

had enough to eat and drink and to dress respectably, though this last had not been accomplished without much thought and care on her part, and various pinchings known only to herself.

Self denial had seemed to be the keynote of her life the past year; her sky had been rather gray than sunny; her atmosphere rather chill than warm. Not that she made any moan over her self-denials and deprivations. It was all done cheerfully, and no one was the wiser for it but herself. Still, in thinking of this thank-offering meeting, she had wondered just a little for what special reason she should bring her small gift. She could hardly help contrasting her condition now with the luxury by which she had been surrounded a few years ago before her husband had lost his property in an unfortunate speculation. She wondered a little fully if the conditions would be fulfilled if she should bring her offering out of a general feeling of gratitude that things were no worse with them than they were.

Both she and her husband were systematic givers out of their penury, as they had once been out of their abundance; so this extra gift, small as it was, was at the price of a large self-denial. It would represent her shabby bonnet worn through another winter, without the refurbishing she had hoped to give it, when it had seemed almost too bad to last out the previous season. Still she was warmly interested in mission work, and gave it gladly, only wishing that it was more.

The secretary read on, while she sat half-listening, half-thinking. Soon her attention was arrested by the reading of this:

"For the many pleasant little things that have fallen to my share this year, \$2."

Other notes were read; remarks were made; the meeting closed, and Mrs. Stanton went thoughtfully home, the words, "For the pleasant little things" ringing in her ears. She wondered if she had always taken note of her own pleasant small things as they came to her. She feared not. Looking back in the light of this thought she could recall numberless little acts of kindness from others to herself that had sweetened her life, and for which, though she had been grateful to the givers, she scarcely remembered to have raised her heart to Heaven in gratitude. She resolved to be on the look out hereafter.

Even as she meditated the bell rang, and going to the door there stood little Elly Hale with a bunch of roses in her hand.

"Aunt Elly sent mamma a big box of roses to-day—so many she can't use them all—and will you please take these?" said the little messenger, the child of a wealthy

neighbour and a sister in the Church, and one whose thoughtful kindnesses were nothing new in the household.

Mrs. Stanton kissed the little maiden, and sent her home with thanks. Then she buried her face in the flowers with childish delight. She loved beautiful things, and often had to take herself to task for her vain longings for them. But now there was a feeling almost of awe mingled with her pleasure as she remembered again the "little things," and how soon her thought had been responded to. She finished her preparations for supper with a light step, pausing often to look at the flowers and inhale their fragrance as she passed them. They brought a glow to her heart which was reflected in her face, and which her husband and children caught as they sat down to supper.

Before she went to bed that night she inscribed an envelope: "Thank Offering for Pleasant Little things," and dropped a nickel in it for the handful of roses.

The next afternoon as she sat mending Willie's jacket, Mrs. Dodd came in with the *Forum* in her hand.

"Here is an article," she said, "that I thought you might be interested in, so I brought it over to read with you."

The article was read and discussed. Both women received some new ideas, some inspirations to better living, and parted feeling heartened and uplifted by the pleasant hour. That night another nickel bore the first one company.

"Did you know," said Mr. Stanton, one evening, "that Mrs. Floyd slipped on the icy side-walk this afternoon and broke her ankle?"

"No! Is it possible?"

"It is a bad injury, and the doctor says she will be confined to the house for months."

"How dreadful! What if it had been I? I was out this afternoon too, but I did not slip and break my bones, Ought I not to be thankful?"

So thankful that a twenty-five cent piece in the envelope that night put the nickels quite out of countenance.

The next day she went down town to get a much-needed cloak for May. She had priced cloaks a few days before, and the very cheapest she could find that would be at all serviceable was \$12. It was a large sum to take from their slender income, yet this was one of the "must haves," or May would be obliged to leave school. When she arrived at the store she found that this particular line of cloaks had been marked down that very morning to \$10, which she joyfully paid and that night deposited a coin in the envelope.

A day or two later little Elly Hale