



PYRAMID MISSION BOXES.

"That old gent," he said, "what's rolling along in his carriage, a-leaning back and taking of his ease, maybe he ain't so terrible easy as he looks. Maybe his collar's too tight, or he don't know where to invest his extra trillion dollars, or his relatives ain't agreeable, or he's got to go to the dentist's, or his daughter's going to marry the coachman. Riches ain't everything."

"Maybe that lady's worried about her shopping. She's scowling hard enough, anyway. And that little feller with the velvet jacket and yellow curls, what's going in to get an ice-cream, he looks kind o' peeked. Maybe it's just as bad to have too much candy as not enough."

Tom was whistling in his highest key.

"Stop that noise," said a policeman.

"All right," called Tom, as he picked himself up. "Guess policemen don't have fun all the time, even if they can knock little fellers round. Being strong ain't everything."

Tom's arms and legs ached when he got back to the hotel that noon, and the cook had kept a very small dinner for a hungry boy. But Tom was happy, for it was Wednesday, and on that day he was paid for the week and could have the whole afternoon to himself.

"Ah," he said, "I don't believe half those rich people are going home to such a nice mother and big sister and baby brother. It makes you 'preciate your wages when you've worked hard for them. I'm a-going to take a present to each one."

It was fun to wander about the big toy store, and pick out a rattle for the baby and a shawl-pin for the big sister. "I'd like to buy that handsome satin cape for mother," he thought. "But maybe a cake of soap would be more useful, 'cause she's a washerwoman, and the cape would look kind of funny with her dress and apron, all that lace and them jingling things. If I was rich, she should dress like a queen, and so should sis, but they wouldn't look a bit prettier nor be so comfortable. Them jingling things must scratch a feller's neck some."

"Here's Tom!" called the big sister. "Welcome home, my boy," cried his mother. "My Tommy, Tommy, Tom!" shouted the baby, laughing with joy.

No, wealth and strength and rich food, and more than enough, aren't everything. Contentment and honest wages and love are enough to make one happy and thankful.

They had a grand holiday. They went up to Central Park, and saw the deer, and laughed at the monkeys, and admired the tigers, and thought of Daniel as they looked at the lions, and of Noah as they fed the doves, and of the poor heathen mothers who used to throw their babies into the river Nile till the missionaries taught them better, as they watched the scaly crocodiles crawl into the water. They thought of Samson and his foxes, and Joseph and his sheep. The Park was full of wonders for them, so full that they must go another day to finish.

Then Tom went back to his gloomy little hotel in the narrow street, and as he knelt by his bed in the shed, instead of asking his Heavenly Father for so many things that he had longed for, he filled his prayers with thanks for all the good things that had been given him, and went to sleep with a smile on his honest, homely face.

"Well, Tom, how goes it?" asked Mr. Mason the next day.

"Fine," said Tom. "Fair and square, and you ain't a-going to hear any more complaining from me. And, see here, I'm sorry I tore your shoe, and I know a feller that'll mend it for nothing, 'cause I did a job for him."

"That'll be a real help," said Mr. Mason. "Money is none too plenty just now."

Tom had another thought when he was alone. This was it: "No feller's so poor that he can't help another man, even if the other one is a gentleman. And it makes you feel kind of good and warm inside. Thinking about yourself all the time ain't everything. There's your relations, and there's the folks in the street, and there's your country, and there's the heathen, and you can help every one of them if you try."
—*Young Christian Soldier.*

TO THE CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH.



THE Board of Management of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada will supply handsome cardboard boxes made in the shape of a pyramid for children who may wish to have them for collecting and saving missionary money for the society. At the beginning of Lent a letter is appointed to be read to the children of the Sunday-schools asking them to save their money to help missionary work. A good way to do this will be by means of these pyramid boxes. Apply to Rev. Dr. Mockridge, Toronto, who will supply them free of charge to all who will undertake to use them to help the funds of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society.