John (I think he will excuse me for naming him); and after a reasonable time, answers may be given through the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, with the editor's permission.

Now let us consider what would be the result if the practice of giving tithes were universally adopted by the members of our churches.

Taking the tabulated statistics given in our Year Books, and reckoning as a standard the average of the last two years (1900--1902), we find the total amounts raised by our denomination in the Maritime Provinces as follows:—for church support, $187,684; for denominational objects, $25 689; for other than denominational or local purposes, $6 345; making a grand total of $212,000 in round numbers. The total membership is 50,800.

We may suppose, for the sake of argument, that the fifty thousand members represent ten thousand families,—that each family is supported by one person—and that no other persons have any money to contribute. This supposition is of course far below the truth. Large numbers of young people, for instance, are earning their own living wholly or in part, and many more have money to spend for their personal needs and pleasures.

Let us further suppose the income of each family—the whole sum received in wages or salary, gained in business, or raised on the farm in produce for the use of the family—to be no more than $400 on the average. Then the head of each family will devote forty dollars in the course of the year to religious and benevolent objects. Multiply this by the supposed number of families (10,000) and we have the handsome sum of four hundred thousand dollars ($400,000).

This would allow the churches to increase the amount raised for local purposes to $285 000, or 58 per cent in advance; to double the amount given to outside objects, making it $12,0 0; and then to increase the contributions to our missionary and educational work by $75,0 0, making the sum about four times as large as at present. Just think o' it!

Imagine the joy of the brethren who have charge of our Home and Foreign Missions and our Institutions of learning, when they found at their disposal in one year as much money from the churches as they have hitherto had in four years! What cancelling of debts—what enlargement of operations—what glad hopes of more abundant fruitage—would follow!

But this does not tell the full result of such wider opening of the people's purses in obedience to the Divine requirement. God's promise would surely be fulfilled. The windows of Heaven would assuredly be opened. There would soon come down upon all our churches, upon all our mission fields, upon all our institutions, upon all our homes, a blessing—both material and spiritual—such that there would not be room enough to receive it. May the Lord bring it to pass!

Put Your Helm Up.

A head wind and contrary tide since sun-up had caused the Skipper of the Mission Ship to put the sombre eyed goggles onto his heart-eyes and see all his mercies turn into black patches. The bright May morning, the bold wood-clad mountainous islands, a glorious sunrise and even a good breakfast, which ought to touch a soft spot in an old sailor, had all lost their charm.

"If this holds out, I shall not get there in time to hold a meeting tonight," growled he. "I have had enough of this crawling for one day. I'll make a fair wind of it and run to that island to leeward and try to get a meeting in there. I failed last time it is true, but that is all the better reason for going again now. Put your helm up and run her off!" So growled he,—so growled I,—for the writer was the grumbling Skipper and as the editorial "We" is in disgrace these days, I by this confession adopt the humiliating first person singular and here is my tale.

I had failed before, should I fail again? Down went the anchor with a rattle and off came the dark goggles from my heart-eyes. No time for any grumbling now. I do not know anybody here, how shall I get a footing! But that has been so in a hundred other places, and there is still the same saving clause. If I do not know any one, God knows some one. I order the boat out and land. A man is standing on the beach waiting for us. He accosts us at once and here is the "some one" who God knew. He leads us up the hill to the house where he and his aged mother live. Why is the face of the old mother so full of peace, so bright with hope, despite the irritating affliction of twenty long years of total deafness? forming a strange contrast to the faces of the many village women who soon gather near the house to see the strangers? Let me tell their story.

