

AN OLD GRACE A NEW HOBBY

The International Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 5 is "Paul on the Grace of Giving."—1 Cor. 8:1-15.

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

The revival of old fashions in women's clothes is not half so significant as the revival, under another name, of the old-fashioned Christian grace of giving. Nowadays this is the fad of the prosperous. It has become "good form" for millionaires to make great donations of a public character. A man feels himself under a moral obligation to give back to the people in some guise the wealth which he has got from them. Thus, when a certain railroad magnate died recently without making a single public or charitable bequest, the outspoken sentiments of the people condemned him. He had failed to come up to the reasonable expectation of the world.

On the other hand, when another New York millionaire died shortly afterward, and left something like thirty million dollars to religious and benevolent purpose, all carefully distributed and without conditions, it was generally said that he had done a rich man's duty by his money and by society, and that he has set a fashion in giving which other men of wealth will follow. He gave himself plus his money.

A Preacher's Irony.

The matter of giving, from the Christian standpoint, was pointedly put once by a Philadelphia pastor, Rev. Dr. Thomas Brainerd, who had appealed in vain to the prosperous members of his congregation in behalf of some good cause:

"Brethren, the Lord has denied you the privilege of exercising many of the most precious graces of the Christian character, which, in His infinite mercy He has vouchsafed to the rest of us. You never knew what it was to repose absolute, unassisted faith in God for the things in this world. You never had to go to sleep at night without knowing where your breakfast was to come from. You never had a sick child wasting away for the want of costly luxuries. You never had to deny yourself the gratification of the impulses of pity, when a sufferer came to your door. You never had to endure the humiliation of being dunned for an honest debt, without knowing whether you could ever pay it. All these unspeakable advantages in developing Christian character an inscrutable Providence has taken from you, and bestowed upon us poor men. The one solitary grace of the Christian life which has been denied to us and given to you, is the grace of liberality, and if you don't exercise that, the Lord have mercy on your souls."

The Complimentary Grace.

Paul's thought was not greatly different from this. He pointed out to the affluent Christians at Corinth that the poor Macedonians had exceeded them in coming to the help of the needy disciples at Jerusalem. These Corinthians abounded in other graces—especially in the grace of "utterance"—but they needed the grace of giving if their religion was not to go limping. Liberality in hands and feet, yes, and mouth, also, for all the other virtues. It in itself is not enough to constitute a Christian character, but it is complementary to the other graces. A mean Christian is not much of a Christian. The stingy saint has scriptural warrant for doubting whether he is a saint at all.

Three profound considerations were suggested by the apostle as incentive to generosity. One was that the Macedonians first gave themselves and then their gift. That is the first principle of successful beneficence. The hand is needed more than what it holds. "The gift without the giver is bare." God asks for gifts because he wants the givers; and the gifts is but a token of the giver's allegiance. The cheapest thing in the world to impart to our fellowmen is money.

The second principle of philanthropy pointed out by the apostle is that the Macedonians gave out of their deep poverty. They shared their little, which is far better than to dispense from an unmissed surplus. Despite the modern fad of big gifts, the great works of religion and charity are to be done by the small offerings of the many.

In the third place, Paul set forth a great motive, by appealing to the example of the Lord Jesus "that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes, he became poor." The gift that is hallowed by self-denial partakes of the very flavor of Christ lives.

One American Man's Way.

The most remarkable story known to me of extended influence through the use of money is that which I have told at length in my book, "Men and Missions." Dr. John F. Goucher, of Baltimore, is known in educational circles as the founder, president, and now president-emeritus of the Woman's College, Baltimore. He is one of the real leaders of the Methodist Episcopal denomination, a really great man, with a doer's claims to distinction. But of all the expressions of his

life that appeal to the imagination, his work in India is the remarkable.

Nearly a generation ago Dr. Goucher undertook to do a special service for each of the great non-Christian lands. Into the problem of India he put deep thought and through investigation. The result was that he personally planned and supported a chain of village schools in the Northwest Provinces,—although he himself was at work in America all the while. These he carried on to a high school, with provision for the marriage of Christian students. The wonderful details of the experiment cannot be told here; but today the Northwest Province are full of "Goucher boys;" and there are more than fifty thousand Christians in India who, in all human probability, would have been heathen still had it not been for Dr. Goucher's investment of his powers and money. That wondrous achievement, which is still multiplying, in geometrical ratio, has been wrought at a cost of only one hundred thousand dollars, which is less than many a man pays for a private yacht. All this came to pass because of (1) a great impulse, (2) an investment of personality, and (3) the dedication of the wealth of which God had made one man the steward.

The Giving Habit.

