



People Who Haven't Time
&
Can't Afford It

Isabella Alden

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And
Can't Afford It



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PEOPLE WHO HAVEN'T TIME AND CAN'T AFFORD IT.

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Contents



1	In the Nursery	1
2	Making Calls	14
3	Varied Experiences	24
4	Society Martyrs	34
5	First Fruits	43

1. In the Nursery



Mrs. Leymon was in the nursery with her sewing; she was nearly always “*with* her sewing.” Her needle had almost grown to be a part of herself. She called this pretty, sunny room the nursery, because that was such a pleasant name to her. It suggested the *children’s* rights as prominent here; and, besides, if this were not the nursery, then the children had none, and she was bent on their having a spot of their own.

To be sure, the family gathered here for morning prayers and for breakfast; and at dinner time, carts, horses, whistles, slates, and dollies had to be pushed out of the way to make room to set the table, for, in the absence of a dining room, they had to use the nursery. By three o’clock in the afternoon, it was necessary for the little Leymons to gather all the playthings from the four corners of the room, put them away carefully, and get the room in order for chance callers; for the neat and cheery-looking parlor was

not a parlor at all, but “Grandma’s room,” and Grandma wasn’t always in the mood to see company. So you perceive that the nursery was also the Leymons’s parlor. It was a useful room, and it bore its part of educating the little Leymons very well, for did they not learn early the necessity for neat and careful disposal of their playthings and their books? Besides, since Mother nearly always sat in the nursery with sewing, there were many helpful little things that they could do for her such as threading needles, finding lost scissors, stray spools, or pins.

In short, because the Leymons were obliged to make a dining, sewing, and sitting room of the nursery, the *little* Leymons were learning to be orderly, helpful, courteous people. Now you know the social *status* of the Leymons, as well as though I had talked of them for hours—people who could not afford to banish the children and sit in elegant idleness in the elegant parlor, waiting for calls.

On the wintry afternoon of which I write, the nursery was at its sunniest. It was a south room and was prettily furnished. There was an easy chair for Freddy Leymon, a dainty rocker for Milly Leymon, and a carved and cushioned highchair for Baby Leymon; it was a notion of this mother to have everything pretty nice and pretty bright for her children, and then to help them take care of it. The

mother sat among her children and sewed on a scarlet dress that was neither for Milly, nor yet for baby. In fact, the mother made many dresses and aprons and sacks and waists, and every other bewildering article of the child's toilet, which did not belong to the wardrobe of the little Leymons.

Very early in her life she had discovered that there *were* mothers who *could* not make these pretty garments for their own darlings, and who would pay a fair price to other mothers to make them. So the shining needle flew; and many things were fashioned by her skillful fingers, and many a bright dollar added to the family purse, for they had all things in common, this couple. Mr. Leymon worked early and late at his machinery, and Mrs. Leymon worked early and late at *her* machinery; though I am willing to admit that she had to reset the gauges and change works oftener than he did.

As she sewed, she thought. Baby Leymon slept the sleep of a healthy; clean, warmly dressed, well-fed baby in her crib in the corner, her eyes shaded from the sun by a screen that the careful papa had made and the careful mamma had covered—slept despite the noise of a train of cars that were just setting off guided by engineer Freddy; and a vigorous rub-a-dub-dub on the washboard as little Miss Milly put

Seraphina's clothes through the ordinary processes of a wash. Baby had been taught to sleep on through these and kindred noises, and she did it.

As for Mrs. Leymon, her face was grave and thoughtful, and as often as she looked at or answered the questions of either of her darlings, the shadow of thought on her face deepened. The fact is, but a very few days before, she had unexpectedly come in contact with one of the social problems of our free and independent country, and it puzzled and troubled her.

It had transpired that the little garments were so accumulating on her hands that she found it necessary to look up one of those objects with which her hitherto busy life had little to do, viz., a washer-woman.

She found her, and she also found many other things. She went up and down certain streets where she had never walked before; and she found dreadful to relate, miserable, half-naked, half-starved children—miserable, neglected, filthy homes—miserable, filthy; sickly; hopeless mothers. What a horrible sight it was! How shall I describe to you Mrs. Leymon's feelings as she thought of *her* home, *her* husband, and *her* children and looked in upon these terrible homes and saw these reeling husbands and these *dreadful* children!

