Ruth—Yes, I do, mother. Aunt Margaret has told me all about it. I'm going to have a little money box that belongs to Jesus. I can put five cents in it every single week. Then I'll love to give just like Aunt Margaret does. Oh, mother, I'm a Tenth Legioner now. (Sighs her name.)

Mother—Well, dear, not now. I'll have to talk it over with father.

Ruth—It's time for him now. I must be going. Come along, Ruth.

Elsie (faltering cord)—Thank you, Mrs. Hall. I'm going. It seems to me that our gifts are only a part of our offering. Our gifts will go to our interest, our labors. Our Christian Endeavor Society gained success.

(Both exit)

No. 21

THE DEACON'S TENTH

By Mary S. Chapman

Ye see, the older had preached a most powerful sermon on Christian giving, in which he urged what I called the strong to help. Among other things, he said we ought to do as much for our religion as the old Jews did for their God, while it was all right to lay up for a rainy day, to get ahead if we honestly could. We should set apart at least one-tenth of our income as the Lord's money.

"Now, I think the older went a little too far," says I to my wife, Huldy, as we were a driving home from meeting. "Giving is well enough, but I get almost tired hearing these ministers forever a diggin' about it."

"Wah! Wah!" says Huldy, "why don't you try givin' a tenth—try it for one year anyhow?"

"My!" says I, "as if I didn't give more than that now! It's twenty-five cents, every time I turn around, to say nothing of the contributions to big objects. If I get home with a dollar in my pocket I think I'm a lucky fellow."

"Then, I'm sure," says Huldy, with that queer little smile of hers, that she sometimes has, "it'll be a real save to ye to go into systematically a givin' yer tenth."

Now, I hadn't any idee of doin' it, an' keepin' a reckonin' of what I contribute—in fact, I thought that verse about takin' yer right hand know what yer left was a doin' was rather again it, but somehow Huldy has a cool way of takin' things for granted, an' though the mildest of all women, she generally manages to carry her ylnt.

Next mornin' I see her a makin' a book out of some sheets o' paper, an' rubbin' 'em off, an' stickin' 'em on 'n' a pasteboard cover on the outside she wrote in big letters that was as plain to read as printin', "The Lord's Money."

That very mornin' I got an uncommon good kickin' when Huldy jest stuck under my nose that book, "The Lord's Money."

"What's that for, Huldy?" says I.

"Why, for the tenth," says she.

"Bless my soul!" says I, a weakling as things, "that would be sixty dollars. I can't do that!"

"She didn't say anything, but set a watchin' me, so I know it warn't no use a dodgin' her. So I took out ten-dollar bills, all crumpled up, an' laid 'em in a gift."

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"Yer what?" says Silas, smiled. "It's just so much I aim, an' the ability to aim it comes from the Lord, an' I joyfully give back to him the little part."

"But," says I, "ain't that hain' right? Ye might be too sick, or yer work give ou, I should be a little fearful."

"These are the promises," says Silas, "My God shud supply all your needs," says I, "Lord, an' I am with you. They are all ye art seen."

Wash, if I didn't feel small after that. I had almost given a breath of all I'd sold an' grubbed over it at that, an' there were all these broad areas that had fed in, an' those broad trees in the woods that had sent us warm—blessin's that I hadn't counted, an' here was Silas with notion! His hands, an' yer so with him on doin' so much. When I carried him out his folk back to the city I just filled my wagon box full o' things, an' felt as if I was a giver direct to the Lord.

One day the elder an' his family was over to our house, an' we was a talkin'. His son Fred was a player with my Thomas—they was awful good friends—an' says the elder, "If I had as much money as you have, Duncan Tabb, I'd send Thomas to school, an' ask the Lord to make a minister of him."

"Bliss my soul!" I thought, "I don't the last thing I want him to be." Ye see I had other things for my boy, but I said nothing.

My next neighbor, old Mr. Hodges, had a son who went to the city an' studied law, an' got to be a judge, an' comes home in his big carriage once a while to visit the old folks, but with all them dull looks. "An' them," says I, "with all the household, it would be a pecuniarily-agitation to give to the Lord. They tell about things on cussers an' coming back home, an' show them over on the lids behind their back an' in their store that baste their goods on the poor. Any-whoever I've made up my mind to try it."

