

"Twenty dollars! I thought I wouldn't get a penny, but just as I was leaving he handed me these bills. He said they were a reward for helping him home over the icy streets one day last winter."

Ninety-three dollars was the sum total of their begging. The minister made it up to a hundred from his quarterly stipend.

The Girl's Missionary Society spent the next day in the neighboring town purchasing suitable articles for the barrel.

Tired but happy, with their arms full of bundles, they were entering the train bound for home.

"Forgotten something!" cried Tony. "Be back in a minute."

Anxiously the girls waited, for Tony was in charge of their tickets.

The warning gong sounded. No Tony.

The second gong sounded. On the steps bounded Tony as the train began to crawl out of the station.

"There, I've got it!" he panted, holding a box of "Huyler's best" in his arms. "I know I just long for candy sometimes, and I thought the missionary's wife might, especially as she's a girl. Don't look so horrified, Miss Jennie. I didn't expend our missionary fund upon this sweetness. I bought it instead of a new tennis cap."

Their missionary barrel was duly packed and started.

Several months later a letter of thanks was received from the African missionary. "And as for that delicious box of confectionery with the card of Tony Brown, Jr., on top," so he wrote, "well, my wife just wept when she opened it."

"Wh-ew," whistled Tony, winking suspiciously fast. "Women always cry. But, girls, aren't you glad your society for once submitted to Tony Brown, Jr., Manager?"—*Wellspring*.

FIVE KINDS OF PENNIES.

A boy who had a pocket full of coppers dropped one into the missionary-box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about Jesus, the heathen or the missionary. His was a *tin* penny. It was as light as a scrap of tin.

Another boy put in a penny, and looked around to see if anybody was praising him. His was a *brass* penny. Not the gift of a lowly heart, but of a proud spirit.

A third boy gave a penny, saying to himself: "I suppose I must, because all others do." This was an *iron* penny. It was the gift of a cold, selfish heart.

As a fourth boy dropped his penny in the box he shed a tear, and his heart said: "Poor heathens! I'm sorry they are so poor, so ignorant, and so miserable." That was a *silver* penny, the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one scholar who gave his with a throbbing heart, saying to himself: "For thy sake, O loving Jesus, I give this, hoping that it may be the means of some good to those who have never heard of thee." This was a *golden* penny, because it was the gift of faith and love.

FIVE MINUTES TO LIVE.

A young man stood before a large audience in the most fearful position a human being could be placed—on the scaffold. The noose had been adjusted around his neck. In a few moments more he would be in eternity. The sheriff took out his watch, and said "If you have anything to say, speak now; as you have but five minutes more to live." What awful words for young man to hear, in full health and vigor?

Shall I tell you his message to the youth about him? He burst into tears, and said, with sobbing, "I have to die! I had only one little brother. He had beautiful eyes and flaxen hair. How I loved him! I got drunk—the first time. I found my little brother gathering straw-