

DIXIE'S SIX CENTS.

One day a pale-faced little girl walked hurriedly into a book store in Annasbury, and said to the man serving at the counter:

"Please, sir, I want a book that's got, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, in it, and how much is it, sir I am in a great hurry."

"The shopman bent down and dusted his spectacles.

"And suppose I haven't the book you want, what then, my dear?"

"Oh, sir, I shall be so sorry: I want it so much;" and the little voice trembled at there being a chance of disappointment.

The kind shopman took the thin hand of his small customer in his own. "Will you be very sad without the book? and why are you in such a hurry?"

"Well, sir, you see, I went to school on Sunday, when Mrs. West, who takes care of me, was away; and teacher read about a Good Shepherd who said those words; and I want to go there. I'm so tired of being where there's nobody to care for a little girl like me, only Mrs. West, who says I'd be better dead than alive."

"But why are you in such a hurry?"

"My cough is getting so bad now, sir, and I want to know all about Him before I die; it 'ud be so strange to see Him and not know him. Besides, if Mrs. West knew I was here she'd take away the six cents I've saved, running messages, to buy the book with, so I'm in a hurry to get served."

The book-seller wiped his eyes very vigorously this time, and lifting a book from off a shelf he said: "I'll find the words you want, my little girl; come and listen." Then he read the words of the loving Saviour (Luke xviii. 16) — get your Bibles and find the place, children — and told how this Good Shepherd had got a home, all light and rest and love, prepared for these who love Him and serve Him.

"Oh, how lovely!" was the half-breathless exclamation of the eager little buyer. "And He says 'Come.' I'll go to Him.

How long do you think it may be, sir, before I see Him?"

"Not long, perhaps," said the shopkeeper, turning away his head.

"You shall keep the six cents, and come here every day, while I read you some more out of this book."

Thanking him the small child hurried away. To-morrow came, and another morning, and many days passed, but the little girl never came to hear about Jesus again. One day a loud-voiced untidy woman ran into the shop, saying, "Dixie's dead! She died rambling about the Good Shepherd, and she said you was to have the six cents for the mission-box at school. As I don't like to keep dead people's money, here it is," and she ran out of the shop. The cents went into the box, and when the story of Dixie was told, so many followed her example with their cents that at the end of the year "Dixie's cents," as they were called, were found to be sufficient to send out a missionary to China to bring stranger sheep to the Good Shepherd. — *Missionary World*.

"A HOLY TALK."

A missionary, some years ago, returning from Southern Africa, gave a description of the work which had been accomplished there through the preaching of the Gospel. Among other things, he pictured a little incident of which he had been an eye-witness.

He said that one morning he saw a converted African chieftain sitting under a palm-tree, with his Bible open before him. Every now and then he cast his eyes on his book and read a passage. Then he paused and looked up a little while, and his lips were seen to be in motion. Thus he continued alternately to look down on the Scriptures and to turn his eyes upward towards heaven.

The missionary passed by without disturbing the good man, but after a little while he mentioned to him what he had seen, and asked him why it was that sometimes he read and sometimes he looked up.

This was the African's reply: "I look down to the book, and God speaks to me.