

## Rover's Chickens.

A True Story.

He was a beautiful big, brown collie dog, his master was a Scotch farmer. There were a lot of sheep on the farm, and it was Rover's duty to take care of them. In the morning, when they were let out of the folds, he would drive them up to the hill pasture, and there he would stay all day, careful that none should wander and be lost on the mountains.



ROVER.

Then, at night, he would gather them together and take them safely home again.

Sometimes in the winter when the snow was very deep, a little lamb would wander off and perhaps fall into a ditch. Then Rover would go to the house and bark until one of the men came with him to lift the lamb out and carry it home.

One day in the early spring, when Rover was about four years old, the farmer and his family packed up all their clothes and furniture, and went away in a big ship to a new farm in Canada.

Rover thought it was very nice, indeed, there were such a lot of funny new animals to hunt, but after a time he got tired of the squirrels and chipmunks, and began to want something to do, for though the farmer had brought over his horses and cows, there were no sheep for Rover to look after.

That summer, Rover's master bought a lot of hens, and when Rover saw them, he forgot all his troubles.

They weren't quite as interesting as sheep, certainly, and they would get up before it was light in the morning, but it was great fun, driving a flock of hens about, keeping them out of the garden and frightening the hawks away from the chickens. He knew where all the nests were, too, and soon learnt how to carry home an egg in his mouth without breaking it, which I think was very clever, don't you?

His master says that he never loses any hens and chickens, and he thinks that Rover really likes chickens better than sheep, now!

—H. K.

## 'Keep Books With the Lord.'

Robert G. Mitchell's Way of Giving to the Church.

'The only way for a man to deal honestly with the Lord is to keep books with Him. We owe Him 10 percent of what we make, and in order to pay the obligation we have to set it down in black and white. It won't do to guess about it.'

Robert G. Mitchell, United States Commissioner, who died in St. Louis the other day, was the organizer and leading spirit of the Tenth Legion, composed of members of the Rollins Street Presbyterian Church who had pledged themselves to 'keep books with the Lord.' Some people didn't like the idea; said it looked niggardly to charge the amounts given; that the really generous soul would freely give and freely forget.

'Yes, that's the way I used to look at it,' said Mr. Mitchell once when discussing the subject, 'but I noticed that most of us free givers were spasmodic givers. When we were flush we would give a pretty good sum—put a dime in the basket every Sunday and bask in our own complacent conscience. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred when the periodic

giver comes to foot up at the end of the year he is surprised to discover that what he has given doesn't come any way near one-tenth of his income.'

Mr. Mitchell was almost a crank on the tithing subject. He wanted every member of the church to keep an account of his giving. Better do that than to hold back what belonged to the Lord.

For twenty years Mr. Mitchell found time to lead the choir and to teach a large Bible class. He was uncompromisingly opposed to raising church revenue by socials, bazaars, concerts and the like, insisting that if every member would loyally give his tithe the church would have more than enough money.

It was largely due to the Tenth Legion's work that a new \$25,000 church was recently completed and that within five years a fund of \$30,000 was raised for the enterprises of the national church.

'It's a shame that appeals have to be sent out to church people to do their duty,' remarked Mr. Mitchell. 'If every professed Christian would pay his tenth there would be more than enough money to meet all demands of home and foreign work and a large sum constantly pouring into the treasury of the church. There should be no such office as a collector of the Lord's dues.'

'But suppose a man is in such dire straits that he can't spare a tenth of his income?' was asked.

'Let him try it, and when he comes to me and says his family has suffered because of that tenth I will abandon my position. Now, I want you people,' Mr. Mitchell said to his class one Sunday, 'to make me an honest report of what it has cost you to give your tithe, and if but one of you informs me that it has worked a deprivation, has taken from your home comforts you otherwise would have enjoyed, then I will amend my philosophy.'

'The very act of giving the Lord His dues makes a better man or woman of you and increases your earning capacity. For nearly twenty years I have followed this tithing principle, and my income has steadily increased.'

'Here's the point: That 10 percent is the Lord's. It's not a gift we make. Don't flatter yourselves in that. You don't begin to give until you exceed what He demands as His rights. Don't forget that.'

