

**The Silver Sixpence.**

It was only a silver sixpence,  
Battered and worn and old.  
But worth to the child that held it  
As much as a piece of gold.

A poor little crossing-sweeper,  
In the wind and rain all day;  
For one who gave her a penny  
There were twenty who bade her nay.

But she carried the bit of silver—  
A light in her steady face,  
And her step on the crowded pavement  
Full of a childish grace—

Straight to the tender pastor:  
And, "Send it," she said, "for me,  
Dear sir, to the heathen children  
On the other side of the sea.

"Let it help in telling the story  
Of the love of the Lord Most High,  
Who came from the world of glory,  
For a sinful world to die."

"Send only half of it, Maggie."  
The good old minister said,  
"And keep the rest for yourself, dear:  
You need it for daily bread."

"Ah, sir," was the ready answer,  
In the blessed Bible words,  
"I would rather lend it to Jesus,  
For the silver and gold are the Lord's!"

"And the copper will do for Maggie."  
I think if we all felt so,  
The wonderful message of pardon  
Would soon through the dark earth go!

Soon should the distant mountains  
And the far-off isles of the sea  
Hear of the great salvation  
And the truth that makes men free.

Alas! do we not too often  
Keep our silver and gold in store,  
And grudgingly part with our copper,  
Counting the pennies o'er?

And claiming in vain the blessing  
That the Master gave to one  
Who dropped her mites as the treasure  
A whole day's toil had won.

**ASHAMED OF FATHER.**

With a weary face and tired manner,  
an old man entered a store on Broadway,  
and looking around in a wistful way said  
to the first person he met, "I've stopped  
for my little girl; I thought she wouldn't  
want to walk home alone, and it's about  
time to close, ain't it?"

"Yes, it's time to close," replied the  
floor-walker, "but who is your little girl,  
and where is she?"

"My little girl is Sally—Sally Den-  
ham, and she's here somewhere; can't  
you please tell me where? I'm a little  
near-sighted, or I could find her easy  
enough."

"There's no such girl in our employ,"  
said the floor-walker decidedly. "you  
must be labouring under a mistake, sir."

"This is Rathbone's, ain't it!" the old  
man asked.

"Certainly."  
"Then she's here."  
"I am quite sure, as I told you before,  
sir, that there's no girl by that name in  
our employ."

"Is there another store kept by a man  
named Rathbone?" he asked wearily.

"Yes, I believe there is," without much  
interest, "three blocks further down. I  
think."

The old man went on, and a young girl,  
who had heard the conversation between  
him and the floor-walker, breathed a  
sigh of relief. She was a new clerk and  
her name had been registered with other  
new ones, but not as Sally Denham  
(although it was Sally); it read Maude  
Elliot. No one in the store knew her,  
she reasoned, so why should she not call  
herself Maude, if she wanted to, instead  
of that plebeian Sally. And to think her  
father should come after her. Her face  
flushed hotly as she wondered what those  
proud girl clerks all around her would  
say if they should find out that the  
shabbily dressed old man was her father.  
The girls were starting for their homes;  
she put on her cap and jacket and went  
out.

"I will give father a piece of my mind,"  
she said to herself, undutifully. "I shall  
ask him never to stop for me again. I'm

quite big enough to go home alone, I  
think."

She took a roundabout way home; it  
was a pleasure to walk along the street  
now, for she was dressed in a very neat  
and becoming suit, the hard-earned gift  
of the dear, loving old father of whom  
she was ashamed.

But what was the matter at home?  
She was startled as she reached her  
door and heard the commotion within.

"You father's killed, Sally," was the  
abrupt explanation of a small boy out-  
side; "he was a-looking of you up, an'  
couldn't find you."

The frightened girl darted past him  
into the house, where she found her  
mother nearly wild with grief. "Mother,"  
she sobbed, "it isn't true, is it, that  
father is dead?"

"Yes, he was killed—was knocked over  
by runaway horses while looking for you.  
He died just after reaching home; his  
last words were, 'Tell my little Sally  
father tried to find her; tell her to find  
her Father in heaven, he'll watch over  
her even unto the end. Where were you,  
Sally?'"

But Sally did not answer; she simply  
could not. She was down on her knees  
beside the father's dead body, sobbing  
out her agony of grief and remorse.

"It's my fault, all mine," her tortured  
soul moaned, "he wouldn't be lying here  
cold and still if I hadn't been ashamed of  
him."

A year has passed since then, and  
Sally Denham is still a clerk at Rath-  
bone's. But there has never been an  
evening since her father's sad death that,  
as the time for closing the store arrived,  
she has not heard a voice say: "I've  
stopped for my little girl; I thought she  
wouldn't want to walk home alone."—  
Selected.

