

**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 Denham, 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 out, 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.

"Your father's killed, Sally," was the abrupt explanation of a small boy outside; "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 Rathbone'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 entertained angels unawares.'"

"You needn't say that," said the woman, 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 hospitality 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 by, 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?

**The Sea-Shell.**

I WAS an inland child; the hills  
Closed round our home their wooded wall;  
The world beyond was hid from me;  
I often dreamt what it might be;  
Longed with a child's impatient feet  
To tread the city's noisy street,  
And heard with yearning heart the call  
Of the unseen far-distant sea.

For in our quiet farm-house, kept  
Its ancient mantel-piece to grace,  
Was one large shell. I left my play,  
How many times, to steal away,  
And take it gently from its place,  
And lay its pink lips to my ear,  
The captive voice within to hear.  
How faint, yet clear, how sweet and low,  
It sang to me its ocean song!  
I listened till it seemed my own,  
That whisper from a world unknown!  
Like one returned from far away,  
The shell within its place I lay;  
The hills around rose high and strong:  
What though their prisoner I might be?  
I knew the secret of the sea!

**THE PRINTER BOY.**

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" because 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 employment.

"Where are you from?" inquired the foreman. "America," was the answer.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from America! A lad from America seeking employment 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 saith unto him, Come and see."

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

He worked diligently at his trade, refused 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 Independence, 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.

"And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."