

imagination, building up a fairy cozy-corner, that is to further beautify the already handsome room.

"Now, then, Nell, you must come this very afternoon and help me make my choice of plushes and trimmings, and above all we must have pillows in abundance."

"I will be delighted to help you in your selection," Mrs. Dalton is saying, "but first of all I must attend our missionary meeting, so come along with me first, dear. Our meeting is at 3 p.m., and then we will shop afterwards."

A laugh from Mrs. Gordon greets this invitation, for a missionary meeting had never before formed one of her afternoon engagements. But in order to have the advantage of her sister-in-law's exquisite taste, she consents to the meeting. At a few minutes to three the girls are on their way to D—— St. church. A smart walk soon brings them to their destination, and as they enter the home-like ladies' parlour of the church, the opening hymn is being given out. The novelty of newness interests Mrs. Gordon for some time, and it is not until the energetic little president asks for the special prayers, for their sisters whose lives at the present time are endangered by the fearful insurrections that are occurring in the foreign field, that she wakens from her inspection of bonnets and fall wraps. The prayer that followed was one, the sincerity and plainness of which held everyone's attention. A special prayer went up from Mrs. Dalton that some seed should fall into the heart of her merry, careless sister, and as the meeting went on Mrs. Dalton felt encouraged, till with such a thoroughly amused smile Lou, leaning over, inquired:

"Did you ever see such a conglomeration in your life as that bonnet of Mrs. Hayes?"

Only the place suppressed the

peal of laughter that would have followed.

Mrs. Dalton was forced to smile herself, but it ended in a sigh, and a wonder if it would ever be thus, would Lou never be serious. The president announced that instead of the usual paper on some of the mission fields of our Church, Mrs. Rowly would read us a short sketch of the life of Mrs. Mathuson. It was such a pathetic little tale, sweetly told of one so young and brave leaving home and all dear to her to become the helper of him whom she was proud to call husband in telling the glad tidings to those in "heathen darkness dwelling." The sketch went on to tell of the sickness that visited that home and the brave fight this noble woman made to do her duty in her home and to their people. Death claimed the husband, and the loneliness of that young Canadian girl so far from her native land touched each listener in that little gathering. It was the life story of one of whom it could truly be said, "She hath done what she could." During the closing exercises Mrs. Gordon sat quietly thinking over her past life and for the first time it flashed on her the emptiness of the life she was living. Beyond her social engagements and her slight home duties she had never risen, and in contrast to the noble life she had just heard of, hers seemed an utter failure. So Mrs. Dalton's query, as they once more reached the street,

"Well, whither bound, sister mine, for that shopping?" She was answered in a shaky little voice.

"Why, Nell, your meeting has given me the blues, I don't feel at present I shall ever want a cozy-corner again, I am going to take this car home."

Mrs. Dalton's eyes were full of tears as she pressed Lou's hand in