

'contrary minds,' Mrs. Pompous would declare the vote to be 'unanimous' and announce that the old board was re-elected. The fun of the thing was that it was all done so innocently, Mrs. Pompous evidently supposing it a waste of precious time to so much as even refer to the subject."

"It is pretty evident to *my* mind that your *society* needed a missionary as well as the heathen across the ocean, but Hester, how much money did you raise?"

"We *tried* to raise twenty-five dollars a year, but had very hard work to do it, and usually were obliged to hold a bazaar just at the last. People took an interest in that because it gave them something to do, and, in fact, was the only work provided for them. For this reason perhaps it did some good, but most of us spent four times as much for the bazaar as would have paid our full share of the fund we wished to raise, while we wearied our bodies and strained our nerves until we were really too cross to live with. Still I suppose we should have gone on in the same fashion had not Providence interposed in our behalf and put it into the mind of Mrs. Pompous to spend a year or two in England, whither her husband was called in the course of his business. The secretary at once resigned, saying she could never think of serving 'in the absence of our beloved president.' The vice-president, never having practiced at all, was perfectly useless as a presiding officer, so it was agreed that until suitable officers could be found we would each take our turn in conducting a missionary prayer-meeting once in every two weeks. It was decided to hold our meeting, which we thought would be smaller than ever, at the houses of the members, and it was arranged that the lady at whose house the first meeting was held was to conduct the next, and so on, thus giving the hostess an opportunity to welcome even late comers. The first meeting was appointed at the parsonage, and our minister's wife asked each of us to bring one friend with us, while unbeknown to us,