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(WESTERN DIVISION).

MRS. PICKETT'S MISSIONARY BOX

BENEFITS AT A CENT A PIECE.

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"That there missionary box," said Mrs. Pickett, surveying it with head on one side, as it stood in state on the best parlour mantel, "that there missionary box is worth its weight in gold two or three times over to me. You'd never believe it, Mis' Malcolm, the things I've been a-learnin' of, ever since Mary Pickett, she brought it home, or rather, the mate to it, and sot it out on the dinin'-room shelf, an told me she'd brought me a present from meetin'."

"Do tell me about it," said the new minister's wife, with girlish pleasure at the prospect of a story.

"I've half a notion to," replied her hostess. "You've got a real drawin' out way with you, Mis' Malcolm. Some way you make me think of Mary Pickett herself; that was the beginnin' of it all; she, that's a missionary in Turkey now—my niece, you know. You've got jest her coloured hair and you're light complected like her, and you laugh something like her, too. Mary Pickett always was a master hand for laughin'. I remember how she laughed that