

she invited her Bible class of young ladies to spend the same afternoon with her. When our pastor announced from the pulpit the place and hour of our meeting, she was much amused to see their looks of astonishment and dismay. A few quiet words from her after church sent them home with happy faces, and it was *our* turn to be astonished when we entered the cosy parlor of the parsonage and found it already half filled by the group of bright girls who were practicing gospel hymns around the piano. The trailing vines and blossoming plants in the sunny windows were in strong contrast to the stiffness and dreariness of the church basement, and punctually at the hour Mrs. Newcome gave out a hymn which, under the leadership of the group at the piano, was sung with an enthusiasm quite unheard of during the old regime. A few verses of Scripture were then read and we were all asked to kneel while prayer was offered. Very short and simple was that prayer, such as a child might have uttered, yet reverent and earnest in its appeal to the heavenly Father for his blessing on the exercises of the afternoon. Accustomed, as we had been, to hearing Mrs. Pompous rehearse the whole plan of salvation from the creation to the judgment, it did not sound like what *she* would have styled a 'masterly effort,' but the Lord himself must have heard and answered, for after it the ladies seemed to feel unusually ready to speak and pray, and the hour was gone before we knew it. All the way home the ladies were talking about the good meeting they had been having, and wondering how they could make the next as interesting. This was the beginning of better things for us, and having once discovered how helpful our young lady friends could be we were more and more anxious to induce them to join us. When first asked they demurred and insisted that they were too young to meet with 'old married women.' They admitted that they would have no objection to having Miss Maria Stetson meet with