

How the Minister's Salary Was Raised.

The minister's little wife, although a sweet, gentle woman, had decided ideas of her own. She went hand in hand with the minister in every good work, but there were things in the church of which she did not approve. She liked social meetings and she was kind and friendly at all times, but she often questioned in her own heart whether the ways and means of raising money for the church were quite acceptable to her God; but in other channels she was indeed a faithful helper. She was always at prayer meeting, she taught in Sunday school, she never failed to attend the Aid meeting and the Missionary Society. If she ever felt the deprivations of the small salary and the struggle necessary to keep up the little parsonage, no one ever heard her say anything about it.

She prepared the plain meals, she made over the old clothes, she mended and darned and sewed and she did it so cheerfully, never one guessed that at times the sweet smile had a heartache; for she never spoke of it.

"God has placed us here," she would tell the children, "so we must not dishonor Him by complaining."

Burdens pressed a little heavier now than usual, for the salary fell behind and more sacrifices had to be made.

The ladies were talking over the situation one afternoon in the church parlors. For a wonder the minister's wife was not there. "Yes," said young Mrs. Granger, "we are two hundred short in the salary this year. The treasurer told me so. We will have to make it up."

"But how?" spoke another.

"I've just been thinking," replied Mrs. Granger briskly, "and if all goes well we can do it in this way. We'll give a supper at the parsonage, and get the minister's wife to help. She does make such lovely rolls; and then afterward, we'll have a post office and a grab bag—sell chances, you know."

"A grab bag!" chorused the ladies, "but will the minister's wife approve of it?"

"Oh, she won't object," easily replied Mrs. Granger, "she'll be glad to get back the salary, and—"

"You'll have to tell her," spoke up Mrs. Hastings in a decided tone. Mrs. Hastings was a plump little woman with quite white hair and a motherly face.

"Very well," was the reply; so that was how Mrs. Granger happened to drop in at the parsonage next morning.

She found the minister's wife darning stockings by the sunny window.

The work was done and she wore a clean gingham dress and a white collar and looked every inch the lady she was in it, too. The skilful small hands moved rapidly over the rents. Darning was one of the fine arts with her; she practiced it so much.

"Good morning," said Mrs. Granger, taking the chair pushed forward.

"Busy as ever? Well, we ladies had a meeting yesterday and we have figured out how to raise the back salary."

"Have you?" replied the minister's wife, gently.

"Oh, yes—we've decided to have a supper here at the parsonage. We will all help you, of course, and then, afterward, in the evening, you know, we'll have a post office and grab bag. You have to pay so much for a parcel and for a grab."

The minister's little wife looked across at her visitor. Her cheeks were flushed. "I cannot co-operate in any such plan as that, Mrs. Granger," she said firmly.

"What!" Mrs. Granger opened her round blue eyes; "but think of the cause."

"I cannot help that. Listen, dear friend, much as we need it, I would rather do without the salary, than resort to that kind of means to get it. I have never murmured when the money fell short—my God has sustained me—but I could not feel as if I had his approbation if I consented to put myself on a level with grab-bag methods in order to get it."

"Oh, very well."

Mrs. Granger arose stiffly. Her mouth was set in firm lines. "Very well. We'll give the matter up, but you may have to do without the money."

"That is as God wills," replied the little wife bravely, but womanlike, as soon as the gate closed on her caller, she burst into tears.

"Hey, what's this?" cried old John Marshall, five minutes later, as he stood

in the parsonage door. "Crying! Why this will never do. My dear woman, what is the matter?"

The minister's wife brushed away her tears. "You must not mind me," she replied. "It's only a matter that troubles me somewhat. Come in—you want to see my husband, do you not? Well, he's out for all morning, I suppose. I'm sorry—take this chair, won't you?"

The old gentleman sat down and talked for ten minutes on general matters, but as he walked slowly home, he was busy thinking. "That little woman was not shedding tears for nothing," he told himself. "I'd like to know what troubles her. She's clean grit and don't make a fuss over nothing. The best helper we've ever had in the church." At the next corner he met Mrs. Granger and she explained the mystery.

