

Only she was confident there'd be a change in some things!

'I suppose we must be thankful, dear. They mean well, but it is hard at times when you'd like the money—and need it.'

It was early Monday evening, and the new minister and his wife were awaiting their guests, for, of course, they had received numerous 'hints' to be at home.

'I—suppose I ought not to say it even to you, dear, it sometimes seems like treason; but I sort of dread their coming.'

'I know how you feel,' replied the little wife, courageously, 'but we can stand it, John. They think it's showing us great favor—and they're our people, you know. Hark! I believe someone is coming. I hear steps on the walk!'

'Good evening! Is it storming a little? I thought the clouds looked threatening just before supper. Lay your things right off—let me take your hat,' and the genial minister cordially ushered his guest into the comfortable sitting-room.

One after another the members arrived, each one accompanied by some mysterious parcel, of every shape and size imaginable.

Mrs. Maxwell eyed the long paper package William Tripp laid on the table with some suspicion. 'It's most too large to be'—she turned to make room for a friend. 'Oh, well, I musn't judge beforehand.'

After all had arrived, and conversation on ordinary topics had begun to lag—of course everyone was thinking of his part in the minister's surprise—Mrs. Barrows, Mrs. Maxwell, and Pamela Flint, the donation committee, went mysteriously into the dining-room. It seemed hours that they were gone to the impatient guests. Brother Franklin nervously fumbled a 'speech' that he kept taking from his coat pocket. He had spent all his spare time for days on its composition.

At length everyone was ready. Mrs. Maxwell nodded to the embarrassed Mr. Franklin.

'We have made an innovation,' he began, impressively, forgetting to address their host, 'which we trust will prove acceptably agreeable. We have varied somewhat our donation this year, as you will presently see. And after careful and thoughtful deliberation we have decided, taking everything into consideration, to give this donation, deducting its value in no way from our salary apportionment.'

The door was then thrown open to the dining-room. On the table lay a few provisions, but only of the choicest brand. Instead of the usual contributions there were books—fine historical and theological works, and three magazines, with a note explaining that they would be monthly visitors throughout the year. There was also one daily with the same provision, some choice music, two tickets to the People's Lecture Course, a gray silk dress pattern—'twas 'Stingy Bill's' donation—and so many, many beautiful and useful things!

The poor little minister's wife was utterly bewildered—the beauty and unexpectedness of it all!

'And I dreaded their coming—almost,' after they had gone. And there were tears in the happy minister's eyes as he spoke: 'They are our people. God abundantly bless and keep them!'

'That's the kind of donation that counts; that'll bear repeating!' 'Twas Mrs. Bar-

rows, a week later, talking over the success of the new donation with Mrs. Maxwell.

'Yes,' slowly. 'Bread is necessary in its place; but it isn't all that fills.'

### What You Do Is Done.

What you purpose may fail. What you begin may never be finished. What you leave others to do may remain undone. What you do is done.

A man recently made a will leaving several thousand dollars to orphanages and benevolent causes. Two days later he died. The State law pronounced all charitable bequests void, unless the will was executed thirty days before death. So the good man's will was broken, and the money goes where he did not wish it to go. If he had given the money while living, reserving the income from it during his life, he might have had his wishes carried out.

A man working in the interest of a good cause was called in by a wealthy man and certain properties were transferred to that work. During the giver's life he was to receive an annuity from them. The money was safely invested, and now no lawyers will fatten on it, no prodigals will spend it and there will be no law suits or quarrels over it when the man is gone.

Samuel J. Tilden, a great lawyer, once candidate for the Presidency of the United States, wrote his own will, leaving six or eight million dollars for a public library for the city of New York. This will was broken and the scheme failed.

Peter Cooper executed his own will, founded Cooper Institute, where thousands of young men and women enjoy opportunities which otherwise they might never have had; and Cooper Institute will keep the philanthropist's memory green, while the Tilden Library scheme will serve to point a moral or adorn a tale.

What you do is done; is it not best to go and do what you wish done, and not leave it so that others may hinder or undo it if left to them?—'Common People.'

### Christian Literature and Missions.

A missionary went into a school one day, and threw on the table a bundle of pamphlets and papers, and took his seat. Immediately some of the bigger boys rushed forward to take the papers, but he checked them. 'Hold on. Wait a minute. Take your seats.' They did so, and he then said, 'How many of you have the papers I gave you when I was here before?' 'I have, sir.' 'I have, sir.' 'I have.' 'Very good,' said he, 'go home, and bring the papers here.' They went, and came back breathlessly. 'Now,' he said, 'could you tell me what is in that paper?' pointing to one lad. He said, 'Yes,' and he told him all he had read in it. He did that with several other lads. 'Now,' said he, 'can you tell me how it is that you know so much about these pamphlets and papers, when I gave them to you so long ago?' 'Well, it was like this,' one said. 'When you gave us those papers, we went home, and read them to each other on the way home. When we got home, father said, "What have you got there?" I told him, and he said, "Read them to me." Then mother wanted to know what was in them,

so I sat and read them to her. And by and by friends came, and they wanted to know what the papers contained. So I read them one by one, so that if I have read the books once, I have read them thirty times.'—'Christian Guardian.'

### Postal Crusade.

Cocanada, India, 30-5-'03.

Dear Sir,—I am sorry to say that we have not been able to provide the reading-room with any papers out of funds for that purpose, as we have had none, but have had to depend altogether upon the kindness of friends. The Post-Office Crusade of Canada has provided the reading-room with the 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger' during the past year, and I am hopeful that they may continue to do so during this present year. I am enclosing a letter which will explain to you the work we have been doing in the free distribution of papers amongst the English educated young men of this part of India. The 'World Wide' is particularly acceptable to the advanced students, who appreciate its general character and its fine distinction and good taste. It is one of the most appreciated papers that we get, and stands up in the front rank, being in constant demand by men in the College after having passed through the hands of twenty-five to thirty readers in the reading-room. We use it, too, in the editing of a Telugu weekly newspaper, that in its small way is being conducted along the lines of your own publications. I enclose a letter explaining that effort and also a sample copy. We are sorry that it is in a language that makes an exchange with you impossible. The 'Ravi' or 'Sun' is one of three such papers now being issued in South India, on similar lines and in three different language areas. They are really missionary publications, but not denominational or religious, but Christian weeklies, giving the news of the day, discussing all questions that affect the interests of the people, not local but general in their scope, social, domestic, educational in their effort, and widely catholic in their spirit. You will be interested in this movement, I know, for we are attempting to do in and for India just what you have so magnificently done in America with the 'Witness' publications. I was bred on the 'Witness.' Our little girl at Wolfville is being trained in the 'Northern Messenger' school. I am circulating more of the 'Northern Messengers' in India than have ever before found their way to this country. Through the kindness of Mrs. Cole and your own courtesy in helping this movement forward, we have been able to keep up a continuous supply of the 'Messengers' flowing into the homes of the people of India along 1000 miles of the East Coast, and reaching as far inland as Secunderabad. What the new movement will come to I cannot forecast, but at present there is a demand for these papers from all sides.

Yours very truly,

H. F. LAFLAMME.

### Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.