One of the surprises of a visit to heathen temples is the prevalence of the contribution box. The first act of worship is to toss a new coin into the temple chest. Everywhere it is "Give, give, give!" The pilgrims and other worshippers—quite like many Westerners—have reduced the science of giving to a fine art. They use the smallest coins: commonly one-twentieth of a cent in American money. Indeed, there is some currency so small that it is never used except for purposes of worship and is called "temple money."

At present the churches of North America are being stimulated to better way of giving. The Laymen's Missionary Movement is sweeping over the land, inspiring resolutions to give more largely, to give more systematically, and to give more sacrificially. Money represents life. Most persons must, like William Carey, "cobble shoes to pay expenses," even though their business is "serving the Lord." The wider reach of our influence—our touch upon the big world over seas, and our share in all national activities—must come through the consecration of our money.

Seven Sentence Sermons.

The fault of the age is too much reading and too little thinking.—President Gilman.

In morals, as in geometry, a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.—Barrows.

Live I, so live I,
To my Lord heartily,
To my Prince faithfully,
To my Neighbor honestly
Die, so die I. —Longfellow.

Expediency is man's wisdom; doing right is God's.—George Meredith.

There is more chance for a cripple on the right road than for a racer on the wrong.—D. L. Moody.

Best it is indeed,
To spend ourselves upon the general good;
And, oft misunderstood,
To strive to lift the limbs and knees
that bleed:
This is the best, the fullest meed.
—Lewis Morris.

Greatness is self-conscious, not in the ordinary sense of that phrase but in the sense that denotes consciousness of its possession.—William E. Simond.

STORY OF THE WEEPING WILLOW.

This peculiar drooping tree has a strangely interesting history regarding its introduction into Europe and America. This was after Alexander Pope had builded a home on the Thames river in England. At that time he received from a friend in Smyrna a drum of figs, and with it there happened to be a small twig that greatly excited the poet's curiosity—so much so that he stuck it into the ground by the river's bank.

The little tree rooted and soon grew, to the delight of Pope. It was the ancestor of all those that have since lived both in Europe and America.

In 1775 a young British officer going to Boston, Mass., took along with him, very carefully wrapped in oil silk, a twig from the genuine "Pope willow" and gave the precious twig to Mr. Curtis, stepson of General Washington. Mr. Curtis planted it near his home in Virginia. There the

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE WRECKS THE HOME

Breaks Up Marital and Home Ties Says Mrs. Christy—Charges All Her Family Troubles to the Influence of that Church

(New York World.)

"I do not wish to enter into a controversy with Mrs. Eddy or Mrs. Stetson or the followers of either, but—

"Christian Science leads young girls astray.

"Christian Science raises the baser passions of men.

"Christian Science undermines the happiness of wedded life.

"Christian Science strikes a death blow to mother love.

"Christian Science destroys moral and mental freedom.

"Christian Science is absolutely lacking in charity, human and divine."

This indictment was spoken by Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy to a World reporter yesterday afternoon. Christian Science, according to Mrs. Christy, has broken up her own home. She is about to sue for the possession of her little daughter Nathalie, whom her husband, Howard Chandler Christy, the artist, detains at Zanesville, Ohio. He is a devoted follower of Mrs. Eddy and wants to bring his child up in the faith. Mrs. Christy objects to this.

"I know that my husband would seek reconciliation now if only it were not for the influences to which he is subjected," she sighed yesterday. "I had a telegram from him only last night. But there are Scientists all around him in Zanesville, and I haven't much hope."

Mrs. Christy is spending Thanksgiving with her mother and married sister, Mrs. C. F. Hall, at No. 629 West One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street. She is a beautiful woman, the original of the famous "Christy girl," but the black and white drawings cannot reproduce her lovely coloring. She has long ropes of curly dark hair, big brown eyes and a wonderfully clear ivory-white skin.

Mrs. Christy's Story.

"Understand," she said yesterday, "that I have no personal quarrel with any member of the Christian Science Church—Mrs. Stetson, for example. My attitude toward her has been grossly misrepresented. And I think that the basic principle of Christian Science, as laid down by Mrs. Eddy—the dominance of mind over matter—is true and beautiful.

"I used to be interested in Science myself, till I found that I was altogether unsuited to its ideals. At that time my husband was rabid against it. Then afterward, owing to some physical benefit he thought he had received from it, he became much interested, and I tried to like it again. But I could not believe that all the beautiful things in life are unreal things. And I will not have my daughter brought up in such a belief.

