

A Pastor's Mistaken Notion.

(By 'Uncle Boston'.)

It was in a little Minnesota town. I had been invited to conduct a two days' Sunday-school institute with the little church. Invitations to neighboring Sunday-schools had been extended. The institute resulted in renewed activity along Sunday-school and missionary lines. Doctrinal and practical subjects were freely discussed.

Two hours were given to the question of systematic and proportionate giving. The subject was opened by a young farmer in a well written paper on 'The Lord's Treasury in Our Homes.' He modestly related his experience of securing a nice little box labeling it 'The Lord's Treasury'; he then told how he and his good wife knelt in prayer and promised the Lord to place in the box ten cents of every dollar coming into their hands; and to do so when they received any money; he told of how wonderfully they had been blessed in every way; how it was not long before they were not satisfied and increased it to fifteen cents of every dollar; he said nothing in all their religious life had given himself and his wife such real joy.

During the discussion which followed, his pastor testified to the fact that this man, who was not wealthy, only an ordinary farmer, was not only the most liberal contributor in support of his own church, but always responded most liberally to every worthy appeal for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom throughout the world. The blush which came over the young farmer's face, (of course farmers can blush), showed how unexpected were such kind words in so public a place.

The conductor of the institute called for testimonies from all who were setting apart at least one-tenth of their income for the Lord's work; not more than six of the two hundred present responded; but the six bore testimony to the joy and satisfaction received from having a 'Lord's treasury' in their homes. It was the privilege of the conductor to add his testimony after having had such a treasury in his home for several years, and that there had never come a worthy appeal that did not find funds ready for the Lord's call.

During the discussion it was earnestly recommended that at least four leading objects outside of state convention work, should be presented to every church and Sunday-school, at least once a year.

I was entertained at the parsonage. At the noon hour the pastor addressed the following remarks to the Sunday-school missionary: 'It may be well enough for you to talk about our churches taking a collection every year for the Missionary Union, Publication Society, Home Mission Society, and Christian education. If I did that in my church my salary would lack several hundred dollars of being paid, and the Lord knows how hard it is for me to get what I now do. The Church now owes me more than one hundred dollars.'

I quickly saw the good man was making the same mistake that scores of other pastors make. So I said to him:

'I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will prepare the best sermon or address you possibly can, on the work of our Missionary Union and at the morning service give your people an opportunity to give what they want to for foreign missions; then three months later preach on the work of our Publication Society and let your people that Sunday morning contribute for this cause; then three months later do your level best in a similar manner for our Home Mission Society; then three months later instruct your people in the same way and take an offering for Christian education, I will agree in

twelve months from this time, to send you a draft for every cent that is due on your salary. My salary is the only income that I have, and that is not large by any means, but I will do as I agree if you will faithfully do as I suggest.' He quickly agreed.

The year passed. The pastor was attending the association. No sooner did he lay eyes on me than he began:

'Well, Uncle Boston, are you ready to give me that cheque for deficiency in my salary?' My heart sank for a moment; but I was willing to stand by my promise, so I said: 'Did you faithfully carry out your part of the agreement?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I made the best preparation I could, and gave my morning congregations a chance to respond to the four objects you named.'

'Then,' said I, 'let me know how much is due on your salary, and I will send you a draft for the amount on my return home.' I waited anxiously for his reply, and these were his words:

'I have been a pastor for twenty years, and never has my salary been paid so promptly as during the past year. My church does not owe me one cent, and better than that, there is a most delightful missionary atmosphere prevailing among my people. I never had so many baptisms in any single year of my ministry. My people very generally have established a Lord's treasury in their homes — so has their pastor. I want to thank you for your suggestion made at our Sunday-school institute a year ago.'

This incident is founded upon fact, and is simply an illustration of what would result in hundreds of our churches if pastors would only instruct their people and give them an opportunity to contribute for our leading missionary enterprise.—'The Standard.'

Correspondence

Our first letter this week is from 'May,' of Glen Robertson, and belongs to the January set. Then 'Fred' begins our February letters with an account of the Band of Hope at White Oak.