When asked how one should reckon his income, whether in gross or after deducting expenses, the tithing advocate replied: 'That is with your conscience.' His own invariable rule was when he received a fee for legal services, to divide equally with his partner, and then to place in bank to the church's credit one-tenth of his half. It was not always necessarily the church that got the tenth; any expenditure that seemed to be along the lines of extending the Gospel, relieving the

suffering, etc., was entered as used in behalf of the principle.

The experience of the Tenth Legion has been that some rich men are harder to interest than poorer persons. When approached they would say:

'When you need any money, brother, just come around to me and I'll help you out, but to keep books like you people do would force me to employ a secretary. Really, I couldn't do that.'

Sometimes the tither's envelopes contain bills, silver and cents, showing the tither had figured the Lord's amount down to a cent. Generally even money is given. On one occasion when Mr. Mitchell was talking on the subject to some college students one of them arose and presented this case:

'There was a small family consisting of a man, his wife and three little children. The man was a laborer, making \$12 a week. House rent, fuel, provisions and clothing cost him \$10 a week. Two of the children became sick, requiring the daily attendance of a physician, and the use of medicine. The doctor charged \$1 a visit and the medicine cost \$3 a week. Would the Lord want 10 percent of that man's wage?'

'There's nothing in the Bible that says He would,' promptly answered the advocate. 'It says "lay by as the Lord hath prospered you." But if I had been that man I would have given my tithe, just the same, and risked my babies dying or going hungry. When I had done my part it would be up to me to look up to Him to look after me, and He would not forget. If a man wants to dodge his tithe he can figure out a loss on income almost any month.'

Mr. Mitchell would not go to the post office on Sunday for his mail and never took a journey on Sunday if he could avoid it. In presenting a case to a jury he always found some Scriptural application, and had nearly every important verse of the two Testaments within easy reach of his memory.—The 'Sun.'

## A Modern Hero.

'Here, boy; "Sun and Telegram"!'

'Yessur; but jest you buy 'em offen de little feller, will yer? He's too plumb skeered ter holler papas fer hisself!'

'Well, now, this beat all! I thought news-boys always worked against each other. Or he's your brother, perhaps?'

'Nope; but his dad's jest skipped, an' so he's hed ter git out on de street an' hustle fer a livin'! Wot! No change outen a quarter? Thanky-sir! Aw, now, kiddie, see de piece o' luck yer got right off! Now pitch in an' holler, an' work dis yer corner fer all it's wirt; it's a prime place!'

'Evenin' Sun; Woruld; Tellygram, sir?'

—Selected.

## BOYS! A CHANCE TO PROFIT

### THE PRIZE WINNERS AND A NEW COMPETITION

A new set of prizes for the best sales of the 'Canadian Pictorial' during July, August, September and October months are to be given. Particulars later. Suffice it here to say, the prizes will be generous. Get to work NOW. Lose no time at the start. Sell all you can in July, and it gives you a good foundation. The June Number was very greatly admired. The July Number is just as good, but quite different. Splendid value at 10 cents.

Boys who live where summer visitors come and go, or boys who themselves go to summer resorts, can make good profits in the summer, too, with but little extra trouble. Don't forget that one new subscription at \$1.00 counts as ten sold.

Prize Winners in the last Competition, for Biggest Sales in April, May and June.

CITY DIVISION—First prize, Muriel Eggleton, Hamilton; second prize, Geo. Kennedy, Ottawa.

TOWN DIVISION—First prize, Willie Baker, Man.; second prize, Gerald Black, N.S.

COUNTRY DIVISION—First prize, H. Baird Cairns, Sask.; second prize, Harold McArdie, Ont.

The last two boys really led the lists, though Baird lives in a place of only 1,000 inhabitants, and Harold of 700. Baird is only about nine years (his picture was in June 'Pictorial'), and Harold is about 14 years old. They won prizes worth \$4.00 and \$3.00 each OVER and ABOVE all cash profits of premiums they secured by their sales. The prizes were a choice of a Fine Football, a Fishing Rod and Tackle, a Baseball Outfit, a Camera, a Watch, or a Cash Prize.

YOU want your share in these good things—and YOU can have them. Send us your name and address, and let us tell you all about it and send you a package to start your sales on.

Address, JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' Witness Block, Montreal.

N.B.—Don't forget those "Waterwings"—our new summer premium—for selling only 8 'Pictorials' at 10 cents. Will support a heavy person in the water. Marvellous help in learning to swim, as well as the greatest fun for all.