She had heard, indeed, of misery; poverty; hunger, cold, and sickness, in their low and repulsive and altogether horrible forms; but to hear a thing, and *see* it, for the first time, with one's wide-open, startled eyes, are two very different matters. She questioned some of these swarming homes. Did the children go to school? To school! They "had not rags enough to wear at home, let alone school."

"Well, then, surely they went to Sunday school?"

"To Sunday school?" And the answer was intensified with a sneer. "Who would let the likes of *them* into Sunday school?"

"Did they know about Jesus, who came down from heaven to save them?" This last question was asked in a hesitating, awestricken tone, as from one who was almost afraid to speak that dear name in such atmosphere, lest she should indeed be casting pearls before absolute swine, and yet he died even for these. But her answer was a deeper sneer. "Jesus! What was he to such as them, or what did he care what became of them? If he died for them, why did he not give them clothes enough to keep them from freezing, or bread enough to keep them from stealing?"

What could Mrs. Leymon say? What could she *do*? "The poor ye have always with you," she murmured it to her own soul; then they were indeed a God-given trust!

What had *she* ever done for the poor? A few cold pieces, now and then, as one of the bolder of them begged at her door; a garment saved up for someone who she knew was struggling with poverty; a dime in the basket occasionally of a Sunday, when a “collection for the poor” was called for. This was the extent of her work for them.

As for sacrifice, she had *heard* of the word, in fact she believed that several times in life it could have been applied to her. Didn't she go without a new dress all one winter, when they were paying for their pretty little cottage? But that was for *herself*. Well, didn't she do without a girl all through the hot summer weather, in order that Freddy and Milly and baby could have two weeks at the seaside? But that was for her *children*, dearer than herself. Well, didn't she get along without a new cloak this very winter, in order to help toward the refurnishing of the church? But that was for herself, and her *husband*, and her *children*, and was to be enjoyed by them for years to come. Was it sacrifice? If she chose a pretty church for herself, instead of a pretty cloak for herself, had she a right to say that she had sacrificed for Christ?

Very solemn questions did Mrs. Leymon ask herself, as, warned by the gathering darkness, she suddenly left the miserable street and went home, sick at heart. Since which

time she had done some earnest thinking, which, as she sewed the strawberry buttons onto the scarlet dress, was rapidly settling into fixed resolve. Even before the last one was sewed, she gathered up her work, went swiftly over to Grandma's door, and tapped. It was a dainty courtesy that she was trying to teach the children, this remembrance always to tap at Grandma's door; and of course they could not be expected to do it unless she set the example.

"Would Grandma come and sit with the children, while she went out for a couple of hours?"

"Surely," said a cheery voice from within; and Grandma's black dress, white hair, white cap, and smiling face beamed lovingly on the little folks. "I'll take the best care of them, and we'll have the nicest of times. I *do* hope you are going out for a little enjoyment this afternoon, and not always business."

Mrs. Leymon smiled. "Yes," she said. "I am going for enjoyment; if I can accomplish what I want, I'm sure I shall enjoy it."

Can you guess what she was after? Do you know that out of her inner consciousness during the week that she had sat and sewed, she had resolved a scheme so broad and deep and far-reaching that it thrilled her; and yet that seemed to her the most reasonable thing to do, and a thing

that it was only necessary to mention to the Christian world, to meet with their eager approval and help. Her schemes, as I say, branched in various directions. One of them was a school for the children, in two branches, to teach them to sew, cook, sweep, wash dishes, dust, set table, and oh! well, all sorts of work—not all at once, you know, but gradually, little by little. The sewing school would commence right away, and the other blessings would follow in logical order. Not only the children, but the mothers would be provided with garments for their own wear and taught how to make them, how to take care of their homes, make their beds properly, furnished with proper bed clothing, and shown how to keep it in order. They could be shown how to care for the poor, little, neglected babies that it made her heartsick just to think of; taught how to fill, in short, the place that God designed a woman, a wife, and a mother to fill. I hope you see how wide this beautiful scheme of hers was! And yet you have not glanced at the half of it. There was lying in back of all this, of course, eager plans for the souls, the priceless, never-dying souls that were being dwarfed inside these dreadful bodies and being dragged down by the very force of the physical into absolute shipwreck.