Glen Robertson.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country, in the County of Glengarry, about a mile from the village of Glen Robertson, on a farm where we keep horses and cows, and in the summer we milk six or seven cows, which a cousin from Montreal takes great pleasure in bringing home from the pasture to get milked. This cousin of ours comes up in the summer in vacation, and generally spends the most of his vacation with us in the country. I have three pets, a horse, a dog, and a cat. The horse I call Polly, she is very quiet, and will let little children on her back and we can go anywhere for a drive with her and drive ourselves. When we go for a ride the dog is generally watching for us, for we take him in the sleigh, and he seems to enjoy the ride as much as we. My cat is a jet black one, with one white spot on her throat. When she is out she climbs on the side of the door and rattles the door-knob till we let her in. We call her Pussy, and the dog we call Rover. I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and enjoy it very much, especially the page for boys and girls and for little folks, also the correspondence page. My father and mother used to take it long ago, and found it a great messenger, for they were far from a church, and almost in the midst of the forest; where there were but few neighbors, and those were far away. The church is far away from us still and we have no Sunday-school, as there are very few Protestants around the neighborhood. We have a quarry on our farm, which in the

summer has water in it, and we go and bathe there, and enjoy it very much. I am fourteen years old, and like reading. Your friend,
MAY.

White Oak, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little Band of Hope boy, eight years old, and would like to tell you about our Band of Hope. We call it the Westminster Band of Hope. Aunty is the superintendent, and Mr. Janes president, we have a room in Mr. Dealy's house. We hold our meetings on Monday evenings.

Miss Browne plays the organ and helps us to sing and reads us stories about little boys, Mrs. Welsh tells us stories about good boys, she says she hopes we will not sow any bad seeds, and that we must pray for help. We sign our names to three cards. On the red one we promise, relying on God's help, to abstain from the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage. On the white one we promise to make a sincere endeavor, seeking God's help, to abstain from profanity in every form, and on the blue one we promise to abstain from the use of tobacco, in any form. The reason we have three cards is that some of the boys could not promise not to swear, so Aunty thought of this plan and so all the boys signed the pledge. Aunty gives us ribbons. Red, white and blue, to match the cards.

Aunty takes the 'Northern Messenger' for the Band of Hope. Mother takes it, too, and reads the stories to us. We enjoy them very much. I hope you will not think this letter too long. Would you like me to write another some time?

FRED.

Wallace Bay, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My eldest brother (fifteen years old), takes the 'Messenger,' and my youngest brother and I read it, and we like it very much. We went to school until Christmas vacation, but it has been too cold and stormy since, so we have to study at home the same studies we had at school. My mother took the 'Messenger' a long time ago, and she has some of them yet. My father is a farmer. I like to live on a farm. We boys each have a pair of steers of our own. We have three horses, one twenty-three years old in the spring (and smart and good to work yet), and a colt which we are breaking in this winter along side the old one. In the summer my little brother and I team the horse to pitch off the hay and grain in the barn, with a double harpoon fork, and we like it first-rate. We like to ride horse-back.

J. B. P.

(Aged twelve years.)

Montreal Annex.

Dear Editor, — On my last birthday my mamma gave me the 'Northern Messenger,' I like it very much. My papa, (who is a school-master), likes it for the Sunday-school lesson. Papa takes the 'Witness,' I like the Children's Corner and the Boys' Page. When I finish reading the 'Messengers,' I send them to a lady out in the North-West, who is a missionary teacher. I know another lady who has taught the Indians for five years on the Mackenzie River. I am ten years old. I remain your faithful little reader,

MYRTLE.

Dawson Settlement, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old, I go to school summer and winter. I have only lost a day and a half this term, and that was because I froze my fingers. I have been going to school four years, and now I read in the third book. I have no sisters but I have five brothers. The two oldest wash the dishes and milk the cows, and I bring in the wood. Good bye, your affectionate friend,
JACK.