

Mr. and Mrs. J. Vanstone, Sebringville, Ontario	1.00
John Harding50
James Mulford50
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M. McAlpine, Toronto, Ont.	2.00
W. F. Lighthall, Montreal	1.00
Ebenezer, Montreal	20.00
'Lac des Iles Service'	5.00
Anonymous	1.00
A Friend of the Suffering, Healthcote	1.00
A Sympathizer, per Woodstock 'Sentinel Review'25
A Friend, Belmont	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Rankin, Windsor Mills, Que.25
Fournier Methodist Sunday School, per Mr. D. L. Scott	2.00
Sympathizers, Morin Flats, Que.	4.00
3rd Class of Horwood Model School and friend	2.00
Lorne F. Lea, Victoria, P.E.I. ...	5.40
	0.50

A. D. Dewse, Massey, Ont. ...	3.00
Woodstock, N.B.—	
Mrs. William Brown15
Mrs. Thos. Ellis25
Donovan Ellis10
Josie Ellis10
Gene Ellis10
Veda Ellis10
Herman Crosby20
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Short Beach Temperance and Literary Society	1.00
Lower Ormstown Sunday-school, per Jas. Elliot	8.00
Grace G. McKay, Brighton, N.S. .	9.50
E.S.H., Pembroke, Ont.	1.00
Heckman's Isle S. S. Lunenburg	5.00
A 'Messenger' Reader, N.S.	1.70
A Friend, Burnstown	1.00
Mima, Clarence, Harold and Percival Watt, Palmerston	2.00
S. S. No. 11, Winchester Public School, Morewood	4.00
	2.50

Amos Booth, Wycombe, Ont. ..	1.00
Charles H. MacDermid	1.00
Edith E. MacDermid	1.00
B. Hasking, Guelph, Ont.	2.00
O. H. Brown, Elgin, Ont.	2.00
A Friend, Gladstone, Ont.	2.00
Mrs. James Fulton, Cedar Hill, Ont.	2.00
A Friend, Morden, Man.	5.00
A Friend, Islington	3.00
Mrs. J. R. R., Strathcona	2.00
Mrs. Geo. Sharey, Napanee, Ont. .	1.00
T. M., Carleton Place, Ont.	2.00
Friends in Newdale, Man.	1.00
St. Andrew's Presbyterian Ch., Appleton, Ont.	28.00
A Friend, Riverview	1.00
Chinese Class in Mount Royal Methodist Church, Montreal, per W. A. Bray, Supt.	5.00
A. McP. Bradalbane	5.00
R. M. Howden, St. Louis Sta.	1.00
John, Percy and Harry McKenzie	.20
American Presbyterian Church, Montreal	800.00



The Chickadees.

A fluffy little chickadee,
When winds began to blow,
Crept up beside a forest tree
And watched the flakes of snow.

'My brother,' said poor chickadee.
This wind is very cold;
Why don't we go to sunny lands,
Like good Sir Robin bold?

The snow is covering all the worms,
The flies are gone away,
I haven't caught a single bug—
Not one—to eat to-day.'

'Tie on you!' chirped good Brother Dee.
Don't creep in there to whine,
For chickadees weren't made for that,
I'll show you how to dine.

'When flies and worms and bugs are gone
Sir Robin has to go,
Because, you see, good brother mine,
His lordship was made so.

'But chickadees and birds of pluck,
When cold and wintry weather
Cut off their whole supply of meat,
Forage for seeds together.

'We'll hunt for seeds and berries red,
And surely find our dinner,
For flowers that bloom in summer days
Leave seeds for birds in winter.

'So pluck up courage, brother dear,
For chickadees must never
Do aught but sing the whole year through
No matter what the weather.'
—'Youth's Companion.'

Life's Sweet Music.

A visitor to Amsterdam wishing to hear the wonderful music of the chimes of St. Nicholas, went up into the tower of the church to hear it. There he found a man with wooden gloves on his hands, pounding a keyboard. All he could hear was the clanging of the keys when struck by the wooden gloves, and the harsh, deafening noise of the bells close over his head. He wondered why the people talked of the marvellous chimes of St. Nicholas. To his ear there was no music in them, nothing but terrible clatter and clanging. Yet all the while there floated out over and beyond the city the most entrancing music. Men in the fields paused in their work to listen, and were made glad. People in their homes and travellers on the highways were thrilled by the marvellous bell tones which fell from the tower. There are many lives, which to those who dwell close beside them, seem to make no music; they pour out their strength in hard toil; they are shut up in narrow spheres; they dwell amid the noise and clatter of common task work; they think themselves that they are not of any use, that no blessing goes out from their life; they never dream that sweet music is made anywhere in the world by their noisy hammering. But out over the world, where

the influence goes from their work and character, human lives are blessed, and weary ones hear, with gladness, sweet, comforting music. Even away off in heaven, where angels are listening to earth's melodies, these entrancing strains are heard.—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

Tested and Tried.

