

## Canadian Girls in Training

### GIVING

#### From a Girl's Viewpoint

When this subject was assigned to me, I had no convictions regarding it nor any ideas, and I was ashamed to find that I, Helen Carter, almost seventeen years old, must begin at the very beginning.

A few days after our last meeting, I was in the city, and going along one of the main streets, I saw two small girls standing on the sidewalk, the older one holding a baby in her arms. Just as I reached them, a lady passed them with a beautiful bunch of lilacs in her hand. Both children gazed in admiration, then the "Little Mother" said to the girl beside her, "If that lady had given those flowers to me, I would have given half of them to you."

Wasn't that beautiful? That poor child had nothing to give her friend except a generous thought, and I, with a yard full of lilacs, had never thought of giving a cluster of them away. How small and unworthy I felt beside that little girl.

When I got home I went out to the yard and stood beside our lilac bushes, and they never looked so beautiful to me before. I picked a cluster of them and took them next morning to Martha Holt. Her mother does our washing. You know Martha has hip disease. Well, she was so pleased that again I felt ashamed that I had never thought of such a small service before. When she limped out of the room to get some water I noticed a missionary mite-box on the little table beside her crochet work. "Martha Holt," a poor crippled girl, whose mother takes in washing to support herself, has a mite-box!" I said to myself, "Helen Carter, get out your pocket-book quick before she comes back, and put every dime and nickel you possess into it." I wished for the moment that it was a thousand dollars, but it was all that I had left of my month's allowance. There was another little box beside the other, with just Malachi 3:10, on the cover, and when Martha came back I said, regardless of politeness, "Martha, what have you in that little box?"

Martha blushed a bit and said, "Oh! that's my tithing box. When I get any pay for my crochet, I put a tenth of it in that box."

When I reached home that morning I did some thinking. I got my Bible and read Malachi 3:10.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the store house, that there may be meat in my house, and prove me now herewith, said the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Then I got a box and wrote that whole verse on the cover. There is nothing in it yet, because I haven't a penny to my name, but there will be some soon. I wondered why I had not thought of it before.

Two weeks later, I received a letter from my cousin Adele. Every sentence spoke of happiness, and I knew that something good had come to her. At the close of the letter she wrote simply "Dear Helen, I have given myself to the service of Jesus Christ."

A panorama of all that might involve flashed before my vision. Then suddenly a new light dawned upon me. I not only saw Adele with that motto but I felt it was the right one for everyone. I was a professing Christian. Why should I not give myself to the Master for service?

"Giving: from a Girl's Viewpoint!" I have evolved three viewpoints.

First—To give thought for the good and happiness of others.

Second—To give one tenth of all my money to the Lord.

Third—To give myself for service."

No discussion came after Helen's paper, but a hush fell upon the little company, and in the prayer that followed, the leader thanked God for the experience that had come to Helen Carter, and besought Him that as rich an experience might come into the lives of all the girls who had listened to her words of consecration.

When the roll call gave opportunity for each to respond, the first girl who spoke, moved that giving from the standpoint of Helen Carter be recommended for every member of the "Learn To Do Well Society," and the motion was unanimously adopted.

—Adapted from "Giving" by Janette Hill Knox.—The Missionary Monthly.