

in as if to a circus, and the quarters chinked incessantly at the door.

When the last of the exercises had been applauded, Miss Lucinda rose to make an announcement.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' she said, quite as if she were beginning a lecture, 'it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you Mr. Babbitt, who has a few words to say about our present club-house.'

'Excuse me, Miss Evans,' said Dave Babbitt, 'but Mr. Townsend is going to speak first.'

'No, no; Babbitt,' said Townsend, rising from the audience.

'Babbitt! Speech! Speech!' called the audience, in excitement.

'Well, it's just this way,' said Dave. 'Mr. Townsend and I have come to an agreement about the house now occupied by the Countrywoman's Club. It's been a long time since he and I could agree upon anything, but our friends, the women of the club, and especially Miss Lucinda Evans and Miss Hendricks, have made us see what we didn't see before. In fact, Mr. Townsend and I are friends.' Here he was stopped by applause.

'And we're going to stay friends,'—more applause,—'and we think, Mr. Townsend and I, that these women have one of the finest institutions in this county,—yes, the finest in the whole State of Kansas,—and we hope the women of every township throughout the United States will form one like it when they hear of it. And they ought to be made to hear of it. It ought to be written up for the papers.'

Here the applause discomfited the speaker so much that when attention was resumed he hadn't a word to say.

'Go on! Go on, Dave!' called Townsend.

'You do the rest, Townsend,' said Dave. 'I never was so beat in my life!'

'Well, friends,' said Townsend, coming forward, 'Dave and I are going to compromise, and here are the terms of the agreement, namely: jointly to deed over to the Plainview Countrywoman's Club all rights to the house.'

'That's it! That's the compromise!' said Dave, and the cheering began now in earnest; cheers for Townsend and Babbitt, and cheers for Miss Evans and Miss Hendricks, and cheers for the Countrywoman's Club.

When the tempest subsided both men had disappeared from the platform; the last seen of them, they were shaking hands and laughing over their attempts at speech-making. Then Emma Hendricks rose, her maimed hand hidden under her shawl.

'And I propose, ladies and gentlemen,' she said, speaking clearly and distinctly, 'that before we begin the supper we christen the new club-house Compromise Hall, in honor of Mr. Babbitt and Mr. Townsend and their future relation in friendship.'

'Hear! hear!' shouted everybody together. 'More cheers for Compromise Hall!'

Then they all began moving the chairs and bringing out the boards for the table, and really that first club supper was so pleasant that it was for weeks a favorite subject for conversation at the Countrywoman's Club.

The club is a considerable institution now, for the men last fall built a long shed on the lot for the temporary shelter of horses and buggies; and also a lean-to for the library, which contains nearly two thousand volumes, all contributed as gifts by the members. Miss Hendricks is librarian and custodian at once, and Lucinda is president of the club and the most influential woman in the county.

A Doer of the Word

(Ida M. Budd, in Michigan 'Christian Advocate'.)

PART I.

Brother Bloomsbury sat leaning back with his hands clasped before him, the elevated index fingers meeting at their tips to form the sides of a triangle.

This was Brother Bloomsbury's favorite attitude when he was in a peaceful frame of mind; and he was in a supremely peaceful frame of mind that Sabbath morning. His eyes had a rapt expression, and he occasionally nodded an emphatic assent to the words of some brother or sister, or to a remark from the class-leader.

Beside him sat his wife, a quiet little woman in plain but very neat attire, and next her their daughter Mirabeth, or Beth, as she was generally called, a comely maiden of seventeen.

How good it seemed to be there! One after another rose and spoke earnestly and tenderly of the peace within, and the glow of the sunshine, the sweet notes of the wild birds and the fragrance of blossoming roses, floating in at the open windows, seemed blended in one glad harmony, as though nature sealed each faithful testimony with her own deep, fervent amen.

Brother Bloomsbury had been one of the first to speak.

'Brothers and sisters,' he said, 'I am always glad to tell what the Lord has done for me. "He hath brought me up out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." Yes, friends, he has given me a deeper experience than that of mere justification. He has sanctified me. I am living in him day by day in perfect love, without sin. I am his, body, soul and spirit. Praise his name!'

