

A MISSIONARY CORNER.

I WENT over to take tea with Aunt Phyllie the other evening. It was so good to see her again. She has changed but little, except to grow more beautiful; and her warm mother-heart is still the refuge of love it used to be. She had seen me coming up the path, and was standing in the doorway to greet me.

After I had taken off my hat and gloves we went into the sitting-room and drew our chairs into the bay-window overlooking the lawn and the road, but we had so much to talk about that we were little concerned for what was going on outside. There is always so much that does not find its way into letters that, almost unconsciously, we attempted to review the intervening years with disjointed notes and comments—a high light here, a touch of shadow there, trying to complete the picture that the letters had begun.

I don't know how long we sat there, but after a while Uncle Osburn came in, and then we had tea. Uncle Osburn and I talked newspaper and politics and crops, as we used to do, and by the time we had reached the public school system, the berries had been served and tea was over.

Uncle went to the orchard, and Aunt Phyllie and I to the dining-room porch to enjoy the refreshing breeze that was stirring the honey-suckle bloom and sending a wealth of fragrance in to invite us out.

The Sunday school was having their anniversary to-night, and the street was alive with little white figures, fluttering with ribbons and roses and expectation. Somehow, the children gave a new turn to our thoughts, and we fell to talking of young people and their place in the church. Aunt Phyllie wanted to know what kind of missionary work our young women at home were doing, but I had to confess that I did not know much about it, having taken little part in it, and I said, by way of explanation, that I was not much interested in missions, especially "foreign missions"; they seemed so far away. Such a sad look came into the dear face when I had said this, that I regretted having expressed myself on the subject, and I hastened on to tell her of that in which I was interested—the local, home work.

"My work is in the sewing-school," I said; "I love that. I went into it, naturally, because my friends were there. I do not know anyone in the other societies, except a few of mother's

friends, and Sue Martin and Rebecca James, but those two girls seem so different from the rest of us, somehow one expects them to belong."

"But," said Aunt Phyllie, "the fact that none of your friends are in the other societies shows the largeness of your opportunity for seeking new members; it is, indeed, a strong argument for your taking up the general missionary work. It is not enough that some should have part in it—all of us need a share in it. It is the trust our Lord left us with his peace. I am glad you are in the sewing room, my work; it is a fine work, and will do you good, and it will give you an opportunity for the personal touch, which is so needful for us all. Keep on with the sewing school, by all means, but why not come into the other work, too?"

"Oh, I suppose I should become interested if I were in it," I said. "Of course I am interested now in a general way, but it was so easy to go into the sewing-school, and the other work seemed so much more of an undertaking."

"Try a missionary corner," said Aunt Phyllie, "perhaps that will help you."

"A missionary corner?" I said. "I do not know just what you mean. Do you mean for me to take some particular corner of the world, and become interested in that?"

"No, that is exactly what I do not mean. I mean for you to take the whole world, every bit of it, and put it into a corner somewhere, and think about it, and pray for it, and plan for it, and work for it, and love it with all your heart, and you will find that you are interested in missions. If you are not tired I should like to show you my corner—it is in my own room."

Of course I was glad to see it, so I followed her up stairs and into the room across the hall.

"There it is," she said, pointing toward the west window. "It is only a bit of wall and a table and a bookshelf, but it is large enough for all the world and for my whole heart."

As she spoke, I saw, indeed, the world a globe-map of it, standing on the top of the bookshelf; and over it hung a print of the "Wise Men on the way to Bethlehem."

"The corner doesn't cost anything, she said. "You use just what you have, and you'll be surprised to see how many things you have for it when you begin to look for them."

"Let us begin with the table. Here is my Bible—that is my commission and my inspiration and my guide. Then here are my mite-boxes, where I put my broken bits of treasure