



The Family Circle.

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

"Partakers of Christ's sufferings."—1 Peter 4:13.

"No, Lord, I cannot take that cross!
Thy hand is holding it to me, I know;
But it involves too much of pain and loss,
Such crushing down of self and things below!"

Thus spake I to my Lord, and he replied,
"With oh! such mournful pathos in his tone:
"I bore much more for thee—for thee I died;
I may not bear this, too, alone—alone."

"I only ask thee just to share its weight,
To take thy part in bearing it with me;
If thou refuse I can no longer wait;
I must seek help, but not again from thee."

He turned to go; methought I saw a tear
Stand for a moment in his calm, sad eye;
Then, with a sudden bound, a sudden fear,
I sprang toward him with a bitter cry:

"O Lord, dear Lord, go not from me away;
I could not live if thou wert gone, my Light!
I will do anything, except that cross!
I cannot share its weight with thee to-night."

One sigh he breathed: then, mournfully, once
more
Set forth to journey on his weary way.
My heart stood still, my strength was almost o'er;
"Help me, dear Lord!" was all that I could say.

Immediately he turned, and with a smile,
Again approached me with the dreaded cross;
"Lord, give me strength!" I whispered low the
while;
"Help me to bear the bitter shame and loss."

But when I reached my hand that I might hold
That cross I dreaded to my heaving breast,
My Saviour's own strong arms did me enfold,
And in their shelter I had perfect rest.

THE MITE-BOX REVIVAL AT
ADVANCEVILLE.

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"Well," said quiet Mrs. Conservative, "I've no objections to trying the plan. But don't you think we had better just make it a trial, say for the next quarter? I'm afraid you'll find it more work than you want to do."

A peep into the room will disclose the fact that the women there gathered represent the Woman's Foreign Missionary society of Advanceville, while a moment's eavesdropping will reveal the fact that the subject under discussion is the collection of dues and the possibility of returning to the original "two cents a week and a prayer" plan. The annual election of officers has just taken place; there have been almost "enough officers to go round," though on consulting the records 30 or more names are found.

Miss Brown, the newly elected treasurer, had proposed a weekly collection of dues, "the two cents a week," and this had called forth the remark, half willing, half doubtful, with which our story begins.

"Who'll undertake to collect it?" asked Mrs. Moore. "Will you go to each member every week?"

"Ask them to bring it to church every Sunday," suggested Miss Quick.

"You would be the first one to forget to bring your 'two cents,'" said Miss Brown.

Various plans for bringing about this much desired result were discussed, for this little company of faithful ones believed there was a divine impulse in that thought, "two cents a week and a prayer." However, no plan was devised and the meeting adjourned.

"Mrs. Corwin," said Miss Brown, as they walked together towards home, "how many mite-boxes have we 'on duty' in our society?"

"That depends on what you mean by 'on duty.' Mrs. Nonesuch's children have one on duty as savings bank. Biddy Maloney hold up for my admiration yesterday a swate little green bit of a box, in which I kapes me money for the praste. An' shure, mum, it has prayers all around it, so me little Pat says, him as goes to the

kindyguarding.' Mrs. Careless, for whom she washes, had given it to her. I could tell you of several other boxes on active duty, but don't know of one that is serving the purpose for which it was intended."

"Don't bother your head over mite-boxes. That plan can't be made to work in Advanceville."

Having delivered herself of those encouraging remarks, Mrs. Corwin bade her companion good-bye as she left her at her own gate.

Miss Brown walked slowly on, still pondering the question of "two cents a week and a prayer," and mite-boxes. It was not so much the two cents as the prayer that she was anxious to secure; the prayer not once a quarter or once a year, but at least once a week, for she had learned in her life lessons that our hearts grow strangely warm toward the ones for whom we constantly pray.

A day or two later Mrs. Conservative meets her and laughingly queries:

"I trust, Miss Brown, you have the 'two cents a week and a prayer' and the mite-box problem solved?"

