

rather, I expected to be interested, as a matter of course. They had some sort of an organization; the 'Young People's Club,' I think they called it. Such a dreadful name for a society, I think. But I tried to harmonize with it. I had not been there two days before I sought out the president and secretary, and made an effort to lend a helping hand. They needed help badly enough, but were in that most deplorable of all states, satisfied with themselves. I found that all in the world they were doing with their organization was having what they were pleased to call 'a good time.' Of course, there were many who were not being reached. In fact, no one had an idea of trying to reach anybody for the sake of helping him in any way. I talked volumes, Stuart said, with the officers, trying to show them a better way. It was very depressing work; they had not the least desire to be shown. But this I did not understand at first; it seemed incredible to me that young people in health, and with average intelligence, would not rather do something than nothing, even though their standard was not very high. The place was small, with no advantages; at least, with no reading-room, and a circulating library which, owing to the miserable selections that had been made, they would have been infinitely better off without. No place for evening gatherings, except the railroad station