

TOW-HEAD.

"Mother I can't bear this any longer!" said little Gertie White, as she came in one day in "a state of mind." "Will Evans has called me 'Old Tow-Head' before all the girls."

"Will you please bring me the Bible from the table?" said the good mother.

Gertrude silently obeyed.

"Now my little daughter, will you read to me the seventh verse of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah?"

Slowly and softly the child read how the Saviour was afflicted, oppressed, yet opened not his mouth.

"Mother," she asked, "do you think they called him names?"

And her eyes filled with tears as the sorrows of the son of God were brought before her mind.

When Gertrude went to bed that night she asked God to help her to bear with meekness all her injuries and trials. He delights to have such petitions.

Not many days passed before Gertrude met Will Evans, who had teased her so often about her lameness and her tow head, going to school; and remembering her prayer and the resolution she had formed she actually smiled at him.

This was such a mystery to Will that he was too much surprised to call after her, if, indeed, he felt any inclination; but he watched her until she had turned the corner, and then went to school in a very thoughtful mood.

Before another week was passed they met again, and Will at once asked Gertrude's forgiveness for calling her names. Gertrude was ready to forgive, and they soon became friends, Will saying:

"I used to like to see you get cross; but when you smiled I couldn't stand that."

Gertrude told Will of her mother's kind conversation that afternoon, and its effect upon her. Will did not reply; but his moistened eyes showed what he felt, and he said he never would call her names again.—*Sel.*

WHAT ONE DOLLAR DID.

It was a very little dollar, a little shiny

gold dollar; and because it was put in the hand of the Lord, it did a great work. It was like the five barley loaves that the little boy had. Do you remember about it? If he had kept them in his basket, instead of giving them to Jesus, they would never have fed all those hungry people. And if the owner of the gold dollar had kept it rolled up in cotton, in a box, it would never have helped to build a church. The pretty little coin belonged to a little girl; it was all her own, she could do with it just what she pleased. What would you have done with it? She meant to keep it always, and she probably would, if it had not been for her mother.

One evening her mother came home from a meeting, and told her about a little band of God's people who had no place to hold their services but a blacksmith's shop, and that money was needed to build a little church for them. I don't know all the mother said, and I don't know what passed through the mind of our little maiden. I only know how highly she prized her treasure; and yet the next day she wrote this letter:

DEAR SIR:—A few weeks ago, I had this gold dollar given me to spend as I choose. It was so pretty, I rolled it up in cotton and put it away in a little box, and thought I would keep it always. But last evening mother came home from the association, and told me about the little church you were trying to build. She said you had to hold your meetings in a blacksmith's shop. I want to help build that church, and thought I would send you my gold dollar. Please accept it, from a little girl who loves Jesus.

The gold dollar left its hiding-place, and started on its mission; and many people heard how "a little girl who loved Jesus" had given the very best thing she had, to help His kingdom on earth. Her generous act touched their hearts and opened their purses, until over \$200 was subscribed. And it was the little gold dollar that did it. This is a "really-truly" story, too; just as true as the Bible.—*Lutheran Miss. Journal.*