

the Indians. But if you care so much about it I am sure he will not mind the trouble.'

So Herbert gave his three cents every Sunday to the Hampton Indians, and his delight in giving to them suffered no diminution for three years. Then, when the time came around for making the annual pledge, his father said, 'Really, Herbert, I am glad that you think so much of the Indians, but since that cause is not specified on the card, and since it must be a nuisance to the treasurer to forward your little \$1.56 every year to Hampton, hadn't you better think about giving it to one of the regular causes?'

Herbert's eyes filled.

'You don't know how much I think about the Indians at Hampton, papa,' he said, warmly. 'I think about them a great deal. If ever I get to be a rich man I mean to do a lot for them. Now, I am only a little boy, and I can give them only three cents a Sunday. But I do all I can, and it makes me happy to think that I am helping, even if it is only a little. I would much rather keep on giving my money just the way I do. I guess it doesn't bother the treasurer so very much.'

That was the last interference which Herbert met with. His father felt ashamed to think that he had for a moment discouraged so genuine and unselfish a desire. Later he felt even more ashamed, for one day, when Herbert had been giving his three cents to the Indians every Sunday for four years, the church treasurer handed the little boy's father a letter.

'That belongs somewhere in your family, I believe,' he said.

It was addressed 'To the one in the ——— Church who has for four years given three cents each Sunday to the Indians at Hampton.' It said something like this:—

Dear Unknown Friend,—We here at Hampton want to thank you for your persistent interest in us. Your gift to us has been warmly appreciated. We are sure that it comes from a warm heart which loves the poor Indians. May God bless you for the help and encouragement which the thought of your constant interest has given us! We send you some papers telling more of our work than you perhaps know. Can you not come and see us? We can assure you a loving welcome whenever you can come.'

Herbert's joy at receiving this entirely unexpected tribute to his perseverance may be imagined. He is not yet a man, but when he is the Indians may well hope for aid and sympathy from him as much more substantial than his little three cents each Sunday as a man is stronger and more efficient than a boy.—Kate Upson Clark, in the Boston 'Congregationalist.'

## The Story of James Nisbet.

(By Dr. David Brown.)

Mr. Nisbet's father was a soldier, but after the battle of Waterloo and the prolonged peace which followed, he left the army and returned to Kelso, his native place. There he took a small farm under the Duke of Roxburgh. After a while Mr. Nisbet said to his son, 'Jamie, this place will not keep you and me. You have had a fair education, and you are smart enough to do for yourself. Just go to London, and try to get into some house of business, offering to take any job they put you to.'

Jamie was not long in finding a West India house, where he had to light the fires, both of the house and offices, and to attend to them through the day. Being a Scotch Presbyterian, he attended the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Nicol, of the Scotch Church, Swallow-street. Dr. Nicol was an earnest and faithful preacher of the Gospel; but though

Mr. Nisbet was a well-living young man, he had at first no religious impressions, and merely attended his place of worship. However, Dr. Nicol's appeals to the conscience of his hearers began to touch him, and were so awakening that he became a true and earnest Christian. His minister coming to know this, invited him to become one of his Sunday-school teachers; and though he could not well refuse, he felt himself so ignorant of what he would have to teach that he determined to study the bible for himself, with the aid of Matthew Henry's Commentary. This he bought, and employed all his time after work till nearly morning in reading and studying the bible.

But this brought him to a standstill. His master had ordered him to light the office as well as the house fires on Sunday as on other days; but though he did this and thought little of it at first, he could do it no longer, and at once went and told him so. Being well pleased with his services, his master was unwilling to part with him, and he reasoned with him.

'You light the house fires, and what's the difference between one fire and another?'

'There is this difference, sir; I am no judge of what fires are required for in the house, but office fires are never lighted but for doing business.'

'But what have you to do with that? I don't ask you to do business for me.'

'But, sir, I cannot help other people to do what is wrong.'

'Well, I am sorry to part with you, but I must have my office fires lighted.'

'But not by me, sir,' So away he went.

