

Miss Serena's dream wrought in her a steadfast repentance. She was not one to do anything by halves. It seemed to her that she must make up for lost time, so she began to read and study, she attended the meetings, she ceased to discriminate between God's wanderers in America and in the lands across the sea. In a vision of the night her Saviour had spoken to her and she was obedient to his commandment.

Jennie, too, had learned a lesson of trust that was not in vain.

### Some Chautauqua Girls

('Temperance Record.')

It was a hot summer afternoon, and the infants had been more sticky, fidgety, and inattentive than usual, which meant that the class-room was in a state of uproar all the time. As Millicent Hayling struggled through the lesson, reading copious extracts from a page of Lesson Helps, she gratefully remembered that it was her last Sunday there for three weeks to come. At last, the clock struck four, and, dismissing the small crowd thankfully, she sauntered home.

'Really, schools ought to be closed during the summer,' she said to herself as she went. 'Indeed, I don't think it would be much loss if that class were never held at all. It is only a sort of "creche" to keep the children quiet, and I am not made for the position. I shall never be cool again. How I wish I had stayed in the garden all the afternoon.'

Then another thought struck her, and she smiled.

'And yet I go to a Chautauqua on Saturday. What shall I do amongst all those good people?'

Being obliged to take her holidays alone that year, Millicent had found a friend who was bent on doing a trip to North Wales in economical fashion. They had happened to see the Chautauqua advertised, and decided that it was just the very thing. Board, lodging, and excursions all arranged, and at a moderate cost; pleasant people to mix with, and a few lectures and meetings thrown in.

'We need not go to those unless we like,' said Millicent, as they read the programme through. 'Because, after all, it is our holiday, and we can go to meeting any time.'

'All right,' said Agnes Grey, 'but I would rather listen to a good lecture than gossip in a boarding-house drawing-room.'

'Gossip! My dear Agnes, do you think Chautauqua people gossip? I shall be only too thankful if they do. I am afraid they go about all the time with Bibles under their arms.'

But when they arrived at Paddington early on Saturday morning they decided that they might be amongst an ordinary crowd of tourists. Nothing particularly severe or solemn marked the Chautauqua crowd; indeed, before the long slow journey was half over everyone seemed to have made friends, and pleasant, helpful comradeship had begun already.

Three days later Millicent made a discovery.

'Agnes!' she said emphatically, as the girls were dressing for dinner, after a long day's excursion. 'Do you know I have been to every single meeting and lecture that's been held, as well as all the excursions, and I have positively enjoyed them, although all the time there has been someone talking Sunday-school or singing Sankey's hymns.'

'Well,' said Agnes, seriously, 'of course you ought to—are you not a Sunday-school worker yourself?'

'Humph!' commented Millicent, as she

examined her freckled countenance. 'A Sunday-school dawdler, if you like, but these people seem to think that there is nothing else worth living for.'

The next day was very hot, and a languid party sauntered in to lunch.

'What is the order of proceedings this afternoon?' enquired someone.

'Nothing—until four o'clock,' replied Agnes. 'And then a lecture by the Professor on the "Art of Teaching." Of course, no one would dream of missing that.'

'Wouldn't they?' said Millicent. 'I think a lounge-chair on the verandah infinitely to be preferred.'

There Agnes left her half-an-hour before the time, and went steadily down the hill to the meeting place. Millicent watched her with sleepy eyes, but five minutes later sprang up, saying:

'Now, Millicent, this won't do. If you spend a whole fortnight at a Chautauqua without learning how to teach that precious class of yours you will be a deliberate fraud.'

So she found a big sun-hat, a notebook, and a pencil, and reached the chapel in time to find a group of Chautauquans, the lecturer amongst them, lounging on the steps or fences near the door.

'What's the matter?' she asked.

'Nothing, except that the boy has gone off with the key, and no one can find him. So you came after all.'

'Yes, to the tea-shop,' laughed Millicent. 'I'll come in and fetch you afterwards,' she added to Agnes, as she disappeared inside the shop of the enterprising baker who advertised Chautauqua buns as a choice commodity.

But after tea was over, from a back-seat in the little chapel, Millicent heard herself described—or, at least, so it seemed to her awakened mind. When the Professor began to suggest remedies for all the faults he had so scathingly denounced, Millicent's note-book came out and she carefully recorded all the hints as they were given.

