

I BIDE MY TIME.

I bide my time. Whenever shadows darken,
Along my path, I do but lift mine eyes
And faith reveals fair shores beyond the
skies.
And through earth's harsh, discordant
sounds I harken
And hear divinest music from afar.
Sweet sounds from lands where half my
loved ones are
I bide—I bide my time.

I bide my time. Whatever woes assail
me
I know the strife is only for a day;
A friend waits for me farther on the
way—
A friend too faithful and too true to fail
me.
Who will bid all life's jarring turmoil
cease
And lead me on to realms of perfect
peace
I bide—I bide my time.

I bide my time. This conflict and resist-
ance,
This drop of rapture in a cup of pain,
This wear and tear of body and of brain
But fits my spirit for the new existence
Which waits me in the happy by-and-by.
So, come what may, I'll lift my eyes and
try:
"I bide—I bide my time."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE LORD AND THE PENNIES.

It has been aptly said that, as a rule,
Christian people save their pennies
"for the Lord and the organ-grinders."
No doubt pennies are used to a large
extent in small transactions outside of
charity and worship. But it is past
question that they are largely used in
the "worship and work of the Lord."
Now we do not despise a penny when
it is consecrated to God, and represents
the ability of the giver; but we are
profoundly assured that there is no
proper relation between the mass of
pennies which find their way into the
offering plates and the well-dressed
worshippers (1) from whose ample
hands they are dropped into the plates.
From a little child, and from the hands
of the poor, a penny may have some
significance as an act of worship; but
from the hands of an able-bodied man,
a well-dressed woman, a young man,
with a silver-headed cane and gold
watch, who has just thrown away the
stub of a cigar or the end of a cigarette,
a penny dropped into the offering plate
at a church service is an abomination
in the sight of God and man. Yet the
number of those who contribute a
penny on the Sabbath day to the "wor-
ship and work" of Christ, is in excess
of those who contribute more than that
sum. We have been at some pains to
verify this statement by a careful in-
quiry in the facts as shown by the col-
lections taken in various churches and
religious assemblies.

The instinct of meanness is more apt
to show itself in connection with a
church collection than in any other
place. There are men who will almost
quarrel with a neighbor for the privi-
lege of paying his car-fare, who will
press a friend to accept a cigar, or some
other courtesy of like value, who will
persistently select the pennies from the
other loose change in their pockets in
order to put it in the collection plate.
And these are not "worldly" men, but
professing Christians. There are scores
and hundreds of young men who spend
from ten to twenty-five cents every day
for cigarettes and cigars, who never
think of putting more than a penny
into the weekly collection plate. There
are men who are not considered mean
or illiberal in other things, who are
careful that their children are sent off
to Sabbath-school, and are equally care-
ful to see that each little "tot" is duly
provided with a "penny." To furnish
them with a penny, every other coin in
the pocket will be scratched over till a
sufficient number are found. It never
seems to have suggested itself to the
man that a ten cent piece, or at least a
nickel, might answer as well as a
penny. A penny seems to represent
the idea of worship to their minds, and
perhaps their hearts, better than any
other piece of money. Out of a thou-
sand and pieces of money offered on the
Lord's day, in a well-known church,
somewhat famous for its activity, more
than half the number is pretty sure to
be pennies. It is true that the larger
proportion comes from the evening
congregation, who are welcome to oc-
cupy the pews and seats put at their
disposal without reserve, and which
they are not slow to accept. Never-
theless, a goodly part of them come
from the regular worshippers.

It has long been a baffling question
to us why it is that this streak of
meanness comes out of men and women
so habitually in connection with the
service of God's house. Dollars for
personal pleasure, little extravagances
and indulgences, and pennies and
nickels for God. Surely it must be
either that the heart is closed with in-
gratitude or else it is pure (bad) habit
and thoughtlessness.