As he resumed his seat some one started the hymn:

I am Thine, O Lord,
I have heard Thy voice.

Then Mrs. Bloomsbury rose. 'That hymn expresses the desire of my heart,' she said, in a sweet, sincere voice. 'I want to be drawn nearer my Saviour. I want to find in him perfect rest and freedom from sin; to follow him willingly and work for him faithfully all the days of my life. I know that for his sake God has forgiven my sins, but I realize that he has more than this for me. I am seeking a deeper work of grace. I ask your prayers that I may receive it.'

'Amen!' came simultaneously from the lips of pastor and class-leader.

Beth did not speak. She had not yet publicly confessed Christ, although she had been almost ready to do so a number of times. Besides being naturally diffident, she felt a dread lest something in her life should seem inconsistent to others, and lead them to doubt the sincerity of her profession.

And then Beth was puzzled. Her father professed a state of grace to which her mother had been vainly aspiring, and yet her mother seemed the better Christian. Perhaps Beth herself could not have told why this was so, for she certainly did not believe her father's profession a sham. But it may be she thought, though she did not put the thought into words, that he was mistaken about some things.

'I am still trying in my weak way to serve the Lord.'

It was David Hastings's voice from the other side of the room, and the faces of two or three of the younger ones present relaxed in a half smile. When David stood up every

one knew what would be the first thing he would say.

David himself had resolved many times that he would not use that particular form of expression again, but some way it would seem to come out every time.

A flush of embarrassment overspread his face and he stammered: 'I—I—want to be a better Christian. Pray for me.'

Then he sat down and wondered if he hadn't better stop trying to speak in meeting altogether, since every one else could speak so much better.

When all who seemed inclined to do so had spoken, a stranger rose from her place near the door, a calm-faced woman of middle age, and in simple, earnest words told of the joy she found in the service of Christ. 'I am glad,' she continued, 'that though our work for him does not always seem as successful as we would like it to be, yet he knows and values our intentions, and he is able to bring success out of failure.'

David Hastings found a crumb of comfort in this thought, and Brother Bloomsbury nodded energetically.

The class-meeting was dismissed presently, and the people went up stairs for the preaching service.

'What a good man that one that everybody called "brother" seems to be,' remarked Millie Hastings on the way home from church. She had come to spend the summer with her brother and his wife, and was as yet unacquainted with the people of the place.

'Oh, you mean Bloomsbury. Yes, he does "seem" to be,' assented David, with some emphasis on the 'seem.'

'Why, David!' his wife exclaimed in a tone of mild reproof.

'Well, he does, don't he?' persisted David.

'Why, yes; and he really is,' rejoined Mrs. Hastings.

'I noticed he didn't include his pocket-book, when he said he belonged to the Lord, "body, soul and spirit,"' David went on.

'Well, I'm thinking it would have sounded rather queer if he had,' said Mrs. Hastings.

'I'll allow it would—from him,' returned David.

'Body, soul and spirit would seem to include about all there is of him,' the lady continued.

'Nonsense!' her husband replied. 'Bloomsbury's pocket-book is as much a part of him as either of those.'

'Well, David! I seriously advise you to read the third chapter of James when we get home,' Mrs. Hastings said.

'All right, Jennie, if you'll find it for me. But just the same, when Bloomsbury is willing to put his pocket-book in when he tells how devoted he is, I'll begin to take some stock in his profession of a deeper experience,' declared the pertinacious David.

'Who was the lady that spoke in class-meeting this morning, mamma?' Beth Bloomsbury asked at the dinner table.

'A number of ladies spoke, Beth,' her mother answered smiling. 'I presume you mean the one back by the door, who spoke of the Lord knowing our intentions.'

'Yes. Wasn't she nice?'

'She seemed very earnest,' Mrs. Bloomsbury replied. 'I do not know who she is. I spoke to her as we came out, but did not learn her name.'

'She is going to speak in the church this evening,' Beth said. 'I heard Mr. Carrol ask her after Sunday-school.'

'Indeed!' said her father. 'I wonder if she has proper credentials. I must say I think Brother Carrol a little unguarded in