"I believe Christian Science leads girls far astray from the things in which they should most firmly believe. A young girl ought to grow up regarding a marriage for love as the most sacred, the most joyous, the most beautiful thing that can come into her life. But Christian Science practitioners deliberately teach that marriage is a lower state, with which only the lesser minds should content themselves. Some go so far as to say that marriage is absolutely wicked. Do you suppose I'm going to let them teach my child that—as they've been teaching my husband?

"Christian Scientists assert that no ties are binding. They say that these ties simply do not exist. Don't you see the inevitable effect on men with a lot of temperament? All sorts of evil passions will have free rein in them. They will hate fiercely, they will grow vindictive, they will become horribly unjust—and there are other still baser passions which will blaze unchecked.

Its Effect on the Home.

"The effect on Christian Science on the home is extremely subtle and hard to describe. Yet you see the result in my case, and I'm only one of many. I firmly believe. There are lines of suggestive influence, along which the church members work when they have captured husband or wife, whatever it may be. They won't turn anyone out of their church for being married, but they make it very plain and clear, by insidious degrees, that the things that make the home are not the real things, that the little daily efforts and sacrifices and loving acts are not really of importance. Then it may be intimated that these things distract the mind from its true passion for the infinite, that 'union with error' must always drag down the purely aspiring soul. Oh, it's very subtle—but it gains its end!

"They disdain all natural affection—not merely that between husband and wife, but between mother and child. I knew a mother who went into Christian Science, and she told me afterward that she didn't regard her children in the same light as before. They were no longer her children, she said,

they were God's children. I consider my own little daughter God's child, but I consider her mine, too, and I'm most grateful to Him for giving her to me. But that Christian Science mother had no human, individual affection for her child at all!

ROBINSON CRUSOE AND FRIDAY.

Would Robinson Crusoe's Lot Have Been Happier Had His Man Friday Been a Woman?

(Columbia State.)

The boys and girls of a literary society in Pennsylvania discussed the other day the interesting question, "Would Robinson Crusoe's lot have been happier had his Man Friday been a woman?" The girls chose the affirmative, and argued ardently in favor of the feminine companion for Crusoe on his island Eden. The boys stoutly stood up for Friday as a better every day and every weather comrade in exile. It is an unimportant and unessential detail that the audience rendered judgment in favor of a woman chum for Crusoe. The question was one for Robinson alone, while the audience probably was considering the charming girls, any one of whom may have made the wilderness of Juan Fernandez, or Mas-a-Tierra as the Chileans call it, blossom like the rose.

The question is in itself of perennial interest—which makes the better friend or companion for a man, a man or a woman? As to the broad general problem we believe that most of the men that have gone deepest into the study of the mind decided in favor of woman. Such, we believe, we may accept as the judgment of Danis, Homer, Shakespeare, Browning, Balzac. We bar from the discussion the philosophers and ascetics, who would exclude woman from their limbos and systems. It seems to be the accepted opinion that woman makes the better and more faithful friend. There are some great friendships in history and fiction between men—Jonathan and David, Damon and Pythias, Achilles and Patroclus, to name only a few; though we could readily oppose to these the equal and more beautiful friendships between men and women friendships that elevated character, inspired noble literature or heroism, and that have served and still serve as the inspiration to virtue and to love.

It is hardly remarkable that some later writers, like Stevenson and Clark Russell should have supposed Crusoe to have a woman for companion instead of the savage Friday; but we do not think they leave us the impression that the lonely man was happier. Old Umar thought he could cry "Peace to Mahmud on his golden throne," if he could only have his ideal of a beloved companion in a vast solitude:

A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness
Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow!

Even the sedate old Cowper, who sang those terribly depressing lines on Alexander Selkirk, the marooned buccaneer whose experience of four years' residence on Juan Fernandez suggested Robinson Crusoe to Defoe, would probably have decided in favor of a woman companion—sweet Mary Unwin, no doubt—to tell him that "solitude is sweet."

I praise the Frenchman, his remark was shrewd—
How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat
Whom I may whisper, "Solitude is sweet."

But, as we began by saying, the question is one for Crusoe, such as his creator made him. Both for the rough and ready man, half buccaneer and all adventurer, Alexander Selkirk, and for his image—in fiction, Robinson Crusoe, a woman companion in the desolation and struggle and mental anguish of exile on Juan Fernandez, would have been impossible. Defoe's genius revealed its sagacity and certitude when he chose the crude savage, Friday, for Crusoe's companion.

An "Advance of Savakery."

Mr. Grump (a savage backwoodsman) don't see why a man should get married when a good parrot can be bought for \$25.

Miss Readywit—As usual, women are at a disadvantage. A grizzly bear can't be bought for more than that.—Boston Transcript.