

long and are covered with all kinds of mysterious figures. Some Japanese are inclined to think that there never was such a person as Benke, but it often happens that when they go up to this mountain and see these foot-prints they are persuaded that there was. No doubt they thought he was so strong that he could plant his feet in the rock as a little boy plants his feet in the mud.

Now we ought to help the people of Japan to get out of these strange beliefs, and the only way is, to teach them about our Saviour and His Church. All children should help in a work like this and save some of their money to help missionaries. But they should give more than their money. They should give their prayers that God would pour down upon all people that do not know Him the precious light of His Gospel truth. We trust and pray that as civilization is driving away the "jinrikisha" as a means of travelling, so the missionary may be able to drive away the heathen shrine, and in its place put the Christian temple, where the truth as it is in Jesus may be faithfully and fully preached.

HOW TO DO IT.



COLORED church with 200 members, held a society meeting to consider the question of finances, which greatly troubled them. They had the free use of the church building, and some white friends paid for fuel and light; so all they had to raise was enough to pay the preacher.

The meeting was under charge of a thoughtful white brother, who let them get just as happy as they could from eight o'clock until ten, and they had a Hallelujah time. Feeling ran high, shouts of glory rang out, and everything was heavenly. By-and-bye he called them to order and organized for business. The first thing in order, after opening prayers and other preliminaries, was the preacher's report. He reported \$300 for the year's work. Everything was very quiet. The leader asked why they did not shout now. One old saint answered that he didn't see anything to shout about. For his part, he was ashamed to think they had shouted so well, and paid so poorly. "But then," he said, "we're all poor, you know." "Yes," answered the leader, "I know you are all poor. But you could do better than you have done, if you will go about it right. Do you want to do better?" Every one responded "Yes!" "Well," said he, "I'm going to show you how you can raise \$2,500 this year."

The look of surprise and consternation on the face of his audience was too much for the good brother's gravity, and he had to laugh. It was well that he did, for the congregation laughed too at his huge joke, as they thought it.

"But," he resumed, when they had recovered from the shock his statement had given them, "although I laughed, I am in dead earnest about it. You can raise \$2,500, and you must raise

\$1,000, or quit professing religion when I am around." Then pointing his forefinger to the leading brother who could sing the longest, shout the loudest, stamp the hardest, and jump the highest of any of them, he asked, "Brother John, how much do you spend a week for tobacco?" Brother John's jaw fell. But he pulled himself together, and managed to stammer, "I'll have to reckon." All right," said the leader, "I'll help you a little. "Don't you think you average 50 cents a week?" Yes, he thought he did. The sisters liked the onslaught on tobacco; but he turned to their side of the house and pleasantly inquired, "Sister Susau, how much do you spend for candy and sweet things, peanuts and other trifling notions?" Sister Susan was helped to say as much as fifty cents. "Now," said he, "I must show you that there is wasted in needless self-indulgence as much as twenty-five cents for each member, for you are all grown folks, and that makes just \$60 a week, or more than \$2,500 a year. You have only to deny yourself a paltry ten cents a week, each of you, to have \$20 every week, or over \$1,000 a year, and here you have been getting happy, and starving your preacher on \$300. "Now, what are you going to do? Keep on spending your money on foolishness, or bring it into God's treasury?" It was a new thought to them, but as the light shined, they consented to walk in it, and begin that hour. So Brother John started and laid down his quarter, and Sister Susan laid down hers, and the rest followed, and so paying and praising, the meeting went on gloriously, and that church learned a lesson it never forgot. They found how to do good. When they saw that they could, they gladly said that they would, and they did, and had plenty of money in the treasury after that memorable meeting.

Let young Christians settle the matter with God and their own hearts how much they owe to Christ and their poorer brethren; and let them appoint a treasurer who shall receive the money saved from needless self-indulgence. This money will soon accumulate, and form a fund of such dimensions, that memorial buildings for Christian work can be erected in the crowded parts of the city, and great good would come to many. Let some such system be adopted at once; so shall God be glorified and your souls abundantly blessed.

Twenty-five dollars will start a Sunday School in the West. Ten children giving one cent per day for one year, amounts to \$36.50, thereby being able to start a school with a surplus, for extra books, of \$11.50.

Ten cents a day, Christian smoker, will build a church in ten years at \$39.50 per year, with ten years' interest.

I WILL answer for it, the longer you read the Bible, the more you will like it; it will grow sweeter and sweeter; and the more you get into the spirit of it, the more you will get into the Spirit of Christ.—*Romaine*.