

"O yes," cried Roy; "there's papa and mamma and all of us children! Why, each other is somebody."

The others laughed, but Arthur said, "Yes it would be good to do something for the family. Of course, we ought to any way, and we do unless we're very selfish, but, perhaps if we thought of it as part of our guild work, we would find new things to do to make the family happier."

At various times on the following day, Mrs. Lawrence was consulted privately by each of the children, except Arthur, who kept his own counsel. At the twilight meeting all were ready with a plan for work, and it was agreed that they should tell their plans in order of age, beginning with the youngest, a wise, and indeed, necessary arrangement, since Roy could keep from talking only by pressing both hands closely over his mouth. So when Arthur asked if he had thought of some kind of work, he replied at once.

"Yes, I have, or mamma and I have. I'm going to pick blueberries, and mamma says she'll pay me ten cents a quart for all I get, and they're thick on Cedar Hill, only papa doesn't let me go there alone. Will you go, too, Arthur?"

"Yes, I'll go, sometimes," said Arthur. "That's a good plan. What's yours, Beth?"

"I've found out—mamma told me—that ladies are making hammock and sofa cushions out of sweet clover, and there's lots of it, yellow and white, down in the field, and I'm going to pick it, and dry it, and sew it up in bags, and sell it when we go back to New York. Mamma thinks the ladies will like to embroider the covers, and buy the clover instead of picking it out in the hot sun, themselves."

"Splendid," said Arthur, "and you, Edith?"

"I've thought of pillows, too,—fir-balsam. There's lots of work in cutting and stripping it, but people always like the sweet, spicy smell, and I'm going to embroider some coverings for the pillows in outline sketch. Mamma says I can do that neatly, and she's going to send to the city for some linen and floss, and I'm to pay for it out of my allowance, so the work will be all my own. What are you going to do, Arthur?"

"I'm going to help you all in your work for one thing. Then, I read in the paper that spruce gum can be sold to the druggists for \$1.50 a pound, and I know where there is some in the spruce woods beyond Cedar Hill. I don't expect to get such a great deal, but even three or four pounds would be worth while."

On the following day, the children began their work in earnest. Mamma gave them an unfurnished southern attic for their storeroom,

and it was soon sweet with the drying heaps of clover and fir-needles, while on a shelf stood a glass preserve jar in which slowly accumulated the rich lumps of spruce gum. The collecting was not easy. The trees were rough, and sometimes Arthur's knife slipped and cut his hand; the fir-needles were sharp to Edith's fingers and the work of stripping took time and patience; and Beth found the July sun hot and scorching in the clover field, while Roy learned that it took a great many blueberries to make a quart. Beth offered to help him, but he sturdily refused, thinking it would not be quite honest, till it was proposed that he should repay her help by picking clover-blossoms for her, when both the children found the interchange of work helpful, and mamma knew that they were trying to keep another of their guild rules.

Blueberry-puddings, cakes, and pies were frequent dainties on the Lawrence's table, and jars of the canned fruit filled one wide shelf in the pantry, and when the berry season was over, Roy received in payment for his work a crisp, new five-dollar bill.

Beth and Edith carried back to New York, in the autumn, twenty sweet smelling bags of clover and fir-balsam, which they sold to friends; but they also sold a number of bags during the summer to the ladies at one of the mountain hotels, who had heard of the children's attempt to earn money for missions, and were glad to order from them the sweet clover and fir. From all these sales, Edith and Beth realized seventeen and a half dollars.

Arthur found that the spruce-woods had been picked over before he saw them, and his "gumming" was slow and not very profitable work; but he sold his collection for two dollars and a half, and the children said that really he had earned a good deal of their money, he had helped them so much.

So the sum of twenty-five dollars was sent to the Church Missions House as the gift of the Twilight Guild, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence sent with it another twenty-five dollars, as a thank-offering for the good habits of perseverance, industry, and thoughtfulness which the children had acquired during the summer, as they tried to keep their guild rules, working openly for their mission earnings and secretly trying "to be good," and helping others in loving little ways.

When the Twilight Guild held its last meeting, on the night before Arthur went back to St. Christopher's and the rest of the family to the city home, practical Beth said, "Well, if we can't earn money out in the fields and the woods any more we can go on with our work for other people."

"And saying our prayers for missions, just the same," added Roy.