

"To give as much as you can is the second thing.

"Now you all agree with that, I know, whatever you think of what I have said already or what I am going to say. Everybody shakes his head very piously, 'Oh, yes, we all ought to give as much as we can,' and one would think that we were a set of angels if he didn't do more than listen to us.

"This man has sixteen shillings a week, and he gives as much as he can. 'There's rent, you know, and rates, and they are heavy in this parish; and there's food, and times are hard now; and there's the children, and clothing, and the club. I should like to know what I can give out of that.' So he gives as much as he can, and that is nothing.

"Here is another man getting his thirty shillings a week. He gives as much as he can, certainly. He can't make ends meet on that. He is in debt to everybody—the publican first, and then, of course, to everybody else. Tell me whose name is chalked down on the door of 'The Green Man,' and I'll tell you who owes money to the grocer, and butcher, and baker, and doctor, and by and by to every rate-payer in the parish; for if he doesn't want them to keep him in the workhouse, they'll have to find him a grave, and to bury him in it. He, too, thinks he gives as much as he can—and he gives nothing.

"But here is a gentleman in the receipt of five pounds a week. 'Now,' says sixteen shillings a week, 'you'll get something there.' 'That's the place to go to,' says thirty shillings a week, 'he's a rich man.' 'Well, sir, you think everybody ought to give as much as he can?' 'Of course,' says he, 'of course, Mister Horn, we all ought to do that, you know. But—em—you see a man in my position has so many claims—and he has to keep up appearances, you know—and he must mix a little with society—a little, you know, for the sake of the children'—and—em—well, he gives as much as he can give, and he gives nothing—that is, if he can help it, for sometimes a good customer asks him for a subscription, and his business is obliged to afford what his religion wouldn't.

"But now we shall be rewarded. This is a rich man here. Bless you, he's worth five hundred a year—ten pounds a week. What a pretty place he has! 'Ah!' says sixteen shillings, 'if I were only like him what I would do then?' 'To be sure,' says thirty shillings, 'no man should be wasting his time on us when he can get all that he wants there.' 'He can afford it,' says two hundred a year. So we come before him. Here he is, walking round his garden. 'What a pretty place you've got here, sir,' 'Yes; but it costs me a good deal to keep it up, you know. These things always want looking after.' 'This your dog, sir? a handsome fellow.' 'He ought to be; he cost enough, and it takes a round sum in the year to feed him. But walk in and have a glass of wine; I've got some nice old port.' 'No, sir, excuse me, please. I just called to ask you a question. I have been talking to some folks in the village, and their opinion is that everybody ought to give as much as he can. May I ask you what you think?' 'Certainly, certainly; that's right enough. Everybody ought to give as much as he can. My own case is peculiar, you know. My expenses are so numerous, and there are so many claims, and so much of my income has to go into the business, that I cannot do what I should like to, though I give what I can.' 'Of course; and so he, too, gives nothing. (Then Mister Horn's voice grew sad and solemn in its tones.) And all the time there stands by us the blessed Lord, who gives us sense and strength to get our living; who gives us the food we eat and the clothes we wear. There He stands with bleeding feet and pierced hands, and His brow torn with the crown of thorns. He was rich, and for our sakes became poor. He laid down His life for us. And now He sees us griping and grasping all, afraid of our lives lest He should get a farthing of it! Oh, it is enough to make the angels who cast their crowns before Him weep. And the time is coming when we shall weep about it too, and no hand shall wipe our tears away. The Son of man shall sit on the throne of His glory, and He shall say: 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: for I was a hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in.' 'Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to ME.' Cast him out into the outer darkness—a proper place for a black sin like that! A man for whom the Son of God died, to live heaping himself up with food and clothes, spending everything on his house—perhaps on his dog and his horse—and for the blessed Lord and Giver of all—nothing, or only a mockery that is worse than nothing!

"But, after all, how much one ought to give is a matter that every man must settle for himself. In 'his matter we are not under the law, but under grace. But let a man see to it that grace doesn't get less out of him than the law could get out of a Jew. Surely the son of the bondwoman is not going to be more generous than the son of the free. Heir to all his father's estate—Isaac, the child of laughter—surely he will do greater things than the poor wanderer in the desert. Yet under the law the servant gave a tenth, besides what the sacrifices, and gifts, and offerings cost, and that was more than another tenth. Love is a poor thing if it can't get more out of anybody than the law can. A son is hardly worth the name if he doesn't give a better service than a slave. I think that every man who calls himself a Christian is bound to sit down and think about it carefully—ay, and kneel down too and pray about it, not only look here and there and see what somebody else does. Let him honestly count up what other things cost him, let him count up how much he owes to the Lord for the preaching of the Word and for the means of grace, for the blessed Word and the hope of heaven. Then let him settle what he can give and stick to it, telling the Master what he has done, and asking His help and blessing; for without His help we shall soon slip back again into the old, careless ways.

