

still passionate and bold, but what a change has come over him! He is telling in burning words of a Saviour's love, of world-wide purposes of grace, and exhorts the recent converts, some of whom he has himself led to the Saviour, to be worthy of the flame of Christ. I sit listening and thinking of that iron chain lying among similar trophies in my study drawer; I seem to see in the preacher's hands another chain, the chain of Christ's love, with which he now seeks to bind souls.--(*Almanac, American Board of Missions.*)

NONE OF OUR BUSINESS.

A little girl was heard to finish her evening prayer with these words: "And I saw a poor little girl on the streets to-day, cold and barefooted; but it's none of our business, is it, God?"

"None of our business!" wandering and sinful,

All through the streets of the city they go,
Hungry and homeless in the wild weather.

"None of our business!" dare we say so?

"None of our business!" children's wan faces,
Haggard and old with their suffering and sin,
Hold fast your darlings on tender, warm bosoms,
Sorrow without, but the home light within.

What does it matter that some other woman
Some common mother—in bitter despair,
Wails in a garret, or sits in a cellar,
Too broken-hearted for weeping or prayer?

"None of our business!" sinful and fallen
How they may jostle us close on the street!
Hold back your garment!—scorn? they are used to it
Pass on the other side, lest you should meet

"None of your business!" On, then, the music
On with the feasting, though hearts break forlorn
Somebody's hungry, somebody's freezing,
Somebody's soul will be lost ere the morn.

Somebody's dying (on with the dancing);
One for earth's pottage is selling his soul,
One for a bauble has bartered his birthright,
Selling his all for a pitiful dole.

Ah! but One goeth abroad on the mountains,
Over lone deserts, with burning deep sands,
Seeking the lost ones 't is his business,
Bruised though his feet are, and torn though his hands.

Thorn-crowned his head and his soul sorrow-stricken
(Saving men's souls at such infinite cost),
Broken his heart for the grief of the nations,
It is his business, saving the lost!

MY THANKSGIVING BOX.

I HAD often heard of mite-boxes, and even read touching stories about them, but I couldn't seem to believe in them very much. Of course when the regular offerings for missions were called for, I wanted to contribute my share as other folks did—as much as I could spare at the time. Then, too, I didn't see that I had anything especial to be thankful for. Dinner, supper, and breakfast, of course, and my

husband and children; but most of the last had left me either for homes of their own or for the better country, and my heart was often heavy sorrowing for them.

So, when Mrs. Heath, the president of our missionary society, begged us each to take one and try it, I demurred. It would be no use, I argued. But our pastor's wife arose and proposed that as many others had found it a good way, we should try it for one year. At the end of that time we would open the boxes and have a full and free conference as to what they had done for us and the cause. And so, quite reluctantly on my part at least, we took the boxes home.

As I went into my cosy sitting-room, I am afraid I slammed my little box down rather hard upon the mantel, saying, "You may stay there if you want to. You are rather ornamental in your blue and gold; and when the year is up I'll lump my mercies and put something in for the whole year. Who wants to be paying for mercies at a penny a time?"

"What is that, mother?" said my daughter May, the only one left me at home, a graceful dark-eyed girl of twenty—the very joy and richness of her mother's heart. "Oh," she said, "I see. It is one of those thanksgiving boxes," and lifting it up she read upon one side—"Giving thanks always for all things," on the other—"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" and on the top—"Thanks be unto God for his unsearchable gift."

"Yes," I said, "I hardly know what I brought it home for—only to please Mrs. Heath and Mrs. Brown-
ing."

"Why, yes, mother," said May, "it is just the thing for you. You are always saying, 'Well, I'm thankful for something or other.'"

"Am I, child?" I answered a little thoughtfully. "Well, I'm afraid I don't really mean it, but if you hear me saying it again just remind me. I'm thankful for one thing anyway, and that is, I have got you."

"Your first contribution," demanded May merrily, and taking the nickel I handed her she dropped it in for me.

It must have been very lonely there for some time, for in the press of fall house cleaning and getting ready for the great meeting of the Woman's Board, I forgot all about it. The board had never been to our little city before, and our hospitality was to be taxed to the utmost.

It was the morning of the day on which our guests were to arrive, and as I gazed around in satisfaction at snowy window draperies and everything spick-and-span, as a housekeeper likes to see them, I exclaimed: "Well, I'm thankful for one thing, and that is that they didn't any of them come yesterday."

May picked up the mite-box and rattled the lone nickel warningly.

"O May," I said, "I had forgotten all about it."
"You had better put in a dime this time," said May, "for I've heard you say you were thankful for something at least a dozen times the last week; and when they go away," she added, "you must put in another, if we have had pleasant people here. You don't know how I do dread delegates; but there is one good thing, we are to have a missionary and his wife for one room, and they won't come just to shop and criticize, I'm sure."

Our delegates came, six of them, and if any one ever had delightful guests and a time of rare enjoyment we had. May, with some of her young friends, had acted