It may be well to raise the question
as to the meaning of the collection at
all. Why do we take collections in
our churches, and with what spirit and
intent does the offerer give his penny
or his pound? There are two thoughts
involved in a collection; or, shall we
say, two motives? One is, that the
public worship of God may be main-
tained and the benevolent work of the

church carried forward. The other is
that an offering of money is a method
of expressing thanksgiving to God for
his abundant mercies, especially his
abounding and continuous temporal
mercies. Men and women are not
asked to contribute money on the same
principle that they are demanded to
pay their money upon entering a place
of amusement or in consideration of
service rendered, of goods delivered.
The offerings made in the house of God
are supposed to be "free-will offerings,"
springing from a sense of religious obli-
gation or gratitude.

Let us first consider the offering as
representing the obligation resting on
men to support the cause of Christ
and the benevolent work of the church.
Is it possible that that obligation can
be measured and confessed by a penny?
We speak now of the average church-
goer's ability. Nor do we forget that
many of the offerers are among the
number who have hired seats and thus
contributed to the support of the
church. But, after all said and done
in that direction, can it be said in fair-
ness that a penny does represent an
honorable portion of obligation? If
this obligation does not imply some-
thing more than that which a penny
represents, we must be mistaken as to
the general character and worth of
Christianity.

But, in the second place, the offer-
ings on the Sabbath day ought to re-
present a worshipful sense of thanks-
giving to God for all his goodness to
us in temporal as well as spiritual
things. Is it conceivable that a man
who is thankful at all can give any ex-
pression to his thanksgiving by select-
ing a penny out of his loose change and
deliberately offering that to God? We
are not speaking of poor widows or
little children, who are dependent upon
others to give them their pennies, but
of the average well-dressed church-
goer. The man who comes to church
with a \$5 hat on his head, with from
\$50 to \$150 worth of clothes on his
back, with a gold watch and chain in
his vest; the woman with a \$10 bon-
net on her head, a \$150 seal-skin sack
on her back, and clothes beside, re-
presenting from \$50 to \$200; the
young man who spends from \$1 to \$3
per week at the theatre, or other en-
tertainments, who sports a gold or
silver-headed cane and encases his
hands in kid gloves; the young lady
who, with flowers and feathers, gloves
and ribbons, jewels of gold and jewels
of silver, is a creature fair and lovely
to look at, and who, no doubt, takes
delight in being seen in fine array at
the church services—here are the
people who pour out their pennies (one
at a time) into the collection plates.
What does it mean? If it is the offer-
ing of an unbeliever, who does not re-
cognize obligation and has nothing to
be thankful for, but only does it be-
cause he is ashamed to have the plate
pass him, well and good; and equally
well, and even better than good if he
gave nothing; but, if it is the offering
of a Christian man or woman, who has
been bought with the priceless blood
of Christ, and is intended to express
either obligation or thanksgiving, then
God help these robbers and mockers
who rob and mock God with their
pennies.—Independent.

THE DIVINE ARCHITECT.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

A lady was staying all night in a
pretty village where a large fire had
just occurred. Among the number of
fine buildings severely damaged was a
church. It was so badly injured that
in the opinion of many nothing could
be done with it except to "haul it off
for old brick."

"And I'll take the job," said a tipsy
by-stander, so shaky that it was with
difficulty that he stood upon his feet.
The crowd around the wreck laughed,
and some one remarked, "Poor Nat,
he might undertake the job if he could
get some help; he might get a little
bread and butter for his family if he
could keep sober a day or two."

"But he can't keep sober, you
know, and to set him carrying off brick
would be telling a wreck to carry off a
wreck."

"Who is this man they call Nat?"
the lady asked of her hostess as the two
walked slowly past the ruins.

"Once he was a prosperous young
business man, now he is nobody. He
has lost all sense of decency and respect.
I don't believe he knows a sober mo-
ment."

Just then Nat Stale reeled past the
ladies. His restless gray eyes glanced
one moment into the ladies' faces, and
to Mrs. H., the hostess, he said with an
attempt at politeness, "How do
you?"

She did not respond, but as he passed
on, said to her visitor, "Impudent
fellow that he is, I don't see how he
dares speak to me."

"I don't suppose the poor fellow
knows what he is doing; but does he
not know you?"