A blacksmith, about eight years after he had given his heart to God, was approached by an intelligent unbeliever with the question: 'Why is it you have so much trouble? I have been watching you. Since you joined the church and began to "walk square," and seem to love everybody, you have had twice as many trials and accidents as you had before. I thought that when a man gave himself to God his troubles were over. Isn't that what the parsons tell us?'

With a thoughtful but glowing face the blacksmith replied: 'Do you see this piece of iron? It is for the springs of a carriage. I have been "tempering" it for some time. To do this I heat it red-hot, and then plunge it into a tub of ice-cold water. This I do many times. If I find it taking "temper," I heat and hammer it unmercifully. In getting the right piece of iron I found several that were too brittle. So I threw them in the scrap-
pile. Those scraps are worth about a cent a pound; this carriage spring is very valuable.'

He paused, and his listener nodded. The blacksmith continued: 'God saves us for something more than to have a good time—that's the way I see it. We have the good time all right, for God's smile means heaven. But he wants us for service just as I want this piece of iron. And he has put the "temper" of Christ in us by testing us with trials. Ever since I saw this truth I have been saying to him, "Test me in any way you choose, Lord; only don't throw me in the scrap-pile."
—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

How a Little Seed Grew.

Many years ago, in the city of New York, a teacher was giving a geography lesson to a class of little girls. While showing them a map of the world, the lady pointed out to her pupils the large proportion of the world where the people were still in heathen darkness, knowing nothing of the true God and His Son Jesus Christ. The children were interested, and one little girl, only eight years old, said, to herself, 'If God will let me, I will go when I am grown up, and teach some of these poor people to love the Saviour.' This little girl's name was Eliza Agnew.

Eliza never forgot her promise. Her duties to her family kept her closely at home till she was thirty years old. Then the death of all near relations left her at liberty to fulfil what had long been the dearest wish of her heart. She went out to Ceylon and joined the American Mission, then newly established at Jaffna, where she took charge of a girl's school. This school was begun in rather a curious way. When the American Mission was started, it was found that while the Tamil people were glad to send their boys to school, they were very unwilling to do as much for the girls. 'What is the use to teach

women?' they said, contemptuously. 'They can no more learn than sheep.'

It happened one day that a very heavy rain-storm caused two little girls to take shelter in the mission house. The storm lasted so long that the children grew hungry and began to cry. The missionary lady offered them bread and bananas, which the younger child ate, but the elder refused.

Meantime the parents came to seek the children. They were very angry when they found that the younger girl had eaten food prepared by one not of her own caste, and declared that the child was polluted, and that they should never be able to marry her properly. After much perplexity the parents proposed that the missionary lady keep the child altogether. The offer was gladly accepted, and the little girl was soon quite contented in her new home.

The missionary lady began to teach her little pupil. She sprinkled sand on the floor of the veranda, and wrote thereon a few of the 297 letters of the Tamil alphabet. When these were learned, she added others, till the pupil could read and write the whole alphabet herself. Some little friends who came to see their playmate were delighted with the new game, as they thought it, and before long they, too, had learned to read, to their own great delight, and the astonishment of their parents. Seeing how happy and contented the first little girl was, other people consented to entrust their daughters to the missionaries, and thus, in 1824, began the Tamil girls' boarding school, one of the first schools of the kind ever established in a heathen land.

Into this school Miss Eliza Agnew entered, and there she worked for forty-three years. Upward of a thousand girls studied under her care, some of them being the children, and even the grandchildren, of her first pupils. More than six hundred of these girls left the school earnest Christians. Nearly all of these became wives and mothers, and so the work was carried on. When, at last, Miss Agnew died, her funeral was attended by hundreds of families who mourned for her as for a mother.

The school still flourishes, and is carrying on Miss Agnew's good work, and blessing countless homes with the Gospel of Peace. As the lady who gave these details said to Miss Gordon Cumming, 'the home is the stronghold of heathenism.'

There are hundreds and hundreds of heathen villages where just such work might be done to-day, if women could be found to devote themselves to the cause. There are hundreds of places where lady doctors and nurses could work for the Lord in saving women from frightful tortures at the hands of ignorant native doctors and conjurers, and at the same time spread the news of the Gospel. Who will go?

That faithful school teacher little knew what she was doing when she showed her pupils the map of the world, and told them how many people were heathen; but, doubtless she has heard the good news by this time—some part of it at least, but eternity alone will reveal the whole. The little seed has become a great tree, even a tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nation.—Lucy Ellen Guernsey in 'Time of Refreshing.'