"And besides that, if a man really loves his Lord at all, he will not only think how much he can give—he will think of this, too; how much he can save that he may give. He will deny himself, and take up his cross, that he may be what the Lord Jesus calls 'rich toward God.' If a man doesn't love with a giving love he'd better hold his tongue about it. There is one kind o' love that John tells us not to

have, and it's a most the only kind o' love that's forbidden—'Let us not love in word, neither in tongue.' You know how God loves: 'God so loved that He gave.' That is His love, and we don't know much about it if we don't love with a love that loves to give. Come, wake up, thou Little-heart, and count up what He has given thee. How much owest thou unto thy Lord? When you had, say, all, and were perishing with hunger, He ran and fell on your neck and kissed you. He brought you home and gave you the best robe, and the ring for the finger, and the shoes for the feet. He had the fatted calf killed for merry-making. Has He not sent His angels to hold you up in their hands? and for you and for me God gave His only begotten Son! And yonder there are the pearly gates, opened for us, and the streets of pure gold, and the fulness of blessing for ever and ever. Oh, canst thou be niggardly to such a Giver?

"To give with the right spirit is the third thing. Not to let a poor relation starve because you want to look fine at the top of a subscription list. Thy money perish with thee, if thou canst play the Pharisee like that! thou and thy giving are like to go to perdition. And you should not give, either, merely because somebody else is giving, and it won't do for you to be behind them—people would notice it. Yes, and there is One who notices such giving as that, and He won't take it as done unto Himself. Remember what the good Book says, 'Not grudgingly or of necessity.'

"Grudgingly! Why, there are some folks I'd as soon kick a beehive over as ask them for sixpence for the Master. You'll set them a-going at once, buzzin' and stingin', and then stop them if you can! They'll give you all the sorrows and misfortunes of their lives, from their teethin' upward, till you'd think nobody ever was so unfortunate. Poor creatures, twenty years ago didn't some man die half-a-sovereign in their debt, and he hasn't paid 'em since, and he professed to be a religious man too! And there was old Mr. So-and-so, they did think that he would have remembered them in his will; but there, what could you expect with such a set about the old man! You'll hear all their grumblings and growlings against everybody in the church and out of it, all the faults and failings of the whole parish. And, after that, very likely they will ask you to go to call again for the sixpence because they must think about it. And when you do call again, they'll have found out some new reason for not giving anything; or else they'll bring you a three-penny-bit with a great sigh, as if they were parting with their first-born. 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.' And no wonder, for 'tis one o' the prettiest sights, and in these parts one o' the rarest, too.

"Now, my friends, I've about done, for I can't either preach or listen to long sermons. If once in your lifetime you've been stirred up to think about this matter of giving I am thankful. And the Lord help us to see our duty, and help us to do it. There's plenty of work for thee to do with thy money, hast thou much or little.

"Eh, my friends! when I think of this poor, poor world—think of the hungry little children—think of the homes stripped bare by want, and of them inside that are ready to perish with hunger, ay, and of them that are hungry and homeless too—when I think of the sufferers that are dyin' for want of money to buy the skill and medicine that could save them—think of the dark souls whose lamps are gone out, and know that money would buy oil for their lamps think of the Bibles it would buy and the missionaries it would send—then money seems to me like an angel of 'God troubleth' the waters to heal poor sick folk, comin' to forlorn mothers in the wilderness and caring for the children, and seemin' to say, 'Fear not, Hagar, the Lord hath heard the voice of the child'—an angel that lifts the poor Lazarus up out of his misery into such blessing and tender service that it is like Heaven to him—that meets the penitent outcasts, and putting them in the way of an honest living, saith, 'Go in peace and sin no more,' like He did whom the angels worship—then I think money 'can go about doing good.' When I think how men scrape and hoard it, I have wept at the picture that has risen before me, as if the angel were chained and fettered like Peter in prison, and hosts in the perishing city are crying to God that it may be loosed and come to them before they die; ay, I've wept as I've thought how often it is a fallen angel—the white robes flung off, and I've seen it come forth with a harlot's gauds and paint, spending herself in noisy riot, corrupting and cursing—she that could have been a white-handed angel of God.

"Yes, money, if we use it rightly, may be a strong right arm in God's great world to help, to defend, to uplift, and to save. But use it wrongly, and it is a strong arm still, to injure, to curse, and to destroy—whose evil deeds shall return and gather with a tenfold greater hurt upon the owner thereof."

(To be concluded next week.)

