

without spoken words, testifies of a new life and love.

This is the best evidence of our religion. When those who work with us in the mill or store or on the farm see that we are living a new life, then our words have power. This is the privilege of every one. We may not be rich or educated or eloquent, and hence not able to give much, or teach much, or speak much; but we can live much; and good living is the best living, the best teaching, the best eloquence. The poorest, the most ignorant, and the youngest can cause people to see they are changed. They can prove the reality of their conversion.

We cannot hide a new life. It shines. It may make no more noise than a candle, but, like a candle, it may be seen. Thus even a little boy or girl may be a light-bearer.--*Sel.*

THE SILVER SIXPENCE.

It was only a silver sixpence,

Battered and worn and old,
But worth to the child that held it
As much as a piece of gold.

A poor little crossing-sweeper,
In the wind and rain all day—
For one who gave her a penny,
There were twenty who bade her nay.

But she carried the bit of silver—
A light in her steady face,
And her step on the crowded pavement
Full of a childish grace—

Straight to the tender pastor;
And, "Send it," she said, "for me,
Dear sir, to the heathen children
On the other side of the sea.

"Let it help in telling the story
Of the love of the Lord most high,
Who came from the world of glory
For a sinful world to die."

"Send only half of it, Maggie,"
The good old minister said,
"And keep the rest for yourself, dear;
You need it for daily bread."

"Ah, sir," was the ready answer,
In the blessed Bible words,
"I would rather lend it to Jesus,
For the silver and gold are the Lord's,

"And the copper will do for Maggie."
I think, if we all felt so,
The wonderful message of pardon
Would soon through the dark earth go.

Soon should the distant mountains'
And the far-off isles of the sea,
Hear of the great salvation
And the truth that makes men free.

Alas! do we not too often
Keep our silver and gold in store,
And grudgingly part with our copper,
Counting the pennies o'er,

And claiming in vain the blessing,
That the Master gave to one
Who dropped her mites as the treasure
A whole day's toil had won!

—Margaret E. Sangster.

HOME INVESTMENTS.

In *The Church at Home and Abroad* we find a pleasing picture of systematic giving. The mother proposed in a family council that each one should invest a quarter of a dollar for the Lord.

"Capital!" was the father's response.
"Glorious!" shouted Fred.
"Goody, goody!" exclaimed Jennie.
"I want quarter, too," said little Grace,
only six years old.

Ralph, eight years old, also joined the company; so they started with a dollar and a half. The father being a bookseller, invested his quarter in that business; the mother bought ten cents' worth of paper, and wrote a story; she invested the other fifty cents in hop yeast to sell to her friends.

Fred went into partnership with a kind old gentleman who made blueing. One day he broke a bottle of it and ruined his sister's dress. Fred was too honorable to do any less than buy a new dress. This cost within three cents of three dollars and thirteen cents, to which the blueing business had increased his quarter. But he sold the remaining bottles, and soon