

tee," our duties to be to do what we can to help him in ways that will suggest themselves to us as we go on.'

'Why,' said one of the chairmen, 'isn't the whole society supposed to do what it can for the church and the pastor?'

'Yes,' replied the president, with a faint smile. 'It's supposed to, and it ought to, but does it? That's the question. Now it seems to me it would be a good idea to have a special committee of this sort that is purely voluntary, is not obliged to make any report, and is not known to anyone but ourselves. Don't let us go and tell the society or our pastor that we have formed such a committee, but let us surprise him in coming to his help in ways that we know can encourage him. Let us have one committee in the society that is not down in the programme but hard at work just the same. It will do us good to do some good this way. I believe our pastor needs special encouragement just now. There was something in his manner last night after service that made me feel sorry and ask myself if there wasn't something we could do between now and next Sunday to prove the value of a new committee of this kind, to be known as the "Pastor's Committee" among ourselves,—our own secret for his surprise and help. What do you say?'

They talked it over together, and when the president said good-night, after a two hours' conference with the chairmen, the 'Pastor's Committee' was enthusiastically organized for business.

It was Tuesday morning that the minister's bell rang while he was busy working at what he intended to be a sermon calling to task the church for its coldness and lack of enthusiasm, after which he expected to read his resignation. His wife answered the door. Presently he heard a voice say: 'I shall be glad to do that copying for him. I called purposely to see if I could not be of service. I know how busy he is, and won't disturb him. But won't you ask him to send it down by one of the boys? Or, no, I'll call for it on my way back. Good-by.'

The minister's wife came upstairs and said that the president of the Endeavor Society had called and volunteered to do some copying of necessary reports which the minister had to send out every year and which cost considerable time and care to do neatly and correctly.

It was the first time anyone had volunteered any work in the church for a long time. The minister felt strangely moved by it. The next sentence he wrote to his sermon had a far pleasanter expression to it. Still he wrote on, that day and the next, and finished, Thursday noon, with the same thought with which he started—that the church needed to be roused to a sense of her privileges and responsibilities. And all the time the resignation lay in the drawer of the desk near by.

Thursday night, to his surprise, quite a large number of the young people were out, and six of them took an active part. They also came up after the meeting and shook hands with him heartily, thanking him for his helpful remarks. The minister felt a little guilty as he stood up there talking with the young people and thinking of the resignation. But his eyes moistened, and as he walked home he agreed with his wife that they had not had so good a meeting for a long time.

When Sunday morning came, however, the minister put his resignation in his pocket and started for church. He had for a long time been in the habit of greeting his people with handshakes as he came in to walk down the aisle to the pulpit. For some time, however, it seemed to him that the effort was very one-sided.

This morning he was taken by surprise when he was met at the door by three or four young people, who greeted him heartily and said they had been praying for the morning service, and hoped it would prove a great blessing to the whole church. Again that moistening of his eyes made the minister's sight a little dim as he walked down the aisle into the

pulpit and opened the well-worn Bible, looking over it to his people, so many of whom he had learned to love so well. His eyes were not so dim, when he finally sat down to listen to the opening anthem by the choir, that he could not see a pretty bouquet of roses on the little stand, with a note written, lying near by. The note read:—

'From some of the young people. May God bless the morning service.'

Somehow when the minister came to his morning sermon that day he did not seem to feel very easy. The people wondered a little at his manner. Several times he seemed to turn over two or three leaves at once. It was a shorter sermon than usual. When he reached the end he paused a moment curiously, then gave out the last hymn and sat down. His closing prayer was very tender and brought tears to several eyes. When the minister reached home after the service he took out his resignation and laid it on the table.

'Why didn't you read it, John?' his wife asked. She had never known him to change his mind before. He was a very determined man in general.

'Well,' replied the minister, 'I thought that I would wait until next Sunday. I didn't feel just like it to-day. Somehow I don't know but the people are more thoughtless than anything else.' He took the resignation upstairs and put it into a drawer of his desk.

The next Sunday he did not take the resignation to church. He did not exactly forget it, but somehow he did not take it. During the week, to his great surprise, one of the trustees had called and with an apology had brought a cheque for the long due salary, and said he hoped the church would be more business-like and prompt hereafter. Just how this had been brought about was the secret of the 'Pastor's Committee,' and you may be sure I shall not reveal it, especially as it is a true secret, and if I told it, you might know who this minister was. But it seemed to the minister that suddenly his church was beginning to treat him as it did when he came to it years before, a single young man, and all the young people in the congregation thought there was no one like 'our minister.' He found a new interest in his prayer-meetings and Sunday-night services. Members began to volunteer to do church work. Young members called at the parsonage to know if he couldn't give them something to do. In short, his church seemed very dear to him and his work very encouraging; so much so, that after six more months, coming across his resignation as he was hunting for some papers in that drawer, he stared at it almost as if it was the handwriting of someone else.

It was winter time, and there was an open fire burning in the minister's study. He laid the resignation on the coals and it was warmly received and vanished up the chimney. The 'Pastor's Committee' had done its work well. They had never heard of the resignation. But on the other hand he has never heard of such a committee. And that is the reason why the minister did not resign.—C. M. Sheldon, in 'Young People's Weekly.'

[For the 'Messenger']

Victorian India Orphan Society.

About one hundred children are at present being cared for in the orphanage at Dhar, Central India, maintained by the Victorian India Orphan Society (undenominational). Fifty-five of these are supported by individual donors or societies, about half in the city of Winnipeg, and the rest from various places throughout Canada, from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia.

