

CHAPTER IX.

STEWARDSHIP.

SOON it will be addressed by our God to each one of us, "Give an account of thy stewardship,"—not only how we have dispensed his silver and gold, but fragments of time, and the talents He has given us. He who "loveth a cheerful giver" taketh notice of him who walketh these busy London thoroughfares, and condescendeth to search into the sore sorrow of some poor hungry wanderer, and leave him not till he is placed under care.

Millions of broad acres lie yet untilled, needing only hands to place the seed-corn in. Shall these thousands of young lives perish for want of the means to transport