"Now, Lyman Todd," he says, "I'm goin' into this textile business with no such worldly motives. If ye do ye'll be worse than Annias and Sapphira, who was strickin' dead an' all an' all. Just that the Lord but said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, an' prove me now herewith, but if we undertake to give a copy bargain with Him, ye'll find out that He's git ahead of ye every time. No He's worst we all have, an' I'm thinkin' He'll ask us some plain questions about the way we've used it."

"Huldy didn't very often preach, but when she did her sermons were what I'd call good."

Then brings up, an' I got together to give my speech. I didn't squirm over it as I did on last, I got harder raised, an' se' feelin' liberal. I don't feel so much a lackin' without puttin' aside taken of it. It happened in the summer that my wife's cousin Silas an' his family came to see us, an' I had a biggo' about givin' my mouth, an' I supposed had more power over such a thing an' Silas says, says he, "I've done it on all the minds I was conversed, an' done two dollars a day, an' every Saturday night I put aside the dollar and twenty cents, an' I pray over it its sequel, an' it by Lord's mercy."

"Don't ye take yer money out of it first?"
"I'd like him to go," says she, "so for the elder's boy to go with him."

Sure enough, he should, an' that would be a use for the rest o' the tenth, an' Thomas an'. Fred was a swell good friend; they were like David an', Jonathan, an', what do you think? This was a conclave that jist like a big wave, struck that school, an' in the whole community, an' both the boys cried out, too; for I knew it wasn't none o' my doin' I'd been such a poor, good-for-nothin' Christian all my life, it was enough to set my Thomas again' the Lord.

We got the good news on Saturday mornin' an' the afternoon was the covenant meetin'. It was just about a year from the time that Huppy brought me the "Lord's Money" book. I remember how I got up in the mornin', I just talked, not because I'd anything to say, but 'cause it's a deacon, I could have to, an' told the brethren I hadn't made no progress, an' all that--just what I commonly said. How could I have that way when I'd had a year o' such uncommon blessings, an' with Huppy beside me a earvin' for joy because my Thomas had been converted. No, I couldn't keep from breakin' down. "Huppy, I'm sick, Huppy. I'm sick of the Lord for His goodness to me an', mine, an' I know that givin' my teeth, though it had come so inordinately, has been a help to me. I wasn't such a small, wapish critter as I was aforesaid.

The next year I was run enough to divide my teeth with Huppy, an' such good times as we had livin' in a New York. Huppy was great on what we called the "passim" characters--"the mushy, as ye have done it once o' the least o' things," an'. She was always a findin' some bed-ridden old women to help, or crippled child, or some other case o' need, while I couldn't hardly keep my eyes on that great West, with the foreigners comin' into it, an' the poor freedmen of the South, an' of the great Indian world that ye need to speak. We'd spend hours an' hours a talkin' it over, an' as we did so, we'd get nearer to each other, an' I was sooner to the Lord.

The following little dialogue by Miss Edna B. Bardick, Dunellen, N. J., was given as part of the Young People's program in the Eastern Association at Rockville, H. I. (First published in the Sabbath Recorder.)

Characters: Aunt Margaret; Ruth, a little cousin; Mother of Ruth; Miss Walton, a friend of Aunt Margaret's; Esther, a Christian Endeavor Worker.

Aunt Margaret--I believe some one is knocking, Ruth. Will you run to the door, please?

Ruth--Good afternoon, Miss Walton.

Miss Walton--May I speak with your Aunt Margaret, please?

Aunt Margaret--Certainly, Miss Walton. Please take a chair.

Miss Walton--You see, I am canvassing again. Not exactly another drive, but our Community Welfare Society is planning to send 200 children from the mission to a Fresh Air Camp for at least two weeks this summer. In order to do this, we are canvassing the members of our society and others whom we think will be interested in the cause for financial support.

Aunt Margaret--Certainly, Miss Walton. Ruth, dear, will you run upstairs and get that blue box in the top drawer of my desk. I'm always interested in the welfare of children, and especially those little ones who have to spend the hot days in the most crowded districts. I shall be very glad to share in this work.

Ruth--Miss Walton takes out several dollar bills)

Miss Walton--It's truly delightful and such a relief to hear one speak in that way, and to give so freely, too. It would be a joy to canvass if I were met this way at every home. I thank you again for your very generous gift.

(Exit Miss Walton)

Ruth--Is that your box, Aunt Margaret? I've got a little toy bank in it.

