



PYRAMID MISSIONARY BOXES.

"Oh, I know—" and then checked herself as suddenly as if she didn't really want to know at all.

"Yes, I think you do," nodded Mrs. Knight. "Out with it, dear."

"I think you want us to give up this hour to the poor children; don't you?"

"O—h!" sighed and exclaimed all the girls. "Oh, Mrs. Knight!"

"This is just exactly and precisely it, dear girls," she replied. "I do want you to give up this hour every evening for six weeks. It wouldn't be right to take the walking hour—health is the first thing to be considered; and I shouldn't feel that I were helping my girls at all to subdue the flesh if I allowed them to give up the most disagreeable, but, perhaps, the most important study. No; this hour is free. Everybody's lessons and work are off their minds for the day. This is an hour which we can all offer to God as a willing sacrifice, and one that can in no way hinder the other work which He has given us all to do. Are you ready?"

No one could hold them back. The pretty lace work and dainty knitting were pushed back into the baskets; nobody glanced toward the clock again, and the girls gathered around Mrs. Knight while she explained to them what was best to be done.

First, the girls were to choose the children for whom they would prefer to work.

Second, enough money was to be raised in the school—every one giving what she could spare—to purchase white muslin, calico, and flannel from which the clothes were to be made.

Then, unanimously, Mrs. Knight was chosen president, general overseer, and directress of everybody, and Miss Ross, the girls' favorite teacher, cutter-out-in-chief. The girls chose—well, I really must not tell you what children they decided to sew for, for this is a really true story, and the girls would rather I did not mention names; but it was a very good and worthy mission among the poor children in a great city that they decided to sew for after much talking the matter over. It was so hard to decide when so many thousands needed their help.

The tall clock struck nine before anyone

dreamed of its being so late, and the girls went off to bed that night—happy? yes, happy indeed, because, "Inasmuch"—you know the rest, children.

The next evening the "St. M.S.S.," as the girls proudly called it, the St. M——'s Sewing Society, was organized. The work had been cut out and basted during the day by the teachers and some of the older girls, and there was plenty for every one; and of all sorts and kinds it proved to be, from little Eva Ransome's queerly overhanded seams to Miss Ross's beautiful stitching; but every one did her best, willingly, cheerfully. What more could possibly have been asked?

When every one was seated, and busy, Mrs. Knight produced from somewhere a shabby, brown book, saying:

"Girls, how many of you would enjoy hearing the 'Daisy Chain' read aloud?"

Dear old book that every one loves, and delights to hear again, no matter how many times they have pored over Ethel's trials and victories! The girls were only too delighted to welcome its shabby face; those who had read it, and those who had not, will never forget, I know, those quiet evenings in the school-room parlor, when they heard again of, or first learned to know and love, the May family.

By Easter-even the good work was finished, and the great box of nicely-made clothing that the expressman carried away with him to the city that night not only brought joy, warmth, and gladness to many a suffering little child, but was heaped up, shaken together, and running over with little sacrifices, holy thoughts, and good resolutions that the girls had sewn in the clothes with their threads.

And God saw, He knew, and He rewarded. Holier than ever before was the Easter time to the girls at St. M——'s school, and sweeter than ever before the sound to their ears of those blessed words:

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Now, children, may I add a word for you? It is only another text:

"Go ye and do likewise."—*The Churchman.*

CHILDREN'S OFFERINGS.

WILL the children of the Church please remember what their Lenten letter says to them this year? It ends, you remember, with these words:—Though you are "but little children weak," there is something even now that "you can do for Jesus' sake." You can save some money to help the missionaries in their work. The season of Lent is now close at hand, and it is a time when the Church asks all people to give up something for Christ's sake. Is there not something which you can give up this Lent for His sake? Is there not some of your pocket