"Isn't a shame she won't help?" she said when she had finished.

Old John Marshall smiled. "Do you know," he replied, quizzically, "I believe she's right. Grab-bags and the religion of Jesus Christ don't seem to me to go together. Well, well, we'll see what can be done, but bless me if that little woman shall go without the money."

That very day a man made good a note to him that had been long outlawed, and as he paid it John Marshall smiled. "Praise the Lord," he said, "here's the minister's back salary. I can give it as well as not." He took it over himself and put it into his hands. "It's money I loaned years ago and thought I had lost, but it came back today to strengthen your wife's faith and to encourage her in the way she stood. Tell her how glad I am to give it."

The minister wrung his hand. There were tears in his eyes. Nobody knew how much that money was needed. "I can't thank you," he said huskily. "Don't try," said John Marshall, and as he strode down the walk he was smiling.

"Grab-bags," he whispered. "Those that trust in the Lord don't have to get up such contrivances, praise His name."

—The Way of Faith.

The Lodge Husband Cured.

Once there was a man who belonged to a dozen different fraternal orders and he was interested in every one of them. He was a secretary of one, treasurer of another, eastern potentate in a third, keeper of the sacred coal scuttle in a fourth and so on through the entire list. As it happened this man was married. He loved his wife, too. Sometimes he said he thought he'd give up a few of his lodges, they kept him out so much. But he took it out in thinking. He didn't do it.

Now the little woman at home began to do some thinking herself and at last she formulated a plan. One morning he spied a queer kind of pin on her waist.

"What's that?" asked the man. "This!" she said: "Oh, this is the badge of the Daughters of the Moon. I joined last night while you were at the banquet of the Ice Dealers' Society."

The man looked pretty hard for a minute, but he didn't say anything. Then for three solid months he watched the appalling thing go on. The second organization she joined was the Loyal Verbena Ladies. Then came the Prophetesses, followed closely by the Naomis. After that she selected the Daughters of Liberty and the Woman's Reform Association.

By this time the man was gnashing his teeth but it wasn't doing him any good. Slowly he became aware that what he called home was slipping away from him. Sometimes he would go home and find a note on the table: "Gone to lodge. Cold ham in pantry." Finally in a single week, she added to her list of memberships by taking on the Knights and Ladies of the Green Harp, the Ladies' Auxiliary Brigade and the Daughters of Rest.

"That was the last straw. 'Here,'" the man said, "I'll quit if you will. Is it a bargain?"

She put her arms right up and grabbed him and kissed him. "It is! It is!" she cried. "And we'll have home again." —G. R. Press.

Costly Trimming.

The spring millinery openings are upon us. If every good woman would resolve that no bird or aigrette should appear on her bonnet or hat, how soon the cruel traffic, which costs the life

of so many of those beautiful and useful creatures of the air and sky, would be stopped. An ostrich feather can be procured without cruelty, and the feathers of some barnyard fowls, but the thousands of little birds; the thousands of aigrettes, who can estimate the wanton cruelty practiced in procuring them!

It is really delightful to learn that the children are being educated in respect to caring for the birds. "I would not dare to appear with a bird in my hat," said a teacher in one of Toronto's public schools; "all the children would notice it at once."

But, still, looking at the hats on display in the windows, we see them laden with the direful aigrettes. As if to escape the ignominious title it has been given, "The White Badge of Cruelty," the vendors have begun to dye it. And now we have pink, purple, blue and black badges of cruelty.

"What does it cost, this garniture of death? It costs the life which God alone can give; it costs dull silence where was music's breath. It costs dead joy, that foolish pride may live. Ah, life, and joy, and song, depended upon it. Are costly trimmings for a woman's bonnet." —Christian Guardian.

Some Gathered Gems.

"Passion is the drunkenness of the mind."—South.

"I dare no more fret than curse or swear."—Wesley.

"Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God."—Longfellow.