For seventeen generations, father and son, the men of this family had been the representatives of the old feudal lords of the district. They and they alone had the privilege of wearing a sword, the sign in those days of official dignity, a sign unmistakable for ordinary mortals. But a great change came, none too soon said ordinary mortals, all too suddenly thought those who wore the sword-signs of rank. The feudal system was abolished. The father of our friend overcome by the sudden change, went into the evil ways, deserted his wife and led a wanderer's life. For twenty years they were separated, lost to one another. But the Lord found them both in separate ways, the wandering, wayward man, the lonely deserted woman. His love found them out and supplied the heart-need of each. The man having become a Christian made it his duty to search for his wife, deserted twenty years ago. He found her and despite her affliction of deafness rejoined her, they living together as Christian man and wife until he died a year ago, a period of ten years, during which time they returned to their island home. This act of the father's made a deep impression on the son and his wife. They too became Christians. But business reverses engrossed the son's heart and mind. He grew to be indifferent. Then came, two years ago, the little Mission Ship on a hurried visit. Entrance to the village was refused, so that no meeting was held. Well, I remembered the day and how weary I felt. Our friend was away from the village then, but on his return heard of our visit. God used this to touch his heart. It reminded him somehow of his faith, now grown weak, and of God whose love he had begun to forget. Then came, just a year later, the testing time. The old father died. For his mother's sake, for the sake of his father's faith and witness, for his own heart's sake, he resolved that his father must have a Christian burial. "Of course" say you, "quite right and proper." Ah friend, have you ever lived in a heathen land? If your relatives were all heathen, your neighbors for miles around all heathen, if there were long-established customs and habits pressing you on all sides, if priests and village officials were urging against such a stand, would you, would I, with that man's light to go upon, be ready to do as he did?

Our friend sent a relative in haste over to the mainland to get a Christian pastor to come to the island and give the father Christian burial. No sooner had he crossed than the wind blew a gale. For the pastor to get over becomes impossible. The son and the stricken mother wait in vain. Officials and relatives urge. The law demands a speedy interment. The priest is ready to attend to ceremonials. There is no excuse. Anxiously they wait until the last moment, but the gale blows on and the pastor doesn't come. Should they call in the priest? "No" said the son, "I will not. It may not be in order, but God is merciful and will accept our humble efforts." And so the son announced to the village that his father should have Christian burial and that the priest would not be needed. Then the poor old deaf mother and the stout-hearted son, before astonished villagers gathered in their home, read from the Holy Book of the life that is born in death, and with uncertain voices, these two alone among their heathen neighbors, sang praise to the God they knew. Then to the grave they went, and the neighbors heard the son in prayer speak of hope unconquered by death, and again two voices rose in praise to God. Alone? No, not so, for surely their dear Lord was near.

And so they bore their witness and so the ground was prepared. So it was that on the morning when the Skipper grumbled at the tide and wind, the school children saw the little white craft bear down on the village and told our friend it must be the "Jesus Ship," hence his hastening to meet us. A right royal welcome had we and a crowded meeting to crown the day.

As we bade our friends good-bye and set sail the lesson come to my heart once more which I should have learnt err this. When God by means of the tides and winds of life speaks, even though it should be to "put you helm up" and go where going seems hopeless, if you, if I, but go in faithfulness we shall surely find the "some one" whom God knows waiting and the way prepared for service.

LUKE W. BICKEL.

Gifts of Christian Parents to their Children.

How often have we heard one say, "I owe all I have and all I am to a godly mother," or "My father and mother gave me a good start in the world, and if I fail to do well it will be my own fault" Canon Farrar says that he considers the influence of a Christian mother the chief factor in the formation of his character. Thousands of good and great men might say the same. What do Christian parents give to their children?

Good counsel. They teach them the fear of the Lord. They write on their young minds lessons concerning God and righteousness and salvation and eternal life. These lessons are indelible. A good example. The wholesome precepts of every Christian parent are enforced by a good example. The Christian serves God, keeps the Sabbath Day holy, reverences the name of the Almighty, worships Him in the sanctuary and in his own home, deals honestly, and walks uprightly before men. Christian parents give to their children a good mental and moral constitution. A father transmits certain physical characteristics to his children, so he transmits certain traits of inner life. Every father should give to his children a better physical constitution than he received from his ancestors, and a better mental and moral constitution than he received. This he will do if he lives as he should. No father can transmit what he does not possess. No Christian father can transmit to his children a Christian character, because character is something which every one must make for himself. But he can transmit certain tendencies and dispositions which will greatly aid in the formation of a good character.

