

sequences. Olive's services were ever at the disposal of the needy, especially poor struggling working girls, whom she not only helped along, but likewise taught how to sew, cook, read, write and a score of other things. If they were remiss in religious duties, or in danger of being led astray, Olive soon brought them to a sense of their duty. In this point she was somewhat like Solomon's perfect woman, "in that she opened her hands to the needy, and stretched out her hands to the poor."

Olive was always busy, in fact she seemed to follow closely in the footsteps of Martha of old, the saintly

"Pattern of that fear that aches,
The while they tread the weary road,
Of brains that clutch, and hearts that break,
Bearing their undivided load."

One afternoon Olive dropped in to see one of her acquaintances, Hyacintha Hopewell, thinking the latter might give her a helping hand in making up some sham pillow slips for the Industrial Home. When Miss Hopewell opened the door she greeted Olive with a piercing exclamation, which startled her visitor.

"O Olive, it's awful!" exclaimed Miss Hopewell.

"Why, what's the matter, Hyacintha?" enquired Olive. "No one dead I trust."

"It's poor Zolo. He's dreadfully ill," sobbed out Hyacintha.

"Drown the brute and put him out of his misery!" curtly suggested Olive. "Let's sit down" she continued, "and talk of something more important than sick dogs. I want you to give me a little help with some work I have."

"O Olive, how can you dare to ask a favor after the way you have spoken!" said Miss Hopewell who felt like going into a prolonged fit of pouting. But Olive kept her to the point.

"How can I help you, Olive," went on Miss Hopewell. "I am so *very* busy. Why, there are three dances this week. To-morrow Madame Vanderich is to show her china, and, besides, I have to prepare a lecture for the Feminine League on 'How to Manage Husbands.' By the way, Olive, have you read this novel on 'The Baron's Bride,' it's just lovely, and -"

Just then the door bell rang. Miss Hopewell called to her servant girl, "Dula, see who is at the door again, but don't disturb Zolo."

Approaching the parlor door, Dula said, "Please, ma'am, it's a poor old beggar with wooden legs."

"Tell him I don't wish any to-day," said Miss Hopewell.

"Please tell him to call at my place in about half an hour," said Olive, who then went off into a fit of laughter at Hyacintha's misinterpretation of her servant's message.

"O Olive, dear! come in to-morrow," said Hyacintha, unconscious of the cause of Olive's risibility. "George is going to bring a nice young man to dinner. He belongs to the Chrysanthemum club, and -"

"That's enough!" said Olive. "I came to talk business. I guess I better go now—so good bye. Take good care of Zolo," and she was out of the door, feeling completely disgusted with Hyacintha Hopewell.

When Olive reached home, she not only found the poor old man patiently awaiting her on his crutches, but likewise a couple of Sisters of Charity on the point of ringing the bell. Everybody in need of help knew that they were welcome at that door, and what is more, they knew that they would not go away empty-handed.

"Sure enough," thought Olive, "to-day is the first of June and the good sisters are making their monthly visits. The day after to-morrow will be my Names-day, and the next day the First Friday, that means two Holy Communions this week."

As she approached the sisters, Olive said to them, "Welcome, sisters! I was thinking of you and your poor last night during the terrible rain-storm."

"Miss Reinheart," said Sister Niceta, who was well known to Olive, "this is Sister Bona. She is spending a little vacation at Sister Serena's convent and I am taking her around to see our kind benefactors."

"Yes," said Sister Bona, "some are very good to us. I am sure if they could they would hand over their own selves together with their gifts."

There was more in that remark of Sister Bona than might be at first supposed. Her superior was always glad to give her a little vacation every summer, not only because she deserved it, but likewise because Sister Bona usually returned triumphantly with a heavy of postulants.

"I suppose, Miss Reinheart, you are very lonesome since your father died," said