

SARNIA.—Mrs. (Rev.) Gundy was presented with an address and life membership certificate last Friday evening, by the ladies of our Auxiliary. Although taken completely by surprise, Mrs. Gundy responded very appropriately in earnest and loving words. Fruit was served, and a pleasant and profitable time spent in social intercourse.

MRS. W. F. LAURENCE, *Cor. Sec.*

VERNON RIVER, P.E.I.—On Wednesday evening, the 8th of June, a meeting was held in the Methodist Church at Vernon River North, Prince Edward Island, for the purpose of organizing an Auxiliary of the Women's Missionary Society. Mrs. Dr. Johnson was present, and addressed the meeting. After singing and prayer, she read a portion of the 28th chapter of Matthew, and spoke of women as workers for Christ. She told of the origin and work of the W.M.S., and with kind words asked all present to engage in this grand work for Christ, that by so doing they would bring many blessings to their own souls, besides helping others. She then organized an Auxiliary with the following officers and members: President, Mrs. Giles Jenkins; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. W. W. Forbes; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. James Acorn; Recording Secretary, Miss Annie Smith; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Florry Jenkins; Treasurer, Miss Emma Acorn; Auditors, Mrs. John Acorn, Mrs. Lane, Miss Bethia Weatherbie. Honorary members, Mr. James Acorn, Mr. Josiah Lane. It was decided to hold the first meeting on the first Tuesday in July, after which Mrs. Johnson closed the meeting with prayer.

CHERRY VALLEY, P.E.I.—Our motto: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." At our last regular meeting we were honored with a visit from our esteemed District Organizer, Mrs. Dr. Johnson. Her kind words of encouragement and loving counsel have awakened in each member a deep interest in missionary work, while her presence with us has given each an inspiration to go on doing something more for Christ, not only willingly but gladly. We have a membership of fifteen, with twelve mite-boxes silently gathering in the thank-offerings. Five of our members have recently subscribed for the *OUTLOOK*. C.

FROM THE DISTRICTS.

THE annual convention of the Women's Missionary Society of St. Thomas District was held in the Central Church, St. Thomas, on Friday afternoon and evening, April 22nd, Mrs. Risdon, District Organizer, presiding.

Reports from Auxiliaries and Mission Circles were given. Mrs. Burns addressed the convention on the subject of "Unused Talent."

Papers were read on "China," by Mrs. Butcher; "Coolie Slave Trade," by Mrs. Graham, and on "Highbinders," by Mrs. Atkins. Miss Axford reported for Alma College Society, and Miss Pascoe read an article on "Chinese Slavery."

The Question Drawer was presided over by Mesdames Graham and Wood.

Tea was served in the class rooms at the conclusion of the afternoon meeting. In the evening a public session was held, Prof. Warner presiding. The following programme was rendered after the opening exercises:

Chorus by the Light Bearers of First Church. Report of the Light Bearers by Miss Graham. Chorus by the Golden Reapers of Grace Church. The lecturer, Rev. Dr. Howie, delivered a very interesting address, after which the meeting was closed by the benediction.

ADA L. PASCOE, *Cor. Sec.*

MRS. ASHMEAD'S BUREAU DRAWER.

"HOW did it come about? Well, a bureau drawer and a dream were the cause, I think," said Mrs. Ashmead; and then as Mrs. Stowe opened her big blue eyes wide in interest and astonishment, she added:

"Of course, dear, it was the Lord who brought it all about, but the bureau drawer and the dream were the instruments He used to show me what a sinful, wicked, selfish woman I was getting to be."

"Mrs. Ashmead! You a sinful, wicked, selfish woman! Why, only yesterday I told John that you were one of those saintly women that I believed were born good, and that if ever I were half as good as you are I should feel certain that I was getting ready to die. But I do wish you would tell me what the bureau drawer has to do with your being so terribly in earnest about the miserable Hottentots and all the rest of the heathen, for I do think you actually love them."

Mrs. Stowe had recently come to be next-door neighbor to Mrs. Ashmead. She was young, lovable and enthusiastic about whatever interested her, and she had already come to look upon Mrs. Ashmead with nearly the same feeling that she had for her own dear aunt. On this particular afternoon she had run over for a chat with her neighbor and found her as much absorbed in her last missionary magazine as Mrs. Stowe would have been in a novel, and then it was that she asked her how it all came about, and easily persuaded her friend to tell her.

"Twelve years ago," said Mrs. Ashmead, "we were living in the little town of Ferndale. A very cosy home we had, and I took great pride in keeping it nice. Indeed, I had the reputation of being the best house-keeper in town. They used to say that one could never find a particle of dust in our house from cellar to attic. I did a good deal of sewing for the children, and what with housework, sewing and reading a little, I was kept busy. On the whole, I was well satisfied with myself and my family. We always went to church and Sunday School, and I never thought of missing prayer-meeting. I went to the ladies' sewing society, and twice a year had it at our house, and gave them a good time, if I do say it, and always had the men come to supper.

"Our church was small, but we all loved each other, and loved our pastor, too. (Dear, saintly man, he went to his reward ten years ago.) There was just one branch of church work that I never cared much about, and that was the Ladies' Missionary Society. In fact, most of our ladies felt the same way. Once in a while I used to go to the meetings, but it really seemed as though I couldn't spare the time. I told myself that I could read at home all about the heathen, though I must confess that what I read was done from duty, and if I'd been frank with myself I'd have said that it seemed dry and uninteresting, and too often I skipped that part of our religious papers. I didn't take any missionary magazines then. I eased my conscience by contributing to the cause and praying for the missionaries, and it would have shocked me if my husband had once neglected to pray in family worship every Sabbath morning for 'the nations lying in darkness' and for the isles of the sea; but we hadn't either of us any idea which of the isles of the sea were receiving gospel light, and as for knowing a single missionary by name, why, we never thought of it.

"One Sabbath, Mrs. Hamilton (she was the president of our Missionary Society, and one of the Lord's chosen ones) said to me: 'You'll come to our missionary meeting this week, won't you?' I thought at once of some of my spring cleaning that must be done, and of Ida's two new dresses to be made, but I didn't like to say I was too busy, for I had made that excuse often before, so I answered, 'Yes, if I can;' but I am sure I didn't say it as I would if it had been an invitation to an afternoon or evening party. She looked disappointed. I could not get her look out of