"The higher a man gets in grace the lower he will sink in his own esteem."—Spurgeon.

"Some people have wheelbarrow religion; they go when they are shoved."—Richard Baxter.

"God pardons like a mother who kisses the offence into everlasting forgetfulness."—Beecher.

"Paint Jesus Christ upon your canvas, and then hold him up to the people; but hold him up so that not even your little finger can be seen."—Dr Payson.

"A soldier being asked to describe, if he could, the process or steps of his conversion, gave this graphic answer: 'Halt!' 'Attention!' 'Rightabout face!' 'March!'"—Moody.

"It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel if a single stitch be dropped. One sin indulged in soon makes a hole you could put your head through."—Buxton.

Assuring Answered Prayer.

Answer to prayer depends not nearly so much upon what we are able to do with God, as upon what God is able to do with us. When we allow God to control our lives, our thoughts, our wills, our very desires, we shall not send up petitions that He cannot grant. There is a safety-clause in the promise of Christ, "Whatsoever ye ask in my name, that will I do;" it is the condition "in my name." To be in Christ's name is to be merged in his very being and identity, so that it is "no longer I that live but Christ liveth in me." Prayer that springs from Christ's domination of our lives is the prayer that means power. To be mighty in prayer means to let God be mighty in us. To have power in prayer means to give God all power over us. When we let God have his way with us, we can be sure of having our way with him.—S. S. Times.

My Bible is all the dearer to me, not only because it has pillowed the dying heads of my father and mother, but because it has been the sure guide of a hundred generations of Christians, before them. When the boastful innovators offer me a new system of belief I say to them: "The old is better." Twenty centuries of experience shared by such intellects as Augustine, Luther, Pascal, Calvin, Newton, Chalmers, Edwards, Wesley and Spurgeon are not to be shaken by the assaults of men who often contradict each other while contradicting God's truth. —Dr. T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

Make the Home the Centre for the Boy.

(By John Collins, former Chief of Police of Chicago, in the 'Mother's Magazine'.)

A police officer, more than the doctor, minister or lawyer, knows what the boy is doing who does not care to stay at home or is not permitted to stay at home.

I say 'not permitted to stay at home' advisedly, because I have known, in a long police career, many boys whose mothers constantly urged them to find their amusements in the streets rather than have them 'in the way' at home. The average boy who does not care to stay at home, when closely questioned by a police officer will almost invariably explain that his surroundings are 'stupid.'

The boys with whom the police have the least trouble, of whom they know the least, are those whose mothers make the home a centre for them; who make the boy feel that home is the most attractive spot when at school or work.

Since I am talking to mothers, I can best illustrate what I have to say by several anecdotes. A boy stoned and severely cut a switchman in a switch yard. The brakeman caught and spanked him. The boy ran home. Ten minutes later he was back in the switch yard. The brakeman caught him again, and the boy said: 'My mother won't let me stay at home.'

The brakeman took the boy home, and, finding the mother, said:

'If you do not keep this boy at home, I will have him taken to the Juvenile Court.'

She replied: 'Well, if that's the case, I suppose I'll have to keep him home, but he does make such a mess!'

Now, that attitude of a mother toward a boy just starting into mischief makes him, in a very few years, a subject for police supervision, if not police trial and imprisonment. And the responsibility for his start on the wrong road is traceable to no other source than his home.

One of my officers caught a young boy maliciously breaking glass in a public building. The officer was a thoughtful man, and instead of arresting the boy, took him to his mother, told her of the wrong, and said the glass must be paid for.

The mother paid for the glass, but filed charges against the officers. When the boy was put on the stand it developed that, out of the twenty-four hours of the day, except when he slept, he was at home only for his three meals, and that he had orders from his mother not to spoil things about the house and to keep out of it all he could. The officer, of course, was acquitted. The boy, two years later, went to the reform school for burglary, and I have no doubt his mother is wondering to this day why he went wrong.

If these to cases were isolated ones they would not be so serious, but every police officer knows, every detective knows, and every lone marshall in a small town knows that altogether too many boys are driven out of the home by the ignorance or thoughtlessness of the parents.

