

The Collingwood Mission Band gave a dialogue showing the need of workers in the Foreign field. Mrs. Denniss gave the Director's report, which showed some progress and advancement, but we all could see room for improvement, and will try to make the next year's report even better. Mrs. Holman closed the afternoon session with prayer. Evening session opened with devotional exercises, followed by the report of the Nominating Committee, which was as follows:

Director—Mrs. Denniss, Bracebridge.

President—Mrs. H. Boyce, Collingwood.

2nd Vice President—Mrs. Bunt, Barrie.

Secretary—Miss Marjorie McEachren, of Stayner.

The Y.W.M.C. then gave a dialogue followed by a selection from the Collingwood choir. Both these numbers added to the success of the meeting. After singing, the Quiet hour was led by Miss Watterworth. Orillia. Miss Aldridge again spoke, giving us the Foreign Mission address. She made a strong appeal for the people at home to be true and real christians and in this way support Foreign Missions, and in fact every phase of Christian life. Mrs. Holman then gave us the Home Mission address. Our President was introduced, followed by the benediction.

MRS. W. J. CHALK, Cor. Sec.

Thornbury, Ont.

THE YOUNG WOMEN

A MOHAMMEDAN WEDDING

By Dr. Chute.

I got my invitation in this wise. One night a little Mohammedan lad was brought to the hospital with a broken arm. He was coming to Akidu in an ox-cart to a wedding, but managed to fall out of the cart and break his left arm. He was only a little chap and it hurt a good deal to have it set, so I was talking away and trying to cheer him up, and said,—“Well, it was a good thing it was not your right arm or you could not have eaten any wedding dinner”. (You know they *never* eat with their left hand, that is kept for any dirty work and for washing themselves). Then I asked him if he would send me some of his dinner for dressing his arm. Immediately his relatives gave me a most pressing invitation to come to the wedding, and said they would send an ox-cart. The day of the wedding a friend came up in the morning to make sure that we would come, and he just mentioned that “the men had married the bridegroom at the Mosque that morning, and that the women would marry the bride that afternoon at the house.” Mohammedan women are never allowed to go to the Mosque. This made me curious, so I decided to go. The ox-cart arrived about 8.30 and Miss

Hinman, and the two little lads and I climbed in and sat on our thumbs,—or rather the boys were squatted on their knees by the driver, while Miss Hinman and I had to let our feet hang out behind.

When we got to the house we were ushered into the courtyard which was almost a room, for the eaves of the house jutted out so far that they nearly covered the whole space except a little in the centre which was open to the sky. Here the women guests were assembled in all the gorgeous colors of the East, and were bedecked with jewels of every kind and description. There were jewels in their hair and their ears were loaded down with ear rings, (I have counted 20 ear rings in one ear), many had nose jewels, some of them immense, one woman's big gold nose-ring was about 2 inches in diameter and protruded like a half moon. Then there were necklaces, bracelets and anklets, and finger rings and toe rings as well. We saw the bridegroom arrayed in satin trousers, a bright red silk embroidered coat, and a velvet cap embroidered with gold thread, seated on a chair with a mat in front of him. At his side stood a little girl about twelve, heavily bedecked with jewels, who was fanning him. At first we thought she must be the bride, but in a few minutes the crowd was asked to stand aside, and