth, as the two little girls walked slowly homeward, talking it all over. "Isn't it dreadful for people not to know about Jesus? And, just think, there are people right here in this town that haven't any Bible. I wonder where they live? wouldn't it be nice if we could give them some? If we only had them to give."

"But we haven't," said Naomi, regretfully. "Perhaps, though, if we had enough money, we might get some."

"Yes, if we only had the money," said Ruth, with a troubled look on her sweet little face.

"Oh, Naomi," she said suddenly, her face brightening. "Let's get some. You have to have money for missionary work, anyway. Don't you remember Bible Day at our Sunday school, when we gave our pennies to help buy Bibles for some poor people that couldn't buy them themselves? Let's see if we can't collect some pennies. Maybe we could get enough to buy some Bibles; and then we could go around and give them to people that haven't any. That would be missionary work, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, of course it would," answered Naomi, well pleased with this plan. "Let's begin right away, to-morrow."

"All right," said Ruth, as they reached their own gate. "We'll go right in and tell mamma we're going to be missionaries. 'Mamma,' she said, as soon as they found her. 'Mamma, we're going to begin to-morrow.'"

"But you needn't feel very bad about it, mamma," chimed in Naomi, "'cause we're not going to China, or India, or any of those heathen countries. We'll just stay right here and be home missionaries."

"Oh," said mamma, looking up from the letter she was writing. "I am very glad you are not going to China yet," and she smiled lovingly at her little daughters as they ran off to talk over their plans. She thought how glad she was that she could keep them with her a while longer.

The next morning our little friends were up bright and early, anxious to begin their new work. "Let's ask every gentleman we see to give us a penny," said Ruth, as they sat on the front steps, talking over the best way of raising money for missions. "Why, if people just knew what we're going to do with them, they'll be glad to give them to us, 'cause anybody would feel sorry for people that haven't any Bible. We'll tell everybody we see 'bout all the people that don't love Jesus, 'cause they don't know about Him."

Naomi thought this a very good plan, and about half an hour after that, when mamma sent them to the grocery, they had an opportunity to try it.

"Here comes a nice old gentleman," said Naomi, as they skipped along, "let's ask him for a penny," and with hearts full of faith in their cause, they stopped in front of him, and looked up into his kind, pleasant face.

"Please, sir," said Naomi, timidly, "won't you—if you—oh! Ruth, you ask him!"

"If you please," said Ruth, sweetly, "We are trying to raise some money for missionary work, and—"

"Missionary work!" said the old gentleman. "What do you know about missionary work, I'd like to ask?"

"Why, we've heard a great deal about it at Junior meeting, sir," answered Ruth, respectfully, "and we know there are hundreds—think, may be millions of people, who don't know about Jesus, 'cause they haven't any Bible, some folks right in this town even, and we heard at the Junior meeting that little girls could be 'home missionaries; so we thought it would be doing missionary work if we could get some Bibles to give to some of these people. And, please, sir, if you could spare it, perhaps you would give us a penny." And Ruth stopped, quite out of breath, for that was the longest speech she had ever made.

"A penny!" said the old gentleman, fumbling in his pocket, "why, yes, certainly! Very good, very good indeed!"