

say nothing at this point. But since John invites it, we will turn our eyes upon that other book. It is John's little vest-pocket cash-book. Under the date of July 4, 1896, we read as follows:—

To horse and buggy	\$3.00
" ice-cream	50
" lemonade	20
" boat-ride	50
" torpedoes	25
" sky-rockets and Roman candles	1.00
" tickets for entertainment	1.00
" lunch	1.50
Present for Sue	3.00

You will observe that the total expenditures for 'glorifying' on the Fourth were \$10.95. The entries were made in John's bold office hand, as though to intimate, 'I had a good time and I don't care who knows it.' Now the following day was Sunday, and we find this modest, retiring entry, shrinking back from observation.

July 5, 1896.

To S. S. Col.01
" Ch. Col.01
" Miss. Col.05
" street-car fare10

Who is this 'S. S. Col.' who thus hides his identity behind two mysterious initials and an abbreviation? Collins, maybe. Nobody to be compared with the Fourth of July, to be sure. And who may be the still more diminutive and disguised 'Ch. Col.'? If it is Charles Collins he has a fashion different from all the Collinses I know. And what sort of personages are he and his beggarly relative, 'S. S. Col.' that they do business on so petty a scale as a one-cent transaction, when the least item on the Fourth of July account is lemonade, 20 cents? The 'Cols.' are something, evidently, that to our John are utterly insignificant, even compared with two glasses of acid beverage with straws stuck in them. Copper is good enough for them, no doubt.

To be sure the next one of this pauper family, 'Miss. Col.' scales up to the nickle valuation. 'Miss Col., 5 cents'; that's equal to half a glass of lemonade, anyway. But who is this 'Miss. Col.'? No one Sue need be jealous of for a second. Just look at it! 'Miss Col. 5 cents'; 'Present for Sue, \$3.00.' Pshaw! speak up and tell us who she is, John; you don't say that—John, John!

Honest John! You don't mean to tell me that those abbreviations stand for the Sunday-school, church and missionary collections on the Sabbath day? You needn't answer. Your drooping head and blushing face tell the story. No wonder you were so chary of your letters in spelling them out. Don't you think, John, that God knows all the abbreviations in the spelling-book, and in yours besides? No; you didn't think at all. That's the trouble.

'Street-car fare' is plain enough; but you didn't bring your office familiarity with percentage to bear there, did you, John? Let's figure on it—it took exactly 142 6-7 percent of that little bit of glorifying your Maker with your substance to pay the freight on it, don't you see? And though the Saturday's glorification rode in a livery rig instead of a street-car, and the freight cost thirty times as much, yet the outlay was over twice the distributing expense.

Now, the point to which I call attention is this. How did that expense account chime in with John's little effusion in his diary on Friday night about wanting to be so transparently honest? A man doesn't need to be as transparent as a watch-crystal for God to look into his soul and see that the world is getting the best end of the bargain with him, when it comes to seven cents against ten dollars and ninety-five cents. If that week is a fair sample of John's finan-

ciering — and I have gone all the way through the book, and am prepared to give further testimony if called for,—instead of a tenth, the Lord didn't get more than a paltry hundredth part of his weekly income. And yet, I want you to turn over another page in the first book, and read what took place after the last collection had been taken up:—

'I stood up with the congregation and joined in the tenor of "Bring forth the royal diadem and crown him Lord of all."'

I wonder what sort of a 'royal diadem' John thought could be made of two copper cents and one nickle, anyway. He didn't think, I tell you, That's John's trouble.

I wouldn't for the world question John's truthfulness, or his sincerity; but I would simply like to get the boy to put these two books together and try by a critical course of cross-questioning to make them tell a story consistent enough not to bring a blush of mortification to his own cheek. That's all. All that is necessary to correct John's habit, and bring him to a calculating, consistent system of honoring God with his means, is to set him to thinking and figuring. Tell him that I said there is no true consecration without calculation.—'Golden Rule.'

A Gift and What Came From it.

(W. L. Barth.)