Mrs. Leymon was full of enthusiasm; she was aglow

with her subject. She was amazed that she had, metaphorically, folded her hands and idled away her life so far as the needs of others were concerned. She meant to do it no longer, and she knew, or, bless her innocent heart, she *thought* she knew of hundreds who would join her, with heart and soul and purse. The purse was the part that, for herself, she could not compass, but she reflected with satisfaction that the Lord had many stewards in the First Church to whom he had entrusted houses and lands, and gold and silver. There was no need for that part of the work to fail. So, behold her arrayed in her winter best, ready for calls on a certain number of families whose names were on the same church roll as her own and who were amply supplied with leisure and wealth. She hoped to make rapid work during those two hours; for she was one, who having little time in which to work, must needs work *fast*.

She made her first attempt in Mrs. Van-Nornam's elegant uptown mansion. Mrs. Van-Nornam was young, bright, and beautiful; having unlimited wealth, and unlimited control over it, and, withal, having the reputation of possessing a very kind heart and warm impulses; and Mrs. Van-Nornam was a Christian. Who so well calculated to give time, money, and enthusiasm to so great a work as this?

The servant eyed Mrs. Leymon's plain black cashmere and neat cloak of last year's style, somewhat dubiously while he waited for her card, and finally had to ask her name. Before he had received his answer, he had determined her position in society and left her standing in the grand hall, while he went to announce her to his mistress.

Little cared she for that; the hall was grander than any parlor with which she was familiar, and she looked about her with genuine interest, and feasted her beauty loving eyes on its appointments.

She did not hear Mrs. Van-Nornam's half impatient soliloquy; "What on earth can she want? A sewing woman, you think, James?"

"Something of that sort, ma'am, I should say."

"Well, let her come up here; she wants work, I presume."

But Mrs. Leymon's entrance was cordial, and her greeting that of an equal. She had sat in the same pew with Mrs. Van-Nornam at Communion two Sabbaths before and remembered that she was greeting a sister in the Lord. Then she eagerly; with bright eyes, ringing voice, and animated expressions, unfolded her errand, as one who expected to come in contact with an instant heartthrob of sympathy.

She was suddenly interrupted:

“My dear woman, do you actually say you went into the creatures’ houses and sat down on their horrible chairs? Really; I think it was a tempting of Providence; what horrible diseases you may have brushed against; how could you?”

“But the awful need for somebody to do it, Mrs. Van-Nornam, think of that! I did not come in closer contact than was necessary; and it is to remove such a dreadful state of things that I want your help. And besides,” she hurried on, seeing Mrs. Van-Nornam’s lips about to open and not liking the expression of her face, “I found some, and indeed they were the saddest cases, who, in their abject poverty; were yet clean and had made pitiful attempts to put their bare homes into something like decency. Such people need help. If we had a room where their children could come once a week, and indeed where *they* could come to get help, to learn ways of managing and get a breath of hope breathed into their discouraged souls, think what a transformation it would soon make in their lives.”

“It looks like an utterly wild idea,” said Mrs. Van-Nornam, settling back among her cushions and opening wide the book in which she had kept the place with her finger. “A perfectly unpractical and undesirable thing.

Whom could you get, who would endure the horrors of spending an afternoon with them? Certainly, no one who had self-respect or who knew enough of *decency* to be able to teach anything, if any of them wanted to learn, which of course they don't."

Two red spots began to glow on Mrs. Leymon's cheeks. "I would spend an afternoon a week, willingly," she said firmly, "and there are *some* things I could teach them."

"You! Well, my good woman, I advise you never to do it. There *must* be less horrible ways of earning a living than that."

Mrs. Leymon rose hastily; she had made a mistake; surely the Lord Jesus Christ could not be this woman's Elder Brother! No hope of *her* devoting of her leisure to help his poor up to a knowledge of him! Yet there were her hundreds of thousands. *Could* she go away without enlisting some little mite from them for the treasury of her Lord? She kept down her indignation, and was meek. "If you cannot give this matter your personal help, will you not lead my paper with a subscription that shall start the thought for others?"

