

my sermons and several special addresses to prepare.'

'Oh! is that all? That's nothing. There's no hard work about that. If I could have such an easy time, I'd never speak about being busy or working hard. Well, good-night, if you think you must go.'

The minister went his way, smiling a little grimly to himself at Mr. Albers' idea that he had little or nothing to do.

'I think I'll have to teach him a lesson,' the pastor said to himself, as he stepped briskly along.

An opportunity came a few weeks later, and it came about in this way. One day there was a large meeting in one of the parks of the city, and arrangements had been made for an address by a local orator. However, at the last moment the speaker sent word to the managers that he had suddenly been taken ill, and would not be able to be present at the meeting, much less deliver an address. The managers of the assembly were sorely embarrassed, for a large audience had gathered to hear a speech by one of their favorite orators.

In looking over the audience the chairman caught sight of Rev. Mr. Stanton's expressive face, and made a bee-line for the place where the clergyman was sitting.

'Mr. Stanton, you must make us a speech,' the chairman whispered, explaining that the speaker of the day was ill.

'I have no address prepared on the subject announced,' Mr. Stanton replied.

'Then give us a speech on some subject of your own choosing—something you have thought out for another occasion,' the chairman persisted. 'The fact is, we must have a speech. It will never do to disappoint the people, and I see no one who will save the occasion, if you don't come to our relief.'

Mr. Stanton looked around over the audience for a few moments; then a smile flitted over his genial face, and he said, his eyes twinkling with fun:

'I'll consent on one condition. I see Mr. Albers, the merchant, a member of my congregation, over there. He thinks it very easy to make a speech. His idea is that all one needs to do is to open one's mouth, and the speech will make itself. Now, Mr. Hudson, you go to the platform and call on Mr. Albers for a speech. If you will do that, and he refuses, I'll come up and help you out of your predicament to the best of my ability. Do this just to oblige me, Mr. Hudson.'

'I didn't know Mr. Albers was a public speaker,' objected the chairman, dubiously. 'I'm afraid he won't fill the bill, even if he does speak. He's had no training in that line.'

'That makes no difference, Mr. Hudson. Of course, he won't speak. It is simply a little joke of my own, and no harm will be done. It's the only condition on which I will consent to speak to-day.'

'Very well. I'll do as you request.'

The chairman made his way to the platform, and, calling the meeting to order, expressed sincere regret that the speaker selected for the day was not able to be present.

'However,' he continued, 'we need not be without speaking. I see before me a gentleman who will, no doubt, come bravely to our rescue and save the day by an extemporaneous effort. I call on Mr. R. H. Albers, one of the well-known merchants of our town.'

When Mr. Albers heard his name called so unexpectedly, he almost started from his chair, his face first becoming pale, then

red. The audience waited in breathless surprise, and many eyes were turned toward the flushed and disconcerted merchant. At length he rose on trembling limbs, his knees almost refusing to support his weight, his chin quivering and his breath coming short. He opened his mouth, but only gasped, for the words stuck in his throat, which was as dry as a cinder. Finally he made a supreme effort, and managed to say, with many halts and hitches and repetitions:

'Mr. Chairman, I can't see why you've called on me. I'm no speechmaker. Never made a public speech in my life. It ain't—or, rather, isn't—my business. Over there's Rev. Mr. Stanton, who's ready to make a speech at any time. It's his profession. I call on Mr. Stanton.'

In this way Mr. Albers shifted the burden upon the shoulders of his pastor, and the audience loudly applauded his finesse, while numerous calls for Mr. Stanton were heard all over the room. The minister went forward, and delivered an address that 'saved the day,' as everybody put it, and as was indicated by the frequent bursts of applause that greeted a well-rounded period or a pithy remark. Mr. Albers watched the speaker admiringly, as he warmed to his subject, and the thought kept fitting through the listener's mind:

'Every man for his work. How easy it seems for Mr. Stanton to speak! It's just rolling off a log for him. He opens his mouth, and the rest does itself. It's a gift that I almost envy.'

