



Address.—Cousin Joy, 232 Princess St., St. John, N. B.

Benny's Thank-You Box.

They were going to have a thank offering meeting at Benny's church. He knew, because his mamma was president of the big 'ciety, and sister Gertie attended the band. Benny went too. He 'b'longed to bote," he said, and he had a nite-box with Luther's picture on it, and he put a cent in whenever he found a white one in papa's pocket. He had one of the tenth-year thank offering envelopes, but it wasn't large enough to suit him, so he begged a box from Gertie, and Benny was happy.

That night when papa opened the front door, a little boy and a rattling box danced down stairs.

"Do you feel very thankful, papa?"

"What for?" papa asked, tossing the questioner up to his shoulder.

"'Cause you're home and I'm kissing you."

"Indeed I do," laughed papa.

"Then put a penny in my thank-you box," shouted Benny.

Mamma had had to put one in because she said she was thankful the spring cleaning was done. Brother Tom put in five, because his new suit came home just in time for a party. Bridget had the box presented to her for an offering when she said she was glad Monday was such a fine drying day for her washing; and Gertie gave him pennies twice for two pleasant afternoons spent in gathering wild-flowers. So many things to be thankful for seemed to happen that the little box grew heavy—it was so full it wouldn't rattle.

But one night soon after, Tom and Gertie were creeping around with pale, frightened faces, and speaking in whispers; the little "thank-you boy," as Benny liked to be called, was very ill,—croup. The doctor came and went, and came again, but not till daylight broke could he give the comforting assurance, "He is safe now." In the dim light Tom dropped something in the little box, as he

whispered, "Thank you, dear God." Somehow everybody seemed to feel as Tom did, and when Benny was prepped up in bed next day and counted his "thank-you" money, there were two dollars and a half in it, which papa changed for a gold piece that very day.—Selected.

Little Girl Blue.

A Recitation for Boys and Girls of the Mission Band.

FIRST BOY.

Little girl Blue, come blow your horn!
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn!
The harvest is great, and the labourers few,
And the grain's getting trampled, while such as you
As capable girls as ever grew,
Who ought to be helping the ones who reap,
Are under the haystack fast asleep.

SECOND BOY.

Little girl Blue, come blow your horn,
And gather your wits in the early morn;
Since none of you go to Tim-buc too,
You must clear the way for those who do,
Let the world grow better as you pass thro',
Did the Lord of the harvest order this heap,
For you to be under it fast asleep?

(A little girl runs in blowing a horn.)

Why where have you been that you did not know
We woke from our sleep a long time ago?
Just open your ears and list while I call,
You'll find us awake, and that is not all.

(Blows her horn three times. Other girls come running in.)

A LITTLE GIRL.

No, that is not all, for now, if you please
We belong to a Band, and are busy as bees.

(All say this and bow low.)

We are planting good seed and feeding the roots,
And hoping to gather the best of fruits.

(All the girls together.)

But where are the boys? Are they in a heap,
Under the haystack, fast asleep?

LITTLE BOY.

They are watching the sheep, keeping cows from
the corn,

The most capable boys that ever were born,
I'll just blow my horn and you'll see your mistake,
You'll find that the boys are all wide awake.

(Blows horn three times. Boys come in singing, joined by the girls.)

SONG.

Mission boys and girls are we!

Boys.—Mission boys.—Girls.—Mission girls.

Mission boys and girls are we!

Ever true we hope to be,

(Boys wave hats. Girls wave handkerchiefs.)

(A boy steps out from the group and comes to the edge of the platform.)

I've come from the hive to take my stand
And speak for the boys of this mission band.
I am sure I don't know what you'd do
Without the boys to help you through,
If I only could stop to tell you the story,