

It's an odd thing now that guineas should be  
So like unto pennies in shape and size.  
"I'll give a penny," the stingy man said;  
"The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring!  
And back in his seat leaned the stingy man.  
"The world is so full of the poor," he thought,  
"I can't help them all—I give what I can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,  
To see the gold guinea fall in his plate!  
Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was wrung,  
Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

"No matter," he said; "in the Lord's account  
That guinea of gold is set down to me.  
They lend to Him who give to the poor;  
It will not so bad an investment be.

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried out;  
"The Lord is na cheated—He kens thee well;  
He knew it was only by accident  
That out o' thy fingers the guinea fell!

"He keeps an account, na doubt, for the puir;  
But in that account He'll set down to thee  
Na mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,  
Than the one bare penny ye meant to gi'e!"

There's a comfort, too, in the little tale—  
A serious side as well as a joke;  
A comfort for all the generous poor,  
In the comical words the sexton spoke.

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows  
How generous we really desire to be,  
And will give us credit in His account  
For all the pennies we long to "gi'e."

*H. H., in St. Nicholas.*

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## FOUR YEARS OLD.

BY MRS. R. N. TURNER.

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"I'm four years old to-day, papa!  
I guess you didn't know  
How very old and big and strong  
In one night I should grow.