**A SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING ANGEL.**

A tobacco-chewing minister in Illinois  
was caught in a shower. Going to a rude  
cabin, he knocked and asked for shelter.  
"I don't know you," said the sharp-  
looking old dame, suspiciously.

"Remember the Scripture," said the  
traveller, "Be not forgetful to entertain  
strangers; for thereby some have enter-  
tained angels unawares."

"You needn't say that," said the wo-  
man, as she shut the door in his face.  
"No angel would come down here with a  
big quid of tobacco in his mouth."

The woman was surely right about the  
tobacco, whether she was about the hos-  
pitality or not. The Lord's angels do  
not perfume the air with tobacco smoke,  
nor leave the marks of tobacco where  
they have made their visits.

Sometimes good and beautiful women  
are called angels, but none of these  
angels use tobacco. Imagine an angel  
with a quid of tobacco, a filthy pipe, or a  
cigar in his mouth.

Christians, by-and-bye, are to be "equal  
unto the angels, being the children of the  
resurrection;" and if they do not wish to  
have the angels ashamed of them, it  
would be well for them to let tobacco  
alone. And if any of the children ever  
wish to be like the angels, they should  
keep clear of this evil habit.

Tobacco was unknown until America  
was discovered. The Indian savages  
taught white people how to use the  
miserable weed. Said one writer in those  
days:

"The naked savages twist great rolls  
of leaves together, and smoke like  
devils."

Oh, we remember now, the Bible  
speaks of two kinds of angels—one are  
the Lord's angels, and the other the  
devil's. Which kind would be most  
likely to use tobacco?

**SOME DIFFERENCE.**

A few short years ago, a little fellow,  
Eddy, not slow in roguery, complained  
that James had been throwing stones at  
him. The teacher inquired into the mat-  
ter, and found the charge correct. She  
said to Eddy:

"What do you think you should do if  
you were teaching and had such a boy  
as that?"

"I think I should flog him," was the  
reply.

Upon this, James began to fear the re-  
sult, and so he fled to his complaint.

"Eddy threw a stone at me t'other  
day," said he.

"Ah," said the teacher, "I must know  
about this matter. Is it true, Eddy, that  
you have been throwing stones at  
James?"

Eddy hung his head, and confessed it.  
After a little, the teacher said:

"Well, Eddy, what do you think you  
should do with two such boys as you and  
James?"

"I think," said he, sobbing, "I should  
try 'em again!"

**WHAT JOHNNIE DID.**

Before Johnnie began to go to the tem-  
perance school his father used to take a  
glass of beer every day. Johnnie learned  
what was in the beer, so he said one  
morning, "Papa, I am never going to  
smoke nor chew, nor take any kind of  
beer nor cider nor brandy. Now please,  
papa, can't you do the same?"

"Why? Do you think it hurts to take  
a glass of beer once in a while?"

"Oh, I am sure it does, for it burns up  
the inside of your stomach."

"How do you know so much about  
beer, Johnnie?" said his papa.

"I saw our teacher put some into a  
glass bottle with a lamp under it, and  
the alcohol came out of the bottle and  
burned with a blue blaze, and she said  
it would burn the stomachs of those who  
drank it."

"Are you sure there is alcohol in  
beer?"

"Yes, indeed, papa, I am very sure,  
and that is why it makes men drunk  
sometimes."

"I guess you are right, Johnnie, and I  
am glad you have made up your mind  
never to take bad drinks. If you will  
stick to it I will join with you, and we  
will drink that best of all drinks, cold  
water, that never makes any one tipsy,  
nor never makes any one unhappy."

"Oh, I am so glad, papa, for now you  
will save money enough to buy shoes for  
mamma and me, so that we can always  
go to the temperance meetings, and per-  
haps you will go with us. Will you,  
papa?"

His papa said yes, and now we are so  
happy, for the bad drink never comes  
into our house, and all because Johnnie  
learned so well at the temperance school  
and talked so wisely to his papa.—Water  
Lily.

**THE STORY OF WANG LING TOLD  
BY HERSELF.**

My honourable friends:  
I give you my best bow. I am a stupid  
little Chinese girl. Some days I am so  
naughty my grandma says I shall prob-  
ably be a monkey after I die.

This scares me and gives me a big pain  
in my heart. I am sure I was born on an  
unlucky day. They tell me my mother  
cried a great many tears because I was  
a girl, and my grandma and father were  
very cross and angry.

I go into the temple and pray the old  
god to make me over into a boy. Alas!  
it is of no use. Sometimes I pray the  
god to help me to be good so I can be  
a boy after I die, but I cannot see that he  
helps me any. I still have my naughty  
days.

