

THE EASIEST WAY OF GIVING.

The New York *Observer* speaks as follows with regard to raising money for religious purposes.

As the result of thirty years' experience in the matter of giving and raising money for religious purposes, we conclude that the main difficulty in bringing out the resources of the Christian Church, is at the very point that would be met by tithing. Thousands give almost nothing, not from niggardliness, but because their incomes are absorbed in legitimate expenses. Even the poorest would learn lessons that might relieve their own poverty, by making the tithe a voluntary offering. Those beginning to prosper, would be prevented by tithing from becoming victims of the lust of accumulation. Rich men by tithing would learn how insignificant have been their contributions, and would be induced by shame to tithe again and again, until their gifts were more like those who gave all except their mere living.

It is said that the rich would take advantage of the tithe to limit their liberality. We do not believe it. But we know that if we could develop among the rich a conscience that would not rest with less than a tenth of their incomes devoted to religious uses, the increase of the resources of the Church would be at once enormous. There is scarcely a church in the land that would not have a suitable support, and something to spare for others, if all those who are interested in its prosperity would devote conscientiously one-tenth of their yearly receipts to its treasury.

We do not advocate the Levitical tithe as binding under this dispensation. We do maintain, however, that its use in the old dispensation, and many other associations, make it an excellent, appropriate, profitable number to assist the individual and the Church in an effort to fulfil an extremely difficult duty—a duty in which the individual Christian and the Church at large are sadly deficient. Let every one who reads this and objects to the tithe on the ground of its being too great or too small, test the matter practically.

THE DYING BOY AND THE LOST SHEEP.

Many years ago I was engaged in work for the Lord in a remote district in Ireland, a wild mountainous region, and was asked to visit a boy who was dying.

Entering a little hovel, I saw him lying on a heap of straw.

"My poor boy, you are very ill; I fear you suffer a great deal."

He replied with difficulty:

"Yes, I have a bad cold; the cough takes away my breath, and hurts me a great deal."

"Have you had this cough long?" I asked.

"O, yes, a long time! near a year now."

"And how did you catch it?"

"Ah, he answered; 'it was that terrible night—about this time last year—when one of the sheep went astray; my father keeps a few sheep upon the mountain, and that's the way we live. When he reckoned them that night there was one wanting, and he sent me to look for it.'"

"No doubt," I replied, "you felt the change from the warmth of the peat fire in this close hut to the cold mountain blast."

"O, that I did! There was snow upon the ground, and the wind pierced me through and through; but I didn't mind it much, I was so anxious to find father's sheep."

"And did you find it?" I asked, with increasing interest.

"O, yes; I had a long, weary way to go, but I never stopped till I found it; and I just laid it on my shoulder and carried it home that way."

"And were they not all at home rejoiced to see you when you returned with the sheep?"

"Sure enough and they were! Father and mother and the people around that they heard of our loss all came in next morning to ask us about the sheep; for your Reverence knows that the neighbours in these matters are mighty kind to each other. Sorry they were to hear that I was kept out the whole dark night; it was morning before I got home, and the end of it was that I caught the cold."

Wonderful! I thought. Here is the whole gospel history: the sheep is lost; the father sends his son to seek for and recover it; the goes willingly, suffers all without complaining, and in the end sacrifices his life to find the sheep.

Reader, you are lost; but Jesus has died to save the lost. Has the Good Shepherd found you? He is seeking you, and if you seek Him you shall find Him.

Tenderly the Shepherd o'er the mountains
cold

Goes to bring the lost one back to the fold;

Seeking to save!

Lost one, 'tis Jesus seeking to save.