"I don't know him since he's thrown
himself away."

"And yet it was to such as he is, to
the lost, that our Saviour came."

During this conversation the ladies
were on the way to the depot. The
train was in, there was a hurried good-
by, and then the train rolled on.

Five years later another train bore
that lady to the village again, and to
the home of her old friend she was wel-
comed. The next morning the two
were on their way down town.

"We'll walk down the avenue first,
said the hostess, "I want to show you
our church, we do so rejoice in it."

"Oh, how beautiful!" said the guest
admirably upon reaching the fine
edifice with its noble tower. "The
whole thing is new, is it not?"

"Rejuvenated rather, a good part
of it is old material. We did not even
have to tear it down, notwithstanding
the general opinion, you may remem-
ber, that it was good for nothing ex-
cept to be sold for old brick. An
architect from the city came to look
at it, and it required only a glance of
his to satisfy him of its possibilities.
He drew a plan which greatly pleased
everybody. A subscription was raised,
and it did not seem long before in
place of the wreck and the old fash-
ioned, uncomfortable church, we had
this bright, pleasant building."

That evening as the two friends
were chatting beside the sparkling
grate-fire, a caller, or rather several
callers were announced.

"Mr. Nathan Stale and his little
daughters," said the hostess, introduc-
ing the callers to her guest.

The latter was very much surprised
at the warm greeting given her by the
gentleman. He took her hand warmly
and said, "I have reason to remem-
ber you with much gratitude."

She withdrew her hand replying
courteously, "I do not understand
you, sir, I think I have never met you
before."

"I don't wonder you do not recog-
nize me," he answered feelingly,
"there's a vast difference between a
wreck and a building after the divine
Architect's own plan. Do you remem-
ber seeing a drunken fellow stumble
past you five years ago?"

"Yes, sir, I remember him well;
pity him, too."

"Of course you did," excitedly,
"God forever bless you for that pity;
it was that which made you say
to your friend so tenderly, 'It was to
the lost that our Saviour came.' I
overheard those words. I was lost
then, but those words stirred my stag-
nant soul to its depths. I was a miser-
able wreck not worth harboring, not
worth saving, people thought; but the
divine Architect told me that if I
would step upon the Rock, he would
upbuild me—and he did."

The lady could scarcely speak for
joy. She looked at the handsome,
glowing face of the man before her, at
his happy-faced, richly-clad children,
and at last faltered tearfully, "I am
glad, sir, very glad."

"Glad! indeed I knew you would
be, all heaven is glad, too."

"And the angels echoed around the throne,
Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own."

A GIRL'S VOICE.

Miss Mulock says in her King Arthur
that "a pleasant voice is even better
to live with than a pretty face." In
this she echoes Shakespeare's sentiment
where he says of Cordelia, "Her voice
was ever soft, gentle and low—an ex-
cellent thing in woman." The need of
cultivating an agreeable voice is thus
emphasized in a new book, called "Hold
Up Your Heads, Girls," by Annie H.
Ryder.

Good conversation is the mark of
highest culture. This is why, in spite
of shabby dresses, unbanged hair, tre-
mendous mouths and large noses, some
persons are purely delightful. We
have seen that this is so, yet have not
added that something lies in the voice,
as well as in the manners and words,
of such people. From nervousness,
and other causes which I have not been
able to trace, girls are apt to pitch their
voices too high, as though they thought
to be better able to speak distinctly.
A gruff, mannish voice is worse than a
piping, shrill tone in a woman; but
fulness of tone prevents no melody,
and this comes from a medium pitch.
In the very modulations of the voice
are detected excellence and refinement.
The human voice, in its sounds and ac-
cents, is a record of character; and
it is the key-board of the human
being.

May I remind you here, girls, of the
harm arising from loud talk in public
places? How many times do we suffer
annoyance from the noisy voices in the
car, the stations or on the street! How
bold and impudent such tones are!
Some persons seem to think the public
is not to be regarded, and that it has
no right to criticism. They appear to
believe that a train is no different than
an open field, where the voice needs
no restraint.

not the most refined. They treat the
passengers with as little care as they
do the cars; for, while they make a
waste-basket of the latter, they regard
the former as so many brazen images
to be stared at *ad libitum*. Passengers
have ears, though they themselves be
removed from the talkers by the dis-
tance of a seat or two.

