

carefully guarded, no doubt as a remembrance of Yankee-land—the land where I was coined and ushered into the world. My owner locked me up in a drawer, and there I lay for about a year. By this time my owner had visited all her relations, and seen a good deal of the country. It was time to think of returning to America, and my owner began to make preparations for the journey. If she had gone, I would doubtless have been given to some Scotch friend as a souvenir of my owner's visit to Scotland; but after we were ready to start, and my owner's passage money partly paid, a gentleman persuaded her to remain and become his wife. Again I was locked up in a drawer—this time for eight long years. Perhaps I might be taken out occasionally to show to friends, or now or again given to the children to play with, but I think not often, for when at the end of eight years I was again brought to the light of day, my face was so dirty that I had to be scoured to be presentable. Just then my owner's husband died, and she was not sure whether to return to America or remain where she was. However, a brother came over from America, and he decided that his sister had better stay in Scotland. Not so me;—my owner thought that I had lain long enough idle, and now decided to send me out as a gift to a little niece who lived in the State of New York. Perhaps she would have sent some other sort of gift, but by this time the American War had broken out. Money was not to be seen; at least gold and silver were as scarce as diamonds; and as there was no money current but greenbacks or paper money, I would be highly prized. Accordingly I was neatly tied up and addressed to this little girl in New York State. In due time I sailed for my native land. My keeper took good care of me, and delivered me safely into the hands of the rightful owner.

I was highly prized, not only as coming from dear Aunt Libby in Scotland, but as being almost the only silver coin in that part of the country.

My little owner put me carefully away among her other treasures, and I lay unused again until a missionary came home from a foreign land.

Now my little owner was a good child, who loved Jesus, and who liked to hear about the missionary's work in a foreign land, so she went to his meeting and listened with the greatest interest to his stories about the heathen children for whom he labored; and while she listened her heart warmed with love to these neglected children, and she longed to help them. After much thought, and perhaps a few tears at the idea of parting with her half dollar, my owner resolved to give me to the missionary, so that she might help to send the Gospel—or good news of salvation—to the little black children in Africa. The missionary fully appreciated the sacrifice my owner was making, but he took me willingly, for he knew very well, the child would be far happier for having spent her treasure in so good a cause, than in hoarding me up or spending me foolishly.

I was then transferred to the missionary, who took care to keep me separate from the rest of the money which he had given him for the same purpose. At a meeting which the missionary held in a town soon after he got me, I was taken out, shown to the audience, and my history told: How I went from America first, then my return, and, lastly, my little owner's love to Jesus, inducing her to give me for the heathen. At the conclusion, the missionary said: "If any one would like this piece of money they can have it for five dollars." "I'll give five," said one gentleman; "I'll give ten," said another; "Thirty for it," cried another, until I was knocked down to a gentleman for fifty dollars. I do not know what became of me after this, but I rejoiced that I had been able to bring so much money for the Lord's work. I cannot tell how much good this fifty dollars would do in a heathen land, but if it were only the means of giving a Bible in their own language to a little African, and that Bible be the means of showing one soul the way to heaven, this would be a great deal more good than we can comprehend.

Each thing which God has created

Has its work and part to play;

May we learn from each this lesson—

To "work while it is called to-day."