

HIS FIRST MONEY.

"Billy Barlow went home with a bee in his bonnet—a kindly bee which kept saying to him: 'Billy boy, you ought to start out gathering honey after such a sermon as you heard this morning.'"

Dr. Gordon's words had fallen in to at least one pair of hearing ears, and his thought into one honest little heart: for the very next day, after school, Billy rang the bell of their nearest neighbor's house. The lady of the house, who had seen Billy coming up the steps, opened the door herself.

"Why, how do you do, Billy?" she said.

"I am pretty well, thank you," answered Billy. "And please, Mrs. Jeffers," he continued eagerly, "have you any work for me to do?"

"Work? For you?" questioned the astonished Mrs. Jeffers. "Has your father failed?"

"Why, no, Mrs. Jeffers!"

"Then why do you want to earn money? Do not your people give you all you ought to have?"

"Yes, Mrs. Jeffers. But—but—"

"But what, Billy? Come in and tell me. Pardon me for not inviting you in before."

"Yesterday," faltered Billy, with red cheeks and down cast eyes, Dr. Gordon talked missionary to us. And—I want to earn some money for that cause. I've got money, but it's none that I've earned."

"Oh, I see!" replied Mrs. Jeffers. "I see. And you are doing just right. Come out in the kitchen, and we will see what Bridget has to offer. Bridget," she asked, when they had entered the good-natured cook's domain, "have you any work this little friend could do?"

"Nothin'," laughed Bridget, who was one of Billy's best friends. "Unless he be after scroobin' me floor, an' Oi jist a-goin' to do that meself."

"Could you do that, Billy?" asked Mrs. Jeffers.

"Yes, ma'am, I think so. I play sometimes at scrubbing floor for our Nora."

"Well, Billy, I will you fifty cents to scrub the kitchen floor; and mind you make a good job of it," laughed Mrs. Jeffers.

"Yes'm," answered Billy, "and I thank you, Mrs. Jeffers."

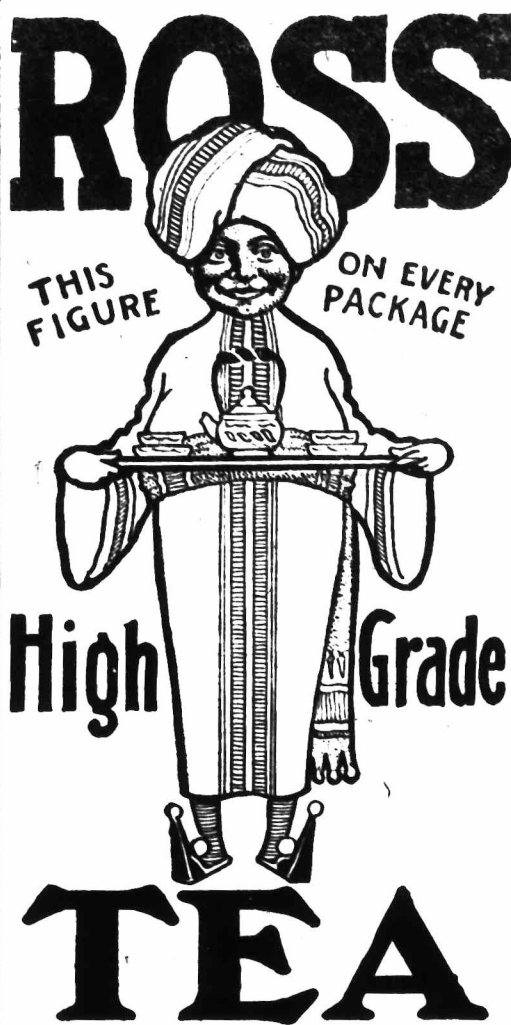
A moment later the telephone in Billy's home rang, and Mrs. Jeffers called over the wire: "O, Mrs. Barlow, come over right away. I've got 'somebody in my kitchen doing something,' to show you." And in a little while the astonished Mrs. Barlow was peeping through the door of Mrs. Jeffers' kitchen.

"Now come into the parlor while I tell you about it," whispered Mrs. Jeffers. "Do you know," she continued, when they were comfortably seated side by side, "that never have I had such a missionary sermon preached to me as the one I just received from dear little Billy. I had thought that we were doing nobly by that cause. But now I feel ashamed of myself."

A half hour later, while the ladies were still talking, the little floor-washer entered the parlor.

"Why—why, mamma, how did you get here?"

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Mrs. Barlow, advancing to meet him, received the blushing, faltering lad with open arms. Pressing him close to her heart and kissing him, she whispered:

"My precious little missionary boy! Your first work, and the first money you have ever earned are for the Master. God bless you Billy!"

A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Men carry unconscious signs of their life about with them. Those that come from the forge, and those from the lime and mortar, and those from the dusty travel, bear signs of being workmen and of their work. One need not ask a merry face or a sad one whether it hath come forth from joy or grief. Tears and laughter tell their own story. Should one come home with fruit, we say, "Thou art come from the orchard"; if with hands full of wild flowers, "Thou art from the fields"; if one's garments smell of mingled odours, we say, "Thou hast walked in the garden." But how much more, if one hath seen God, hath had converse of hope and love, and hath walked in heaven, should he carry in his eye, his words and his perfumed raiment, the sacred tokens of Divine intercourse.

Has it ever occurred to you that you could do a great deal more work if you squandered less time in needless worry?

We should count every day lost in which we do not touch some soul to higher issues.

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