

laden blast which swept in nearly extinguished the lamp.

A rough voice called out: "Here's a box for you, neighbor. Send out your boy to help me bring it in."

Leonard ran out, and they brought in together a large wooden box, which seemed to fill the little kitchen. Mr. Hall, a tall stout man with shaggy hair and beard, stood by the stove, warming his hands, while streams of melted snow ran from his clothes, and stood in puddles on the clean floor, and said: "I was at the station, you see, and the freight agent told me there was a box for you, asked me to tell you, and I says to myself: I'll take it to him. Parson Wellwood's done me many a good turn, and here's a chance to pay him back. So here 'tis, and I must be going."

They thanked him cordially, and he rode on to his home, two miles farther.

"Couldn't we open it to-night?" pleaded Lucy, but Leonard had already rushed for a hatchet, and in a moment the cover of the box was off.

On the top lay a letter which said that Mr. Wellwood's old parishioners of the church of the Holy Comforter, sent the box as a slight token of the deep affection which they yet bore him. His eyes and those of his wife were wet, but the children's impatience brooked no delay, and the thick paper was removed, displaying piles of useful and beautiful articles. First, a handsome heavy overcoat, the sight of which caused Mrs. Wellwood's eyes to overflow, then a warm flannel dress and jacket for the mother, a suit of clothes each for Leonard and Bertie, and sufficient soft cashmere for the three girls. Below were flannel under-garments of all sizes, piles of woolen stockings, shoes for everyone, warm hoods for the female portion of the family and fur caps for the males, mittens and gloves, a silk quilt, thickly wadded, bearing the autographs of the ladies of the parish, several late magazines, a few new books for which Mr. Wellwood had vainly longed, a bound volume of the *Youth's Companion* and a copy of *THE LIVING CHURCH*, the label of which showed that it would continue coming for a year.

They had all exhausted their exclamations of wonder and delight, and were silent, when Lucy drew from the depths of the box, a square package, marked, "For the children's Christmas." It was put away unopened, and then Leonard handed his mother a tasteful writing desk, bearing her name. She opened it, and found it stocked with plentiful materials for writing: paper, postal cards, envelopes, paper wrappers, and stamps, while among them lay a crimson silk embroidered bag, which when opened, disclosed four shining golden eagles.

The value of the gift can only be realized by those, who like the Wellwoods, have known

what it is to be in actual need of essentials. The mother's eyes brimmed over and glittering drops fell upon the shining coin. The father raised his hand, and solemnly said: "Let us pray."

Among the scattered treasures of the box they knelt, and every heart echoed the words of the General Thanksgiving, with the special clause for those to whom "late mercies had been vouchsafed." After the Lord's Prayer they rose from their knees, and if the ladies of the church of the Holy Comforter could have seen the grave thankfulness on the four faces, there would have been no question among them whether the sending of missionary boxes is advisable.

I say to thee, Do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street,—

That he and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubts and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadow vain,
That death itself shall not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
That dreariest path, the darkest way
Shall issue out in heavenly day;

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

—Archbishop Trench.

"WORK enough at home? There will be more work at home if we don't take hold of missions more in earnest. . . . Christianity is nothing if it is not missionary. *Your* Christianity is nothing if it is not missionary."—*John A. Broadus*.

THE *London Record* says: Archbishop Benson's book on Cyprian has been published. There is a double interest in it. This picture of the brilliant orator, the man of letters and the man of wealth, who in middle life left all to follow Christ, rebuked the laxity and self-pleasing of the Church in his own age even as it does in ours. The lessons of Cyprian's times in regard to projects of reunion demand the careful reflection of this other age. Nor could the witness of Cyprian against the untenable claims of Rome—a witness unshaken by Rome's strenuous endeavors to obscure its meaning—be more appropriately restated than just when her pretensions have been signally rebuked in the face of the world