Reports from India are most encouraging. Some considerable time ago, the Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon, and his staff, closely inspected the Orphanage, and were deeply interested in the work; the Maharajah of Baroda, one of the most important and most enlightened native princes, was equally impressed, and just recently the Native Secretary of Dhar State asked permission to see it, and wrote immediately afterwards, expressing his great appreciation of the good work he saw being done there. Besides their words of approval, all these gave practical demonstration of their interest. Thus, besides the untold benefit to the children themselves, the establishment of such a Christian work, contrasting so forcibly with the heathen darkness around it, is an object lesson to all the country round.

Recently five of the elder girls passed the

junior teacher's examination, and some of the older boys are assisting in the services held in the villages, so soon it is hoped there will be a band of native Christian workers who owe their training to the faithful, loving work done in this Orphanage.

A letter from one of the workers, Dr. Margaret O'Hara, says:—

'There were twenty-nine of the girls baptized last Sabbath. It was a most impressive service. Dr. Russell preached a sermon on "Baptism," and afterwards the girls came forward. It is a great joy to see them take a public stand for Christ. I really think they are Jesus' own little lambs. There was one girl especially who resisted for a long time; she felt that she ought to yield, yet did not want to do so. She seems very happy since taking that step.'

The Secretary-Treasurer of the Society, Mrs. A. S. Crichton, 142 Langside Street, Winnipeg, sends the following acknowledgment, with thanks, of contributions received from readers of the 'Northern Messenger' since May 15, 1903, and explains that an extended stay abroad prevented a list being sent last year:—Mrs. M. Henderson, \$3; Mr. R. Farquharson, \$15; Mrs. Milton E. Barrett, \$2; Mrs. C. V. Morris, \$35; Sidney Pres. Sunday-school, \$47.75; Mrs. J. T. McElrea, \$2; Miss A. E. Ballentine, \$37; La Riviere Y.P.M.S., \$38; Mrs. Hobman, \$2; Pres. Sunday-school, Doon, \$18.75; Friends from Point Fortune, \$30; Marais Benefit League, \$34; St. David's Society, Oak Lake, \$35; Sunday-school Class, Camilla, \$27.55; Prosperity Y.P.S.C.E., \$34; Rosser Union C.E.S., \$7.91; Mrs. McKinnon and son, \$5; Gibson Mission Band, \$20; Prospect C.E. Society, \$36; Friend, \$1.50; Friend, Melita, \$18; Miss J. E. R. Fisher, \$17; Montgomery Union C. E. Society, \$38; Beulah Sunday-school, \$7; Mr. A. M. Boosey, \$5; Friend, Christieville, \$17; Beulah Sunday-school Class, \$28; Cripple Creek Mission School, \$18; Mrs. Ph. Field, \$5; T. J. Morrison, \$7; 'Servant of Jesus,' \$1.10; Outremont Sunday-school, \$20; Friend, St. Eugene, \$5; Mrs. W. F. Boake, \$15; and Mr. Hec. McLean, Mr. J. Wells, Mr. W. A. Gardiner, Miss E. S. Eby, Mr. J. Towe, each \$1. Total from readers of the 'Northern Messenger' since last acknowledgment, \$637.56.

'World Wide.'

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The following are the contents of the issue of Feb. 25, of 'World Wide'.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Grand Duke Sergius Killed—American Papers.
The Czar's Manifesto—American Papers.
An Interview with Count Tolstoy—Special Correspondence of the 'Standard,' London.
The Finnish Diet—The 'Morning Post,' London.
In a Russian Village—A Peasant's Views—Special Correspondence of the 'Manchester Guardian.'
India Under Protection—The 'Morning Post,' London.
The Hudson Bay Route—Regarded as Feasible for Five Months of the Year—The New York 'Tribune.'
President Harper, a Man of Marvellous Energy—The 'World,' New York.
Oxford and Goldwin Smith—The London 'Times.'
Bula-Matari—The Rockbreaker—The 'Scientific American,' New York.
Nobody in this World is Really Uninteresting—Comment by T. P. O'Connor, in 'M.A.P.,' London.
The Revival in London—Vast Crowds at the Albert Hall—'Daily News,' London.
'What I Believe'—By Dr. R. A. Torrey, Evangelist of the Great London Mission, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Art in the Swedish Schools—By E. Avenard, in 'Art et Decoration.' Translated for 'Public Opinion,' New York.
Adolf Menzel, the Great German Artist—By Arthur Hoerber, in the 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Damage to Menzel's Paintings—The New York 'Evening Post.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Soul's Victory—Poem, by W. H. Saville, in the 'Spectator,' London.
Are Children Tired of 'Alice'?—By B. in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
A Gardener's Joys and Grievs—Rider Haggard's Book—The 'Manchester Guardian.'
A Nova Scotian Astronomer—The 'Athenaeum,' London.
General Wallace—The 'Providence Journal.'
A Book from the Library of the Earl of Leicester—How did it Reach Chicago?—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Mr. Eden Phillpotts's New Novel—The 'Standard,' London.
The United States Copyright Law—The New York 'Times' Book Review.
The Oregon Trail in the Seventies—The 'Nation,' New York.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Pedagogues and Parents—The New York 'Times' Book Review.
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The Coreless Apple—Extract from an Article by Sampson Morgan, in the 'Nineteenth Century.'

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