

## How Much?

*Chorus words of an address on "The Truth Lesson," by Mr. Anna Wells, at the Christian Endeavor Convention, Coaticook, Que.*

When our ever living Saviour passed away from earthly eyes,  
Sounded forth this great commandment from the eager, opening  
skies:

"Go ye, go ye, teach all nations, boldly teach them and baptize."

So they went, those men anointed with a power from on high;  
So they went, to sneers and hunger, to the mobs vindictive cry;  
Went to suffer racking tortures and triumphantly to die.

All their life was but one purpose, that the life of Christ should be  
Spread abroad among earth's millions as the waters fill the sea,  
So the heroes died, and, dying, left their task for you and me.

Children of the saints and martyrs, with all peace and plenty blest,  
What obedience are we giving to the Saviour's last behest?  
What desire? what self denial, thought, and prayer and eager zest?

In the stead of what the martyrs bore through many a conflict drear  
In the stead of homeless wanderings, bitter fightings, cruel fear, —  
Ah, the shame! — we modern Christians give *just forty cents a year*

Forty cents a year to open all the eyes of all the blind!  
Forty cents a year to gather all the lost whom Christ would find!  
Forty cents a year to carry hope and joy to all mankind!

Worthy followers of the prophets, we who hold our gold so dear!  
True descendants of the martyrs, Christ held far, and coin held near!  
Bold co workers with the Almighty — with our forty cents a year!

See amid the darkened nations what the signs of promise are,  
Fires of love and truth enkindled, burning feebly, sundered far;  
Here a gleam and there a glimmer of that holy Christmas star.

See the few, our saints, our heroes, battling bravely hand to hand,  
Where the myriad-headed horrors of the pit possess the land,  
Striving, one against a million, to obey our Lord's command!

Mighty is the host infernal, richly stored its ranging tents,  
Strong its age encrusted armor, and its fortresses immense;  
And to meet that regnant evil we are sending — forty cents!

Christians, have you heard the story, how the basest man of men  
Flung his foul, accursed silver in abhorrence back again?  
"Thirty-pieces" was the purchase of the world's Redeemer — then.

Now — it's forty cents, *in copper*, for the Saviour has grown cheap.  
Now — to sell our Lord and Master we need only stay asleep.  
Now — the cursed Judas money is the money that we keep.

But behold! I see the dawning of a large and generous day;  
See the coming of a legion; read its banners: "Pray and Pay!"  
And I see the palm of triumph springing up along its way.

These are they of open vision, open purses, open heart;  
Free from mammon's heavy bondage and the serfdom of the mart;  
Where the woe is, where the sin is, come to bear a hero's part.

They have beaten out their coin into weapons for the fight;  
Glow the gold and gleams the silver in this legion of the light;  
Selfishness and sloth behind them, onward now for God and right!

Lift your banners, loyal legion; swell your ranks from every clime!  
All the powers and thrones in heaven strengthen your resolves  
sublime!

Build the kingdom of your Captain on the latest shores of time!

## The Old and the New Christmas Tree.

HERETOFRE the plan of prize giving has been carried to such an extent in many Sunday Schools that every selfish and ambitious instinct of the child and parent has been appealed to, while the generous and preferring-one-another-spirit has been forgotten.

I remember, one Christmas vacation, while the writer was clerking in a book and fancy goods store, a Sunday School committee came in to buy presents for the Christmas tree. I had the whole committee for a customer, and, unlike many

shoppers, they knew exactly how much they wished to pay for each scholar's present. The shopping list was unique—not a list of articles with prices that might be varied— but a list of names with the amount of the collection each scholar had given for the past year faithfully credited opposite his name. Then began the task of finding presents to agree exactly with the various amounts of the collection. Jimmy Brown could have skates, sleigh or magic lantern, worth the \$1.50 opposite his name; Fannie Jones, a splendid story book for 50c. It was a patience-trying, temper-taxing, curiosity-arousing task, and I could not but wonder if Willie Smith would feel neglected when he received his present, value seven cents, and whether he would have preferred, could he have understood the working of the plan for the present, paying seven calls to a little shop opposite the school and enjoying a cent's worth of taffy on seven different occasions instead of the whole seven cents being put into a red tin cup bearing the inscription, "For a Good Boy."

Who has not been at a Christmas tree? Who cannot picture the richly dressed, proud little children (and the prouder parents) receiving the larger presents and the poor receiving the articles of less value (perhaps with no parents present). Poverty and ignorance do not always go together. The children of poor parents may have learned enough Christian truth at the church and Sunday School to enable them to see the selfishness displayed.

We are glad, however, that we are at the end of these prize-giving days. Any school which does such things is behind the times. The plan which our best and leading Sunday Schools adopt is, the giving of all they can from Sunday to Sunday to send the Gospel to the millions of Christless children, and when Christmas comes they have a Christmas tree on which they put all the choicest, most useful and beautiful things they can, not for themselves, but for those who need help, while they sing and recite to the praise of God for His great Christmas Gift to the world.

## Opportunities.

BUT fractions of a wondrous whole are our small lives;  
Within the hollow of God's hand the universe is rolled;  
And every day fresh opportunities unfold  
For us to grasp, and weave influences that lie  
In their completion in bright golden threads amid the web  
of life.  
Sometimes we fail to see them, for our minds with pleasant  
dreams are rife,  
Of good we will do, and these sacred chances slip out of  
our grasp;  
Or else we hold some earthly gain a clasp,  
And pass the eternal, lest our touch should mar its purity.  
And others haste to tend the vines or sow the seeds,  
While anon from our hearts we strive to pluck sin's  
weeds,  
That we may fitter be to serve: With thy blest sanctity.  
(Great Master! touch our lives; in pardoning compassion  
draw  
Us nearer Thee, the source of truth and good, so that Thy  
law,  
Delighting us while journeying on, we'll walk with hand in  
Thine,  
Re-mirroring in daily life the Life Divine,  
That long ago was sacrificed in far off Galilee  
In healing, saving, helping all in need of ministry.

Cobourg, Ont.

IDELL ROGERS.