

Katherine's, and many took ferns and mosses, so that Jimmy's cart was well filled when the time came for going home.

Far more was set in motion by the picnic than they dared hope. Not only did many of the vines and ferns receive such careful attention that they lived and flourished, but the fathers and mothers began to exert themselves to assist the children in carrying out the suggestions Lora and Katherine had made.

Before many weeks the two young ladies were able to organize among the children a 'Helping Hand Society,' to train the children to aid those poorer than themselves in practical ways. Certainly they were themselves uplifted by being thus brought on a plane with the helpers, rather than being merely those helped.

Each Saturday afternoon they met in the home of one of the children or under the pleasant shade of some great tree, and reported what they had done, and were counselled and encouraged for new endeavors. Every house which was thus honored by a meeting of the society did its best to look its neatest and cheeriest. Each week some practical lesson was learned, in cooking, sewing, or house-keeping, and soon the mothers began to congregate in some other room to listen to the instruction given.

Now the society has grown so large it has been considered wise to have the boys and girls meet separately that each may be instructed in the most profitable manner.

'Katherine,' said Lora one day as they again drove through the part of the town on their way to the woods far beyond, 'just close your eyes for a moment, dear, and imagine this place as it was two years ago.'

'I don't wish to,' laughed Katherine merrily, 'I prefer looking at those neat little homes, every inch of which shows the owners' pride in keeping them bright and attractive!'

'It has all been accomplished through these people's own good-will and kind-heartedness in helping each other. There is good natured helpfulness in the very air now.'—*'American Messenger.'*

The Work at Hand.

(By Willametta A. Preston, in 'The Congregationalist'.)

'What are you doing?' asked Uncle Hal as Marion finished her account of the evening's meeting.

'Doing? Why, Uncle Hal, it's the Christian Endeavor Society. We have the banner this quarter, for we had the largest attendance at the meeting at Chester. I think we have a larger society than any in the county and Waverly is only a country village up among the hills.'

'Yes, I know it is the Endeavor Society, but what are you endeavoring to do?'

'Why, we have our meetings every week, and one of us leads. It will be my turn next time. May Hollis led to-night. Her remarks upon the Parable of the Sower were fine.'

'Yes, I know all that, but what are you doing?' persisted Uncle Hal. 'What real work?'

'Oh, we have the lookout committee for new members, the prayer meeting, the social, missionary—I don't know how many there are.'

'Yes, but what real, actual work are you doing for the Master?' asked Uncle Hal again. 'I am not teasing you, Marion; I only want you to realize your opportunities and responsibilities. I know, of, course, of the work and aims of your beloved society. It is a grand one. I know your first endeavor is to grow more Christlike. There

is one phase of Christ's life I do not want you to overlook. He went about doing good. What first attracted the multitude to him was not only his holy life, his fastings and prayers, nor even his wonderful teachings. It was his miracles. They came to be fed or healed and remained to be taught. That is the way you will win for Christ here in Waverly. Let men see your good works.'

'This is the criticism I have to make upon your society. You are not working. A man said to me not long ago: "Why, with their numbers and enthusiasm, they might accomplish wonders if they would only go to work. But what are they doing?" and I could not tell him, Marion. But I felt that, aside from individual effort, the Christian Endeavor Society ought to have some work that would make one corner of the world happier and better.'

'But what can we do, Uncle Hal?' asked Marion, earnestly. 'We would go to work gladly enough if we could find anything to do. There are always the missions, of course.'

'Yes, but I did not mean that. Of course there are not the poor people in Waverly that one finds in a large city, but are there not some you could help? One member of your society is working in exactly the direction I mean—Lottie Adams, in her school up under the mountains.'

'O, did you mean that kind of work?'

A gentleman called for Uncle Hal, and Marion was left to think over his rebuke. She had been so proud of their large membership, their prompt and regular contributions to all demands. She knew each member was trying to keep the pledge and grow more like the dear Master, and yet the world considered them failures! What if Uncle Hal was right and they had been neglecting work that lay all about them. What could they do? And as she asked the question her eyes seemed to be opened, and she could see work enough and to spare. Why had she not seen it before?

