

"He then told her his conversation with Mr. Brown, and concluded by asking her to consent to the two purses—one for the house and one for God, the latter receiving at least one-tenth of all they possessed.

His wife seemed to hesitate. She thought, "The children need new clothes, and there is my silk dress getting quite shabby, and besides we need so many other things; but yet, if my Father sent His only Son to die for me, how can I refuse to do all I can for his house."

"Well, Herbert, said she, "if you think it is right I shall not hinder you."

And thus it came about that in Herbert's house there were two purses—one for him and his wife and one for God.

It need scarcely be said that no happier man entered their chapel that morning.

At least one-half the struggle was over, and he could commit the rest to God.

In the chapel all seemed to go well. The people had no idea of their impending loss. The sermon was one of great power on the subject of cross-bearing, and concluded by an elegant reference to the grand army of conquerors around the throne,—those who stand in white robes on the banks of the river of life.

The congregation then sang, "Shall we gather at the river." Herbert joined as usual, but when he came to the verse,—

"On the margin of the river,  
Washing up its silver spray,  
We will walk and worship ever,  
All the happy golden day,"

he paused. "Silver spray," he thought! Is there not silver spray required on earth as well as in heaven? A treasurer's thought, no doubt, but to him a very suggestive one; and in view of it he beheld that stream of worship which makes glad the city of our God flowing along the banks and channels of outer forms, with the waves of divine music leaping in gladness, and the willing offerings, like so much silver spray, telling of the gladsome billows which rolled beneath.

In the church meeting, after the service, there was a strange hush, like to that before a coming storm. The minister rose and, in a few broken sentences; told them he could preach no longer, because the church funds were not enough to meet the demands, and it preyed so upon his mind that he must give up. His words fell as a thunderbolt among them. They could not bear to lose him. It took them by surprise, and all said they were prepared to do something to keep him. But what could be done? When all were silent, Herbert rose and told them the history of his own change of mind about money, explaining the nature of the two purses, and the weekly offering, and urged them, one and all to do as he had resolved to do.

There was little difficulty. In fact the plan seemed so fair and simple to every one that they could not object, nor did they. They loved their minister. In fact they were to a large extent ignorant of how matters stood, for although there was a periodic reading of accounts, they had such unbounded confidence in their deacons, they thought little about money matters.

Loving their minister, no one said, "He has too much, for he has more than I have;" no one spoke of "being taxed for free gospel," nor trembled for their "voluntarism." They felt it an honour, and act of worship to give, and each member resolved to have two purses, and the whole church agreed to the offertory table as an altar of thanksgiving to the God of all grace and goodness.

From this day a new era dawned upon the church. No doubt there were some who opposed it, some who thought there should be no money given except to the poor; but these were met with the plain statement of the New Testament that "they that preach the gospel should live of the gospel."

Some, also, thought the table too public, because no one should know who gives; but they forgot that they publicly paid their pews. In general there was perfect satisfaction with the change, especially when the income became double, and a higher spiritual life entered into the church.

The family feeling grew stronger—the social household and God's household were more firmly united—self-denial became more common—giving was now regarded as a privilege, a luxury twice blessed, and ere long that God, whose is the earth and the fulness thereof, and who is honoured by the offerings of his people, did pour out "such a blessing that there is not room enough to receive it."

Not long after this Herbert was in the city and again met Mr. Brown. This time he was cheerful enough and scarce waited for the customary salutations ere he began to tell what a wonderful change had been wrought by the two purses and the table altar.

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "has your minister got another place?"

"No," said Herbert, "and I hope never will. Why, he is like a new man. He preached well before, but you should hear him now. The whole church is alive with a new life; all our current expenses are easily met; we have doubled our mission collection; the deacons rub their hands and smile with gratitude, and we feel that "old things have passed away, and all things have become new."

"Well done," said Mr. Brown, "I told you how it would be; and in future if any church asks you how to scare away the armed man of poverty, who has strangled so many good works, send them to Dr. Brown or tell them of his famous cure, called,

TWO PURSES,

AND

THE WEEKLY OFFERING TABLE."

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper).

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—Some of you may be reading the missionary story which is now being published in the *Baptist*. We are apt to forget other heathen nations because our own mission is in India. I am sure you would all be interested in parts of this story about the earnest missionaries who were working and suffering for Christ in that far-away island. Perhaps mamma will tell you some of the ways and customs of the heathen there if the story itself is too old for you. A young man from one of the sandwich islands was brought to this country to be educated, after he had learned to love Christ. One evening he spent in a company where a lawyer who was an infidel tried to puzzle him with difficult questions about the Bible. At last Hopu replied "I am a poor heathen boy. It is not strange that my blunders in English should amuse you; but soon there will be a larger meeting than this. We shall all be there. Only one question will be asked us then, namely: "Do you love