

American citizens!' exclaimed Mrs. Van Dusen in her deepest tones.

'Why, Aunt Judith!' said Katherine.

'Yes, but you just wait,' continued Mrs. Pierce. 'None of our Union women forgot their promise. I went past that saloon on an average probably four times a week, and always remembered; couldn't forget it if I tried. Well, twice towards the last, when I was passing after prayer meeting I heard such a moanin' and groanin' as couldn't be explained, and no light inside neither. Our minister heard it, too, one night. To make a long story short, in less than six months the saloon was shut and "To rent" was nailed onto the door.'

'How did you account for it?' asked Mrs. Van Dusen.

'Why, it was in answer to prayer,' was the reply, and the narrator looked more than surprised. 'Didn't I make it clear? I asked Mr. Thompson, our grocer, how he explained it, and he said, "It's queer, but Conners couldn't get the boys there, though he tried his best. Most of his customers were those that couldn't get trusted anywhere else. Then his wife took sick, and his little boy died—that was a dreadful blow to Conners." When Thompson said that I knew what the moanin' and groanin' had meant, "Then," says he, "Conners himself got rheumatism so he could hardly move, and he had to give up. It's made lots of talk on the street, for everybody knew what a 'set to' we had down to the office." I says to him, "He's been prayed out, that's what ails Conners," and Thompson sort of nodded as he tied up my coffee, as if he'd suspected something of the sort.'

Mrs. Van Dusen gave a sniff of unbelief or disapproval.

'There's a chance for an argument on that point,' said she.

'Not so far as I'm concerned,' returned Mrs. Judith Pierce, and the little 'companion' smiled approvingly over the meshes of white wool growing under her busy fingers.

'I've never happened to hear a narrative which explained any such effort on the part of the people, and it is very interesting. I'm sure it seems praiseworthy on their part and as if it ought to be encouraged,' said Mrs. Harcourt, so vaguely, so evidently without knowledge of the vast subject that the Connecticut woman drew a long sigh out of sheer pity.

But the younger lady from New York leaned toward her eagerly.

'Then you really think that the great God heard your petitions and closed that saloon himself?'

'Why, certainly! What else could he do? I believe he calls upon us to do our utmost, and then what we cannot do he "finishes in righteousness."'

'It's very queer; I can't understand how you can venture so far,' was the puzzled answer.

Mrs. Van Dusen's judicial face turned full upon her as she inquired aggressively:

'Why doesn't he close up all the bad places, then? Tell me that.'

'Because we don't do our part,' was the quick reply. 'When Christian men and women do all they can by law and gospel he will finish the work and we can get out our timbrels and start the song of victory.'

There was a little silence, and Katherine Vance whispered, 'Aunt Judith, I had no idea that half a dozen women could have such different view points. I wouldn't have asked for the story if I had known.'

'That's all right,' said her aunt serenely; 'it does people good to exchange views.'

Katherine nodded, for she noticed that the four boarders appeared to be in a brown study.

To the Dandelion

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride uphold
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by.
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
Not in mid-June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white Ely's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways;
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind; of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
Where birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

—James Russell Lowell.

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To-Day.

Sunday.—Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee.—Isaiah xxvi., 23.

Monday.

Wherever truth abides
Sweet peace is there;
If we but love and serve the Lord
Our heaven is everywhere.
—Miss Fletcher.

Tuesday.—I could not live in peace if I put the shadow of a wilful sin between myself and God.—George Eliot.

Wednesday.

I know not what may yet unfold
Beyond the morning's gates of gold,
This is my heaven, Thy hand to hold,
My life, my light.
—Lucy Larcom.

Thursday.—To be patient under a heavy cross is no small praise; to be contented is more; but to be cheerful is the highest pitch of Christian fortitude.—Bishop Hall.

Friday.

For him is the 'New Name' written
Who safe through the furnace passed;
To him that overcometh
The glory comes at last.
Clouds and storm on the foothills,
Light on the mountain's rim—
Brave with the faith that fails not,
Thus should we follow Him.
—Rosetta Lunt Sutton.

Saturday.—You needn't pack up any worries. You can get them anywhere as you go along.—Mrs. Whitney.

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