

None of Our Business.

A little girl was heard to finish her evening prayer with these words: "And I saw a poor little girl on the street to-day, cold and bare-footed; but it's none of our business, is it, God?"

"None of our business!" wandering and sinful,

All through the streets of the city they go, Hungry and homeless in the wild weather—"None of our business!" Dare we say so;

"None of our business!" children's wan faces, Haggard and old with their suffering and sin;

Hold fast your darlings on tender, warm bosoms, Sorrow without, but the home light within.

What does it matter that some other woman—

Some common mother—in bitter despair Wails in a garret, or sits in a cellar, Too broken-hearted for weeping or prayer

"None of our business!" sinful and fallen, How they may jostle us close on the street!

Hold back your garment! scorn? they are used to it;

Pass on the other side, lest you should meet.

"None of your business?" On, then, the music;

On with the feasting, though hearts break forlorn;

Somebody's hungry, somebody freezing,

Somebody's soul will be lost ere the morn!

Somebody's dying (on with the dancing),

One for earth's pottage is selling her soul;

One for a bauble has bartered his birthright,

Selling his all for a pitiful dole.

Ah! but one goeth abroad on the mountains,

Over lone deserts with burning deep sands,

Seeking the lost one (it is His business!)

Bruised though his feet are, and torn though his hands,

Thorne-crowned his head and his soul sorrow-stricken

(Saving men's souls at such infinite cost),

Broken his heart for the grief of the nations

It is his business, saving the lost!

Pres. Witness.

Helen's Tenth.

"Can I afford to tithe my income?" Helen See heard the words listlessly, as her pastor announced them as the subject for the Sunday evening young people's meeting.

An hour later, as she turned the latch-key in the door of her little home, the words came back to her. For the first time in her life she put the question to herself. She knew Mr. Jacques gave one-tenth of what he earned as principal of the school. She had heard that Mrs. Whitmore gave one-fifteenth of her income from writing. But it had never occurred to her that a young primary teacher just beginning ought to spare one-tenth of her earnings.

"I'm sure I ought not," she said, half aloud, and quite decidedly. "If I ever should have anything left after paying mother for my board and washing, and buying clothing and shoes, and paying car-fare and getting lunches, there is Ed always wanting shoes and things. And I am sure I never spend money for anything that I don't absolutely need."

She finished the sentence, and in her own room put out her hand to uncover a box of candy.

"You did not absolutely need this," conscience whispered.

She was obliged to acknowledge it, but thought, crossly

"It is a pity if one can't have a little candy once in a while."

At the dinner table Ed made a discovery.

"Hi!" he said, another pair of cuff buttons!

"They are only oxidized silver, and I was so tired of the old ones."

Again the voice said, softly, "You did not absolutely need these."

And again to herself she acknowledged, "No, I did not."

But she went to the prayer-meeting resolved that if her voice was heard on the question it should be decidedly on the negative side.

The young leader did not take any one passage of Scripture, but sustained the question by three propositions.

1. God commanded it, Lev. xxvii. 30-32; Deut. xvi. 17; Mal. iii. 10; 2 Cor. ix. 7.

2. We cannot afford to rob God, Mal. iii. 8, 9.

3. God says we can afford it, Prov. iii. 9, 10; Prov. xi. 23; Prov. xix. 17; Luke vi. 38.

The thoughts of the leader that most impressed Helen were these.

"Until we get beyond the tenth we are only giving the Lord back his own. The ancients understood that God claimed a tenth, and they said: 'If we take His tenth we shall lose our nine-tenths.' Paul, advancing beyond Judaism, writing to the Corinthians, assuming that they would do more than the Jews had been accustomed to do, said: 'As God has prospered you lay by in store, above the tenth, for the Lord.'"

"All our money should be consecrated, but a sacred sum, a tenth or more, as God has blessed us, should be a reward for His gift. Like the manna of old, money spoils if one

carbs it. Used selfishly it breeds in and death.

The first testimony came from the minister.

"For years I gave little. I reasoned that I gave myself, and that was my share of self-denial. Besides, I was in debt. At length, I saw it a duty to give one-tenth. My salary was \$500. I had given about \$15 a year. To immediately put it up to \$50 was more of a trial than I had supposed possible. But I held steadily, and I found the plan had three advantages. It was a relief. Sometimes conscience had whispered that I was giving too little, and again under a strong appeal I felt that I had given too much. Now I was at rest. And it is such a pleasure to give \$10 where I used to give \$1. Then it is profitable. Somehow my debts were almost immediately paid. My salary was raised. An avenue was opened by which I could earn money with my pen. Our little homestead trebled in value, and I never lack means for my family or to give. Twenty per cent. of my income now goes to the Lord, and I have abundance. Then it helps me spiritually. The victory has been a blessing to my soul. Having given my money all to the Lord, it is easier for me to give myself. Truly I can afford to tithe my income, and, as He promised, I have been blessed upon the earth."