A meeting of the lookout committee was held the next day after school, and Marion told the girls of her uncle's criticism. They listened with a feeling of indignation at first. They had thought they were doing so much, and to find it questioned whether they were working at all!

'What can we do?' asked Frances Dodge.

'I can see so many things,' replied Marion. 'Let's each take a bit of paper and write down all we can think of. We shall need the whole society to help us. We will go to work now, if never before.'

'What can we do first? How shall we begin?' asked Hester Brown.

'We are the lookout committee,' said Marion, as one who was sure of her ground. 'Let's look out to some purpose this week. Let's each take a certain part of town and look out the chances for work, then do you, Helen, have a report prepared for the meeting. But we won't talk of it until we are ready.'

It was Marion's turn to lead the meeting the next Sunday night, and it happened (do things ever happen in this world?) that the topic for the evening was Work—'Go work to-day in my vine-yard.' Marion had no carefully prepared notes, as usual. Instead, she laid down the bible from which she had been reading and told the young people of Uncle Hal's criticism. She then proposed that they organize for work.

'What can we do?' asked Anson Hale.

The old question, but this time the answer was forthcoming. Helen presented the report of the lookout committee. There was the settlement of French-Canadians up under the mountain, where Lottie Adams had

opened the way for others to follow. There was the poorhouse, with a score of forlorn old people who sorely needed a little brightness in their lonely lives. There was a district school without a teacher, for the children were running wild and no one could remain more than a few days without being locked out. There were the granite cutters—a band by themselves. They did not go to church; they had no reading matter, no diversions. Then the ever-present poor family of the town. They would make at least one more effort to raise it to respectability. The list was a long one.

The young people looked at one and another in dismay. Could it be they had ever thought there was nothing to do with all this work at hand? Quickly committees for the various objects were appointed. Not one member declined to serve. The next few weeks found work in plenty. A reading circle, a sewing class were started in the French settlement and became very popular.

Marion had charge of the work at the poor farm, and each week a bevy of girls in gay dresses with bright faces and winning smiles spent the afternoon there with their fancywork, listening to the tales of the old ladies, all of whom had seen better days, or chatting with them about the news of the town. When the supper hour came the girls spread the table with dainties, and in the evening played and sang for them. Twice during the season, the Fourth of July and the day of the church supper, carriages were sent to bring them to the village and they had a rare treat.

Then came the country week, when twenty little waifs from the city were taken into Waverly homes and made welcome and happy and clothed for summer and winter.

A reading-room was opened for the granite workers. The rebellious children were lured into a natural history society, and under Anson Hale's leadership grew accustomed to restraint while thinking they were following their own inclinations. There would be no more trouble for teachers in that school.

Every day some new work presented itself. It might be a simple thing that called for individual effort, it might require an entire committee, but it was always done. There was no question now of work; there was plenty for all. Even the old committees found their task doubled. The prayer-meeting committee found that its work included the church meetings as well as those of the Y.P.S.C.E., and the midweek prayer meetings were no longer dull. The music committee found its field extended. The membership was nearly doubled, despite the fact that the lookout committee was too busy looking out for work to think of members.

'I tell you what, there is more in religion than I thought there was,' said Josiah Howe to Uncle Hal one day. 'I thought it was all bosh—meetings, meetings all the time, with nothing to show for it; but I'll own up I'm mistaken this time. These young folks are in earnest. They mean business and they're doing great things for Waverly. I must take a hand at it myself.'

'That pays for everything, if things didn't pay so royally as we go along,' said Marion, as her uncle told her of it.

They had another reward the next Sunday evening at their annual meeting, when their pastor thanked the young people for the help they had been to him.

'You won the banner last quarter,' he said, 'but you have done even better this, for you have won souls for Christ, you have proved that you are in earnest and that love for Christ is a helpful love for his children.'