Sauntering home, she found Mr. Francis, one of the most interesting men attending the assembly, beside her.

'I wonder if all this is worth while,' she said to him suddenly.

'What?' he asked, smilingly.

'Why—all the work you would have to do if you taught a class as the Professor said we ought. It would be quite a worry to me all the week.'

'You do not strike me as being in a particularly overburdened condition,' said Mr. Francis. 'Haven't you any time to spare during the week?'

Millicent laughed.

'Yes, I daresay I have. Really, I have very little to do. But, you know, even if I did my best to prepare a good lesson every week—do you think it would make any difference to those mere babies whom I teach—or, rather, whom I have attempted to teach.'

There was a moment's pause, and then Mr. Francis said deliberately:

'Yes, I do think it is worth while. One can only speak from experience after all, and I know perfectly well that it was in an infant class I learnt the greatest lesson of my life. Without any cant, I can say that my spiritual life began there, and I have been grateful to its teacher ever since.'

After such a testimony, Millicent felt she could never say again the work was not worth doing, and until the Chautauqua closed, and during the quiet week that she and Agnes spent together at Dolgelly, she quietly prepared to teach when she went home again. Was she successful? Yes, since her bright manner, clear voice, and clever

brain, were controlled by a consecrated will and a lasting enthusiasm—and these latter gifts came to her through the Chautauqua Summer Gathering of 189—.

### The Awakening of Emmeline.

(By Elizabeth Robbins, in 'Wellspring.')

When Emmeline had really started on the long-talked-of visit to her cousin Katie, every other member of the Pearson family breathed more freely. Emmeline's habit of finding fault with everything and everybody seemed to grow on her, and these first two weeks of her summer vacation, which had been weeks also of preparation, had been particularly trying.

Seeing her as she settled herself in her seat in the train, no one would have suspected that she was one who made life a burden to her family, — a pretty girl of sixteen or thereabout, in a very handsome suit, and, just now, a smile curving her lips. Least of all did she suspect it herself. Indeed, she was under an entirely different impression. She thought they did not consult her comfort or wishes as they should, or try to make home pleasant for her. There seemed always to be some quarrel or other going on, the house was not kept as tidy inside as it ought to be, and was shabby outside, and her father was poor, so that she had to have her dresses made at home, and not by a regular dressmaker.

To add to her injuries, she was not appreciated. There were not many girls as generous and unselfish as she was, but her family never seemed to give her any credit for these virtues. Her aunt, for whom she was named, sent her each year a crisp ten-dollar bill, and Emmeline always spent nearly all of it in presents. This year she had kept only three dollars for herself. It was the same with the small sums she occasionally obtained by reading to an invalid neighbor. But her people took it all as a matter of course,—just smiled and thanked her for the presents, and that was the end of it. No, she certainly was not appreciated.

She was not thinking of these grievances now, however, but of the delightful time she expected to have at Katie's.

The journey came to an end at last. Her aunt and cousin were waiting on the station platform to welcome her. When they reached the house, Katie helped her to unpack, and the two girls talked very fast.

'Did Aunt Emmeline give you your usual gift this year?' Katie asked, when the valise was empty and stowed away in the closet.

'Yes,' Emmeline answered, but did not tell the use she had made of it. She did not believe in boasting of one's generosity.

'She gave me ten dollars, too, this year,' Katie said. 'It happened that there was a marked-down sale of pretty suits just at that time, and I bought such a lovely one! Come to my room and I will show it to you.'

'It is pretty,' Emmeline agreed. To herself she said, 'How selfish Katie is,—spent every bit of it on herself! I suppose it is because she is the only girl in the family, and the boys are so much younger,—and her grandmother living with them and spoiling her. I'm thankful I'm not so selfish.'

'I don't often have a new dress,' she said aloud, with a resigned little air. 'Nearly everything I have is made over from Aunt Emmeline's cast-off dresses and coats.'

'It is nice if anyone can do it,' Katie answered. 'Aunt Emmeline sends me things, too; such pretty things, and hardly worn at all, but we pass them on to a neighbor of ours, who is glad to get them. I haven't much knack at dressmaking, and while I'm going to school, there's only time for me to keep in good repair the clothes I have. There's such a deal of work in making over