

The White Ribbon

FOR GOD AND HOME AND HUMANITY

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Sally Ann's Experience.

The following quaintly-told story was published in the *Boston Woman's Journal* of Oct 15. We regret that space forbids our re-printing it in full, but by giving our readers a short sketch of the introductory part which leads up to "Sally Ann's Experience," we can publish the principal portion of it in our December and January issues. Aunt Jane, who tells the "experience" to a friend (beaming on her the while over her silver rimmed spectacles), had been "rum-magin' around up in the garret" all the morning to find pieces wherewith to make a patchwork quilt, and the reminiscences which arose at sight of one of these—a piece of black and white calico given to her by Sally Ann Flint—are told in a forceful and graphic way, humour and pathos being equally in evidence. Forty years ago, she said, the church wanted a new roof, and as the men folk had got it done, the women of the Mite Society thought that they would supply a carpet to cover the bare floor. They had a sum of money by them, twelve dollars, which at first they intended for foreign missions, but afterwards they decided to get a carpet instead. On

proceeding to appoint a committee to select the carpet, the treasurer—'Lizabeth Taylor—announced with pale face and trembling lips that the twelve dollars which she had kept in a drawer

of their members, strongly advised, for the credit of the Mite Society, that nothing should be said of the matter outside. This was agreed to, but one of the women, Milly Amos, who had only been married two months, broke her promise, and told her husband, who spread the rumour abroad.

"Well," said Aunt Jane, "'Lizabeth never showed her face outside her door for more 'n a month afterwards, an' a more pitiful lookin' creatur' you never saw than she was when she came out to prayer-meetin' the night Sally Ann give her experience." Parson Page, she went on to relate, had prayed a prayer, and then called on the brethren to say anything they might feel called on to say concerning their experience in the past week.

Old Uncle Jim had cleared his throat to tell how precious the Lord had been to his soul, just as he had done every Wednesday for the past twenty years, but 'Lizabeth walked down the aisle before he could begin, stopped in front of the pulpit, and made her confession. She had taken the twelve dollars. Her only daughter by a former marriage lay dying at Louisville. She had begged Jacob, her husband, over and over again to give her the money to go



MRS MÜLLER [See "Our Illustration."]

at home had vanished. She could not account for the circumstance, but promised to make the amount good very soon. Consternation ensued, but Sally Ann Flint, one of the most prominent