

Brownlee's friend, and Prue's ministering angel, as Prue called her.

'Could you give me the address of the person who did this work,' she inquired.

The lady turned to the list of contributors, and found Prue's address. Miss Brownlee ordered the driver to take her to Prue's home. When she arrived and Prue answered her ring at the door, she instantly recognized the pew occupant of the year before, and the young lady recognized Prue. A blush passed over Miss Brownlee's face, for in justice to her let it be said that she had often thought of the poor girl, and regretted the unladylike, unchristian manner in which she had treated her. No allusion was made to the former meeting, however, but Judge Brownlee's daughter was her best customer after that Christmas time, and in many ways tried to atone for her forgetfulness of Christ's injunction to entertain the stranger.—Susan Teall Perry, in the 'Evangelist.'

### Went to the Meeting Through a Coal-hole.

Miss M. J. Street, during a visit to the Cotswolds, in England, met with an illustration of the true Endeavor spirit. The meetings were held in a church which had just celebrated its fifth jubilee, and the ministers of the district bore testimony to the invaluable help that the Christian Endeavor organization renders to church life and work in a scattered agricultural district. At one of these churches some time back there was a grand clearing up and rebuilding, and all meetings were given up for a week except the Christian Endeavor meeting. The members of the society interviewed an official, and told him that they must hold their meeting. 'But you can't,' he said; 'the place is full of scaffolding.' 'That doesn't matter,' they told him. 'But it is all dirty, and there is wet paint about.' 'That doesn't matter,' they said. 'But it is such wet weather that nobody will come,' he argued. 'Endeavorers will come anyhow,' they said. And so they did. Because the door was not available, they got in through the coal-hole, and in the midst of the scaffold poles held a record meeting. Since then nobody in that neighborhood has proposed the postponement of a Christian Endeavor meeting.

### The Oak Tree's Part.

(Miss Alice May Douglas, in New York 'Observer'.)

'Oh, papa is cutting down the big oak!'

This cry came from Myrtle, who was sitting at the window playing with her paper dolls.

'Oh, I think not,' said her mother.

'But, there he is on the shore with his axe,' said Myrtle. 'He has struck the tree once.'

'Then run and ask him not to do so,' said mamma.

So away ran Myrtle, down the yard, across the field to the shore of the lake, where stood all by itself a beautiful large oak tree.

'Let the tree stand, papa! do, please!' little Myrtle pleaded, quite out of breath from her quick run.

'What is that?' exclaimed Farmer Bragg, as he let fall the axe he had just lifted for another blow at the tree.

'Oh, please don't cut the oak down,' repeated Myrtle, as she wiped the perspiration from her forehead.

'Why not?' asked her father, with a kindly expression on his full-bearded face.

'Oh, for lots of reasons,' answered Myrtle. 'It is nice to come down here and sit in the

shade of the oak, and I like to get acorns, too. Then the tree is so pretty to look at from our window.'

'But it will make good lumber,' said Mr. Bragg. 'And don't we need the money that it would bring more than you need the shade and acorns and a tree to look at?'

'Oh, no, no, no, no, no,' replied Myrtle very decidedly. 'Not at all.'

'But we need a new pump for the well,' explained the father, 'and what this tree will bring will be just enough to buy one, I am thinking.'

'But if you will only let the oak stand,' suggested the little girl, eagerly, 'I will bring all the water from the well, so we will not need a pump.'

'Bless your soul,' exclaimed the father. 'Your little arms aren't strong enough for that.'

'Then I will earn money and buy a pump,' proposed the child. 'I can earn lots in blueberry time.'

'Very well,' said the father, 'if you want the tree to stand, as much as all that comes to, I will not lift an axe to it again.'

'I knew you wouldn't,' said Myrtle, greatly delighted, 'and you are just the best man in the whole town—yes, you are.'

Farmer Bragg shouldered his axe and started towards the house. Myrtle picked up the chips which had resulted from the few strokes her father had given the oak, and fitted them back into the tree.

