

THE MESSENGER.

[For the 'Messenger.'
Rob's Tithe.

A STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

(By 'Saloma'.)

'A penny earned, a penny saved,
A knowledge of true living,
An every day content that comes
Through gaining and through giving.'

This is a New Year's message for the boys and girls of Canada from School Savings Bank Card No. 1. Now is the time for new resolutions: Begin the New Year with a determination to save and give.

'It can't be done,' do you say.

Oh, yes, it can, and as a sample I will now give you the experience of a boy who was born in the Province of Quebec.

'Mamma, I do want a velocipede. Won't papa buy one?'

The mother paused in her hurried work of undressing baby, and glanced sympathetically at the earnest, questioning boy of six years.

'I don't think papa can buy you one now, Rob. You had better pray about it.'

'How, mamma?'

'Ask God for one.'

Forthwith Rob began to pray in his usual matter-of-fact way, and in the petition for that wonderful velocipede, Bevis, a younger brother, joined him. Two were agreed, but 'faith without works is dead,' and the weeks lengthened into months, the months into a year; still no velocipede. Spring came, with marbles and velocipedes en masse. Oh, it was so tantalizing to see the boys go flying by on their three-wheeled chargers. One evening, after the little men were tucked into bed, and baby was being hushed to dreamland, Bevis asked:

'Mamma, will we have velocipedes in heaven.'

'We will have everything we require to make us happy. I would not like to say that you would not have a velocipede, for I do not know,' was the reply.

'Oh, well, then, we can just fly down the golden streets,' and, pleased with delighted anticipation, the brothers were wafted away to a beautiful wonderland, where they performed unheard-of feats of skill.

Their mother had been reading a story, and somehow the lessons learned from it were taking definite form. This tale—perhaps you have read it—is entitled 'The Pocket Measure,' and was written by 'Pansy.' Together with this recital of the tenth-giving of a young couple she had read an incident of a famous millionaire who adopted, when a boy, the biblical method of paying our debt to the Lord.

'I would like to do it,' she thought, 'but how can it be managed. However, if impossible with the senior members of the household, why not try the system of beginning great reforms with the little ones. The mother has in a general way the entire control during the tender seedtime.'

'Rob,' she said, the next time she paid him his immense allowance of two cents a week for carrying in the wood, 'you had better save your money and try to work as well as pray for that velocipede.' Rob's faith was growing weak, and sometimes even hopeful Bevis said, 'I don't believe God is ever going to send it.'

'If I were you, Rob,' continued his mother, 'I would save those two cents until I got ten; then put nine away for the velocipede and put one in this little silver-lined box that came with aunt's wedding-cake in it. You can call it "God's box," and the money will be your tenth-money to give for His work. The boys listened very soberly as

she told them about the Bible plan of paying what we owe. They were both well up in Bible history, as their father almost always spent his entire Sunday evenings in telling them its stories, so Abraham and Jacob were familiar characters. The truths and promises in connection with tithe-giving were willingly accepted and put into practice. Previous to this Rob had always spent his coppers at the nearest candy store, and he, like all small boys, dearly loved to humor his small stomach in this particular. You see his mother was not sufficiently versed in what W. C. T. U. women call 'Hereditry and hygiene,' or she would have taught him more wisely about 'the house his little soul lived in.'

However, he began to save and get ready to give. It took five weeks of self-denial before his first cent went into the tenth-box, and nine were gathered for that dearly desired velocipede.

Weeks slipped on; then there was a companion cent of 'God's money,' and eighteen cents toward the one thousand required for the prize. Then another one, and nine added to be hoarded. Fifteen weeks of trial, self-denial and steadfastness of purpose in a boy of seven. God honored him, and in a very every-day way. One morning Mrs. Romaine, a new neighbor, sold her cow, and with Beauty went the delicious milk which her mistress prized so much.

'I must have some of your cow's milk,' she said to Rob's mother. 'I never could abide milkman's milk. Sell it to me, won't you. Rob can carry it over. He is such a little old man; Mr. Romaine and I always say how trusty Rob is; such a conscientious child! How is it, anyway?'