The following pathetic story was recently told by the evangelist, J. P. Kain, in one of his sermons. It is so tender that it is worth preserving, he said:

'Some years ago, while conducting a series of meetings in Michigan City, I was invited to preach to the convicts at the state prison, situated at that point. I sat on the platform with the governor of the prison, and watched the prisoners march in, 706 men, young and old. They marched in lock step, every man's hand on the shoulder of the man before him. At the word of command they sat down and fixed their eyes on a dead line, a white mark painted on the wall above the platform. Among that large number of convicts were seventy-six "lifers," men who had been committed to prison for life for the crime of murder.

'After the singing I arose to preach, but could hardly speak for weeping. Disregarding all the rules of the prison, in my earnestness to help my poor, fallen brethren, I left the platform and walked down the aisle among the men, taking now one, and now another by the hand, and praying with him. Every heart was melted, and we all wept together. At the end of the row of men who were committed for murder, sat a man who more than his fellows seemed marked by sin's blighting hand. His face was seamed and ridged with scars and marks of vice and sin. He looked as though he might be a demon incarnate if once roused to anger. I placed my arm about his shoulder, and together we wept and prayed.

'When the service was over the governor said to me:—

"Well, Kain, do you know that you have broken the rules of the prison in leaving the platform?"

"Yes," I answered; "but, governor, I never could brook any rule while preaching, and I did want to get up close to the poor, despairing fellows, and pray with them."

"Do you remember," said the governor, "the man at the end of the seat in the lifers' row, whom you prayed with? Would you like to hear his history?"

"Yes," I answered, "gladly."

"Well," said the governor, "here it is in brief: Tom Galson was sent here about eight years ago for the crime of murder. He

was without doubt one of the most desperate and vicious characters we have ever received, and as was expected, gave us a great deal of trouble."

"One Christmas eve, about six years ago, duty compelled me to spend the night at the prison instead of at home, as I had anticipated. Early in the morning, while it was quite dark, I left the prison for my home, my pockets bulging with presents for my little girl. It was a bitter cold morning, and I buttoned my overcoat tight up to protect myself from the cutting wind that swept in from the lake.

"As I hurried along I thought I saw somebody skulking in the shadow of the prison wall. I stopped and looked a little more closely, and then saw a little girl, wretchedly clothed in a thin dress, her stockingless feet thrust into a pair of shoes much the worse for wear. In her hand she held, tightly clasped, a small paper bundle. Wondering who she was, and why she was out so early in the morning, and yet too weary to be much interested, I hurried on. By and by I felt rather than heard that I was being followed. I stopped short and whirled about, and there before me stood the same wretched child.

"What do you want?" I asked sharply.

"Are you the governor of the prison?"

"Yes," I answered, "what do you want?"

"Have you — does Tom Galson live there?" Her voice trembled and broke with repressed tears.

"Yes. Who are you? Why are you not at home?"

"Please, sir, I haven't any home. Mamma died in the poor-house two weeks ago, an' she told me just before she died that papa, that's Tom Galson, was in the prison, an' she thought that maybe he would like to see his little girl, now that mamma's dead. Please can't you let me see my papa? To-day's Christmas, an' I want to give him a little present."

"No," I replied, gruffly, "you'll have to wait until visitors' day," and with that I started on.

"I had not gone many steps until I felt a hand pulling at my coat, while a pleading, sobbing voice cried, 'Please don't go!'

"I stopped once more, and looked down into the pinched, beseeching face before me. Great tears were brimming in her eyes, while her little chin quivered and trembled.

"Mister," she said, "if your little girl was me, an' your girl's mamma had died in the poor-house, an' her papa was in the prison, an' she had no place to go an' no one to love her, don't you think she would like to see her papa? If it was Christmas, an' if your little girl came to me, if I was governor of the prison, an' asked me to please let her see her papa an' give him a Christmas present, don't—don't you think I would say "Yes?"

"By this time a great lump was in my throat, and my eyes were swimming in tears. I answered: 'Yes, my little girl, I think you would, and you, too, shall see your papa,' and taking her by the hand I hurried back to the prison, thinking of my own little fair-haired girl at home.

"Once in my office I bade her come close to the warm stove, while I sent a guard to bring No. 37 from his cell. In a few moments he came, wondering what was wanted. As soon as he was ushered into the office he saw the little girl. His face clouded with an angry frown, and in a gruff, savage tone he snapped out:

"Nellie, what are you doing here? What do you want? Go back to your mother."

"Please, papa," sobbed the little girl, 'mamma's dead. She died two weeks ago in the poor-house, an' before she died she told