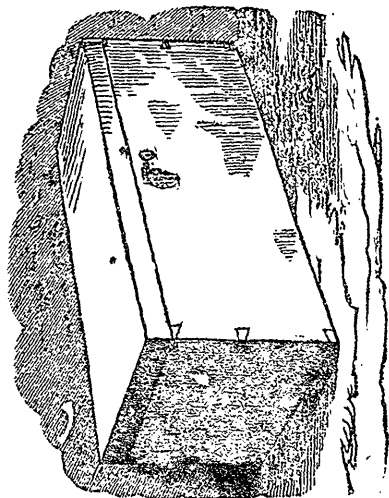


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**Missionary-box in the Coal-Mine.**

There is a coal-mine in England several hundred feet under ground, into which a gentleman descended for the purpose of inspecting the interior. When he arrived below, he found a poor boy there who belonged to his Sabbath-school class.

The boy was rejoiced to see him, saying, "O, sir, I never expected to see you here;" and got permission to show this gentleman over the mine.

He was overjoyed at having this privilege, and skipped along so rapidly that every now and then left the visitor in great danger of falling into some of the holes with which the mine abounded. At last they came back to what the gentleman supposed to be the entrance, and glad enough the gentleman was to have the prospect of seeing day-light once more, when the boy said, "There's one place more that I must show you."

The gentleman being tired, said, "I do not much care about seeing any more; but if you wish me I will go."

The boy led him to a spacious, gloomy looking cavern, where the candle glimmered feebly in the dark space around them.

"Here," the boy said, "we have our prayer meetings," showing the gentleman the seats cut out of the coal, where they used to sit when the Bible was read; "and here," said he, "is our missionary-box," exhibiting a box cut out of a solid coal, into which they used to put what money they could spare.

See how *the way* is made where there is *the will*! Doubtless, God looked down upon these miner-boys as they put their farthings and half-pence into