Christian parents give to their children the benefits of a good home atmosphere. There is something in a Christian home which cannot easily be defined, which makes home happy and makes the children homesick when they are far from home. Sympathy, kindness, peace, love, and goodness make the atmosphere of the home as sweet as the breath of Eden. Children will never forget it. They may wander far, but the breath of that home will go with them. Christian parents give their children their prayers. These prayers do good because they are answered, and because they are heard by the children. The sound of a father's voice in prayer will never be forgotten. All these forces conspire together to lead the children into the way of truth. It is a mighty force.

The old sneer that the children of Christian parents, and especially Christian ministers, become worse than others is not true. This conclusion is based on a narrow view. Let any one consider this subject diligently, intelligently, and conscientiously, and he cannot escape the conviction that the children of true Christian parents have a great advantage in the struggle of life. The truth is, that most of the members of Christian churches are sons and daughters of Christian parents. Many of the most substantial citizens of every city in our country are sons of Christian parents. A few weeks ago the Rev. John Spurgeon, father of the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, died at the advanced age of ninety-two. His father also, the grandfather of C. H. Spurgeon, was a minister of the gospel. The sons of C. H. Spurgeon are now ministers of the gospel, one of them filling the pulpit of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, in London, where his father ministered for many years. For one hundred years the family of Spurgeon have transmitted the gospel trumpet from father to son in an unbroken line. This is only a single example out of many. It is the design of the Almighty to fill the world with righteousness, not merely by bringing back those who have wandered into darkness, but especially by causing the children of the godly to walk in the way of their fathers.—New York Advocate.

How to Help the Prayer Meeting.

A PRAYER MEETING TALK BY DIMOCK ARCHIBALD.

FRIENDS:—Will you permit a word of personal suggestion as to the way to help the prayer meeting. When Moses came down from the mount his face shone. And as a further result of this long communion with God, he had power with men—as the sequel shows. Cannot each one of us have in a good measure this same power, gotten in the same way. Why cannot we walk with God in our daily duties, doing all for his glory? The predominating motive in our business being to make money in order that the largest possible sum might be used to make Christ known to the world. In case the multitude of duties press upon us up to the time of going to prayer meeting so that the minutes for private prayer are few, our prayer might be as follows,—"Here I am Lord, as weak and helpless as ever, Thou hast said that my body is the Temple of the Holy Ghost. Though I cannot understand this, yet I will believe it Herewith now anew and again I yield all my ransomed powers to His guidance, to be used as Thou wilt tonight. Glorify thyself through my testimony and therein will I rejoice."

We can be a witness to the faithfulness of God in giving power for service when we have thus surrendered to him. And when full oft 'tis our weakness strength and power were received for the performance of duty, the only solution of the matter was "It is not I but Christ that liveth in me."

The above is one way of helping the prayer-meeting. Is not a successful prayer-meeting simply a result of the members living for Christ in their business every day." Let God's children run their business for the glory of Christ, instead of for their own glory and the prayer-meeting will be a success, and souls will be saved every week in the year.

"Behold He Prayeth."

ACTS 9-11.

He kneels before the Throne of Grace:
His soul would find a resting place:
Rest from the strife of sin—
The answer comes in glad surprise,
And to his burdened heart supplies
The peace of God within.

Come ye who seek to gain relief
From all the pains of sinful grief—
Come to the Mercy Seat.
Here God will ease your every pain;
And joys immortal you will gain—
The soul's eternal meat.

The Grace Divine, for you and me,
Salvation full, salvation free,
Brings from the fount above,
For when in Jesus we believe,
Celestial raptures we receive—
The fullness of His love.

North River, P. E. I. ADDISON F. BROWNE.