

MIGHT AND MERCY BOXES.

Read Before One of the Mission Circles When the "Might and Mercy Boxes" Were Introduced and Distributed

"I have always understood that one should know something about one's subject in order to speak well on it. When our President asked me to introduce these boxes to-day I thought it would be well for me to know my subject, so I got a box, punched a hole in the top, and started to live with a 'Might and Mercy Box.' I can assure you I have had an interesting time and I will warn you right here not to start out too liberally or you won't have money left to buy bread and butter for your family. The days are so full of mercies, if we only see them.

Now this is somewhat personal, but here in this church, we are like one big family, sharing each other's joys and sorrows, so you will understand.

I thought I must have a new dress, as this one was getting too warm. I went to my closet and discovered a perfectly good blouse,—by just getting enough for a skirt, I have a dress. I might have had to buy a new one, so something for the box!

The back yard was full of clothes almost dry, when we noticed rain almost here. I ran to one end of the yard and my husband started at the other,—just in time we had them in. It dropped rain and soot all night and most of the next day,—some coppers for my box for the dry clothes, and some for a good husband who was willing to help.

A load of coal came the other morning and I thought, dear me, a dirty cellar to clean! But when I went down, the wind had blown in one window and sent the dust out at the other, so with very little rapping, the place was clean,—a few more coppers.

A visit to the freight yards to ship parcels, which usually takes a long time, was accomplished in five minutes, leaving time for rest before dinner, so a few more cents.

You invite some of your husband's relatives in to dinner, and isn't it a mercy when everything turns out well!

A beautiful Sunday morning one might ride, but a lovely walk and a ticket for the box!

I am not sick, but suffer quite a bit from that tired feeling, (you read about it in the papers.) The moment my children get home at night, I am free and dare not enter the kitchen. Isn't that worth a little!

A visit to the hospital,—what a mercy I was not there! Of course, some day I may have to drop in a few coppers for good nurses and doctors, but I'd rather be on the outside.

A little in the Box for a good cake recipe, by Katherine Kent of the Globe, which brought me some credit.

Now these boxes are not very large, and we do not expect to have the first emptying until January, so when yours gets full, just put the whole box into a larger box, and be sure to glue the lid on, so you will not be tempted to borrow from the Lord."

GUNGA, THE RUN-AWAY BOY.

He was born a Brahmin, this little Orissa boy, and wonderful were the ceremonies celebrating his birth, and 12 years later—just 12 years—he was married, and equally wonderful were those ceremonies. For a year after this he went to the village school, and soon knew all the teacher could give him. But he wanted more. He wanted to be an educated man, learning English and Sanskrit. He was hungry for knowledge. He coaxed and begged his father to send him to another school, but just think of it, his father, though perfectly able, would not do it. So what do you think Gunga did? He ran away. Send to 66 Bloor West, Toronto, and get "Gungardah Rath" (15c) and see what happened to the boy.