

women especially a keen idea of what the Gospel of Christ has done for the World. The usual City and Country Branch Reports were read ; the new printed form proving a step of much wisdom. Most of the pledges have been well filled, but even in this most vital matter there is a little room for improvement. A subject of much interest, which gave rise to some little discussion, was the division and destination of the money rebated by Government upon Bales to Indian Stations, and of the 19th Century Thanks-offering. It was, however, eventually decided to the satisfaction of all to divide the Rebate Money, \$96, equally between the expenses, which are very heavy, of sending a Bale to the Rev. Mr. Spendlove in the Arctic Circle, and the payment as far as possible of an Assistant Nurse for Miss Lockhart, of Dynevor Hospital. Mrs. Troop's proved a "Word Spoken in Season." The Thanks-offering of \$190 was also divided equally, but in three parts between the Indian Famine Fund through the Zenana Mission, Bishop Bompas, and the Rev. Mr. Brewer, of Montreal Diocese. A very pleasant little point of the Annual was the presentation by the Bishop to Mrs. Dowling from the members of the Branch of a Life Membership. Mrs. Mitchell, of St. Armands, at the request of the President, kindly read some very pretty original verses upon the various mottoes of the dioceses, two of which have already appeared in the LEAFLET; all culminating in the one word which we all need to remember *opportunity*, "Go work *to-day* in my vineyard."

The Officers re-elected by ballot were—President, Mrs. Holden (appointed by the Bishop); Mrs. Everett, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Mills, Corresponding Secretary; Miss McCord, Dorcas Secretary; Mrs. Marling, Treasurer; Mrs. Kohl, LEAFLET Editor; Miss Gomery, LEAFLET Treasurer; Miss Jackson, Sec. Junior Work.

TORONTO.

"Whatsoe'er we find to do, do it with our might,"
Is Toronto's golden rule guiding them to right;
Warning those that love to linger on the toilsome way.
Not to slumber or be slothful, but to work away—
In the vineyard of our Master, for the night will come,
When no man can work, and our life is done.