

in that Assiout boarding school. I wonder she has time to write about it after such a round of duties as she describes."

"Assiout—Assiout," reflectively observed Mrs. Wall. "I've forgotten where that is; in India?"

"No, in Egypt; our girls' school is there."

"I haven't seen it," rather faintly replied Mrs. Wall, with an inflection of unsatisfied curiosity in her tones.

"That Students' Volunteer Convention must have been very interesting; I hear that the magazine was the only representative of our church literature there," Mrs. Carr continued, as she lowered the curtain, not noticing Mrs. Wall's intonation.

"Where was that?" asked Mrs. Niles, turning from a talk about the best way to root geraniums, which Mrs. Baily had begun.

"In Detroit," Mrs. Carr went on. "I was just thinking how out in the Cascade Mountains the words from such a meeting would be so cheering."

"I did not know we had a mission off there. Who is there?" questioned Mrs. Baily abruptly, with a slight frown.

"The April number gives an interesting account of our work there at Sinemaahou."

"I haven't seen it," answered Mrs. Baily uneasily.

"My, my, if they don't have *la grippe* in Egypt!" suddenly interrupted Mrs. Niles, who had taken the magazine from the table and was perusing the pages. "Miss Kyle says so. It's worth sixty cents to know that. I never supposed it possible for the thing to travel there."

"That isn't church work," laughed Mrs. Wall.

"I don't care." She scornfully tossed her head. "There isn't any use in our pretending that we only read about the converts and the churches in the field. I do like to know about how other people live and feel and act, and I may as well own it."

"Well, the missionary is the one to tell you. They get nearer to knowing than any one else, I must say," remarked Mrs. Wall in reply. "I do like to read how they get along myself—when I read at all," she added.

"I don't believe I saved so much, after all," Mrs. Niles irrelevantly exclaimed, after a moment of silent turning of the leaves.

"What do you mean?" queried Mrs. Baily; and the others turned with interest.

"Why, on that lace waist, of course, and my bonnet and car-fare, I told you about. It strikes me I had better have taken the magazine."

"Confession is good for the soul," replied Mrs. Carr, with an amused look. "Tell us all about it."

"I could have done without the bonnet in the first place, or rather I need only have bought one at five dollars, as I at first intended; but I got it into my head, that, as the difference between a five-dollar one and a seven-dollar one was less to save than the difference between a seven-dollar one and a twelve-dollar one, my bargain was in favor of the seven-dollar one," with a little grimace at the recollection. "That is the way I saved five dollars and spent two dollars more than I intended. Then such a saving led me to think that I could buy some new lace to trim my waist. That cost seven dollars."

She paused, and a smile ran around the company.

"Let me make a clean breast of it, as they say," she hurried on. "The car-fare saved gave the girls a trip to the Park. I do wonder how much I did save by all that

and stopping the magazine?" with a little nervous laugh, turning to Madge.

"Don't ask me," cried Madge, shaking her head at the appealing look; "'twould puzzle Euclid himself, I fear."

"What economical creatures!" exclaimed Mrs. Wall, with an air of disgust; "to think that I bought five dollars' worth of patterns for the summer—more than all my journals together—and to think that we expect to carry on church missionary work this way. I could not come to the society because I had so much sewing to do."

"How many of us take the magazine?" inquired Mrs. Carr tentatively.

"Not one but yourself," promptly answered Madge. "I know; we did not have time for anything but our own dear selves, and all with one accord have been making excuses."

"But you do know times are hard, and that charity begins at home," Mrs. Baily weakly offered once more as apology.

"Well, here we are," laughed Mrs. Niles, leaning back in her chair. "We don't know how things are going on in Egypt or the Cascade Mountains. We don't even know where Assiout is; so we have lost interest in mission work, and losing interest we have just dropped society work flat. No subscriptions, no dues, no money in the treasury, and I should not wonder, if many more such do-less societies get started, there will be no magazine. If I only knew how much I thought I was saving when I was spending, I'd send that much to help," she ended, with a remorseful sigh.

"I'll figure it out," whispered Madge, brightly. "You'll be safe to make it \$10."

"Now, ladies," said Mrs. Carr, "we've been very informal. We've all talked, and now it is time to come to the business that brought us together. We came to decide whether we would disband or not. All those in favor of disbanding, please rise."

There was a determined settling back in the chairs, and a look of virtuous indignation swept over the company, while a clear "no" ran around the room.

"All those in favor of continuing the society, please rise," said Mrs. Carr.

There was a flutter, and every lady resolutely stood up. They kept standing.

"We haven't any idea of it!" cried Mrs. Baily ambiguously.

"I move that everybody take the magazine," called out Mrs. Niles.

"Carried!" cried a chorus.

"And we are to go bodily to the Oak Hill church and the other ones, and show them how we feel, and stir them up again. I know they don't take it, either," Miss Holly added.

"And then let's attend the society, and stop saying we don't know as much is being done, just because we haven't exerted ourselves to find out," suggested Mrs. Willis.

"No; we must not imagine everything has stopped because we have," admitted Mrs. Baily.

"And we must not forget that in such a piece of machinery as missionary work we are a part of it, and if every part does not do its work the machine will have to stop in the end," said Mrs. Carr, as she bade them good-night at the door.—Sarah Bierce Scarborough, in *Woman's Missionary Magazine*.