The master told his wife what had passed. She said:

'Foolish man that you are to part with that lad; you'll get plenty to fill his place and do whatever you bid them, but perhaps they will rob your till, and that will be worse for you. Here is a religious young man, who will rather give up this situation than go against his conscience. You ought rather to raise his wages than lose his services.'

'Well, there's something in that,' said her husband; 'I'll think of it. So he determined to send for young Nisbet again; and his wife, knowing the time he had appointed, took care that he should be ordered to see her first. 'Well, my lad, I hope you are not going to yield to my husband?'

'Certainly not, ma'am.'

'I am glad of that; and if you refuse to yield, I think he will take you back.'

So he went to his master, who said, 'Well, sir, are you going to do what I asked you?'

'Never, sir.'

'Well, but if I get another to light my office fires, will you stay?'

'I am no judge of other people; and if you do not ask me to do it, I am willing to stay,' which he did.

But Nisbet got tired of the place, and began to think of some way of doing for himself. He observed that religious books were not kept by the booksellers in London; they would order any such book for you, but did not keep them in stock. So he said to himself, 'Could I not rent a little shop, and advertise it as a place where only religious books were kept?' And when he had made as much money as would enable him to do this, religious people came to see him in considerable numbers. He took care to secure the best books, and having read them he talked of their contents. His customers increased. He married, and his wife stood behind the counter.

He prospered from month to month, but at length he came to a stand. One day he had to pay a bill of thirty pounds, and he had not thirty shillings—what was he to do?

He went to prayer and while he was praying about it there was a ring at the door. He hastened to open it, and found that the carriage of the Duchess of Beaufort was there. 'Mr. Nisbet, I always pay my own bills, and your place being the nearest, I have come to you first. Your bill comes to thirty pounds, and here it is,' handing him the money. On returning to his wife, to her amazement he put the money into her hand. He went on his knees again, but now to give thanks; and from that time Mr. Nisbet's business began to improve, and an unexpected incident greatly increased his success.

The London Missionary Society, then recently formed, required funds and missionaries. The funds came in steadily, and they advertised for offers of missionary service. No response came from educated men, but some of the working classes offered their services. Their claims had to be investigated, and for this purpose a committee was formed, consisting of ministers of different denominations, and they selected only those who, besides being devoted Christians, seemed capable of being trained sufficiently for the work that lay before them.

But as the students had to be boarded in London, a difficult question arose as to where they were to be accommodated. 'Send them to Nisbet,' said one. 'Yes,' said another; 'he's the man if he will take them.' Mr. Nisbet at once agreed, and took a larger house for the purpose. With him they were very happy, as they told him again and again; and from him they learned much that was of great service to them afterwards. At length, when their studies were completed, they were sent out.

On leaving that warm home with regret, Mr. Nisbet made them promise to write to him as well as to the committee. Their first letter was properly addressed to the committee, but the details they gave of all their experiences were so minute that the committee had to complain of the length of their letter. They met only for one hour once a week, and were obliged to ask that nothing but facts, briefly told, should be written to them. This rather distressed the missionaries, as they wanted to open their hearts on the great work they were engaged in, but they determined to do this to Mr. Nisbet; and the ladies and gentlemen interested in the mission, on calling on Mr. Nisbet, heard all these letters, and this brought a considerable increase of business to him.

At length, being now comparatively wealthy, Mr. Nisbet deemed it advisable to remove his business and his place of residence to the West End of London; and having acquired that large and commodious house, 21 Berners street, Oxford street, he fitted up part of it as his place of business, and it was there that I lived with him. Mr. Nisbet made a liberal use of his money. One day I found the book in which he entered the sums he gave to the objects in which he was interested; and there I found five pounds to this, ten pounds to that, and in two or three cases fifty pounds to a third. I told him what I had done, and hoped he would excuse me, as it had taught me an excellent lesson to make a liberal use of the means I possessed.

In course of time Mr. Nisbet began to feel the cares of business rather too much for him; so he wrote to a young friend in Kelso, Mr. Watson, who had begun business there for himself, asking him whether he would come to London and take charge of his business, and he would make it worth his while. This he did at once, and being clever and energetic he soon became at home in the business. After some time Mr. Nisbet made him and Mr. Murray (a connection