Mrs. Van-Nornam hesitated, opened her tiny jeweled watch, started with an air of well-bred surprise at the lateness of the hour, rang her bell, gave an order to the

servant to the effect that her carriage should be ready precisely at four, then turned again to her caller. "I really haven't time to investigate the matter this evening; some day I will look into it, perhaps, and determine whether to give you a donation, though, as I told you, it doesn't commend itself to my judgment. I think it will be, very likely, money thrown away, and for yourself, I don't believe you would find it profitable employment." Then she settled back to her cushions and her book!

Then Mrs. Leymon went with speed and resolved on her way downstairs that she would never, no, *never*, ask that woman for money again. Let us hope that she broke that foolish resolution.

2. Making Calls



Her next stop was at Mrs. Jarvis Veeder's mansion. Mrs. Veeder was not in, but the young ladies were. "Would she see the young ladies?" Yes, she would; they were graduated young ladies, having "finished their education," whatever that may mean. They certainly ought to have a degree of leisure, and if their father could be induced to help along an industrial school with his money; perhaps they would help it with their time and their education.

She was shown to the back parlor where were the Misses Veeder, and with them two other young ladies, each with their fancy work.

They gave her kindly greeting; she was a frequent caller at the house, for she made lovely dresses and aprons for the little Veeders.

I wish I could give you a glimpse of that back parlor! It was a most luxurious room. Wealth and taste and skill had

united in making it a place of beauty. If it had a fault; it was that it was crowded. Especially Mrs. Leymon's eyes rested curiously on the number of fancy ornaments which filled the available spaces; tidies of every hue and shape and design on the backs of rockers and easy camp chairs, and on the three-cornered sofa three of them, three on the *tete-a-tete*; and on the arms of all the chairs that could boast of arms.

The vases, on mantles and brackets, rested on mats of bright-colored wools, rose mats and pansy mats and tulip mats, and every grade and shape of mat seemed literally to swarm, Worsted cats curled composedly in the corners of the hassocks with which the room was plentifully supplied. In front of the doors were elegant mats of rich design, a great, gray woolly dog occupying one center, heavily surrounded with fine worsted work, known to the initiated by the name of "filling in." At the other door was one of those devices of Satan for consuming time and money—an elegant mat manufactured out of raveled Brussels carpeting laboriously knit together again; and a sleeping lion in wools and beads crouched in the center of the hearth rug.

In short, the menagerie, in green and blue and yellow and brown wools, that curled in millennial peace together in that room represented a small fortune in money and an

almost unlimited number of hours.

And, wonderful to relate, all these works of art were the product of the united skill of the young ladies of the house. Mrs. Leymon had long been aware of this fact, for the fond mother loved to boast of her daughters' "industry." Surely, having done up the fancywork for a century to come, these young ladies were the ones to devote their leisure to industrial schools. She explained the subject with equal clearness, but with not quite the enthusiasm that she had shown at Mrs. Van-Nornams. That lady had had a quieting effect on her ardor.

"Well," said Miss Lilian Veeder, "I'm sure it is a nice idea; real sweet of you to think of it, Mrs. Leymon. But who will be the teachers? You say you will need a good many; where are they to come from?"

"Why," said wily Mrs. Leymon, "it must be a benevolent work entirely, of course; so we must depend mainly on those who have their time at their own disposal. I thought perhaps you and your sister would take up the work."

"My patience!" said Miss Lilian. And "The idea!" said Miss Evelyn. "Why, Mrs. Leymon, I hope you don't think we are ladies of leisure! I assure you, I am hurried from morning till night. Last Christmas I sat up until midnight

two or three times to finish my bead cushion; and I have at least a dozen pieces of fancywork in the house this minute waiting to be finished. When they ever *will* be, I'm sure I don't know. You see, Mrs. Leymon, we have such a host of friends, and they all expect something in the fancy line from us, knowing that we understand all such work, and that our large house requires so much of that sort. Oh, dear me! Don't mention *our* doing anything of the kind. I'm sure I shudder at the thought of the holidays, or of weddings, or of people's birthdays, for fear I shall be so crowded with work."

