

ais, what have you got here, what's this little blue box for, hey?" "It's a mite-box," I answered, more annoyed than I cared to own.

"A mite-box! but what's it for!" he persisted.

"To put pennies in," said I. "Pennies! for what?"

"O dear," I exclaimed, "can't you read?" I couldn't bring myself to say "for Foreign Missions," so left him to read it for himself, so he picked it up and read aloud, "Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society." "Well," with a polite little sneer in his tone, "where did you get this thing, anyway?" "At the mission circle," I answered, meekly. At this, he whirled around, and said, "you didn't join that circle, did you?" "Yes." "Well, I shall hear all the news now, certainly!" "What do you mean," said I, in astonishment. "Why," said he, "I never heard of a 'sewing circle' yet, and I suppose this amounts to the same thing, that couldn't spread more news than all the newspapers."

"Well, sir," said I, indignantly, "you are very much mistaken in this circle, for in the first place, it isn't a 'sewing circle,' at all, and in the next place, the members are ladies, and ladies don't gossip!" "What do they do, then, at this precious 'circle,'" he retorted. "Beside the ordinary routine, they read pamphlets, telling of the condition of the women in heathen lands, and of the work of missionaries there, and when they are through with that, there is no time left, for either sewing or gossip," said I, as I rose to leave the room, for I couldn't stand any more quizzing, just then.

Well, my box was left where I had put it, and as the days went by, I tried hard to forget it, but some way, it seemed to haunt me. I did not then know why, but I can see now. From a child, I had thought I loved God, but for a few weeks previous to this, the thought had been growing in my mind, that if I loved him at all, it was in a very silent, selfish way, and I felt that I had very little assurance that he accepted such love. It was hard for me to claim him openly for my friend; to speak of Him to those who I thought did not love Him, or to testify for Him in any way, that my Christian life, if I could call it so, had been very unsatisfactory to me, and I had been praying, that in some way, I might do something to show my love for Him.

He was beginning to answer my prayer; but, as I said, I did not know it until one day, as I took up the little box, thinking I must put in a few pennies, just to ease my conscience, or whatever it was, that made me feel so uncomfortable about it, my eyes fell upon the words which were printed across one end, "For Jesus sake." I can never forget the feeling that came over me, as, with eyes fast filling with tears, I gazed at those words. It seemed as if my heart would break? "O," I thought, "here I have been praying that in some way, however small, I might do something for him, and could not I, willingly, put pennies in a mite-box, that the blessed news of his love might be sent to those who had never heard of him, and of whose condition, as I had attended the circle from month to month, I had heard and thought of more and more, and of what it was that made the difference between their condition and mine. And then, as I turned the box over, I read, on the other side, these words, 'God loveth a cheerful giver.'"

I do so *hunger and thirst* for the assurance of His love, and little by little it began to come, as I prayed that not only might I work for the dear Master, at home, and strive faithfully to perform the duties which lay nearest me, but that I might never again forget who it was that

said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

So that little blue box has become very dear to me, and though I am able to do so little by means of it, the blessings that have come to me from it, have been more than a hundred fold.

Young People's Department.

TO THE MISSION BANDS.

Instead of the usual Band lesson this month, I thought I might help some of the Band leaders if I were to write something about Entertainments. Many of you give a concert or entertainment for the purpose of increasing the funds, and it is often difficult to find suitable songs for the children. In the Mission Band of which I am president, we have an annual concert, at which, in addition to good instrumental and vocal numbers by musical friends, we have always one or two action songs for the younger members of the Band, and the following are some of those we have used:

The Daisy Chorus. Ten little girls about six years old take part. In order to have this, it is necessary to make a fence and put it across the back of the platform. This is easily done by getting a few yards of cotton a yard wide, and painting it to represent a brick wall; the width of the cotton is the right height for the fence; it is tacked on a rough wooden frame. Behind this the little girls stand, with white daisies made of cardboard tied on their heads, their faces making the centre of the daisies.

Mother Goose's Melodies, a chorus for boys and girls, or for boys only. The same fence does for this. In this, the children have stockings on their arms and boots on their hands, which they keep behind their backs. After singing a verse they disappear behind the fence and wave their hands above the edge, while they sing a chorus. The impression upon the audience is that they are using their feet.

I have manuscript only for these two, but I will gladly make a copy of music and words for any one who wishes to use them. As it is a good deal of trouble to do this, I do not care to do so for anything but entertainments which will bring in money to our Missions Home or Foreign.

The Little Shaking Quakers, a comic chorus. It is published by the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, and costs 15 cents. Seven girls and one boy take part in it, and it can be performed with little expense. The children can wear their ordinary dresses, with aprons, kerchiefs and caps made of white muslin; the boy's hat can be made of cardboard covered with some drab stuff, and this with a vest of the same stuff, made like the picture,