

six hundred odd, well. Yet I promised Annie. What shall I do with my money? Shall I build a church with it? for the matter of that I suppose I have enough to build a dozen. Or shall I give to an hospital, or to that fellow who advertises so about sending children to Canada? Poor little beggars! It is one comfort I have some money to leave, but it will be precious hard to decide what to do with it, and it is hard enough to spend money well. Poor Annie, I wish she could help me, but in those days we never had any money to leave. When one was always in debt, it was wrong to give money away. Well, here's for the Bible; where shall I begin?

(To be continued).

For PARISH AND HOME.

#### CHURCH DEBT AND MISSIONS.

A HANDSOME church with a heavy debt may appear in the eyes of men a fine sight, but what must it appear in the eyes of God who sees how Christian effort is hampered by this heavy burden of debt? The cause of foreign missions, so dear to the heart of the Saviour is always the first to suffer, and next domestic missions, as it is hard for the congregation to get their minds on anything outside themselves. The great debt is a great stone wall of separation from the rest of humanity.

In illustration of this we find a member of a handsome Presbyterian church, which it is proposed to move, deliberately suggesting that if the efforts of the church were turned from outside to its own congregational work, in a few years the debt of \$25,000 would be paid off.

We do not recommend any church to try this risky experiment, for by an inevitable law of God that living thing or person, or congregation, which becomes entirely self-centred, which takes in but never gives out, must very soon feel the stroke of death.

F. H. D.

#### SAVAGES SUBDUED BY A HYMN.

WILLIAM REYNOLDS, an earnest and successful Sunday school worker, tells the following story, which he heard from the lips of the missionary himself:

"Rev. E. P. Scott, while labouring as a missionary in India, saw on the street one of the strangest looking

heathen his eyes had ever lit upon. On inquiry, he found that he was a representative of one of the inland tribes that lived away in the mountain districts, and which came down once a year to trade. Upon further investigation he found that the Gospel had never been preached to them, and that it was very hazardous to venture among them because of their murderous propensities. He was stirred with earnest desires to break unto them the bread of life. He went to his lodging-place, fell on his knees, and pleaded for Divine direction. Arising from his knees he packed his valise, took his violin, with which he was accustomed to sing, and his staff, and started in the direction of the Macedonian cry.

"As he bade his fellow-missionaries farewell they said, 'We shall never see you again. It is madness for you to go.' But he said, 'I must preach Jesus to them.'

"For two days he travelled without scarcely meeting a human being, until at last he found himself in the mountains and suddenly surrounded by a crowd of savages. Every spear was instantly pointed at his heart. He expected that every moment would be his last. Not knowing of any other resource he tried the power of singing the name of Jesus to them. Drawing forth his violin he began with closed eyes to sing and play—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all."

"Being afraid to open his eyes, he sang on till the third verse, and while singing the stanza,

"Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all,"

he opened his eyes to see what they were going to do, when lo! the spears had dropped from their hands, and the big tears were falling from their eyes.

"They afterwards invited him to their homes. He spent two-and-a-half years among them. His labours were so richly rewarded that when he was compelled to leave them because of impaired health and return to this country, they followed him for thirty miles. 'O missionary,' they said, 'come back to us again! There are tribes beyond that never heard the Gospel.' He could not resist their entreaties.

After visiting America, he went back again to continue his labours till he sank into the grave among them. Who would face such dangers but a soldier of the Cross? Missionaries are often the bravest men on earth. Such invincible courage blended with the love of Jesus, will yet conquer the world."  
—Selected.

#### IF MOTHER WOULD LISTEN.

If mother would listen to me, dears,  
She would freshen that faded gown,  
She would sometimes take an hour's rest,  
And sometimes a trip to town.  
And it shouldn't be all for the children,  
The fun, and the cheer, and the play;  
With the patient droop on the tired mouth,  
And the "Mother has had her day!"  
True, mother has had her day, dears,  
When you were her babies three,  
And she stepped about the farm and the house,  
As busy as ever a bee.  
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,  
And sent you all to school,  
And wore herself out, and did without,  
And lived by the Golden Rule.

And so, your turn has come, dears,  
Her hair is growing white;  
And her eyes are gaining the far-away look  
That peers beyond the night.  
One of these days in the morning,  
Mother will not be here,  
She will fade away into silence;  
The mother so true and dear.

Then, what will you do in the daylight,  
And what in the gloaming dim:  
And father, tired and lonesome then,  
Pray, what will you do for him?  
If you want to keep your mother,  
You must make her rest to-day;  
Must give her a share in the frolic,  
And draw her into the play.

And, if mother would listen to me, dears,  
She'd buy her a gown of silk,  
With buttons of royal velvet,  
And ruffles as white as milk.  
And she'd let you do the trotting,  
While she sat still in her chair;  
That mother should have it hard all through,  
It strikes me isn't fair.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

#### A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

HELEN CHALMERS, the daughter of the noted Scotch divine, lives in one of the lowest parts of Edinburgh. Her home consists of a few rooms in an alley surrounded by drunkenness, poverty and suffering. Every night she goes out into the lanes of the city with her lantern, and she never returns to her quarters without one or more girls or women she has taken from the streets. The people love her, and she is never molested or insulted.—Selected.