

lars for missions last year, and you laid up a thousand."

"Well, if I manage to save something, that's my own business. If I am more saving than other folks, who but myself should be the gainer?"

"Say, rather, that if God has blessed you with more means than others you are under greater obligations to Him than others are."

"You always go against me, Cynthia. Suppose I gave all that you and the parson think I ought to give, who knows if the money sent to the mission cause ever reaches its destination?"

"Amos Parker! are you not ashamed of yourself? I never thought that I would hear you bring forward such an excuse."

"Why not? Money has been kept back, and once in a while we hear of it. Who can tell how often it happens when we don't hear of it?"

"Will you please tell me of any investment that is perfectly secure against loss? Yet you do not lock up your money for fear of losing it. Now I calculate that if a man wants to invest his money where it will bring him a large interest he will do well to lay it out in the cause of Christ. 'There is that scattereth, yet increaseth: and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.' Poverty in this life is bad enough, and while I would pray to be delivered from it, I would pray much more earnestly to be delivered from poverty in the life to come. You spoke about laying up money for your old age. You may not live to be old, and then you will not need it; but if you lay up your treasures in heaven you will surely need them sooner or later."

"I'll warrant that I give more for missions than Deacon White does, and he is a richer man than I am."

"That does not prove that you have done your whole duty. I suppose a man might get along without paying anything if he were mean enough. Indeed, I have heard of a man who was recommending religion in a meeting, and he said by way of argument, 'Religion is a good thing and it does not cost anything. Here I have been a member of the Church for ten years, and it has not cost me one cent.' The minister followed this speech with the appropriate remark, 'God bless your stingy soul!'"

"But, Amos, I was not speaking about giving to our own Church, though you

give less than you should. You ought to do more for the support of missionary work. We don't realize the privations and needs of our own home missionaries. Even if we give to the best of our ability we do little in comparison with those who leave home and friends and brave hardships and dangers to proclaim the Gospel of Christ."

Mrs. Parker spoke very earnestly, and her husband's manner softened as he replied,—

"Well, well, Cynthia, If you feel so badly I suppose you must have two dollars to give to the mission cause this year."

His wife brightened a little, then said, "Look here, Amos, I want you to multiply that two by five."

Amos Parker shook his head, saying, "No, no, Cynthia; now you are going beyond all bounds."

"All bounds of what, Amos? Not the bounds of your ability, not the bounds of Christian love, not the bounds of the Church's need, and certainly not beyond the bounds of the command, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.'"

"Since you quote that text, Cynthia, I must say that I think the support of foreign missionary work more binding than the support of home missions."

"Well, give to both, We are able. Let us not deceive ourselves by proposing to substitute one duty for another, and then, perhaps, neglect both. Give me ten dollars for home missions, and then give to foreign missions just as much as your heart prompts you."

"No, Cynthia; you ask too much. Why are you so unusually anxious to give this year? I can't understand it."

"I will tell you why. I have had my eyes opened. The day before mother died we talked of the duty of giving. 'Cynthia,' she said, 'do you remember how you used to grudge your pennies to the missionary box?' I smiled; and she went on, 'How is it now, that you can give dollars instead of pennies?' I winced a little, for I had paid almost no attention to your contributions. She saw my embarrassment, and she said, 'I fear you have forgotten what I tried to teach you. I am sorry that my words did not make a more lasting impression. I gave the little I had, and gave it cheerfully; but, my child, as I lie here I feel both sorrow and shame because I did not do more for the cause of Christ. Yes,