

she had smooth skin, black hair, and large black eyes, with a thoughtful, almost sad look in them; left an orphan two years before, her self-constituted guardian, a distant relative, had bound her out until of age that he might be clear of her himself, for he was a selfish, miserly man, and would never have appeared at the funeral of Lizzette's mother had he known of their poverty. While all are busy in the kitchen, we will take the liberty to look over the house. A large parlor, sitting-room, long dining-room and library, all well furnished, comprise the rooms down stairs; large airy rooms above with the exception of two small ones, one of which is occupied by Lizzette. In the meantime an animated conversation is going on in the kitchen. "Mother," said Mary—the scowl still on her face—"do you think that little heretic Quaker will be here to-night?" An almost imperceptible smile passed over the mother's face, but she made no reply. "For shame, Mary!" spoke up Annie, "you should not speak so of cousin Ruth, just think how lonely the poor girl must be, and William says the Hicksites, as the call them, are good, Christian people, only they look more to the inward, spiritual meaning of Jesus' teaching and mission than to the more outward events." "Why," laughed Mary, "Annie, that is the longest speech I ever heard you make," but the mother looked sternly at her as she said: "Indeed, Annie, where did your brother get so much information? I have heard that the Hicksite Friends deny the divinity of Jesus Christ, and if so they cannot be classed with the true Christian churches." "No, mother, they are so far from denying His divinity that they say Christ was the very Spirit of God, and Jesus the 'body prepared' for it. William has been reading these old Friends' books father has, and he says the Hicksites are much more like the early Friends than those called Orthodox." "That may be, but the Orthodox are more like the other

churches, and I like them best," said the mother impatiently.

"Lizzette, hurry up with those dishes; why are you standing idle?" for the little bond-maiden had been listening intently to the conversation, and had unconsciously paused in her work. The day passed quickly, as all busy days do, the supper hour arrived, and the weary mother sat down for a moment's rest while Lizzette got the supper. A noise in the hall, and Henry Martin came in, leading the much talked of cousin. "Mother, this is my niece; Ruth, this is your aunt." Margarett Martin arose and extended her hand, but Ruth felt, rather than saw, a coldness in the welcome. The sound of their voices brought the other members of the family. Mary welcomed Ruth with studied politeness, William shook her hand heartily with a kind smile and greeting, but Annie threw her arms around her neck and kissed her, saying, "Dear cousin, I am so glad you have come." This brought the tears to Ruth's eyes, and she could only smile as she pressed Annie's hand in answer. After a little they all went to the dining-room, and as Ruth looked enquiringly at Lizzette, Mary said, carelessly, "This is Lizzie," and as Ruth extended her hand with a smile, the heart of the other orphan was drawn to her as it never had been to any other in the household.

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(To be continued.)

A PLEA FOR FUTURE CONFERENCES.

FROM INTELLIGENCER AND JOURNAL:

The proposition recently made by Western Friends to hold a Conference of their own in the years intervening between the General Conferences will probably meet with but little favor among Eastern Friends. It will be feared that such a policy will tend to keep Western Friends from attending the General Conferences, and thus lead toward separation and divided interests