

## WAYS AND MEANS.

## A STORY OF A MISSIONARY BOX.

FROM THE CHURCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

IT was Sunday afternoon, and the service at one of the churches in the town of A—, having concluded, a large congregation, composed chiefly of young people, might have been seen issuing from its gates. They had just been listening to a missionary sermon, and the necessity of sending out more laborers in the work had been most urgently and affectionately brought before their notice.

Jessie and Willie Browning had been among the most attentive listeners, that afternoon, to their good vicar, and now, as they walked homewards, they earnestly discussed the ways and means by which they might further the good cause.

"We must ask mamma," said Jessie, as they reached their house, "to let us have a missionary-box."

"Yes," answered Willie. "Let us go and find her at once; I think she will be in the dining-room."

So thither they repaired, and soon told the kindly-looking lady, sitting there, all about the vicar's sermon, and how he had begged that every one should have a Church missionary-box in their house. "And oh, mamma," concluded Jessie, "will you let us have one, so that we can help to send missionaries to the poor heathen?"

Mrs. Browning hesitated a little. She was loath to damp the children's zeal, and yet did not see her way clear just then to increase expenses in any way; for things were not going so well with her husband's business as formerly, and times did not seem to be brightening. "You know, Jessie," she said at length, "your father subscribes a guinea every year to the Church Missionary Society, and I am afraid, as things are, we should not be justified in giving away more in that direction at present."

"Oh, but, mamma," exclaimed Willie, "the vicar said we must not give up the idea of having a missionary-box because we could not afford to put much into it, but that we must try to be regular with the little sums we do put in."

"Yes," added Jessie eagerly; "he said if every one in the house would just put in a halfpenny a week regularly, it would make up a nice little amount at the end of the year. He told us of a family of six who do this, and they always have 13s. in their box certain, besides what friends sometimes drop into it."

"You know, mamma," said Willie, "papa gives us both threepence a week for pocket-money, and we have made up our minds—if you will let us have a missionary-box—to put in a penny each, every week; and then if you will give a halfpenny, and papa a halfpenny,—O mamma, do please say 'Yes!'"

Mrs. Browning smiled. "If," she said, "you are content to have a missionary-box on these terms, I can't see that I have another objection left; but

I will give you a penny a week, and I think I can answer for papa doing the same."

"Oh, thank you, dear mamma," exclaimed the children in great delight, and kissing her many times. "Now we can go to the vicarage to-morrow, and get one."

And so it was arranged; for Mr. Browning entered into the scheme most willingly, being much pleased that his little son and daughter should so early develop an interest in so important and interesting a cause. So the missionary-box was brought home in triumph, and placed on the drawing-room table, where its quiet presence suggests to visitors that even small contributions would be acceptable should they be disposed to give them.

Jessie and Willie also interested the cook and housemaid so far in missionary concerns, that they both promised one penny a month to the box; and you will be pleased to hear that when it was opened at the end of a year by their good vicar, the sum of £1 3s. 8d. gladdened the eyes and hearts of the young collectors,—and though many years have passed since then, and the brother and sister are happily settled in homes of their own, they have never—since that memorable Sunday—relinquished the habit of keeping a Church missionary-box. Dear children, how many of you have boxes?

## THE BAKED BIBLE.

Did you ever hear of the "baked Bible?" There is a German woman living in Ohio who owns a Bible having a remarkable history. It belonged to her grandmother, who lived in Bohemia at a time when there was a great persecution by Roman Catholics. This woman was a faithful Protestant and dearly loved her Bible; a law had been passed that all the copies of the Scriptures found in the hands of the people should be burned. The day when the priests came to search this woman's house she was just preparing bread to bake. She took her precious Bible, wrapped it up carefully, put it in the centre of a great batch of dough, and placed the whole in the oven. Of course the priests never dreamed of searching in loaves of bread, so the book was saved. It came out of its hiding place uninjured, and now is more than one hundred and fifty years old.

A poor little newsboy, while attempting to jump from a city car the other afternoon, fell beneath the car and was fearfully mangled. As soon as he could speak he called piteously for his mother, and a messenger was sent to bring her to him. When the bereaved woman arrived, she hung over the dying boy in an agony of grief. "Mother," whispered he, with a painful effort, "I sold four newspapers and the money is in my pocket." With the hand of death upon his brow, the last thought of the suffering child was for the poor, hard-working mother, whose burdens he was striving to lighten when he lost his life.