

'The "Messenger" is far superior to anything I know of for the Sunday School.'—W. Ruddy, Toronto, Ont.

How Much Ought I to Give?



W. CHESHIRE

—'The Light of the World.'

'Give as you would if an angel
Awaited your gift at the door;
Give as you would if to-morrow
Found you where giving was o'er;

Give as you would to the Master
If you met His loving look;
Give as you would of your substance,
If His hand the offering took.'

—Source Unknown.

An Operation.

A clergyman in a beautiful country village received a call one night from a parishioner. 'Will you go to Indianapolis for me?' he asked. 'We have decided to send Johnnie there for an operation. We have received encouragement that he may yet be made to see.'

Johnnie had been born without sight, and now a little lad of six, bright and sunny, and hardly realizing that he lacked anything to make life happy, he was facing a future of darkness, little hope having till now been given to the parents that anything could be done for his eyes.

'Go with my wife and Johnnie,' said the father. 'I cannot go; I dare not go. But

stay with her till it is over, and either rejoice with us or comfort us, and send me word as fast as the lightning can fetch it.'

The minister went, and stayed with the lad while the oculist, not over confident, began his work, and till at last, with a thrill of triumph in his tone, he said, 'That boy will see!'

The glad wire tingled with the message to the father, and the minister, with the overjoyed mother, retired to wait for the time when the bandaged eyes could bear light enough for a first look at the beautiful world.

At last came the notification of the expected test. In the dimly lighted room the mother and the minister stood breathless while the doctor carefully raised the shade.

The little lad, overwhelmed by the sudden possession of a new sense, cast a bewildered look from one to another of the three.

'Johnnie,' said the minister, 'this is your mother?'

The little arms went up and clasped her neck, the happy boy verifying his new sense by those already tested; and caressing the loving face that he saw leaning above him, he cried, 'O mother! Is this really you, or is it heaven?'

It was indeed like a glimpse into heaven. 'I felt,' said the minister, 'as if I had witnessed something of the glad bewilderment of a newly translated soul in its first sight of the face of our Heavenly Father.—'Youth's Companion.'

A Ride With the Deacon.

My deacon's name we will call Smith; he had also been elected superintendent of the Sunday-school; he could talk well and pray well. The deacon met me at the station with his 'one-horse shay;' we were to have a long ride over the prairie together; the only ears beside our own hearing the conversation were those belonging to 'old Neddy,' the horse, who continually turned his 'auricular appendages' toward us, seemingly very much interested in what we were saying. I venture the opening remark of our talk:

'So the elder has resigned.'

'Yes,' said the deacon, 'we couldn't raise enough money for him.'

'What's the trouble?'

'"We're all poor on this prairie."'

Just then we came to a farmer leaning over the fence. His question to the deacon was:

'What's wheat worth at the station today?'

'"Dollar and a quarter for number two,"' answered the deacon.

After a few questions concerning their stock, corn, oats, etc., the easy-going horse was exhorted to 'Get up.' Resuming our conversation, I asked:

'Have you a pretty good wheat crop this year, deacon?'

'Yes, a very fair crop, about twenty-five bushels to the acre.'

I then carefully put the question: 'You haven't used all your land for wheat, have you?'

'O, no, I put in sixty in wheat and the rest in oats and corn.' This occurred after last year's harvest.

I again carefully inquired: 'Are most of the members of your church farmers?' and quietly took my memorandum-book and pencil from my pocket.

'Yes, they are mostly farmers; there is Bro. C., who keeps the village store, and Bro. A., who owns the mill, and several others who are not farmers.'

I jotted down the deacon's sixty acres of wheat, with twenty-five bushels to the acre, and soon figured the amount of money the old gentleman would receive for his wheat alone, and found it amounted to \$1,875. I then asked the deacon if he knew about how many acres of wheat his neighbors had, and learned that Bro. D. had eighty, Bro. E. seventy-five, Bro. F. one hundred, Bro. G. sixty,