"The problem is solved," she replied, "and the boxes are ordered. I want your approval of my plan. It is many-sided and broad and I do believe it will work. The preacher said last night we needed more zeal in our work. If that were the only requisite to success I will succeed; we'll have the 'two cents a week—and a prayer,' and our mite-boxes, too. In fancy I can see not the meagre \$40 of last year, but double that amount. I see not only our women interested, but the men and children as well. Dr. Baldwin said last summer that we needed to educate the men."

"But, my dear Miss Brown," cried Mrs. Conservative, "you are soaring quite above me. Come down and share your wings with me. Already I feel an increasing zeal for this work. Surely we have not been at our best for the Master. Do you know I am coming to think that it is only half duty when I give all I can in dollars and cents? I believe that God means that we should give not only our money, but ourselves to this work. Oh, no, don't mistake me; there are more ways than one of giving ourselves to the missionary work. How shall I express what I mean? We are to be fishers of men—women here, in a different sense from that ordinarily understood. We are to seek diligently, wisely, to bring others into our work. But there—the plan."

"It's not great, but this is it. When the mite-boxes come, I will write the name of each member upon a mite-box; then Thursday evening I will ask Bro. B. to call attention to them and ask that those who take them will each week put at least two cents in the box—of course as much more as possible, not forgetting the prayer, then the Thursday evening before the last meeting of each quarter we will ask them to return their boxes to the church. You know there are some who never attend our missionary meetings, they think they can't, and we would never see their boxes again, if we depended on receiving them there."

"An excellent plan," declared Mrs. Conservative, "but will they all remember to bring them even to prayer-meeting?"

"Why, no, of course not," said Mrs. Brown. "And just here our children will be useful. There are many in the junior league asking for something to do. Now, I shall select as many of those as are needed and make them mite-box collectors. Do you think any child can handle one of those attractive little boxes and not want to know something about it? So you see our careless people will be real educators—may almost feel virtuous. Don't fail to be present Thursday evening, to add your zeal to mine."

Thursday evening came. Just before the service closed the mite-boxes were "presented." Miss Brown in a few words explained their plans, and the people were dismissed. Were the mite-boxes eagerly sought for? Well, no; and to less determined spirits the indifference would have been crushing. But quickly filling the arms of three or four ladies with the precious boxes and sending them out into the crowd, they were soon greeted with, "Where's my mite-box?" "I'll take Mrs. M.'s to her." "I'm not a member but can't I have one too?" "Can the girls

have a box? We'll promise to put our gun money in." And amid such exclamations and queries the boxes were sent out with earnest prayers.

The three-months rolled by. Thursday night came. Did the mite-boxes come too? Advanceville was a model town, but not perfect, likewise the people of Advanceville. A neat circular letter with a very readable leaflet had been sent the day before to every member, reminding them that mite-boxes were due the next evening.

Near the door of the church was placed a pretty table on which, beside a dainty bouquet, stood the pictures of our missionaries. Leaflets with attractive titles, and the "Take one" proved very tempting.

First came Katy K. with her box carefully folded in tissue paper. It was deposited with many a shake and rattle beside the foundlings. "For," exclaimed Katy, "I should like my pennies to go to help teach them."

Next comes Widow Gray. Surely, if she finds a cent to spare for her mite-box the rest of us are without excuse.

Tears are in her eyes as she places her box tenderly beside Miss Howe's picture. "My Mary," she says, as the pastor's wife comes with her box, "used to go to school with Miss Gertrude." Mary went to heaven about a year ago.

Now the boxes are coming in more rapidly and as they are placed in order many a bit of experience is exchanged, and we begin to feel that the heaven is working. Leaflets are taken, and this, with the continued exchange of experience as they talk by twos and threes till the first hymn is announced, or shall we say it is the blessed Holy Spirit, so warms the hearts of the people that, all unannounced, it is a missionary meeting.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel," reads the pastor, Bro. B. The good man is in the spirit, too, in fact, is largely to blame for this turn in affairs. The brethren and sisters pray for the missionaries, not because it is the evening set aside for missionary prayer meeting, but because their hearts go out to them and up to God for them.

As the meeting is about to close Bro. Blunt arises back in the audience with, "See here, Bro. B., I don't propose to let the women folks have the winding up of this affair all to themselves. We men can't get out to their afternoon meeting, and I for one would like to stay awhile and see how much them little rainbow banks have brought into the Lord's treasury."