Aunt Margaret--No, Ruth, that is my "One Tenth Box."
both hands up like this. Now count the number of busy workers on
each hand.
Ruth—Of course I know without counting. I know that long before I
ever went to school. Ten, of course.
Aunt Margaret—Now close all but one-tenth of them. What is one-
tenth of ten dollars?
Ruth—One dollar.
Aunt Margaret—One-tenth of seventy dollars?
Ruth—Seven.
Aunt Margaret—The Sabbath Day takes what part of our time each week?
Ruth—One-seventh.
Aunt Margaret—And who commanded us to keep the Sabbath Day?
Ruth—God.
Aunt Margaret—In just that way, we are asked to set apart one-tenth of our money
for his work. It is the Bible rule for giving.
Ruth—Do you put one-tenth of the money Uncle Ned earns in that little box, and then give it all away?
Aunt Margaret—Yes, dear, and one of the happiest moments in all the
week is when we can open God's box and replenish it—then I know we'll
have something to give when help is needed.
Ruth—That is why you give so much to the church, Aunt Margaret? Father earns lots more than Uncle Ned, too. He said so, once.
Aunt Margaret—It's not as much as I'd like to give.
Ruth—I wish I could earn some money, and I'd have a box like that, too.
Aunt Margaret—You can, dear. How much does father give you to spend every week?
Ruth—He gives me thirty cents for ice cream and candy. Then mother gives me twenty cents for the movies. That's for washing dishes, you know.
Aunt Margaret—What is one-tenth of thirty cents?
Ruth—Three cents.
Aunt Margaret—What is one-tenth of twenty cents?
Ruth—Two cents. But don't you see, Aunt Margaret, if I gave two cents to the Lord, I couldn't get in to the movies, 'cause they won't let me in for eighteen cents.
Aunt Margaret—Yes, my little girl, but that means you would go to one less movie in every ten, and it would be the best one, not the last. Let me see, you get fifty cents a week. Don't you think it would be lovely to have a little gift box and each week put in five cents? Then you could give
of your own money to Sabbath school and Junior.
Ruth—But father gives me money for that.
Aunt Margaret—Yes, dear, but that is his money, not yours. If he still wanted to give you money for that purpose, you might give your tenth to the church in a little envelope all your own.
Ruth—Oh, Aunt Margaret, I'd love to do that. I could write my name on the envelope and put it in myself, couldn't I? (Puts her arm around Aunt Margaret.) Yes, I'm going to have a tenth box, too. Oh, here comes mother.
Mother—Hello, are you here? What do you think, Margaret? I just met Miss Walton out here. She's canvassing again. I should think she'd get tired of digging people for money all the time. I simply told her I couldn't do one thing more. I've given for Thrift Stamps, Liberty Bonds, drivers and drivers, until I can't give one more cent, for a while at least. Mr. Brown was over to the house Monday night and asked how much we wanted to subscribe to the church this year, and I just told him we couldn't promise anything this year. We'd give what we could but that was all. You just can't, these days. Say, Margaret, you ought to have seen the show last night. It was great. I believe it was equal to— There comes some one.
Aunt Margaret—Come in, Esther.
Esther—Mrs. Hall, the Christian Endeavor Society is making a Tenth Legion Drive this week. I know you have said in Sabbath school class how happy you have been since you began to give one-tenth to the Lord, and I thought perhaps you'd like to be enrolled as a Tenth Legioner. It is for all tithers, not merely Christian Endeavorers. It serves to promote the cause by showing how many believe in it.
Mother—Where did you get that name from?
Esther—It is named from Caesar's famous and trusted band of warriors. I suppose just as we would say the Tenth Regiment. You know that legion won many battles for the king, and our legion hopes to win many battles for Christ.
Mother—Is it something your society is organizing?
Esther—Oh, no. People all over the world belong, especially many Christian Endeavorers. There are now over fifty-one thousand Tenth Legioners, and it is constantly increasing.
Mother—Well, I think it's a pretty poor time to canvass for that. Don't believe you'll meet with much success.
Esther (turning to Mrs. Hall)—What about it, Mrs. Hall?
Aunt Margaret—Of course, I'll sign. I'd be glad to belong to such a
regiment.
Ruth (turning to Esther)—May I have a card, too? I'm going to be a
Tenth Legioner.
Mother—Why, Ruth, what are you saying? You don't understand.