

No pampered menials clad in gaudy livery tread those spacious halls; no sleek, well-groomed steeds snort through idle hours in the roomy stalls; no dainty-faced lady's-maid trips down the oaken stairs, or coquets with the lily-fingered page; no apathetic lap-dogs rest on a mistress's knee; no jealous mastiff warns the stranger from its doors. Yet think not that the place is wholly desolate. Of laborers there are plenty; idlers there are none. The flowers in the blossoming garden fill the air with beauty and sweet perfume. The lawns around it are soft and green. The well-kept walks are level and dry. On all sides everything is orderly and trim, and kept so from the rental fund of the estate.

I do not say that all Fred Polson's plans for the improvement of his people were entirely successful. He met with many disappointments, as all true reformers must; and, as is ever the case, these failures were glazed over and magnified by the scoffers as further examples of philanthropic folly. Yet he was not disheartened, for well he knew that no man can attempt to wrestle with human obstinacy and ignorance without some overthrow. Yet he did his best, and his doings were not wholly without effect. The rhetoric of a noble life and virtuous actions must always find its hearers, nor can its teaching ever be wholly futile. The charity which costs no self-denial may evoke a thankful word, but the altar of self-sacrifice yet claims the truest worshippers.

And she who presides over this home—What of her?

See that plainly-dressed little woman with the quiet, expressive face. No golden bracelet clasps her wrist, no pearly string surrounds her neck, no weighty jewels dangle from her ears nor gaudy silks enwrap her form—yet is she clothed with a beauty these cannot give. The ornament of a meek and loving spirit adorns her. "Her eyes are homes of silent prayer;" the touch of her hands is instinct with soothing sweetness, and the soft tread of her feet brings music into many a saddened heart. And when she goes among the afflicted ones whom she welcomes to her home, the groans of anguish become faint, and murmuring