Now about the words you use, girls.
I fully realize the expressiveness of
slang and the convenience of exaggeration.
But if a peach pie is almost
"divine," and the Hudson River
"awfully lovely," what can be said of
the New Testament and Niagara Falls?
What is to become of the poor inno-
cent words in the English language
which mean only delicious and beauti-
ful? When a young woman, who
makes much pretension to fine manners
and elegant education, takes the steam
car for a rostrum, and exclaims about
her French teacher, as awfully funny,
but awfully horrid, don't you know;
awfully lovely sometimes, but awfully
awful at others! we wonder why she
gives so much attention to French
when her English vocabulary seems to
have reduced itself to the scanty pro-
portions of one word.

A BAD BOY AND A WASP.

Among the passengers on the St.
Louis express on the Erie Railway, be-
tween Port Jervis and Jersey City, a
short time ago, was a much over-
dressed woman, accompanied by a
bright-looking Irish nurse-girl, who
had charge of a self-willed, tyrannical
two-year-old boy, of whom the over-
dressed woman was plainly the mother.
The mother occupied a seat by herself.
The nurse and child were in the seat
in front. The child gave such fre-
quent exhibitions of his temper, and
kept the car filled with such vicious
yells and shrieks, that there was a
general feeling of indignation. Al-
though he time and again spat in his
nurse's face, scratched her hand and
tore at her hair and bonnet, she bore
it patiently. The indignation of the
passengers was greater because the
child's mother made no effort to cor-
rect him, but, on the contrary, sharply
chided the nurse whenever she mani-
fested any firmness. Whatever the
boy yelled for the mother's cry was
uniformly:

"Let him have it, Mary."
The child had just slapped the nurse
in the face for the hundredth time, and
was preparing for a fresh attack, when
a wasp from somewhere in the car
flew against the window of the nurse's
seat.

The boy at once made a dive for the
wasp as it struggled upward on the
glass. The nurse quickly caught his
hand, and said:

"Harry mustn't touch! Bug will
bite Harry!"

Harry gave a savage yell, and began
to kick and slap the nurse. The
mother arose from a nap. She heard
her son's screams, and without lifting
her head or opening her eyes, called
out sharply to the nurse:

"Why will you tease that child,
Mary? Let him have it."

Mary let go of Harry. The boy clutched
at the wasp and caught it. The yell
that followed caused joy to the entire
car, for every eye was on the boy. The
mother arose again.

"Mary," she cried, "let him have
it."

Mary turned calmly in her seat and
said:

"Sure he's got it mum!"

This brought down the car. Every
one in it roared. The child's mother
rose up in her seat with a jerk. When
she learned what the matter was, she
pulled her boy over the back of the
seat and awoke some sympathy in lay-
ing him across her knee and warning
him nicely. In ten minutes he was as
quiet and meek as a lamb, and never
opened his mouth again until the train
reached Jersey City.—Our Dumb
Animals.

RANDOM READINGS.

Bitter and untruthful words, instead
of injuring the one at whom they are
aimed, are very likely to rise up, per-
haps after years, in condemnation of
him who gave them voice.

Show me a father who fences his
home around with God's command-
ments, and lights it up with domestic
comforts and pleasures, and anchors
himself to his home, and I will show
you the best kind of restraint from
dangerous evening resorts.

The heart cannot rest undisturbed
until it has learned to know that "our
Father in heaven" leads his children.
We fear the darkness and dread the
trials until we can trust that God's
hand will find us in the darkness and
his help will come to us.

Once when men were torturing a
Christian to make him do wrong, they
said to him, "Why does not your God
deliver you from our hands if He is so
strong as you say He is?" And the
man answered, "He does deliver me
from my very worst enemy—a coward
heart that tempts me to deny and

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