

"O no," I said, "indeed, indeed, sir; you will please excuse me."

"He shook his head gently and smiled, and again I was reassured and calmed by his manner. I cannot tell you all that I saw as I passed slowly along with my mysterious companion. I was impelled by some irresistible power beyond my control to gaze into all of the drawers as we passed. The same power enabled me to see at a glance just the condition of each character, of each life, not as it appeared to the world, but as it really was. Such a variety! So many in great disorder! I noticed that there was a great deal of what seemed altogether unnecessary, in fact, out of place.

"Take away the rubbish and have some system about what is left, and there is plenty of room."

"How familiar the words sounded! Why, they were the very words Ida had used, but when? It seemed years ago.

"Plenty of room," I echoed; "room for what, guide?"

"I could not hear his answer, but I saw his lips move, and it seemed as though he was saying:

"Work and prayer for God's children who have never had the light; missionary meetings, the heathen, home missions, foreign missions."

"One thing I noticed in my strange journey. Every drawer had some one package larger than all the others, so large that it was recognized at once as the chief thing in the drawer. The contents, as I said, were various, but there was always present this large package, and I seemed to see at once the label written plainly on the side. One belonging to a young lady read, 'Love of this world.' The package was transparent, and I could see the contents. Beautiful dresses, jewelry, invitations to parties, dancing, love of praise—some of the things perfectly harmless in themselves, but O how much room they took up!

"That's the trouble," said my guide. "See, this drawer scarcely has room for the Bible."

"I looked for it and could not find it for some time. There it was, way off in a corner, packed out of sight. Another drawer that I remember had its chief package labeled, 'Love of money.' I thought at first this drawer had nothing else in it, but I saw on closer inspection quite a number of small, insignificant articles thrown in disorderly. Another drawer had a large bundle called 'Selfishness;' another was 'Ambition,' and so on. I noticed that the more nearly closed a drawer was the larger was the chief bundle.

"It keeps growing," said the guide, "larger every day or smaller. It never remains the same."

"We came to one drawer that my guide looked at lovingly. I saw that it belonged to one of my friends—I seemed to know—a dear old lady of three-score years and ten. The drawer was nearly closed, and all was in readiness. No confusion here.

"Set in order, set in order," said my guide.

"There was the large package, and it read, 'Love for those for whom Christ died.' I could look right into the package. I saw the name Siam, and right beside it Salt Lake City. I saw the provinces of China and India, and near at hand the freedmen and the Indians. All the letters of equal size.

"She has the spirit of the Master," said the guide, giving me a keen, searching glance that seemed to read my very soul.

"The home mission, the foreign mission! Did the Lord have two missions? Nay. Christ's mission, the mission of His children, is one. Go ye into all the world, every creature.

"Look again," said my guide.

"It was a beautiful sight. The words seemed to increase in size. How clear cut they stood out. There was no mistake. 'Love for those for whom Christ died.' Suddenly, as I gazed, a wonderful transformation took place. A heavenly light illuminated the words, and they read now, 'Love for the Master.'

"The label is still the same," said my guide; "the meaning has not changed. Now, let us look at yours."

"No, O no, not yet, please. I've never really loved the heathen, never really loved those for whom Christ died."

"What!" said the guide, sternly, "are you not ready for the Master's coming? How are you sure that He will not at any moment close the drawer? Too late then to put it in order. Let us see what we read in your own drawer."

"O, I cannot. I dare not. It cannot be Love for the Master, else I'd love those for whom He died."

"You must."

"And then I was borne in great distress of mind to the end of the room. I was filled with anguish.

"Here we are," said my companion.

"I tried wildly to shut my eyes, and then—I awoke. Was it a dream? There was my own room. There was my own bureau. How happy, happy, that I had my life, some of it, left. Maybe my Master would soon come. Not yet, I hoped. I, Mrs. Ashmead, excellent Christian woman, as I had proudly thought myself, wanted more time to throw away the rubbish, arrange things properly, and then I knew there would be plenty of room. Room for what? Room for the missionary meeting, but more, room for more Christ-likeness—a genuine interest in those for whom God gave His Son. The isles of the sea and the nations lying in darkness seemed real now. I could, I would do something. I knew that I could pray words that would come from the heart. I got up, kneeled down in the moonlight by the window, and thanked God for that dream. He sent it, dear, to show me my mistake.

"Wednesday it rained, and the wind blew a perfect gale, but I went to that missionary meeting. I doubt if a cyclone could have kept me at home. I've been ever since—I love to go. I'm trying with the dear Lord's help to throw away the rubbish, to put things in order. It's missionary day to-morrow, Mrs. Stowe. Will you go with me?"

"Yes, I will," said Mrs. Stowe, softly but firmly, with tears in her eyes. "I'll go," and she went.

Sisters, will you go?

—Mrs. Wm. S. Young, in the Occident.

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## The Missionary Outlook

Is published at the Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto. Single copies 40 cents per annum. Clubs of eight or more copies (separately if desired), 25 cents per copy. Owing to regulations regarding postage the club rate does not apply to the City of Toronto, where the ordinary rate of 40 cents has to be charged.

Address all orders to

REV. A. SUTHERLAND,

METHODIST MISSION ROOMS, TORONTO.