'The oak will not look hurt now, even if it has been cut,' she said. Then, taking a glance at the beautiful blue lake, the child followed her father across the field, stopping now and then to gather a handful of buttercups and daisies.

This was a good blueberry year. In fact there had not for a long, long time been so good a one, and among the farmers' families, none worked harder to earn a little spending money from the blueberry fields than did Myrtle. And how fast she worked picking with both hands at once and filling her pail much sooner than did any of the others in the party.

And did she never get tired? Oh, yes, very often! Her back would ache leaning over the low growing bushes and the heat of the sun would make her very weary, and it would seem to take the life all out of her, as she expressed it. 'But I will not complain,' she said to herself, 'for what I am doing has saved the old oak's life and I think I will get money enough to buy the pump. The other girls are to buy new dresses with their berry money, but I'd rather have the oak than a new dress.'

No one who knew why Myrtle worked so hard in the berry fields, supposed that she would buy a pump—even if she earned enough to do so. 'She will back out at the last moment when she sees the money and thinks of all the things that she wants.' That is just what many a one said, but that did not prove to be the case.

Myrtle drove alone to the village and sold her berries to a man who was there to buy all he could get to ship away. Her eyes sparkled as they never had before as she saw the silver dollars that he gave her, for while the berries brought but six cents a quart, she had gathered hundreds of quarts. She went immediately to the hardware store and bought a pump. The store man told her what she wanted, and when he found out why she was buying it, he let her have it at cost.

You may be sure that all of the family—all of the neighbors as well—were surprised when they found out that Myrtle had indeed

bought a pump. And the old oak would have been both glad and surprised had he known it, but unfortunately oak trees do not know what we do.

Of course the water from the well tasted no better when brought up by the pump, than it had when brought up by a bucket, but then Myrtle thought that it did, and no wonder, since it was her own hands that had earned the pump.

One fall day as Myrtle was playing about the well, two strangers—a lady and a gentleman—drove up, and asked for a drink. As she gave one to them, the gentleman asked, 'can you tell me, my little lady, who owns the land down by the lake where that large oak stands?'

'My father,' replied the child.

'I wonder if he would sell it,' remarked the woman, with an inquiring look at Myrtle.

'I think that he will,' replied Myrtle.

'I am thinking that it is not the land, but the tree that my wife is most anxious to have,' remarked the man with a hearty laugh.

'I do think that the tree is ever so pretty,' observed Myrtle, glad that the oak had another admirer than herself. She wanted to tell how she had saved its life, but, being a little shy of strangers, did not do so.

'Can't you see about buying the lot at once, Henry?' asked the woman of her husband. 'That tree decided the spot. I'd rather have a cottage near that tree than at any other place on the lake.'

'All right,' answered the husband. Then, turning to Myrtle, he asked, 'Is your father at home, and can I see him? My wife wants the tree and I suppose the land goes with the tree, so we might as well make a bargain now as at any time?'

Myrtle called her father and a trade was soon made.

The stranger offered a generous sum for the cottage lot which was gratefully accepted by the farmer, who found dollars rather scarce at all times of the year, and who was in especial need of money at that time.

Two weeks later when he placed the roll of bills, that resulted from his sale, upon the kitchen table, and all the family gathered about to see them, Myrtle said with great pride, 'And it is all on account of my saving the big oak. I don't wonder the woman wanted it, it looked so lovely with its leaves all turned!'

'Yes, we have Myrtle to thank for this good fortune,' said her father. 'So a part of the money rightfully belongs to her.'

So saying, he pushed a new ten dollar bill towards her. She took it with a smiling face and said, 'Now I have a tree and a pump and money enough to get me the new dress the berries didn't buy. Oh, I am so glad I took the old oak's part and it will still be my tree to love even if it is on somebody else's land.'

'Indeed it will,' said her mother with a face as glad as Myrtle's, 'for no one loves it so well as do you.'

'No, not half so well,' added Myrtle.

Should you go by Myrtle's home now you would see a pretty summer cottage under the shade of the oak, and there, too, you would often see Myrtle as an ever welcome caller upon her new neighbors.

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