

for March, as having occurred in a Sabbath School of one of our churches in Western Canada, and we doubt not our young readers will be still further interested in the following additional facts from the same school.

Our former correspondent thus writes :—

“In our Sabbath School it is customary for most of the classes to keep a missionary box, into which is dropped the weekly Sabbath donation of each scholar. These boxes we open once or twice a year, and in this way each class takes a much greater interest in the amount collected, than if all were at once put into one common fund. And here we would recommend the adoption of this plan in those schools where it may not be already followed out.

At our last monthly teachers' meeting, one of our number stated that a few Sabbaths previous to the opening of the missionary box at his class, one of his pupils, quite a little fellow, brought a ten cent piece as his donation. As this was (for him) an unusually large sum to give, his teacher was anxious to know how he had become possessed of it, and therefore asked him the question.

“O,” said the lad, “I picked up all the scraps of iron I could find, and sold them that I might have something to give to the orphans.”

What a reproof is this to those who (whether young or old) so often spend many a much larger sum in trifles, and never think of the many good purposes to which these savings might be applied. Let no little child think that, with such small sums as he could give, but little good could be accomplished. Remember that in one year the half-pennies of the children of *one denomination* in Scotland, amounted to the large sum of £3000 in aid of the Calcutta mission. Yes, children can do much, under the blessing of the Almighty, to help on the cause of missions.

See that noble river as it rolls swiftly on to pour its waves into the mighty ocean, how many stately ships with their white sails, and steamers with their smoking funnels, and crowds of passengers, cover its calm, but deep and rapid waters. See where it flows past yonder large and populous city, how its wharves are filled with vessels from all parts of the world, until their masts appear to stand as thickly as the trees of the forest. Yet how small a beginning had that now mighty river. Trace it backwards to discover its source and you will find that it takes its rise far up perhaps among the hills where it is now but a mountain torrent. As it flows