

think the trouble is with the collectors. If they presented the needs as they ought, people would give, I'm sure of it, and the gate shut behind her with a sharp click, as she ran up the steps of her home.

"There's one thing," Mrs. Foster said to herself a few minutes after stirring the fire and beginning to prepare the evening meal, "I won't be a half-way, hap-hazard, put-off till the last-minute sort of a collector. I'll go right to work at once," her eyes sparkling with determination, "and see if we can't have one well-informed collector. I don't know how Alice Bennett and that proud Miss Burns will manage, I'm sure—it doesn't matter. I don't mean to begin till I'm thoroughly prepared by study to work in the right way. I can begin to-night too, for 'tis Harry's evening at the store, and I shall be all alone."

So this energetic little woman bustled about from kitchen to pantry, until preparations were completed and the table invitingly spread in the cosy little dining-room. Then a pile of magazines was taken from the sitting-room closet, "The Story of Baptist Missions" from the book shelf, and several packets of leaflets and periodicals from the desk.

"I wonder if I have anything else," she murmured. "Why I thought it was later," glancing at the clock; "I'll have time to run over to Mrs. Wade's before Harry gets here. It won't take but a minute," catching up hat and shawl, "and I must have the *Missionary Review of the World*; it might have just what I wanted in it, may be Mrs. Wade will think of something else, too. I must just study up the field, at home and abroad, so as to find out the needs—the special needs, the difficulties and—and everything. I suppose I know about them in a general way, but I must be able to particularize. If I reach people's purses, I must touch their sympathies; and to do that, I must carry information, and that's just where so many collectors fail. People won't give to things they're not interested in, and they can't feel interested in things they don't know about, that's evident. If they only would read for themselves, or attend the meetings, but they won't, so I'm going to read for them, or at least for those on my list. I'll get all the interesting information, telling facts, touching incidents and pressing needs I can find, and then I'll tell them in such a way that the dollars will be forthcoming," and she nodded her head triumphantly, as if the result had already been reached, and hastened to the parsonage.

No pains were spared. During the quiet hours of that evening and of the weeks that followed, heart and brains were actively engaged in preparation for her work. The pastor was consulted, the public library visited, tracts and leaflets sent for, letters to prominent workers written, books borrowed and papers eagerly scanned, all for the "telling facts" and "touching incidents" which were to reach hearts and purses alike, transferring the contents of the latter to her own outstretched hand.

As she mused, the fire burned. Never had the need of the great world-field seemed so great, never the condition of heathen women so deplorable. "O if our women only knew," she would exclaim; and her purpose to tell them grew and strengthened as she thought and studied.

She frequently considered her list of women that she might have something to fit each of the uninterested ones, for Mrs. Foster, as she often affirmed, didn't believe in "hap-hazard work in anything. A sad picture of degraded womanhood in Alaska was stored in her memory for one, a reference to China's millions in darkness for another. A plea for India's suffering little widow would be sure to touch some hearts; others would be stirred more by the woes of Africa's darkened daughters." So Mrs. Foster went on. Never did general map out his movements beforehand more accurately, or plan more faithfully with a view to the final effect, than did Mrs. Foster; but truth compels me to say, that before her calls were half completed she learned what collectors and generals alike admit, viz., that to plan is one thing, to execute is another. She did, indeed, wax eloquent here, grow pathetic there and plead earnestly with another; only to be endured by one with an il concealed expression of impatience, to be answered by another, with a polite, "Is it possible, Mrs. Foster, you believe that?" or to be presented by another, with a grudging quarter when "she might have given five dollars as easily," so this collector declared afterwards to her husband.

Mrs. Foster was too energetic to be quickly wearied; too earnest to be easily discouraged; too brave to give up till she had called upon all the women; but she was puzzled. She had honestly tried to do her best, but the result was so unlike what she had planned. Not that she had entirely failed, oh no. A few of the uninterested women had seemed stirred at her words and had given her all they had to spare—at least that is what they said. Auntie Smith's eye had kindled at her earnest words and she had doubled her dollar. Mrs. Warner handed her five dollars, with an evident desire to get rid of her, Mrs. Foster thought. The Brayton girls would hand her something soon if—if they didn't forget it, which "was just what they intended to do," said this collector, impatiently.

As for the Doctor's wife, in whose ear a pathetic tale had been poured, she had sweetly murmured, "Ah, yes, very sad, but they become accustomed to that, don't you think?" quickly adding, "Did you attend the concert last evening? Wasn't it fine?"

Mrs. Foster, in the quiet of her chamber, looked at the thirty-two names on her list; saw that only eleven had contributed; counted again the money in her hand; thought of the thirty-two dollars she had expected; said in a choked voice, "Only eight dollars and sixty cents!" carefully put it back in the envelope and—yes, burst into a flood of tears. What if