

work of all sections of the Christian church. Mrs. Sale is now living in Scotland, a widow; and although she is seventy-one years of age, her interest in the foreign work glows with unabated ardor. Let her everywhere receive the honor so justly due her as the successful pioneer of zenana work in India.

I regret that Miss Booker got away from London before I learned of her arrival. She will doubtless find a welcome awaiting her from the sisters on the field. It is pleasant to think of Manitoba being represented there. It is British Columbia's turn now.

MRS. T. H. RAND.

London, Eng., Jan. 7th, 1890.

A Thank-Offering Story.

It was at a Thank-offering meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of one of our city churches. A pile of envelopes lay before the secretary, the contents of which she read aloud, one by one. They ran something like this:

"For recovery from severe illness, \$5."

"For the granting of the dearest wish of my heart, \$10."

"For preservation from harm in the great railroad accident when so many were killed and injured, \$10."

"For the conversion of a son, \$5."

"For the dear baby that has come to me, \$3."

Mrs. Stanton sat listening to the reading, and blushed a little when her own envelope was opened, and the secretary took out \$2, enclosed in a blank sheet, accompanied by no word or comment.

The truth was, Mrs. Stanton's life had been very uneventful the last year. It had gone quietly on, with few ups and few downs. She and her husband and her two children had been fairly well; by close economy they had had enough to eat and drink and to dress respectably, though this last had not been accomplished without much thought and care on her part, and various pinchings known only to herself.

Self-denial had seemed to be the key-note of her life the past year; her sky had been rather gray than sunny; her atmosphere rather chill than warm. Not that she made any moan over her self-denials and deprivations. It was all done cheerfully, and no one was the wiser for it but herself. Still, in thinking of this thank-offering meeting, she had wondered just a little for what special reason she should bring her small gift. She could hardly help contrasting her condition now with the luxury by which she had been surrounded a few years ago, before her husband had lost his property in an unfortunate speculation. She wondered a little dully if the conditions would be fulfilled if she should bring her offerings out of a general feeling of gratitude that things were no worse with them than they were.

Both she and her husband were systematic givers out of their penny, as they had once been out of their abundance; so this extra gift, small as it was, was at the price of a large self-denial. It would represent her shabby bonnet being worn through another winter, without the refurbishing she had hoped to give it, when it had seemed almost too bad to last out the previous season. Still she was warmly interested in mission work, and gave it gladly, only wishing that it was more.

The secretary read on, while she sat half-listening, half-thinking. Soon her attention was arrested by the reading of this:

"For the many pleasant little things that have fallen to my share this year, \$2.

Other notes were read; remarks were made; the meeting closed, and Mrs. Stanton went thoughtfully home, the words, "For the pleasant little things" ringing in her ears. She wondered if she had always taken note of her own pleasant small things as they came to her. She feared not. Looking back in the light of this thought she could recall numberless little acts of kindness from others to herself that had sweetened her life, and for which, though she had been grateful to the givers, she scarcely remembered to have raised her heart to heaven in gratitude. She resolved to be upon the lookout hereafter.

Even as she meditated the bell rang, and going to the door there stood little Elly Hale with a great bunch of roses in her hand.

"Aunt Elly sent mamma a big box of roses to-day—so many she can't use them all—and will you please to take these?" said the little messenger, the child of a wealthy neighbor and a sister in the church, and one whose thoughtful kindnesses were nothing new in this household.

Mrs. Stanton kissed the little maiden, and sent her home with thanks. Then she buried her face in the flowers with childish delight. She loved beautiful things, and often had to take herself to task, for her vain longings for them. But now there was a feeling almost of awe mingled with her pleasure as she remembered again the "little things," and how soon her thought had been responded to. She finished her preparations for supper with a light step, pausing often to look at the flowers and inhale their fragrance as she passed them. They brought a glow to her heart which was reflected in her face, and which her husband and children caught as they sat down to supper.

Before she went to bed that night she inscribed an envelope; "Thank-offerings for pleasant little things," and dropped a nickel in it for the handful of roses.

The next afternoon as she sat mending Willie's jacket, Mrs. Dudd came in with the *Forum* in her hand.

"Hear is an article," she said, "that I thought you would be interested in, so I brought it over to read with you."

The article was read and discussed. Both women received some new ideas, some inspirations to better living, and parted feeling heartened and uplifted for the pleasant hour. That night another nickel bore the first one company.

"O mamma," cried Willie, as he came rushing in from school on examination day. "I passed 98 in my arithmetic to-day." "Aren't you glad? Didn't I have to study for it, though?"

"Indeed I am glad, Willie, more glad than I can say, not only for the passing and good record, but I am glad because it shows that you have been in earnest, and determined to conquer your easy-going habits of study. You make me very happy."

So happy that another contribution went into the thankful envelope.

"Did you know," said Mr. Stanton, one evening, "that Mrs. Floyd slipped on the icy sidewalk this afternoon and broke her ankle?"

"No! Is it possible?"

"It is a bad injury, and the doctor says she will be confined to the house for months."

"How dreadful! What if it had been I? I was out this afternoon, too, but I did not slip and break my bones. Ought I not to be thankful?"

So thankful that a twenty-five cent piece in the envelope that night put the nickels quite out of countenance.

The next day she went down town to get a much-needed cloak for May. She had priced cloaks a few days before,