

An' all footed up, gives for  
them Boards in a year \$5,800,000

"Now," says he, "that's system; an' it doesn't make it heavy for nobody. An' it gives all we want. Why, last year the hull sum given them Boards was only \$1,956,499, an' that includes the large gifts of rich men, an' a good many legacies," says he. "But this plan," says he, "would give more'n twice as much, an' no legacies counted. The legacies could come in, an' so could the large gifts of the rich people; but this is what we'd do ef we could all be somehow got pullin' together. An' it does seem so easy. Nobody'd give more'n \$50 a year, an' a hull 100,000 would only give a cent a week. It's worth tryin' for Amariah. It's worth tryin' for."

Well, I confess, it seemed jist so to me. We're pretty humble people to start a plan for the hull church; but figgers is figgers, an' business is business, an' ef this plan is once tried, I don't believe we should ever go back on it. If General Assembly'll take it up, an' the Finance Committee'll push it, an' an' the churches'll all go into it, it'll go. An' things'll begin to git reg'lar; an' the treasury'll be full; an' there won't be any more debts, and nobody'll be inquirin' any more whether the Presbyterian Church "means to give up Furrin' Missions?" It'll be done so easy, too, that we shall find our givin' a pleasure, an' as the Lord loves a cheerful giver, I'm sure we should hev his blessin'. I'm greatly interested, therefore, in Kiah's idee.

### THE SEVEN-DOLLAR THIEF.

A traveller on his journey meets a robber in the woods. "Give me your money," cries the highwayman, "or I'll shoot you."

"It may be," thinks the traveller, "the man is in want;" and he generously gives him six dollars. "Take this. God bless you! Farewell."

"Stop! stop!" cried the robber. "I see another dollar, and I must have that."

"Oh sir," cries the traveller, be content. Of my all—seven dollars—you have got six, and I have only one to help me on my journey."

"Give me that seventh dollar," cries the robber, drawing his pistol.

What do you think of the robber? Is not he the meanest thief you could conceive of? What do you suppose is his name? Sabbath-breaker.

### PROGRESS IN VICTORIA'S REIGN.

Indications of progress in many directions during the lengthened period of her Majesty's reign are being recorded as *apropos* of the Jubilee week. Here is a good specimen:—More than fifty islands in the Pacific have been reclaimed from idolatry and superstition. On the island of Hawaii alone have been recovered 4,500 souls from a savage type of false religion. Over 90,000 Fijians now gather regularly for Christian worship, who fifty years ago feasted on human flesh. Less than fifty years ago, missionaries were persecuted cruelly, and the Bible was destroyed in the island of Madagascar. To-day the Queen of that island and 200,000 of her subjects are ranged on the side of the Cross. Fifty years ago there was not a native Christian in the Friendly Islands. Now there are 30,000. On the Western Coast of Africa there are over 100 organized congregations, whereas all was heathen darkness fifty years ago. In Sierra Leone 50,000 civilized Africans worship the God of our fathers. Two thousand miles of seacoast have been wrested from the slave trade, and the Bible and the school have been substituted for the slave pen. And so the same good work may be said to be going on in Persia, Hindustan, Japan and China. —*Sel.*

### MAKING CHILDREN HAPPY.

There is no better test in the world to apply to a household than that of whether the children in it are truly happy—happy in their association with their parents, and happy with any chance company under the roof. The household in which this is not the case is a melancholy, a fairly tragic failure. Perhaps the highest achievement of civilization, refinement, education and religion is a home in which an at once loving and reverential relation subsists between children and their fathers and mothers, children and the familiar and welcome guests of the house.

The *Mission Field*, speaking of the erection of four new chapels in the Anglican mission in Madagascar, says:—"In each case the people have done almost everything themselves. The cost of erecting these churches would be from thirty to fifty dollars (a cost commensurate with the simplicity and poverty of the people), and the greatest amount of aid given in any case was not over five dollars."