

What a sweet agreement that is, children! Will you make such a one with Jesus now?

But Zinzendorf was not content to make the agreement only; he lived daily as a child of God should live, thinking much of his Heavenly Father, and spending time in prayer.

The window is still shown in an old castle where little Zinzendorf dropped out letters, addressed to the Lord Jesus; in those little notes he told his Saviour how much he loved Him, and he never doubted that Jesus saw him.

One day, when he was only six years old, he was praying aloud in his room. A party of soldiers, belonging to an invading army, forced their way into the castle, and entered the little count's room. When they saw how earnestly he was praying, they stood quietly aside, and watched him, and then went away without touching him. Does not this remind you of the text, "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways?"

As Zinzendorf grew older, he worked more for God, and was noted at school for his earnest piety. He was not content to know that his own soul was saved, but he worked hard amongst his school-fellows to make them, too, feel their need of a Saviour.

You must not imagine that because Zinzendorf loved God he was backward in his lessons. He was a hard-working boy; at sixteen was far ahead of those of his own age in Latin and Greek. When he became a man, he was a poet, preacher, and missionary.

We cannot all be Zinzendorfs, but we can all make a covenant with Jesus. He begs you all earnestly, "My son, give me thine heart." Do not turn a deaf ear to Him, but answer quickly, "I am thine; oh, save me!"—*Christian*.

#### A MISSIONARY POTATO.

It wasn't a very large church, and it wasn't nicely furnished. No carpet on the floor, no frescoing on the walls; just a plain, square, bare, frame building, away out in southern Illinois. To this church came James and Stephen Holt every Sabbath of their lives.

On this particular Sabbath they stood together over by the square box stove, waiting for the Sabbath-school to commence, and talking about the missionary collection that was to be taken up. It was something new for the poor church; they were used to having collections taken up

for them. However, they were coming up in the world, and wanted to begin to give. Not a cent had the Holt boys to give.

"Pennies are scarce at our house as hen's teeth," said Stephen, showing a row of white, even teeth as he spoke. James looked doleful. It was hard on them, he thought, to be the only ones in the class who had nothing to give. He looked grimly around on the old church. What should he spy, laying in one corner of a seat, but a potato.

"How in the world did that potato get to church?" he said, nodding his head toward it. "Somebody must have dropped it that day we brought things here for the poor folks. I say, Steenie, we might give that potato. I suppose it belongs to us as much as to anybody."

Stephen turned and gave a long, thoughtful look at the potato.

"That's an idea!" he said, eagerly. "Let's do it!"

James expected to see a roguish look on his face, but his eyes and mouth said, "I'm in earnest!"

"Honor bright?" asked James.

"Yes, honor bright."

"How? Split it in two, and each put half on the plate?"

"No," said Stephen, laughing; "we can't get it ready to give to-day, I guess; but suppose we carry it home and plant it in the nicest spot we can find, and take extra care of it, and give every potato it raises to the missionary cause? There'll be another chance; this isn't the only collection the church will ever take up, and we can sell the potatoes to somebody."

Full of this new plan, they went into the class looking less sober than before; and though their faces were rather red when the box was passed to them and they had to shake their heads, they thought of the potato, and looked at each other and laughed.

Somebody must have whispered to the earth, and the dew, and the sunshine about that potato. You never saw anything grow like it! "Beats all," said farmer Holt, who was let into the secret. "If I had a twenty-acre lot that would grow potatoes in that fashion, I should make my fortune."

When harvesting came, would you believe that there were forty-one good, sound, splendid potatoes in that hill? Another thing: while the boys were picking them up, they talked over the grand mass meeting for missions that was to be held in the church next Thursday—an all-day meeting. The little church had had a taste of

the joy of giving, and was prospering as she had not before. Now for a big meeting, to which speakers from Chicago were coming. James and Stephen had their plans made. They washed the forty-one potatoes carefully; they wrote out in their best hand this sentence forty-one times:

"This is a missionary potato; its price is ten cents; it is from the best stock known. It will be sold only to one who is willing to take a pledge that he will plant it in the spring and give every one of its children to the mission." (Signed) JAMES and STEPHEN HOLT.

Each shining potato had one of these slips smoothly pasted to its plump side.

Didn't those potatoes go off, though! By three o'clock on Thursday afternoon not one was left, though a gentleman from Chicago offered to give a gold dollar for one of them. Just imagine, if you can, the pleasure with which James and Stephen Holt put each two dollars and five cents into the collection that afternoon. I'm sure I can't describe it to you, but I can assure you of one thing—they each have a missionary garden, and it thrives.—*Ed. W. J., in Parish Visitor*.

#### THE HAPPIEST LITTLE BOY.

"GUESS who was the happiest little child I saw to-day?" asked papa, taking his own two little boys on his knees.

"Oh, who, papa?"

"But you must guess."

"Well," said Jim, slowly, "I guess it was a very wick little boy, wif lots and lots of tandy and taks."

"No," said papa, "he wasn't rich; he had no candy and no cakes. Who do you guess, Joe?"

"I guess he was a pretty big boy," said Joe, who was always wishing he wasn't such a little boy, "and I guess he was riding a big, high bicycle."

"No," said papa, "he wasn't big; and, of course, he wasn't riding a bicycle. You have lost your guesses, and so I'll have to tell you. There was a flock of sheep crossing the city to-day, and they must have come a long way, so dusty and tired and thirsty were they. The drover took them up, bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the great pump in Hamilton Court, to water them; but one old ewe, too tired to get to the trough, fell down on the hot, dusty stones."

"Then I saw my little man, ragged and dirty and tousled, spring out from the crowd of urchins who were watching the drove, fill his old, leaky felt hat, which