

CHAPTER VII.

THE rector of St. Christopher's church had enlisted a band of workers to visit the poor during the troubles occasioned by the protracted strike. Among them was Lily Vaughn. Amid the abounding comfort of her life, where every wish was ministered to, where she had but to ask and to have almost anything she wanted, there was an abiding, restless, unsatisfied longing for something—she scarcely knew what. She was ready, to try anything new, and so there came a day when she found herself with a dozen other young ladies in the vestry of the church receiving directions as to what they were to do.

"You will find in some homes, my young friends, a welcome. In other homes you will not. I am sorry to say that in these labor troubles, a number of the working-men and their families are against the church and the institutions of the church. But do not be discouraged. Speak kindly and give what help you can. Still your task demands courage and faith."

As Lily heard these words, they roused an interest in her that seemed unusual. She had in her something of her father's tenacity of pur-