The meeting over, Mr. Albers and his pastor soon came face to face, when the latter broke out:

'A good speech, Mr. Stanton—elegant! One of the best I ever heard you deliver. I congratulate you. I don't see how you can make an extemporaneous address like that. I never could do it.'

'Extemporaneous!' exclaimed the pastor. 'Do you think I delivered that address on the spur of the moment? No, indeed! I've been working on that address for weeks and weeks, thinking it over by day and by night. It is the result of the most intense study. I have delivered it several times in other places, and it simply happened to fit into the emergency to-day, with a few changes appropriate for the occasion. That address is the result of a whole lifetime of hard study. It didn't come of its own accord.'

'Is that so? Well, I thought it was impromptu.'

'No address, if it amounts to anything, is impromptu, even though it may sound so. It is the sum and crown of all a man's thinking, reading and study, and of much private practice in the art of expression. It's hard work, constant and untiring. Mr. Albers, why didn't you make a speech when the chairman called on you?'

'Well—I—I—am no speechmaker. I know a good deal more about selling dry goods. I wonder why in the world Hudson called on me, anyway!'

'I put him up to it,' said Mr. Stanton, laughing heartily at the joke.

'You! What for?'

'Why, you once told me—don't you remember?—that it took no work to prepare sermons and addresses, and I thought I'd give you a chance to prove your theory.'

The merchant's eyes opened wide in astonishment. As soon as he could recover his breath, he replied frankly:

'Ah! I see, I see. You've got the best of me this time, pastor. I admit my mistake.'

Mrs. Chalmers's Remarkable Premonition.

We quote the following from 'The Life of James Chalmers.' (By Rev. R. Lovett, M.A., B.T.S.): 'Mrs. Chalmers was for long greatly distressed about the Society's difficulties, and prayed that relief might come, and that all the work might be carried on increasingly. The week before her death I was out in the kitchen one afternoon, and on coming into the bedroom I found her sitting up and in visible distress. On my inquiring what was the matter, she said, 'Oh, James, dear, I am in great trouble, and don't know what to do. A great—a very great—sum of money has been left, and I am ill and weak, and cannot see to it. It has been left for the work, and for me to arrange.' We had often spoken of a vessel suitable for the Fly River, and I said, 'We shall get our vessel now, dear.' She replied, 'That is nothing, merely nothing; the money left is thousands and thousands and thousands, and whatever am I to do?' I said, 'You have only been dreaming, dear; so be quiet.' 'No,' she replied, 'I am not dreaming, but wide awake, and it is all right; what am I to do?' 'Well, dear, if the Master has given you all that money to arrange for him, you may be sure that he will give you health and strength and grace and wisdom to arrange it.' 'Of course he will,' she replied; 'how very stupid I am not to remember it! I am so tired. Lay me down, dear.' And I laid her head on the pillow, and she went off to sleep. The following evening she told Mr. Tomkins all about it, and asked us to pray that she might be rightly guided. Months after her death we found that Arthington, of Leeds, had died about that time, and had left the London Missionary Society a quarter of a million, and that a Scotch minister had left it £20,000. What a revelation had my beloved!

Postal Crusade.

We have to acknowledge \$3.70 from Mr. H. Smith, Bower Island, B.C., for supply of 'Northern Messenger' to Delhi, India.

Calicut, January, 1903.

Dear Sir,—Through the kindness of Mrs. Edwin Cole we now receive your esteemed publication, as well as other wholesome periodical literature for our institute, which is conducted mainly for the moral improvement of Eurasian youths. The bulk of the papers we receive are greatly liked, especially the 'Messenger,' the 'World Wide' and 'Onward.'

Truly the Crusade deserves to be applauded and helped, for it is a great means of promoting the cause of true Christian culture. I write this letter because I think that the Crusade deserves every encouragement. Believe me, dear Sir, yours truly,

R. ROLLO PLATEL,

Secretary Calicut Democratic Institute,
Calicut, South India.

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, \$3 a year.
'Weekly Witness,' post paid, \$1 a year.
'World Wide,' post paid, \$1 a year.
'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.