

Lord for all His benefits towards me?" and on the top: "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."

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

"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 am thankful for one thing, anyway, and that is I've got you."

"Your first contribution," demanded May merrily, and taking the nickle 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 house-keeper likes to see them, 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 warmly.

"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 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 criticise, 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 as ushers at the church, and although she objected a little at first, I was surprised to see how eager she grew to be at every meeting, and to stay them through. At last the closing service was to be held. Even I, who had doubted if foreign missions paid, and wondered how near home charity could keep and still be charity, even I was filled with wonder at what God had wrought; an enthusiasm that surprised myself.

I was superintending the finishing touches to the supper-table, and my darling May was flitting about arranging some dainty vases of chrysanthemums, and putting a few in her belt. I thought she never looked so bright and beautiful, never seemed so dear.

"Blessed child!" I thought, "she little knows that I put a \$5 bill into that box this morning—one I had been saving up for a new bonnet—just because I was so thankful for her, that I had her all to myself;" and what made me think of it especially was seeing those young missionaries the night before, standing up before us all, so bright and cultivated, so graceful and attractive. How could their mothers let them go? So I said: "If I never was thankful before, I am this time, to think that May isn't one of them, and here goes that \$5 into my thanksgiving box." As this ran through my mind, I saw May come towards me slowly, a great light in her dark eyes, and a look of intense longing in her upturned face.

"Mother," she said, with a little catch in her breath, "mother, can you put me in your thanksgiving box?"

I felt myself turning to stone, but making a desperate effort said: "Child, what do you mean?"

"Mother dear," she said, "I mean it. I believe that I have heard the call to go; that I'm needed. I am young and strong. I have my music and my voice—and there are so many to help at home. I believe I am truly called in His name, for I have prayed and prayed and asked for light—and, dearest mother, can you put me in your thanksgiving box?"

In my anguish of soul I called upon God, and a form of love seemed to stand beside me, saying: "Fear not, the child is given to me." A hush of peace came over me, and I kissed her softly. Our dear friends came in to supper, and in a strange inner stillness I got ready and walked beside my darling to the meeting, where in a simple way

she offered herself and all her bright young life to foreign work.

As the days went by I proved many a promise. My strength was as my day. May was to go soon to Persia with some returning missionaries. She was much needed there in one of the schools. Meantime we shopped and sewed and planned. Letters were put in here and there among her things, to be opened on certain dates for a year or more to come. Mysterious packages, too, for all the holidays. May said she believed it would be the first time in her life she would have a Fourth of July present. As we passed out of the store one day, talking cheerfully, I was accosted by Mrs. Brown.

"You do seem mighty chipper," she said, for a person who is going to send her baby off to the cannibals, or just as bad. Any one would think she was just going off to get married, by the way you take it."

"O Mrs. Brown," I managed to say, "If I was marrying her off to some rich or titled foreigner, you would think it all right that I should be proud and glad. How true it is that

'To God we give with tears;  
But when a man like grace would find,  
Our souls put by their fears.'

Mrs. Brown shook her head and said, "some folks have queer notions," and passed on.

The pleasure and the pain of that preparation were over all too soon, and it was only the strength made perfect in weakness that sustained me daily until the last glimpse of that sweet face faded in the distance. As I entered again the home sitting-room, now so bereft of its chief beauty and joy, I walked reverently to the thanksgiving box, and with a silent prayer for help put into it my largest offering.

"That," I said, "is because I am so thankful that God let me have a missionary all my own."

Dear mothers, if you have sons and daughters that God does not call to go from you to serve Him, put in your thanksgiving offering for that; but if you have those that hear the Spirit call, "Come from home and friends," and who answer, "Here am I, Lord," still put in an added offering—for "Verily I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting."—*The Advance*.

## Facts and Illustrations.

A SLEEPY Christian and a dusty Bible are generally found close together.—*Ram's Horn*.

OVER the door of the post office in Hong Kong is carved in granite this quotation from the Bible: "As cool water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

THIRTY-TWO languages are spoken on the streets of Singapore, and in that city may be found spacious rooms occupied by the British and Foreign Bible Society. In these rooms are to be found an abundant supply of Bibles printed in each of these thirty-two languages.

HAVE you a heavenly experience day by day? An old Scotchman was once asked if he ever expected to get to heaven? "Why, mon, I live there," was his emphatic reply. If we have no experience of the heavenly places before we die, we never shall have afterward.

A GERMAN boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here it goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

THE highest court in India has decided that minors may be baptized and even received into the houses of missionaries, provided they are intelligent and are acting of their own free will. This is a victory for Christianity, in India. Before this decision a minor was obliged to remain under the control of his legal guardian whether he desired to remain or not.