'Born so, I suppose,' replied his mother.

'And be sure you pay him a cent for every day. I'll pay you at the end of each week.'

Mrs. Romaine was famous as a business woman. She always had the last cent, and gave it, too; a delightful sort of a neighbor, so Rob's mother declared, for she realized intensely 'the rights of property.'

So Rob went into the milk business. His velocipede money took a bound forward, and with it the tenth money. Prospects began to brighten, interest grew deeper, and steadily grew the pile. One day during the summer holidays one of the partners of a firm with which Rob's family was connected came in abruptly to his mother, with this request:

'The message boy has skipped out. Let me have Rob a while; he knows every house in town, and can easily deliver the telegrams. I'll see after him when he is not out on his trips. You can have him home early in the evening, so it won't interfere with his bed hour; it's twenty-five cents a day.'

A wonderful rise, wasn't it, boys, and the fun of the thing is, this isn't a 'pretend story'; it's a 'really one,' and every mite true.

Of course, Rob was eager to go. It was his first little flight from the home nest, but then his mother always trusted her boy. Away he went, and earned plenty to buy his velocipede and a pair of snowshoes as well. He hadn't asked God for the snowshoes, but that is one of the surprises our heavenly Father keeps for us. He gives us more than we deserve.

'Where did the tenth money go to?' did you ask.

It went away to help to support a school which was started by a lovely lady from Switzerland. She could not begin with a big school for poor boys and girls, so she started one in the attic of a little French cottage. Now, there is a great big boarding-school and ten churches as the result

of her endeavor. Just here I want to give you a little text to remember: 'Despise not the day of small things.'

'Did Rob go on tithing?'

Oh, yes, and it worked its way all through; first the house, and then his Father's business.

Before I finish this true story I must give you one more incident in his life.

One time when he was an infant a relative put some money in the bank for him. After he had become a tithe-giver, when he was about twelve years or so old, he came to his mother one day and asked seriously:

'Mother, was that money of mine in the bank tithed?'

'No,' she replied. It had often occurred to her that it was not, but she thought, perhaps selfishly, that it was too much to ask of her boy.

'Well, I would like to tithe it. Will you give me work to do and pay me, so that I can do it?'

'Yes. If you'll sew carpet-rags I'll give you five cents a pound, and pay you for the chores you do as well.'

He assented, and went seriously to work to earn the desired amount. He washed dishes, helped to get breakfast, made fires, swept and made beds; anything or everything he was asked to do until the amount was earned. Then it was sent away to help the same school to which his first tithe had been sent. Odd things happen in this life. To-day he is in that very school himself, and at present is paying his own expenses with money he has earned. It is called an 'institute' now, and has clever men and women as teachers, while the beautiful lady from Switzerland is gone from this life, to that where, in all probability, she is a 'ministering spirit' sent out to do greater things for her Master.

Now, boys, and girls, too, I have told you this little story in order to try and create an interest in the department of saving and giving in connection with our Woman's Christian Temperance Union. In another letter I will tell you how Bevis interested his mother in school savings banks, how they are instituted, and a little history of their progress across the sea and line.

Save Your Pennies.

(By Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer.)

Save your pennies, boys, you'll need them
In your business by-and-by.

Leave extravagance beneath you
As you climb life's ladder high.

Money grows. Whene'er you have it,
Plant it nicely in a bank.

When you find how it increases,
Friendly counsel you will thank.

With the mossy growth of interest
You can do some generous things;
And the good deeds will uplift you
Till your souls are touched with wings.

Stoop to naught that makes you poorer.
Shun the wily cigarette;
And tobacco's train that follows
You'll rejoice you never met.

There are highways broad to evil
Through the mists of smoke and drink;
But the clear road is the best road.
Always plan to stop and think;

Then go on with glad endeavor,
Counting gains of strength each day;
Knowing only in God's sunshine
You can make life's travel pay.
—W. C. T. U. Leaflet.