"Just ought to have seen him," whispered Mrs. Blunt to her next neighbor. "When I first brought my mite-box out, he said he preferred to give his money through the regular collections. But one way and another he's got so interested that I really believe he's put in already more than he usually gives in a whole year."

"Yes, yes," chimes in Bro. Workfast, "don't think I could have found time to come if it hadn't been for the attraction of those mite-boxes. My little Jean brought one home and has turned the whole household into a missionary band with it."

There being a general consent to this plan the table is carried forward. Miss Brown, with Miss Spring to assist her, takes her place. With a penknife she neatly cuts the bottom loose from one side and by pressing down with the knife makes an opening for the money. It is agreed that none but those two shall know whose box is being opened. She looks at the name, counts out the twenty-six cents, which she passes to Miss Spring, who credits the proper person with dues for the quarter. The balance is cast into a basket provided for the purpose. Occasionally a subdued murmur is heard, which indicates that the box in hand is identified by its owner.

Every box contains more than the dues. We can almost fancy that some of the pennies are heavy with prayers. Five boxes are missing. The money in the basket is counted, the sum announced is so much beyond the expectations of the most hopeful that when Bro. B. with a suspicious tremble in his voice rises with "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," the whole company join in a chorus of praise. Even Bro. Allheart, who was never known to sing a note in his life, put in a hearty, "Praise the Lord."

The mite-box revival in Advanceville has begun but not ended.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

WHO DOES WANT THEM, ANYWAY?

The *Union Signal* says:
The fight against saloons in Hyde Park, Englewood, Evanston, and other aristocratic suburbs of Chicago, has brought out many notable facts, among which is that the strongest advocates of high license are never ready to have a saloon planted near their own doors, no matter how much license it pays. The editors of some papers who are most ready to declare that prohibition cannot prohibit, and that high license is the only way to control the traffic, are ready to fight against having the prohibited districts given over to the saloons. They are as ready to meet every argument for saloons there, as though they had not used the same arguments against State and national prohibition. We have never seen a more conclusive answer to the argument (?) that saloons enhance the price of real estate than the *Chicago Tribune* gives. It says: "This cannot be said in earnest, for it is known that the fact is just the other way. The saloon never enhances values; it always pulls them down. The residents of the districts which are menaced doubtless know this, and no such talk will induce them to let up in their fight for the maintenance of their rights. Here and there a corner lot, exceptionally well placed for saloon business, might bring more than at present, but the value of the neighboring property would be lowered at once."

THREE FACTS.

One of the finest missionary speeches ever made was by the Rev. Dr. Inglis, in the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland. As sometimes happens, there were more missionaries than minutes at the disposal of the Court, and good Dr. Inglis, being reminded of the virtue of brevity, limited himself to the following:—"Fathers and brethren, we are often told that missionaries should content themselves with stating facts, and leave the church to draw the inference. There are three facts which I wish to bring before the Court. I place on your table," suiting the action to the word, "the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, translated into the language of Aneityum. That, Moderator, is my first fact. I place on your table the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' of John Bunyan, translated into the language of Aneityum," placing a second book beside the first; "that is my second fact." Then reverently taking into his hands a volume larger and yet more precious, while his eye looked lovingly on the pages that had cost him years of toil, he deposited it, too, beside the rest, exclaiming, "Finally, I place on your table the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments translated into the language of Aneityum. And now, Moderator, having given you the facts, I leave the church to draw the inference," and so sat down amid a storm of applause.

A REMEDY FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.

When Bulstrode Whitelocke was embarked as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1653, he was much disturbed in mind, as he rested at Harwich the preceding night, which was very stormy, as he thought upon the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, at length said—

"Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Pray, sir, do you think that God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And pray, sir, do you think that he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?"

"Certainly."

"Then pray, sir—excuse me—but do you not think that you may trust him to govern it quite as well as long as you live?"

To this question Whitelocke had nothing to reply; but, turning about, soon fell fast asleep, till he was summoned to embark.

THE TIME IS SHORT, and so let us put intensity of soul into its improvement. Each hour when gone, is gone forever! Do not squander it.