

niece about her home across the sea. The two were seated on the grass down beside the brook that ran through the grounds, and Polly was weaving a wreath of bluebells and keks. It was a very dainty affair, and the delicate white blossoms and green leaves of the keks contrasted prettily with the bluebells. Miss Faith watched the slender fingers admiringly as they worked so nimbly, and asked presently:

"What do you do with all the flowers that grow in Thorn Hollow, dear? It seems to me you all have an abundance and to spare."

"I take some to the church on Saturdays for the ladies to put on the altar, and I always leave a bouquet at the rectory for Mr. Ferrier, because he says flowers help him to write nice sermons, and I fill all the bowls and vases auntie can spare for me; but"—and here Polly's voice sounded regretful—"there are lots and lots die every year that I can't take care of."

"And there are lots and lots of little children in Liverpool and London and other big cities whose hearts would be made happy for days and days with just a few of such flowers as you are weaving into that wreath," Miss Brampton said thoughtfully.

"Haven't they any flowers of their own, and can't they go into the woods and gather them?" Polly asked with wide-open eyes.

"Not the children I am speaking about. They are poor and wretched. I saw so many of them when I stopped in Liverpool a few days on my arrival in England. Shall I tell you what I noticed one day, dear? I was walking down one of the most wretched streets I have ever seen, having just left a market where the poor people buy their meat and vegetables,—such a dirty place as it is, where nothing seems tempting!—and I had reached the corner, when I saw a tiny girl run eagerly forward and pick something up out of the gutter. I thought surely it must be a piece of money, judging from her joyous cry, but I soon found it was nothing but a faded flower. She wiped it off on her torn sleeve, and I wish you could have seen her eyes as she raised it to her nose to sniff what little fragrance there remained in it. Then she called to a little lad, and presently the two ran off to show it to their mother."

"Oh, auntie, why didn't you buy some for them, somewhere?" Polly asked eagerly.

"I did, dear. I called them to follow me, and when we reached a corner where a woman stood offering flowers for sale, I bought some buttercups and daisies and gave them to the children, and a penny each for buns. How I wish I could transport every little flower-lover to these woods and let him gather blossoms to his satisfaction."

"If I only knew the girl and boy I should like to give them this wreath," Polly said.

"Yes, dear. In America, we have what we call flower-missions, where those who live in the country gather flowers and send them to the crowded cities to be distributed in the hospitals and among those who are less fortunate. It is such a beautiful work!" Miss Brampton said with quiet enthusiasm. "I have met children who would rather have a flower than a penny, and I have seen sad eyes smile and sorrowful

faces brighten just at the sight of a flower. There are so many blossoms in Thorn Hollow it really seems as though the dear heavenly Father meant they should be made the means of carrying sunshine into the lives of some of these little city waifs."

"I am going to tell Aunt Crawford what you have been saying to me, and I will gather flowers all day long if she would let me send them," Polly cried, jumping hastily to her feet and running with a love-light in her eyes that made them very beautiful.

But Miss Crawford was not disposed to be enthusiastic about Polly's plans for sharing her flowers. She was one to go very slowly about things, and it took her a long time to get accustomed to a new idea, particularly if it seemed to her a little out of the way.

"It will take both time and money to enter into this, Polly," she said in her deliberate fashion.

"I will pay the money out of my pocket-money, and I will gather the flowers all by myself, Aunt Crawford!" Polly answered quickly.

"Then you will have nothing to spend at the seaside when you go," Miss Crawford declared.

"I would not mind that. I would rather stay at home and send the flowers to the poor children than go away," Polly declared.

Whereupon the Mistress of Thorn Hollow told her niece that she had best think twice before she decided.

But Polly did not change her mind, and at length, with aid from Miss Faith, she at last managed to get Miss Crawford interested in the new movement, and finally induced her to say "yes" to their plans. Miss Faith engineered the matter in her cheery, go-ahead way that was constantly a source of wonder to Miss Crawford, and surely a worker never had a more faithful, willing little helper than Polly proved herself. How the little English lassie's face blossomed into fresh loveliness as she flitted about from place to place, gathering all sorts of sweet blossoms to pack into the boxes that were to be sent to Liverpool.

"I hope some little girl who likes bluebells will get this bouquet," she would say to her aunt in her sweet, clear voice, looking up with eyes that fairly shone with the love lighting them. "And I hope some boy who likes buttercups will get this big bunch."

Miss Faith took the first consignment to Liverpool, and Polly met her at the station with the pony carriage on her return and listened with the keenest delight to her aunt's account of the distribution of the flowers. When the next lot was sent, Polly accompanied Miss Faith for the latter wanted her niece to see the little room that had been rented and meet the young boy who had been hired to see that the flowers were distributed as they should be.

What a visit that proved for Polly! It was her first sight of a great city, and it filled her with wonder and sadness; wonder that so many things existed which heretofore she had known nothing about, and sadness that so many, many children lived such wretched, hopeless lives as she saw the poor children living in Liverpool.

When she was seated beside her aunt in the train on the way home,

she thought how little she had ever done to help brighten the lives of such, and a wish that was a prayer went up from her heart that God would help her in the days to come to do more than she had done.

"Oh, auntie, it all makes me feel as if I wanted to love everybody lots more!" Polly cried, just as the train emerged from a long tunnel, and she looked up with shining eyes. "Even when you go back to America I shall want to keep on doing this beautiful work, and I hope God will help me to make lots of children happy."

"I am sure he will, dear, if you ask him," Miss Faith answered gently.

DAY BY DAY.

"I don't believe I can ever be much of a Christian," said a little girl to her mother.

"Why?" her mother asked. "Because there's so much to be done if one wants to be good," was

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the reply. "One has got to overcome so much and bear so many burdens, and all that. You know how the minister told all about it last Sunday."

"How did your brother get all that wood into the shed last spring? Did he do it all at once or little by little?" "Little by little, of course," answered the girl.

"Well, that's just the way we live a Christian life. All the trials and burdens won't come at one time. We must overcome those of to-day and let those of to-morrow alone till we come to them. Of course there's a great deal of work to be done in a Christian's lifetime, in the performance of our obligations to God, and the discharge of the duties that devolve upon us; but that work is done just as Dick moved the wood—little by little.

"Every day we should ask God for strength to take us through that day. When to-morrow comes, ask again. He will give all we ask for, and as we need it. By doing a little to-day, a little to-morrow, and keeping on in that way, we accomplish great things. Look at life in its little by little aspect, rather than as one great task to be done all at once, and it will be easy to face it."

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