

dering what Tom's mother could be thinking of, and why she sent him in such haste for the carpenter's ball of twine.

"Let down one end of the thread with a bit of mortar, and keep fast hold of the other," cried she to her husband. The little thread came waving down the tall chimney, blown hither and thither by the wind, but it reached the outstretched hands that were waiting for it. Tom held the ball of twine while his mother tied one end of it to the thread.

"Now pull it slowly," cried she to her husband and she gradually unwound the string until it reached her husband.

"Now, hold the string fast and pull," for Tom and his mother had fastened a thick rope to it. They watched it gradually and slowly uncoiling from the ground, and the string was drawn still higher.

There was but one coil left. It had reached the top. "Thank God!" exclaimed the wife. She hid her face in her hands in silent prayer, and tremblingly rejoiced. The iron to which it should be fastened was there all right—but would her husband be able to make use of it? Would not the terror of the past have so unnerved him as to prevent him from taking the necessary measures for safety? She did not know the magical influence which her few words had exercised over him. She did not know the strength that the sound of her voice, so calm, and steadfast had filled him—as if the little thread that carried to him the hope of life once more, had conveyed to him some portion of that faith in God which nothing ever destroyed or shook in her pure heart. She did not know that, as she waited there, the words came over him—

"Why art thou cast down, O, my soul! why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God. She lifted her heart to God for hope and strength, but could do nothing more for her husband, and her heart turned to God and rested on him as on a rock.

There was a great shout. 'He's safe, mother; he's safe!' cried Tom. "Thou hast saved my life, my Mary," said her husband, folding her in his arms.

"But what ails you? thou seemest more sorry than glad about it." But Mary could not speak, and if the strong arm of her husband had not held her up she would have fallen to the ground—the sudden joy after such fear had overcome her. "Tom, let thy mother lean on thy shoulder," said his father, "and we will take her home." And in the happy home they poured forth thanks to God for His great goodness, and their happy life together felt dearer and holier for the peril it had been in, and the nearness of danger had brought them unto God. And the holiday next day—was it not indeed a thanksgiving day?

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### THE MISSION BOX.

*To Children who have Mission Boxes.*

#### I.

I WILL tell you a simple story, a story sad and true,  
About a little mission box kept by a child like you.  
I heard the story told myself, no name or date was given,  
But I think that both are written down in the Book of Life in Heaven.