And Miss Lilian sighed and pushed back her hair from her flushed forehead and bent over her white silk Spitz dog and said, "One, two, three, four. No. Why, one, two, three. There! I've made a mistake! Now, that dog's nose will all have to be taken out! What a shame! I declare I won't speak again in an hour."

As for Miss Evelyn, she had exhausted the time at her disposal in the sublime sentence, "The idea!" and from that time had devoted herself most energetically to her bead fringes, keeping up an incessant murmuring of "one, two, three, purl; one, two, three, purl," till you wondered that she didn't scream over the stupidity of the thing. It was impossible not to measure the amount of mental and

physical *and spiritual* life of these two young ladies by a comprehension of their absorptions. Mrs. Leymon, without suffering herself to waste any arguments at all on them, turned to their friends, Miss Alice Markham and Miss Margie Lee, both of them members of the same church with herself; both of them pledged not to live for themselves, but for Christ; both of them with fathers whose bank accounts supplied all their wants, real and fancy; both of them having graduated at Madame De Long's Seminary. How did these young ladies occupy their time? She appealed to them. Miss Alice answered with spirit:

“I've always observed, Mrs. Leymon, that you people who are very industrious suppose that young ladies who do not have to work for a living have therefore nothing to do. Now, certainly, *I* am not a young lady of leisure. I am keeping up my music; I practice four hours a day! That in itself consumes about all the available time between calls and going out. And then I read French and German as regularly as I did in school. An industrial school may be a very good idea, though probably about the last thing that these dreadful people want is to be industrious. Why don't they go to work? That is what I always wonder. There is a great deal of useless sympathy wasted on the poor, miserable set.”

“But the children,” ventured Mrs. Leymon, who realized that to attempt argument with this lady would be a literal casting of pearls where they would not be appreciated.

“Well, the children—lazy, thieving set! Just as bad as they *can* be. The little boys who come from the Higby Lane region are a disgrace to the city; and as for the girls, Miss Maurice has been trying to gather some of them into her mission class—actually *coaxed* the little wretches to come, bribed them with sugarplums, and how did they repay her—one of them stole her pencil case the very first Sunday! And they looked more like animals than human beings. And smelled! Faugh!”

Words failed Miss Alice, and Mrs. Leymon turned from her promptly. A young lady who could bring forward the utter degradation of the poor as a reason for doing nothing for them was *not* the material needed for teachers in an industrial school. But before she left her, she could not resist the temptation to ask one question, which she meant as a probe to that lady's conscience.

“May I ask you, Miss Markham, what you are going to do with your music and French and German?”

“Do with them?” queried Miss Markham, in a half wondering, half supercilious tone. “Why, my good woman, what do people generally do with talents and superior

education?"

"That is a solemn question," said Mrs. Leymon. "It really needs to be settled on one's knees before the Lord. If music, French, and German are worthy of the absolute absorption of all our available time, to the exclusion of any other of God's work, then, if we are Christians, they must in some way be doing God's work, else we are not applying our talents to the end that they were given, nor to the end that we covenanted when we united with his visible church. I am simply asking for information, Miss Markham. I suppose, of course, your special talents are consecrated." Then she turned entirely from her and looked at Miss Lee.

Are you interested to know what that young lady was engaged in—an occupation which so absorbed her that apparently she had neither eyes, nor ears, for any other earthly object? She was snipping holes in a piece of cloth, and sewing them up again! Snipping carefully, skillfully, sewing them with infinite pains and millions of delicate stitches, requiring patience and skill. She called them "wheels," and "eyelets," and "leaves," and "scallops," and when they were done it was "*perfectly exquisite*" and was designed for the infantile robe of an atom of humanity, who luxuriated in more of that article now than her weary overburdened little body knew how to bear up under. The

maker of the said embroidery was civil and ladylike; she smiled kindly on Mrs. Leymon, “hoped she would succeed.” Such things were needed, she supposed, though *she* never had time to think much about it. She was always busy—one thing and another took up the time, until now she really was busier than she had been when in school. She never could teach *anybody*; sewing, and lessons, and all that, she had no taste for; had tried to teach her own little sister to hem and made wretched work of it. Still, there must be people who had time for such things, people on whom society didn't make so many demands. They were just the ones, too, for they could understand the poor, enter into their feelings, as, of course, people of position and culture couldn't be expected to do.

