

The Crime of Doing Nothing.

THE story has been told of a soldier who was missed amid the bustle of a battle, and no one knew what had become of him; but they knew he was not in the ranks. As soon as opportunity offered his officer went in search of him, and, to his surprise, found that the man during the battle had been amusing himself in a flower garden! When it was demanded what he did there, he excused himself by saying: "Sir, I am doing no harm." But he was tried, convicted and shot. What a sad but true picture this is of many who waste their time and neglect their duty, and who could give their God, if demanded, no better answer than: "Lord, I am doing no harm."—*Times of Refreshing.*

Seven Ways of Giving.

1. **THE CARELESS WAY.**—To give something to every cause that is presented without inquiring into its merits.
2. **THE IMPULSIVE WAY.**—To give from impulse—as much and as often as love and pity and sensibility prompt.
3. **THE LAZY WAY.**—To make a special effort to earn money for benevolent objects by fairs, festivals, etc.
4. **THE SELF-DENYING WAY.**—To save the cost of luxuries and apply them to purposes of religion and charity. This may lead to asceticism and self-complacency.
5. **THE SYSTEMATIC WAY.**—To lay aside as an offering to God a definite portion of our gains—one-tenth, one-fifth, one-third, or one-half. This is adapted to all, whether poor or rich; and gifts would be largely increased if it were generally practised.
6. **THE EQUAL WAY.**—To give to God and the needy just as much as we spend on ourselves, balancing our personal expenditure by our gifts.
7. **THE HEROIC WAY.**—To limit our expenses to a certain sum, and give away all the rest of our income. This was John Wesley's way.—*Dr. A. T. Pierson.*
We might add—
8. **THE DIVINE WAY.**—To give ourselves. That was Christ's way.

What Africa is Noted For.

AFRICA is remarkable for its deserts and for its system of lakes. Our great lakes in America are supposed to be the largest in the world, but the lakes of Africa measure within one thousand miles as much. That country is remarkable for its great rivers—the Nile, the Niger, the Zambesi and the Congo. At its mouth and for some miles up its course, the latter is 900 feet deep, while our own great Mississippi is only 200 feet deep. The Congo flows into the sea 300 miles before its waters are lost in those of the ocean, and for nine miles out it is fresh water. Africa is remarkable for its mountains, and some of them are so high that they are snow-capped even under the equator. It is remarkable for its population—two hundred millions at least, and perhaps fifty millions may be added to this figure. And there is connected with this the solemn fact that a vast majority are heathen or Mohammedan. It contains Egypt, one of the oldest, if not the oldest, organized nation on earth. Carthage, with her cannibals, is now the Berber nation. Stanley, in his great explorations—one of three months, one of fifteen months and one of three years—never saw a single person who was not a heathen or a Mohammedan. Through the interest taken by the nations of Europe in this great continent God has opened the way for the possible teaching of Jesus Christ to all Africa.—*Missionary Review.*

REPLYING to the old question, "Why go to foreign lands when there are so many heathen to be evangelized at home?" *Missionary Tidings* says: "There is this difference between heathen at home and those in foreign lands. The former are, in a very large measure, heathen from choice, while the latter are heathen of necessity—they know no better."

Our Young Folk.

The Sum of It All.

THE boy that by addition grows,
And suffers no subtraction,
Who multiplies the things he knows,
And carries every fraction,
Who well divides his precious time,
The due proportion giving,
To sure success aloft will climb,
Interest compound receiving.

—*Dr. Ray Palmer.*

Two Visitors.

WHAT a cosy room, with its soft carpet, graceful draperies, snow-white bed, pretty pictures, dainty knock-knacks, and little library of choicest books!

A bit of fancywork and the latest magazine lie upon the table beside the precious Bible. The easy-chair beside the pleasant window says invitingly, "Take a seat." Your own room, dear girls, and I am so glad you have it. Our Father is very good to you. Your life is full of love and beauty.

Let us suppose, now, that the door slowly opens; a Chinese girl hobbles in, and timidly laying her little, brown hand upon yours, says: "Big sister, I am a heathen, with a hungry, hopeless heart. I live with all the family in one little bare room of mud; I pick the cotton and spin it; in a dark, damp cellar I push the shuttle back and forth, working the loom with aching feet; I turn the heavy stone that grinds the grain; I pull the old stalks for fuel; I cook the rice and embroider; I eat my rice, smoke my pipe, light the incense, and lie down upon a brick bed.

"They have betrothed me to an old man, as his 'No. 2 wife.' I never saw him, but I must soon go to him. I fear him and his 'No. 1 wife.' My heart is afraid to live, and I have not courage to die. I do not ask for your pretty room or beautiful things. Only lead me to Heaven's gate, and tell me how I may find the Christ who said, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.' I will go back uncomplainingly to this dreariness and drudgery, if I may only have a ray of hope and a song of faith."

Could you carelessly push away the clinging fingers, turn from the pleading face, and thoughtlessly say, "I am not interested in you; I never did care for the heathen?"

Ah! I know very well what you would do; and I imagine that, as you came to kneel beside the white bed at night, you would be the happiest girl in town, and thank God for the great privilege He had given you this day.

Or, suppose a Hindu six-years' child comes to you in her desolate widowhood, saying: "I was betrothed to a sick and feeble man. They say the gods were angry with me, and so they took him away to punish me. My jewels and playthings have all been torn away, and I have only coarsest sackcloth to wear; one scanty meal each day must suffice; the lowest slave in the family, I am despised and cursed by all.

"I do not want your lover, your jewels, your fine clothes, or dainty room. Only tell me where I may find the One who said, 'Suffer the little ones to come unto me.' Tell me of one friend who will love and pity me."

Could you say to such a one: "I am a member of the Epworth League, I belong to the King's Daughters, I am a Sunday-school teacher—in fact, I am such a busy Christian I have no time to tell you where you may find the Christ?" Oh, no, dear girl, you would never say it. I know right well how quickly you would take the little one into your heart, and gladly tell her of the wondrous love of our Saviour. I heard Dr. Parker say there are 10,000,000 of child widows in India under ten years of age! They say that for every one of us trusting in Christ, there are many heathen women! You would pity and help one if she came to you. What will you do with the millions? Will you go, or send?—*CLARA M. CUSHMAN, in Heathen Woman's Friend.*