

whose sympathetic heart believes each is his brother's keeper, knits in a mighty web the interests of a nation. There are rough threads and faded colors sometimes, and poor little patches, but when God, who sees the weaver more than the web, shall smile upon our work there will be no blemish.

No work in His sight is small. Gardens would seem lonesome without roses, so would the woodpath without violets. A sunless day is not much more unendurable than a starless night. An eloquent speech might thrill thousands of hearts, yet might not move any one of ours like a loving word from a friend.

It is the faithful doing of a work that is large. An imperfect stone in a pillar may send scores of innocent souls to eternity; a little omission of mortar in the flue may carry the fatal spark that burns your dwelling; a single mistake in character may mar our happiness and usefulness. A magnificent home is built. The owner brought money and brains, the laborers skill and strength. For its completion many hands toiled. The humblest mason who firmly set the foundation wall was one of the host, and yet there were many workers you did not see. The mason's wife who cooked a good dinner, and the mason's little boy who brought it to him, even the baby, too small to work, yet big enough "to watch for papa," helped in her way. For men work with cheeriest heart when home pictures are brightest, and all are workers together." There is a subtle and potent meaning in "we are workers together." The circle of one's own may seem small, but around it are other and wider circles. The neighborhood, the city, the state, the country, all the interests of mankind and woman-kind form never-ending circles, and the influence of the smallest may extend to the largest; and that soul, knowing and caring nothing for the great outside world, but contented within its own narrow wall, could be balanced on the

point of a cambric needle. Each in our own way, each with our own tools, we are workers together in the world's common field. There is plowing and sowing, stones of custom to pile by the wayside, mountains of prejudice to tear down; there is planting and pruning and grafting before we can hope to gather the fruit of the vineyard. But when the harvest feast is spread, and the humble laborers shall gather from far and near, those who had sown the seed, those who have gathered the sheaves, those who have pressed the purple vine of the vintage will all be there; and perhaps some dear, helpful soul who has only planted and nourished a few daisies will set them in the midst, and their beauty shall shed a blessing on all the "workers together," who together shall hear: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make you ruler over many things."

CARRIE WING.

Quaker Hill, 5th mo. 20th, '87.

WHATSOEVER.

"Your letter of last week came to me like a breath of mountain air or a ray of country sunshine. I seemed fairly to hear the birds in the old maple, and I enjoyed that amusing contest between the sparrows and the robin quite as much as if I had been watching it with you. Nothing I am sure, not even a peep at the green fields themselves, or a whiff of unadulterated oxygen, could have done me more good than did your bright, breezy chronicle of country doings and sayings."

Here is a suggestion for those of us whose lines are cast in quiet corners of this great bustling world. In country homes, staid respectable villages, or sleepy little hamlets, one finds girls who feel themselves shut out from fields of active philanthropic labor. They perhaps have listened to appeals setting forth the responsibility of their existence and their duty to their fellow-men, and have