“But after all,” said Mrs. Leymon, “the one who seemed to understand the poor better than any other person who ever lived was the Lord Jesus Christ.” And then, in a moment, she was sorry that she had said it, for these young ladies all looked at her as though she had somehow said an improper thing; for aught she knew, they would not have considered Jesus of Nazareth a person of position and culture!

But she left them to their dogs, cats, fringes, and snippings and betook herself to the next name on her list,

Mr. E. D. Landor. This family were at dinner, and she was ushered cordially to the dining room.

“Come in, come in,” said Mr. Landor heartily. He was a merchant and the stockholder in half a dozen factories, and everybody spoke of him as a whole-souled, generous-hearted man. “Come right in. Have some dinner with us? You have dined, eh? Sensible woman to dine at a reasonable hour. Ah well, and how is your good husband, the best machinist that comes about my premises? He will make his fortune yet, and deserves to.”

All this Mr. Landor said in a brisk business tone, carrying on his eating at the same time, with rapidity and skill. He was used to giving attention to several important affairs at once. Mrs. Leymon took courage from his cheery voice and loud cheery manner and unfolded her errand.

I grieve to tell you that the benevolent face settled into an ominous frown. “Now, my good friend, you are dealing in a kind of filth that won’t wash off. Let me advise you as a sensible woman to let that sort of scum alone. It is all stuff to talk about the *worthy* poor. There is no such thing. It is a crime to be poor in this country; a man ought to be punished for it.”

“Mr. Landor,” said Mrs. Leymon with spirit, “now you are talking nonsense, and you know you are. Any man who

calls himself a patriot and remembers the army of soldiers who came home from the war ruined in health and crippled in limbs, has no right to say any such thing. I had a friend who went, and who *came*, and who is poor, dependent on others for his support. Now!”

“Well, well,” said Mr. Landor. “There are exceptions, of course, but they only prove the rule. The masses of the poor are so because they have been improvident, extravagant, dissipated, idle, everything that is mean, and to be condemned. I have no patience with their whining, beggarly ways, nor with schemes for lifting them up. They have been lifted up too much; they need letting down. They ought to be sent to State’s Prison, every one of ’em.”

3. Varied Experiences



“**A**nd their children, too, I suppose.”

“And their children to the House of Correction, or any other place where they can be kept from being a pest to the city. Those are my sentiments, and you are welcome to them.”

And Mr. Landor brought his hand down on the table in so emphatic a manner that the plate glass shivered at the jar, and he thereby evinced that this was a sore question with him, touching somewhere a bare spot in his conscience. As for Mrs. Leymon, his excitement seemed to cool and quiet her.

“You are more willing to support the poor than I supposed.” she said with quiet sarcasm in voice and manner. “I certainly do not expect any such munificent donation as you will have to give, for your share, if you propose to have this great army of people clothed and fed for the future at the expense of the State. Now, I was for

putting them in a way to help themselves, but you propose to take care of them and their children for all time. Still, there is one trouble in the way—what about their souls? The prisons and penitentiaries stand ready, I suppose, to look after their bodies; at least *you* can be taxed to help build places large enough to receive them, but will they assume the responsibility of the souls? I thought the Lord left that work for us, his professed followers. He said they would be always with us. He didn't say anything about our finding them nowhere save in prisons and penitentiaries."

Mr. Landor stared at her as though she were talking in an unknown tongue.

"The fact is," he said after a moment, "I haven't time to be sentimental about this thing. I have had to work hard myself; am working hard yet; and I am not given to gush or sentiment of any sort. A man like your husband, who can work for his wages, I am willing to respect; but a man who comes sniveling around me expecting sympathy because he doesn't want to work and support his family, I've neither time nor patience for. *I can't* afford to support the poor of this city, Mrs. Leymon.

