

OUR MISSIONARY REVIVAL.

“ Well,” said Mrs. Martha Brown, turning from the window, “ it is certainly going to be a rainy afternoon, when no one will come in and we cannot go out ; so you will have plenty of time to tell me all about that Church Mission Club of which your whole family has been talking ever since I came, nearly a week ago. Why, only last night, your husband hunted through nearly every book on the shelves, and when I asked him what he was looking for, he merely answered, as if it was an every day occurrence, ‘ I am trying to get all the information possible about the modes of travelling in Africa, as that is the subject of my paper for the meeting of our Missionary Club next week.’ Tuesday night your Tom came down to tea in his Sunday clothes, with his nearly invisible moustache most carefully curled, and when I said : ‘ Going to a party to-night, I suppose ? ’ he straightened himself and responded, ‘ Not exactly, Auntie, it is the night when our Missionary Choir meets for practice ; ’ ‘ When did *you* learn to sing, Tom ? ’ ‘ Sing ! I never *sing*. I play the violin in the orchestra which leads the singing, and, I tell you Aunt Martha, we are going to have some grand music at the next Club meeting.’ This morning I found little Bess and Mrs. White’s Amy busily at work cutting pictures from an illustrated paper, and when I asked if they would not cut themselves with the scissors, Amy laughed and said, ‘ Oh no, Auntie, they are round-pointed, and mamma got them on purpose for us ! ’ ‘ But what are you cutting,’ said I. ‘ Oh ! ’ said Bess, ‘ pic-