Let me add this, too: that the great ranks of our young and well-dressed criminals are not recruited from the slums, but from the social scale where education, good breeding and Christianity are supposed to prevail. The petty sneak thief may come from the slums, but our dangerous young criminals are drawn largely from the so-called 'good homes.'

On the other hand, I know five boys whose mother makes their home school room, playroom and workshop for them. Whatever these boys plan to do is planned to be done in the home, and the mother is a part of the doing. If they go to a baseball game, 'mother' goes with them. If they think of other amusement 'mother' is figured into it. Saturday night, when three of them receive pay, they come home and lay the money in her lap. If her home duties become too heavy, there is a boy at each side to help her out.

A natural and a loving partnership exists between this mother and her sons, and the father shares in its delightful benefits. Such boys never need police supervision.

This mother began in the babyhood of her first child to have it think that she was the centre of the earth. She is a

woman of firm will, and she exacted obedience from the boys, but in return she gave them a legitimate run of the home, the right use of all in it, and her companionship.

"Oh, Mr Collins," she said to me one day, 'I never have to worry about my boys. We are partners.'

When I see a home filled with books, music and pictures, no matter how little they cost, when I see the mother interested in every move the boy makes, when I find the boy is looking to his mother for advice and entertainment, I dismiss all thought of his becoming a police character.

A boy will not stay at home unless home is made as attractive from his point of view (not your point of view) as what he can find outside.

If he is good-looking, if he is well-dressed, if he has a little money, if he can tell a good story or sing a song well, he will find plenty of bright if not honest people to throng about him and urge him on. Then, to every mother influence over him in the past, ten outside influences are taking him the downward way. The mother is stunned. She realizes too late that this future man has gone from her.

Hard, strenuous police experience has driven the truth into my soul that if a young boy is to be kept right until he reaches the years of judgment, his happiest resort, his best loved spot, must be his home, and his mother, to him, the brightest object in it.

Reform institutions are fair in their way, churches do much good, philanthropic people help many. But the biggest work that can be done with a boy to keep him manly, to keep him out of the way of the police, is in the home and by the mother.

Mothers who doubt this need only avail themselves of an opportunity to spend a month in the office of the chief of police and learn the misery, the tragedy, the agony of boy-lives to whom the word 'home' never had a true meaning, to whom the word 'mother' means only a parent!

Theories about boy training look very acceptable on paper, they sound well in lectures, but there is nothing that will get hold of a boy's heart so quickly and influence him so strongly for his future good as a partnership with his mother and a home in which he can rationally do what he likes; in which he is part master, part servant, part guest, but always son.

A Corner on Smoke.

If smoking on the streets, street-cars, and other public places is not a nuisance, there is no such thing as a nuisance. For no one can smoke in these public places without compelling those to imbibe the smoke who do not wish to do so,—and that, too, at second-hand, when it is doubly befouled. Sel.

"Filthy Lucre."

Here is "a most painstaking report from the director of the Research Laboratory of New York, whose conclusions, after continued and repeated tests and experiments of pennies, nickles, ten-cent pieces, and bills taken from a cheap grocery store, are as follows:

Dirty pennies averaged 26 living bacteria each.

Dimes averaged 40 living bacteria each. Moderately clean bills 2250 living bacteria each.

Dirty bills 73,000 living bacteria each.

Compensation.

(By Grace MacGowan Cooke.)

I saw him across the dingy street, A little old cobbler, lame, with a hump, Yet his whistle came to me clear and sweet, As he stitched away at a dancing-pump.

Well, some of us limp while others dance; There's none of life's pleasures without alloy.

Let us thank heaven, then, for the chance To whistle, while mending the shoes of joy.

I know of no sweeter way to heaven than through free grace and hard trials together; and one of these can not well want another.—Rutherford.

"The whole world is open and the nations challenge us to send them anything we have that is better than theirs. The best thing we have is the Gospel! Shall we not send it to them?"