The next testimony was from a fair-faced, blue-eyed young girl, almost a stranger to them:

"I am an orphan, and I support myself by painting," she said. "My father failed, then died, and left me almost penniless. One evening I came into this church, and your pastor said: 'I do not believe one of you is so poor but that if you love Jesus you will have some money to give to His cause.' I went home, and threw myself upon the bed and cried. I had not a penny in my purse. The weekly rent for my room was due in the morning. My three meals had been crackers and water. I was heart-sick. At last I rose, and fell upon my knees. I uttered no words. But the Lord knew just how sore was my heart. After a while I became quiet and peaceful. The next morning I spent an hour with my Bible and in prayer, and without any breakfast, sat down to my easel. My heart was light for I had come very near to the Saviour. The noon mail brought me a postal saying that a \$3 picture, for some time on exhibition, had been sold. After-ward, as I held the money in my hand, the glad tears came as I thought: 'Now I have something for my Lord.' My father had always given ten per cent. to benevolences, so I put thirty cents away, though when my room rent and washing was paid I had just twenty-five cents for food, which it seemed might have to last me through the week. But it did not. The next day a \$10 check came to me, and \$1 was put away. From that day to this I have never lacked for food or clothing, nor been without money in my purse; but, better than that, as your pastor said, I am all the Lord's—my money, my time, my talents, my body, my soul, are all His. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul!'"

There were tears in Helen's eyes when this girl sat down. Impulsively she rose.

"I have never given a dollar of my own to the Lord. When this subject was announced at the morning service I was indifferent, but as it forced itself upon my attention at home I said decidedly: 'I cannot,' and I think I meant 'I will not,' tithe my income. But it looks very different to me now. I believe I can afford to tithe my income, and by the help of God I will."

The following Saturday was payday for Helen. She held to her resolution, though she knew it meant abstinence from luxuries perhaps for weeks.

But what to do with the money puzzled her. She planned to give a sum monthly to each church benevolence, but that would not take all. So she laid the money carefully away.

Months went by. One morning little Mollie Thorne, one of Helen's best pupils, came to school looking pale and weary. Twice she missed a lesson, and the second time she dropped into her seat and sobbed uncontrollably. As school closed Helen called the child to her, and said: "What is it, Mollie? How came you to miss?"

She hung her head, and the tears dropped fast.

"Darling, tell me." There was command as well as love in the young teacher's tone.

"I'm so hungry; I can't study," and the child put up her hands to hide her scarlet face.

"I'm so sorry, dear. Tell me all about it."

"Ever since pa and Jim were killed in the mine, mother's had a hard time, and she don't get much money, and she ain't had anything to eat since day before yesterday, and I haven't had anything since yesterday."

"You poor child," and the teacher's

eyes were dim with tears. "Come with me, dear."

They stopped at a restaurant, and the famished child was fed. Some good things were bought for the mother, and sent by the little one.

"Tell her I will come myself in a little while," was the message Helen sent.

She took two five-dollar bills from her tithe-box to supply the immediate necessity of the widow. She also enlisted the sympathies of a wealthy friend who promised that she should have all the sewing she could do, and took some work to her.

As the woman warmly expressed her gratitude, Helen said sweetly: "Thank our Heavenly Father; it was He who put it into my heart to do it."

"O, I wish I were as good as you," the happy woman answered.

"He will help you," was all the timid Helen could reply.

But she invited the minister to visit the home, and the following communion Sunday the bright-faced mother, a reclaimed backslider, and her little daughter, stood at the chancel rail and gave themselves to the Lord. As the minister related a little of the story, and added that it was one young girl's work, Helen bowed her head and fervently thanked her Heavenly Father that out of a happy experience she knew that she could afford to tithe her income.—*Ch. Advocate.*

The Temptations to Gambling

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

When a young man makes his first bet, or puts up his first wager on a match or a race, or when he risks his first penny at a card-table, he puts a coal of fire into his bosom that is not easily extinguished. It may kindle into a conflagration which, in the tremendous language of Scripture, "will burn into the lowest hell."