They named me Ling Te, which means,  
"Lead Along a Brother," but when an-  
other baby came she was a girl too. I  
heard my father say, "We are too poor  
to keep another girl." Mother said, "I  
have had such a hard time I wish I had  
died when I was a baby; the poor little  
thing had better die." She cried a great  
many tears. Father took the baby away,  
and I never saw her.

After a few years a little brother did  
come, and that was indeed a joyful day.  
I stood by and watched them tie the  
clothes around his little arms and legs.  
Day after day he lay upon the brick bed,  
looking toward heaven, making the back  
of his head so flat and nice. I brushed  
away the flies and thought how proud  
we should all be to have him grow up  
and be a mandarin, and wear a button  
on his hat, and ride a big, black, shiny  
mule!

When he was a month old we gave a  
big feast, and a barber shaved off every  
bit of his hair. O, how pretty his little  
white head was! His black eyes looked  
as bright as buttons. They untied his  
body, and it was so funny to see his lit-

tle hands and feet fly around! Our  
guests brought money in big red en-  
velopes, and gave him many presents too.  
Grandma gave him a red cap all covered  
with brass images and looking-glasses,  
because the devils get scared and run  
away when they see themselves in a  
glass. They put a chain around his neck  
and bracelets on his arms to keep the  
bad spirits away from his heart.

When I said, "Grandma, why do you  
put a cat's head on his shoes?" she said,  
"Why, you small idiot, don't you know  
cats walk safely and never stumble or  
fall, and I wish the boy may go safely  
through life and always have a smooth  
road like the cat's?"

Soon after this grandma bought ban-  
dages nine feet long, and I heard her say  
to my mother, "You must bind Ling Te's  
feet." Mother said, "Oh, I dread it, for  
she will fuss and cry and keep us awake  
nights." "You must surely do it," said  
grandma, in her stern way. "Why, how  
do you expect to get a mother-in-law for  
her if her feet are not bound?"

This scared me, for I have heard some  
girls say it is terrible to have a mother-  
in-law. I ran away. I had to come  
home at night. Grandma was angry,  
and said, "If you run away again I will  
send the foreign devils after you; they  
will dig out your eyes and your heart,  
and take off your skin, and take you off  
to America, and after you die you will  
be a donkey for them to ride." This  
scared me, of course, and she began to  
turn my toes under and wind the long  
bandages around my feet. Tighter and  
tighter she drew them, and when I could  
not bear it, and began to struggle and  
scream and kick, she called my father  
and mother to hold me. I could not  
sleep that night for the pain. I can  
never tell you how my feet ached. Now  
they are dead and don't ache so much,  
and I can walk on my heels pretty well.

**THE PRINTER ROY.**

About the year 1725, an American boy,  
some nineteen years old, found himself  
in London, where he was under the  
necessity of earning his bread. He was  
not like many young men in these days,  
who wander around seeking work, and  
who are "willing to do anything" be-  
cause they know how to do nothing; but  
he had learned how to do something, and  
knew just where to go to find something  
to do. So he went straight to a printing  
office, and inquired if he could get em-  
ployment.

"Where are you from?" inquired the  
foreman.

"America," was the answer.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from Am-  
erica! A lad from America seeking em-  
ployment as a printer! Well, do you  
really understand the art of printing?  
Can you set type?"

The young man stepped to one of the  
cases, and in a brief space set up the  
following passage from the first chapter  
of John:

"Nathaniel said unto him, Can there  
any good thing come out of Nazareth?  
Philip said unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accurately,  
and administered a delicate reproof so ap-  
propriate and powerful, that it at once  
gave him influence and standing with all  
in the office.

He worked diligently at his trade, re-  
fused to drink beer and strong drink,  
saved his money, returned to America,  
became a printer, publisher, author,  
Postmaster-General, Member of Congress,  
signer of the Declaration of Independ-  
ence, ambassador to royal courts, and,  
finally, died in Philadelphia, April  
17, 1790, at the age of eighty-four, full of  
years and honours; and there are now  
more than a hundred and fifty counties,  
towns, and villages in America, named  
after that same printer boy—Benjamin  
"Franklin," the author of Poor Richard's  
Almanac.—H. L. H.

Miss R. was telling her Sunday-school  
class of small boys about the Shut-in So-  
ciety, whose members are persons con-  
fined with illness to their beds or rooms.  
"Whom can we think of," said she, "that  
would have had great sympathy for these  
that are so shut in?" "I know," said  
a little boy; "some one in the Bible, ain't  
it, teacher?" "Yes; and who, Johnnie?"  
"Jonah," was the aptly answer.