#### WORK AND PLAY.

And then remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a newspaper, ringing an auction-bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you will look around you, you will see that the men who are most able to work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork, son. It is beyond your power to do that. Men cannot work so hard as that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it's because they quit at 6 p.m., and don't go home until 2 a.m. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals, it lends solidity to your slumber, it gives you perfect and graceful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, my son; young men who make a living by cucking the end of a cane, whose entire mental development is insufficient to tell them which side of a postage stamp to lick; young men who can tie a necktie in eleven different knots and never lay a wrinkle in it; who can spend more money in a day than you can earn in a month, but who will go to the sheriff's office to buy a postal card, and apply at the office of the street commissioner for a marriage license. But the world is not proud of them, son. It does not know their name, even. Nobody

likes them, nobody hates them; the great, busy world doesn't even know they are there. Things will go on just as well without them. So find out what you want to be and do this. Take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less devilry you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you. —*Burlington Hawkeye.*

#### CUMBERED ABOUT MUCH SERVING.

Christ never asks of us such busy labour  
As leaves no time for resting at His feet.  
The waiting attitude of expectation  
He oftentimes counts a service most complete.

He sometimes wants our ear—our rapt attention,  
That He some sweetest secret may impart,  
'Tis always in the time of deepest silence  
That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart.

We sometimes wonder why our Lord doth place us  
Within a sphere so narrow, so obscure,  
That nothing we call work can find an entrance;  
There's only room to suffer—to endure!

Well, God loves patience! Souls that dwell in stillness,  
Doing the little things, or resting quite,  
May just as perfectly fulfil their mission,  
Be just as useful in the Father's sight.

As they who grapple with some giant evil,  
Clearing a path that every eye may see!  
Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence,  
Rather than for a busy ministry.

And yet He does love service, where 'tis given  
By grateful love that clothes itself in deed;  
But work that's done beneath the scourge of duty,  
Be sure to smother He gives but little heed.

Then seek to please Him, whatso'er He bids thee!  
Whether to do—to suffer—to lie still!  
'Twill matter little by what path He led us,  
If in it all we sought to do His will.

—*Christian at Work.*

#### WORRY AND OVER-WORK.

In a recent very interesting and accurate work on the conditions of mental and physical health we find the following remarks on mental worry and over-work: In these days of fast living and "the making haste to be rich," the number of those who land themselves in what is called physiological bankruptcy, long before they have reached the age of sixty, is far greater than is generally supposed. The excessive competition commenced at school and college, though not without its risks, becomes a fruitful source of impaired health and premature death, when it is allowed to have its full swing in the struggles, ambitions, and cares of everyday life. And this is more especially witnessed among that large class of the community who constitute the prop and mainstay of the nation, our merchant princes, and those engaged in commercial pursuits generally. Whenever a man begins to stick to business so closely that he finds no time for healthy recreation, no leisure for a holiday, and only hurried moments, from morning till the drudgery of the day is over, to attend to his bodily wants, he is putting an extra strain upon his system, which soon begins to tell with increasing severity, and very frequently culminates in a complete breakdown. It matters not whether his motives are pure and unselfish, as in his desire to educate and rear a young and increasing family, or selfish in the extreme, and begotten of the mere love of money-making for the sake of the social advantage which wealth too often confers; the results are the same. By and by he begins to find his day's work has become a toil, and that the last pile of figures to be added up, or the last budget of letters to be answered, appears to be a much more harassing and difficult task than in days of yore. He is more liable to make mistakes, more apt to overlook important minutiae, and prone to forget still more important engagements. He becomes miserable and dissatisfied with himself, exhausted and irritable when he goes home, his dinner is unrelished, the evening paper ceases to interest, nothing seems to please, and, when he retires to rest, his sleep is fitful, unrefreshing, and often broken by hideous dreams.

Now, all these are symptoms so characteristic of mental strain and worry that they may be regarded as danger-signals, indicating clearly that the speed must be slackened; indeed, the best restorative, when it can be taken, is a holiday, with change of scene and surroundings, to distract the attention, and plenty of out-door exercise. But it often happens that the holiday cannot be taken, and the drudgery has to be gone through day after day, until a more convenient season arrives. It is in this stage that men frequently have recourse to stimulants to spur on their jaded energies, or to narcotics to procure sleep; and when it comes to this, the case assumes a very serious aspect; for when a man, harassed by over-work and mental strain, takes to stimulants, whether to drown care or spur him on, physiological bankruptcy, if not absolute ruin, stares him in the face. His reserve fund of physical endurance is speedily dissipated beyond all hope of recovery, his mental powers become permanently impaired; he may drift into dementia, sink into paralysis, or become a doomed man through nervous failure in some vital organ, and dies from disease of the heart, the lungs, the liver, or the kidney.

MAY one not believe that if we are indeed God's chosen praise-harps, all that is not yet tune is but the tuning, which is not in itself beautiful. —*F. R. Havergal.*