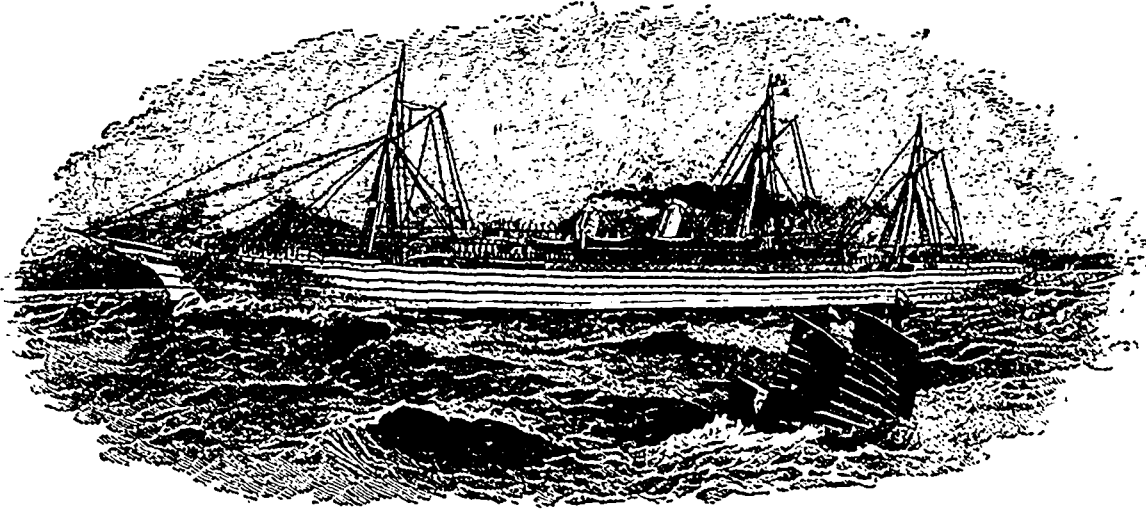




CANADIAN PACIFIC STEAMSHIP, "EMPRESS OF INDIA."

(See next page.)

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 dishcloths, 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 kept 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 dishcloths, 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
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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.*