

The Mite Boxes.

Hither, thither, through the land,
Dear little boxes flying,
Gather mites from many a hand,
To help the heathen dying.

Slowly, surely, gathering so,
Treasure for the Master ;
Hear them whisper as they go,
"Send the message faster !"

Hither, thither, here and there,
Helping, tell the story :
Dear, little boxes everywhere
Bringing souls to glory.

SUNSHINE—A FABLE.

"A cold fire-brand and a burning lamp started out one day to see what they could find. The fire-brand came back and wrote in its journal that the whole world was dark. It did not find a place, wherever it went, in which there was light. Everywhere there was darkness.

The lamp came back and wrote in its journal : "Wherever I went it was light." What was the difference ? The lamp carried sunshine with it, and wherever it went it illumined everything. The dead fire-brand had no light in it, hence everywhere it went everything was dark. If we would be happy ourselves and make others happy, we must "scatter sunshine."

A little girl was sitting at the breakfast table ; through a crevice in the wall of the dining-room the sun was shining on the table. The little girl chanced to lift a spoonful of rice to her mouth, upon which the sun was shining, whereupon she exclaimed : "Oh, mamma, I swallowed a spoonful of sunshine !" Our lives and homes would all be brighter if we would swallow some sunshine occasionally.

The secret of a happy life is to have sunshine in the heart. If there is no sunshine in our lives all will seem dark to us wherever we go.—Selected.

SELLING HIS CHILD.

Nothing more clearly shows the difference between the religion of Jesus Christ and the false worship of cruel gods, than the treatment of afflicted children in heathen lands. In our own Christian country, a deaf and dumb child is tenderly treated, and taught so kindly and so skilfully that he is not far behind other children in knowledge and happiness. But see the difference in pagan Africa, as shown by this story of a little deaf and dumb boy, from a missionary paper :—

"He was a miserable little creature, not more than three years of age, and was without clothes of any kind. The cruel father was whipping him to make him stand straight. The child was deaf and dumb, and for this reason he was being sold, because his parents thought that he could not be of any use to them.

"No one would bid for the child, and he was about to be put to death when the missionary came up and asked the father how much he wanted. He said six pounds of salt. The missionary readily gave it, and took the child away.

"He sent the boy to one of the mission schools, and he is there to-day, a bright and promising pupil, learning of Jesus, whose name brings happiness to childhood wherever it is known.—"Forward."

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