

in Chinese that she did not want anyone to know what she was doing. We followed some distance, when our guide went off down another street, pointing to us to keep on as we were going. We did so and soon found a young woman and little girl waiting at a street corner. I asked her if she would come with us. She came at once. She seemed troubled and sad, but has taken her part in anything that has to be done quietly and willingly.

Again has been heard in the Home the first hesitating utterances of prayer to our Father in Heaven for help and light from one who so dimly comprehends His nature. That Nun Yeo may learn and accept the way of salvation while here is our hearts' desire and prayer.

Some of the readers of the *OUTLOOK* may remember hearing of Nun Choy, a girl who was baptized during the time of the Branch meeting when Mrs. Gooderham and Mrs. Strachan were here over a year ago. She was married a week after, and at the same time that two other girls in the Home were also married to Christian Chinamen. She became the mother of a little daughter not quite a month ago; the little creature took sick in a few days' time, and had a suffering life till it died a couple of days since. The father, Lee Yuct, gave up work to nurse and care for that child; he watched it night and day most lovingly, and did all that could be done for it. As they were just across the street, we had the funeral service in the Home, and I do not know anything that could be more touching than the sight of poor Lee Yuct bringing that little coffin in his arms with such sorrow in his face. His wife followed and was louder in her expressions of grief, but I think Lee Yuct suffers most. He is a good, kind husband and a true Christian.

I hope that Heaven will be more real to them both, and their religious life deepened because of the little one who has gone before. I am glad that to them and to the other married girls the Home is a place of help and refuge in times of sorrow or trouble, as well as of gladness in their happy days.

Missionary Readings.

The Saviour calls for Service.

O woman hearts that keep the days of old
In living memory, can you stand back
When Christ calls? Shall the heavenly Master lack
The serving love, which is your life's fine gold?

Do you forget the Hand which placed the crown
Of happy freedom on the woman's head
And took from her the dying and the dead,
Lifting the wounded soul long trodden down?

Do you forget who bade the morning break,
And snapped the fetters of the iron years?
The Saviour calls for service; from your fear
Rise girl with faith, and work for His dear sake.

And He will touch the trembling lips with fire:
O let us hasten, lest we come too late!
And all shall work; if some "must stand and wait,"
Be theirs that wrestling prayer that will not tire.

—*The Presbyterian.*

Mahaly's Insight.

BY MAY KINGSTON.

SINCE Mahaly had an experience with her hens which led her into a broader field of thought as regards mission work, she has grown wonderfully. She carefully reads the *OUTLOOK* and other missionary papers in order to know what is the present aspect of affairs.

The Missionary Auxiliary of her church has worried her a good deal the past year. They have given well; but they seem to desire to manage the money after it has left their pockets. All well enough, perhaps, only they go too far, Mahaly thinks.

One sister in particular, a Mrs. T. White, wickedly called Tight White, is anxiously, so it seems, looking for extravagance and misappropriation of funds. In order to remedy this unfortunate state of affairs, Mrs. White intends to keep an eye on what money is sent from her church. She has talked

so well and often that the whole amount given the last three years has been "designated." Mrs. White talks with her mouth—that is the best way to put it—nevertheless she has an influence and generally carries the day. She is a good old lady and means well, but was unfortunate in her bringing up. She distrusts the race as a whole, is suspicious by nature; a misfortune.

Mahaly goes to the meeting of the Foreign Missionary Society in her own church. Mrs. White is there. The question of where their money shall be used the coming year is fully discussed. At a convenient time Mahaly takes the floor.

"I don't know," she said, "as the sisters know I brought up a child, an orphan girl; she's a minister's wife in Manistoboy. Her mother was a poor widow in our town with this little girl. Well, she died,—the mother did,—sudden. Having no relations the child was to go to the poorhouse; not a person in town could endure the thought; she was pretty as a picture and uncommon bright. We were none of us rich, some were trying to pay for their farms, all had growing families but myself. The end on't was I took little Patty on condition all the friends donated clothing and money for her keep and what etsetries might be.

"Now, that sounds well, but it didn't work as well as it would if the friends had given me more money and less garments; but specially if they hadn't done so much *designating* as it were.

"The first year I had so many remnints sent in to make Patty's gowns,—it didn't take much you see,—that I was able to make her two comforters when she was married, of pieces I could not use. She grew fast and the remnints didn't, so in a year or two, with all manner of skinching, I couldn't get out a dress to save me. There was no end of small handkerchers sent, more'n enough for a dozen noses; hats and cape-bunnits (some frights), that would have been all sufficient for a dozen heads at least. But not a sign of a shoe nor anything that looked like a shoe, and no money for shoes.

"So Patty remained at home quite a spell contemplating her handkerchers and bunnits and dress patterns and I a'looking with sorrow at the neglected portion of her frame. At last I took some straw I had braided, intending to have a new gown, and traded it off for shoes and needed et-set-rys for the child. I mentioned this circumstance to a neighbor, and after that money was donated mostly, *but all designated.*

"It was all the same. Bunnit money came in when bunnits wasn't needed, so with handkerchers and gown money. I was not only poorly, then, but poor, and was not able to lay out a cent on Patty. So I called the donateers together and had a talk. They were all real friendly and thought I did splendid and praised my way of bringing Patty up, as far as she wus up.

"Then I said: If you think so well of me I wish you would say when you send bunnit money, if it is needed for a bunnit. So with all the rest of her things. I know her needs better than you do.

"Now I don't know how it happened but when I was at the annual meeting and saw the Board all together, and heard how this church sent money for this mission and that for 'nother, Patty, and what a time I had keeping all of her frame clothed, popped into my mind. Then and there I says to myself: Those Board women don't look frivolous, not one of 'em, but stiddy and sort of concerned, and I shall move that we don't do quite so much *designating*. Some is all right enough, but clap on the end, *if it is not needed more in some other field*. It may be that some years the Board has all bunnits and handkerchers and not a shoe to their names, so to speak as it were.

"So I move: That we will give as much this year as we did last year, more if we can, pray more over every single dollar, and trust our money to those stiddy Board women this much by always saying, when we *designate*, 'use it where *most needed*.'

The motion was seconded at once, to the surprise of all, by Mrs. White, who saw the point. She respected Mahaly, and would listen often to her homely talk when a more cultivated sister could not gain a hearing.

Mahaly's motion was carried without a negative vote. The secretary recorded it—after she had made it over somewhat.