"In point of fact, now, what do you want to do? Have 'soup houses,' and 'free lunches,' and 'hot coffee and sandwiches,' and 'educate the people,' and 'elevate the

masses'? I know the terms, you see. All bosh, the whole of it, if you'll excuse my saying so. And your husband is much too sensible a man to allow you to get mixed up with it, or I'm mistaken. As long as you feed the vagrants for nothing, they will be willing to be fed; and as long as they can live without work, they'll do it. As for the children who are too young to work, they have got to suffer for the sin of their parents. That's Bible. I'll risk any of them starving, either; that sort never do. No, ma'am, I can't head your list; can't afford it. Let 'em work and earn their living as I do."

Mrs. Leymon arose to go. Long ago she had decided that this man could not claim brotherhood with the self-sacrificing, long-suffering Lord. She began to feel that his family on earth was smaller than she had supposed. Yet her voice was not disheartened, nor her manner that of one crushed.

"Well, Mr. Landor, we shall have an industrial school, and try to teach these children to work and earn their own living; and we shall have soup houses, too, by and by, and sandwiches and coffee and when you come to lunch with us *you* shall not be insulted by being offered anything *free!* You shall pay a good round price for it. I am sorry that you don't see the way clear to help us, but we shall do it."

She did not know in the least who the "we" meant, but

the Lord knew. He honored her faith just then, with a touch of sight.

“Uncle Frank”—a clear, youthful voice came up from the lower end of the table—“*I* want to help about this thing. Madam, if you please, I will head your list. I can’t do it so well as my uncle could, if he would; but almost anybody can *start* a thing.” And she reached forth her hand for the paper. “I’ll write my subscription in pencil, and, in order to be sure that it is binding, you may, if you please, pay it now, Uncle Frank.”

“But, my dear child, you should take time to reflect before you waste your money.”

“I *have* reflected—long enough to know that somebody may be starving just this minute! I’ll help feed them first and reflect afterward.”

“But, Maude, I am your guardian, remember. I don’t know that I ought to let you waste your money.”

She pushed the paper toward him, with a gleam in her eye that meant business, as she said:

“But, Uncle, I am of age, remember. If I choose to waste my money, I am not sure that you can help it.”

A flush of victory mounted to Mrs. Leymon’s very forehead as she received back her subscription paper, and she gave her hand to the young girl with an eager “Thank

you!” that was almost like a benediction. She saw the clear, unmistakable characters that had been traced on the paper: “Maude L. Harlowe, one hundred dollars.”

“I want to be one of your teachers,” Miss Maude said earnestly, retaining the hand and looking with strong, grave eyes into Mrs. Leymon’s liquid ones. “That is, if you will teach me how. I don’t know anything about such work, but I know I can learn.”

“Maude!” in harsh tones from her uncle.

“Why, Maudie!” in pleading ones from her aunt. “My dear child, I wouldn’t have you do such a thing for the world! Such a horrid place for infection!”

Miss Maude laughed.

“My life is no more precious than others, Auntie. If you are afraid to have me board here, I’ll go to the Sansom House. They are not afraid of any amount of infection, if you give them money enough. Anyway, I’m going to work in this school if I can get a chance. Uncle Frank, there is no use in talking; I know what I am about. My father got the first dinner he had had for three days in a public soup house once, and you began your education in a charity school, you know. Do you think I could forget the debt of gratitude I owe?”

Was Mrs. Leymon discouraged with her two hours’

work, do you think? Not a bit of it! She was not the woman to have gone home discouraged and, to have folded her hands and wept over failure, even had she not met Miss Maude Harlowe that afternoon. Indeed, I will own that she was of the temperament which made her, after the third rebuff, set her lips together in the firm way that some women can, and say to herself: “Now we *will* have an industrial school, and all the other improvements.” But then; meeting Miss Maude, having her name on a bit of paper, hearing her words, and clasping her hand made her feel gloriously triumphant; made her feel as though she had been at court and clasped hands with one of the princesses of the realm. So, indeed, she had.

