

Professing christians treat God's cause as they treat no other. Their sorely begrudged dribblets are wrung from the heart by custom, impulse, shame, or by like despicable principles. Do you pay your taxes thus?—no, of course not.

From Metis to Sarnia the cry is, "Oh, this pulpit beggary." Friend, enter your closet and read what Paul saith, alone with God. Drink in its spirit, act its consecration. There, alone with God, settle accounts with God. As the eye of God rests upon your heart, and scans your income or substance, then and there, honestly consecrate your cents or dollars. Were christian liberty made conscience work of, what a blessed change. Were every one at stated periods thus honestly to meet with God, would they dare to offer that trifle,—would it not be doubled, trebled? verily it would. Dare to have a stated day, whether weekly, monthly, or yearly, to let conscience and God settle your duty. Then joyously you will meet God and man with heart profit in the sanctuary.

But if you object to such a Sabbath exercise, we remind you that in olden time some began the Sabbath on the previous night. You admire the "Cottar's Saturday night," no doubt, then amid the hallowed memories of that night, consecrate to God. Around the family altar review weekly blessings, and then with gratitude lay by in store.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive;" then, if love prompts, you will give from principle statedly, yea liberally, as you have never even dreamed of.

You see that old and rich farmer there. Yes. What about him? This fact. On a Sabbath, years by gone, his whole study during sermon was, would he give one copper or nothing to the collection. The Sabbath after, his duty was taught and felt so plainly that he gave a whole shilling; and well he might. Were the knowledge of duty studied prayerfully alone with God, it would revolutionize our giving.

Our mission work can never assume proportions worthy either of our numbers or wealth, until we give from principle, until we dare on the Sabbath to have conscience, means and duty, judged before God. Think of the little sister church of Nova Scotia, her missionary spirit, her consecrated sons hastening to fill the place of her martyred dead.

No wonder that so many dislike to hear money mentioned from the pulpit. Conscience remembers Ananias. It whispers shame upon that kept back, that unfelt, that unconsecrated trifle. Ah, that neglected closet, when that door is never opened, self reigns supreme; pulpit begging is denounced, anything to God is grudged, it is lost money, it is thrown away. Stop, not so fast. "Nothing done for Christ is ever lost," no, never; it may be lost from your ken, but it will be found at least on the shore of eternity.

Amid the quiet of Sabbath hours, we have time thoroughly to consider God's claims and our abilities. Then, amid Sabbath solemnities, selfishness may be more easily conquered; then, gratitude may prompt to something like honest liberality. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

On the first day of the week, go then for one hour alone with God, freely examine God-given prosperity, your duty, and we would say from experience that you will return a more honest and a more liberal christian.

BRANTA.