

STORIES FOR WORKERS

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Stories for Workers by Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott

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EMILY ELIZABETH STEELE ELLIOTT

**STORIES
FOR WORKERS**



"I CAN'T FIND ANY."

STORIES FOR WORKERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"COPSLEY ANNALS," "I MUST KEEP THE CHIMES GOING,"

ETC., ETC.

With Twelve Illustrations.

SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, 54, FLEET STREET,
LONDON. MDCCCLXXIII.

THE following "Stories for Workers" appeared originally in the "Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor." In view of a too prevalent tendency to surface-effort and surface-giving, they were put forth with the belief that even children may be led to realise that the motive, rather than the amount of missionary endeavour, is chiefly to be regarded; the foundation in love to Christ, rather than a large display of results.

It was judged by some friends of the Church Missionary Society that it might be desirable to collect the stories now selected for republication in a permanent form. With the hope of their carrying to the children of homes which they have not hitherto entered a message of reminder and encouragement, this suggestion has been followed out in the little volume now presented to the reader.

August, 1872.

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MY MISSIONARY BOX AND I.

I.

HOW I OBTAINED IT.

HEN I was about ten years old, a great event occurred in my life. I was given a room to myself. It was not by any means a large one. On the contrary, it was exceedingly small; but then I was exceedingly small too; so that, all things being considered, we suited each other very well. How well I remember my first taking possession of it!

The tiny bed, the small table and chair, the little chest of drawers, on which stood the minutest looking-glass that I have ever seen, and the view from the window of the great sea tossing and tumbling up the cove at the bottom of the garden, with a sort of congratulation on my new dignity in the voices of the waves. How well I remember the grown-up feeling with which I hung my watch (it had been given me on my last birthday, and cost sixpence) by the side of my bed, before I went to sleep, and pretended to myself that it was real, and would go; and my awaking and lying in bed repeating to myself the lines I had learnt the week before in the school-room—

“I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.”