All games of chance have a dangerous fascination. As Dr. Ferrar has truly said, "There is a gambling element in human nature"; and it must be watched against just as much as you should watch against any natural sensual appetite. With the excitement of a game of hazard comes a strong temptation to risk a stake on the game; as soon as the first stake is laid down, conscience goes with it, and literally the devil has a hand with you in the game. Here is your peril. The excitement sets you on fire. If you win, you play to win more; if you lose you play on to make up your losses. Before you know it you are a gambler. The safe place to stop is—stop before you begin.

There is more gambling (often behind locked doors) among young men in lodging-houses and social clubs than parents or employers dream of. Many of the larcenies in stores, count-rooms and banks—some of which are hushed up to save reputations—are committed in order to cover up losses at the card table. Many young men are tempted to take a flyer in mining stocks, or some other volatile stocks that are playing up and down in the market. I have known half a dozen schoolboys to pool their pocket-money in order to make a venture on a share or two of stock. The temptation to dabble in stocks has ruined several young men of my acquaintance. One of my objections to the mischievous inter-collegiate foot-ball matches (which wholesome athletic exercise does not require) is that they are attended with such a fearful amount of betting, gambling and hard drinking. I know whereof I affirm when I say this.

The dangers to young men are increasing from three causes:

First—There is a growing passion for getting rich suddenly and easily.

Second—The gambling element is insinuating itself into the trade of the country; and "pools" and "corners" are becoming too common for good business morality.

Third—The rapid increase of luxurious and extravagant living in flames the gambling spirit.

The very word luck is a dangerous word.

A Bright Outlook.

Mrs. Ruth G. Havens has a few remarks to make about the girl of the future:

The girl of the new era, if she marries, will be set free by co-operative methods from household drudgery. Half the families on a square will enjoy one luxurious, well-appointed dining-room, where the expenses will be divided among the families and where excellent cooking and wholesome diet will be served. We are passing dangerously through the era of animal sacrifice, sweetened starch, boiled dough and celluloid pie. The girl of the future will abandon these means of suicide and adopt a wholesome, natural diet, largely of the fruits, which come to us in such orderly succession and generous abundance.

House cleaning will cease to be a bugaboo, for the house of the future will be cleaned by companies

organized for the purpose, and will be the work of a day, instead of the labor of weeks. Its results will be a sense of freshness and immunity from disease, instead of backache, nervous prostration, collapse and an influx of patent medicines.

Every member of the family of the future will be a producer in some degree. The only one who has the right of exemption is the mother. The production of human souls is the highest production of all, the one requiring gravest care and holiest consecration. But apart from this condition, every member of the family shall be a material producer, and then the producer in the kitchen will get such remuneration for her skill as will forbid her to be the hopeless, shirking, migratory creature she is now.

The girl of the future will hold and enlarge her place in the profession, she will monopolize the lighter occupations, she will fill some of the government offices, she will be chief of division, head of bureau, consul, superintendent of industrial schools, director of insane, inebriate and orphan asylums. She will be on the civil service commission, immigration boards, inauguration committees, college faculties, in the senate and house, probably on the supreme bench, possibly in the cabinet.

Caution in Punishment.

Punishment should never be the expression of the parent's irritation, and slapping children, which is too often the mode of its expression, should always be avoided. A sharp, stinging blow only arouses rebellion although prudence may prevent its expression, and the obedience is dearly bought that awakens the worst feelings of the little heart.

A mother should always control herself before she attempts to control her child, and if chastisement must be inflicted, it should be after her own excitement has cooled down, and she can look at the fault impartially.

Many a poor little one is the scape goat upon whom the sins of the family are visited—not consciously, perhaps; and the very presentation of the thought is, it may be, arousing the indignation of the reader, but I appeal to the consciences of some of the mothers who see this article. Is it not true, that when the baby is fretful, and the servants have been contrary, and the sewing that you have been so long over has to be ripped out, and you feel overburdened with your many cares, does not a very little fault on the part of an older child, his noise, his restlessness, his failure to obey, bring down upon him punishment quite disproportionate to the fault? and are not faults discerned in him that would not be noticed in more prosperous times?

Bitter, indeed, would be the remorse, should you, even by accident, inflict upon him a lasting physical injury, but remember that the harm done daily to his spiritual nature by your hasty words and deeds can not be over-estimated.

Should a sculptor, in a moment of annoyance from outside disturbances, mar by angry strokes of the mallet, the beautiful statue he was at work upon, you would feel his action to be that of a madman; yet a mother is working in material far more imperishable than his marble. She is carving a soul into an angel, and her work is to last throughout eternity, and to bear the light of heaven.—*Parish Visitor.*

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