

the boy. "Yes, and under sixteen," said an old lady. "Never mind my age," said Spurgeon; "think of Jesus."

The message was not soon forgotten, and the boy preacher had entered upon a work that was to be lifelong and world-wide, and which resulted in thousands being brought to Christ.—*Christian Safeguard*.

Lou's Five-cent Investment.

LOU had had five cents given her to invest for the heathen, at the same time the other members of the Band had theirs, and it had been in her blue dress pocket a whole week. She had forgotten about it until she felt for her "collection money" one Sunday morning in church. First she pulled out a tiny handkerchief with a "sweet brier" perfume, then the pennies for collection, and then "the nickel!" "Here's my 'vestment money," said she in a soft whisper, and she held it in her hand, trying to think what to do with it.

Good old Mr. Pettibone was coming with the box, and all at once Lou heard the minister say, "Remember that our collections to-day are for missions," and then he urged the people to give generously to make up a certain amount which was pledged. Now, just in front of Lou sat an old gentleman who was always alone. He had a queer Roman nose, a bald head, and gold eye-glasses. Lou watched him a great deal, and used to wonder why he always shook his head when "benevolent collections" were taken. That was the strange thing. She had had pennies to give ever since she could remember, and here was an old man who never had one for missions, nor Bibles, nor tracts, nor anything of that kind. Her little heart was full of sympathy for him, and suddenly she thought how she could help him out of trouble. She would give him her nickel, and for once he would have something to give. Leaning forward she dropped it softly on the cushion in his pew. He saw it, and looked around. She nodded sweetly, and tipping her head toward him, whispered, "Put it in for the poor heathen." He gave her a keen glance, and Ned, who sat at the other end of the pew, shook his head at her. Then Lou shrank back under her hat, and sat as still as a mouse until Mr. Pettibone reached her neighbor. Much to her surprise he put in paper money. Now, what would Miss Gay do to her, she wondered, because that nickel was to go for missions and nothing else.

After the benediction the good old gentleman looked at Lou as though he had just discovered that such a little girl sat behind him. "What did you do that for?" he asked. Lou was frightened. "It's my 'vestment money," she stammered. "Miss Gay said we should see how much we could make out of it for heathen children. The big girls buy cotton and knit dish-cloths, but—I thought"—"You thought you'd invest in me, did you?" and the old gentleman's face wrinkled into an actual smile. But Ned saw that his little sister was in trouble, and stepped back to take her hand, which he kept in his own till they were out of the crowd. "You squeeze my hand too hard, Ned Leslie," said Lou. "Well, I'd like to know what you've been saying to Mr. Fisk, and what made you cry?" said Ned.

Of course, Lou told him, and Ned was not pleased. He walked her home very fast. "Mother," he cried, "what do you think Lou's done now? She gave her five cents to that rich Mr. Fisk, that sits in front of us, so he'd have something for missions. My! I don't know what she'll do next."

Lou's father was suffering with headache, but when he heard that, he laughed heartily, and exclaimed:

"Dear me, that's pretty good! If you got Mr. Fisk to give five cents for the heathen, you've done more than all the ministers can do. He just hates missions."

"He never put it in," said Lou, with a fresh burst of tears, "he kepted it and put in paper money."

"Better still," said her father. "Come here, my little missionary."

And Lou was glad to take off her big hat and lay her hot cheek against papa's arm, while she told him all about it.

But Ned thought she ought to be punished for "doing things," as he called it; so when Lou begged her mother for another nickel to invest, she said, "No, dear, you gave yours to Mr. Fisk, and now you must earn five pennies for

yourself before you can invest it." This was slow work, and when the time came to make reports Lou had but fifteen cents. Of course, she had her mite-box well filled, as usual, but she did not like to hear her friend Daisy, and the other girls tell about dish-cloths, towels, dust-bags and tidies, and much money they had earned, while she had so little.

But after all were through, Miss Gay said, "I have had ten dollars sent me with a receipt which reads as follows:

"David Fisk, Dr. To investment for a	
little heathen.....	\$0 05
To increase on same for four months.....	9 95
Total	\$10 00

Received payment.

If a little girl named Lou Leslie will sign the above, and return, it will greatly oblige your humble servant,

DAVID FISK."

People were so astonished that there was perfect silence for an instant. Then they cheered; and when Lou was taken to the platform to sign the receipt they cheered again. It was because they were so glad that God had used her little hand to unlock the selfish heart of a rich old man.—*L. A. S., in Heathen Children's Friend*.

The Bear's Paw and Little Boy's Prayer.

A LITTLE boy who was very fond of a missionary was much alarmed to hear that, in the country to which the missionary was appointed, there were fierce bears which were often dangerous to travellers. One day the child threw his arms around the neck of the missionary, and said:

"You shall not be a missionary. You shall not go!"

"Why not?" asked the missionary.

"Because the bears will kill you and eat you. You must not go."

"Oh, but I must go," said the good man: "God can take care of me. Will you pray to Him for me and ask Him to keep me from the bears?"

"Yes," said the little one, "I will."

After this the little child always finished his prayer both night and morning with, "And please, God Almighty, keep the missionary from the bears."

It happened that on a missionary excursion, when this gentleman was one of the party, they met a large and savage bear. One of their number fired at the bear and wounded, but did not kill him; on which the animal turned on the missionary with fury and had just caught him, when another shot laid him dead. Remembering the prayer of his little friend, the missionary had one of the animal's paws cut off, and sent it home; and we have been told that it has now a silver plate attached to it, and is kept in the family as a token of the power of prayer.—*Mission Dayspring*.

A TELEGRAPH line between Damascus and Jerusalem has a station at Nazareth, and they have a post-office of rather uncertain reliability. A carriage road has been begun to Haifa, and has a fair chance of completion some day. The population of Nazareth is over 5,000—perhaps as large as it ever was. During the present century the village has grown in size and importance, so that it is the chief town in Galilee.

THERE are a hundred things which you cannot do, and which you are not called upon to do; but you can always do what is your duty here and now. There are a thousand places which you might conceivably fill, but the fact remains, that, at the present moment, you are only called to fill one place. Do the one thing; fill the one place. He who sees all things and all places will take care of the rest.

WHEN William Carey was dying he was visited by Alexander Duff, the great Scotch missionary. Carey whispered, "Pray." As Dr. Duff was leaving, Carey called him back and said, "You have been talking about Dr. Carey. When I am gone say nothing about Dr. Carey; speak about Dr. Carey's Saviour." In life and in death this noble man had no higher ambition than to glorify his Lord.