

fit from the Lord, you're one !' an' Mary she cried when I said it.

"So, when the day come, I said I was goin' too, an' I left the i'nin' an' we went off together, an' there was singin' an' everythin' jest as there always is, only it was all new to me, an' every one seemed as glad to see me as if I'd ben as rich as any of 'em, an' at last it come time to open our boxes. An' I brought mine an' I says : 'Mis' Stapleton,' I says, 'if ever there was a mean feelin' woman come to missionary meetin' I'm the one ; for I've been a-keepin' count of my mercies at a cent apiece,' I says. 'It's all cents in there, 'cept one five cent piece that means somethin' special to me. An' I wouldn't let myself put in more,' I says, beginnin' to cry, for when I begun to find out what I had to be thankful for, I says to myself, 'Mean you'd oughter feel, an' mean you *shall* feel ! You'll jest finish up this here box in the way you begun !' 'An' here't is,' I says, 'an' every cent is one of the Lord's mercies.' So I set down, cryin' like a baby, an' Mis' Stapleton she began to count with the tears a-runnin' down her own cheeks, an' before she got through we was all cryin' together, for there was three hundred and fifty blessed cents in that box, not countin' the little five cent piece, that nobody knew what it meant.

"'An' now,' says I, 'give me another box, but, for mercy's sake, don't let it have that motto on it, for I believe it'll break my heart !'

"So they gave me this one, with 'The love of Christ constraineth us,' on it, an' Mis' Barnes, that was the minister's wife then, she prayed for us all, about havin' thankful hearts an' lovin' the Lord for what He's done for us, an' I went home with the new box, that's standin' there on the shelf, an' life's been a different thing to me since that day. Mis' Malcolm, my dear, an' that's why that missionary box is worth its weight in gold."