She gave an account of her afternoon's work at the tea table—after the little Leymons were sleeping the sleep of downright weariness—detailing her experiences with touches of humor that made the husband shout with laughter and the white strings of Grandma's cap quiver, as she more quietly enjoyed the fun. Then she said:

“You went too far to the other extreme, Daughter; it isn't the *very* rich who can understand and help the very poor—that is, as a rule. There are Miss Maudes, thank the Lord, who are exceptions, but as a *rule* the busy workers are the ones to join heart and hand in such work.”

Mindful of that bit of advice from her wise old mother, Mrs. Leymon, on her very next afternoon of leisure, went out to call on Mrs. Jenny Johnson, who lived in a pretty house just around the corner from the avenue—she being one of those who, though not by any means poor, was certainly not among the wealthy. Mrs. Leymon knew her very well; in fact, exchanged calls with her occasionally. A most unlucky time had she chosen, however, for this call. Mrs. Johnson was preparing for a tea party. She had invited Mrs. Dr. Merchant and Mrs. Judge Butler to take tea with her, as well as a dozen other persons less notable. She was making special preparations. Mrs. Leymon, by virtue of her being an acquaintance and by virtue of the hostess being in great haste and anxiety concerning something in the oven, was suddenly summoned to the dining room to “look at the table” for the feast was to be that very evening. It was worthy of being looked at as a matter of curiosity, if one looked from no other standpoint.

“Having only one girl,” explained Mrs. Johnson, as she wiped a streak of flour from her flushed cheek, “makes it necessary for me to set the table before any of them come and obliges me to do the whole of the getting ready myself. I declare, it makes slavish work of having company. If I weren’t ashamed about having so many people invite me

and never returning it, I don't believe I'd ever get at it in the world. As it is, I haven't invited half the people I wanted. Now, we wanted you and Mr. Leymon tonight, but, dear me, we didn't get around to your street at all."

Mrs. Leymon disclaimed, as best she could, any expectation of an invitation, and then she regarded the table with an amused air, while the over-tasked martyr continued her tale of woe.

"I have had to do every bit of the baking myself; and my fruit cake did act abominably; I had to make the second batch before it looked black enough to suit me. My pound cake looks nice, doesn't it? And I had real good luck with my gold, and silver, and orange cakes; but the thing I pride myself on is this lemon cream cake. I do think lemon cream cake is the very prettiest looking cake that ever was made. But such a sight of work as it is! My bones fairly ached the day I made it. I whipped the eggs myself. An eggbeater is nowhere when you come to such delicate work as that."

"Two, three, four, six," counted Mrs. Leymon to herself and smiled again. Six kinds of cake with which to entertain a company of ordinarily well-fed people, after seven o'clock in the evening! Besides, there were pickled pears, pickled plums, currant jelly, grape jelly, canned quince, calmed peach, stewed cranberries, chicken salad, cold

turkey, as well as oysters scalloping in the oven, as fast as they could.

Poor Mrs. Johnson didn't know that Mrs. Judge Butler, whom she was so anxious to honor, would not have had one half of these dishes at her table; but Mrs. Leymon, who had originally come from an aristocratic tree, was quite aware of it. She wondered within her earnest soul why good sense, or failing in that, why conscience itself did not loudly protest against this foolish waste of money, time, and strength. Mrs. Johnson, in her anxiety, had no room for conscience.

“Do you suppose the cake will dry?” she asked anxiously. “It isn't cut; but I didn't know how to manage unless I had it on the table before they came. I haven't a girl who can attend to any such thing; mine is only a cheap girl. It is one of the miseries of being poor!”

Poor, and the mistress of that table, spread for one evening's feast, and not by any means intended for the halt, or the lame, or the blind, or the poor and needy in any form. The word suggested to Mrs. Leymon the object of her call; and more, it must be confessed, because of a curious desire to study human nature from this standpoint than because she had any expectation of help, she made known her wants.

4. Society Martyrs



“**B**less your heart and soul,” exclaimed Mrs. Johnson, dropping now in utter exhaustion on the chair behind her. “*I’ve* neither time nor money for anything. I’m harassed to death now with all that I have to do. I work like a slave, Mrs. Leymon, I really do. Every bit of my baking I have to do myself; cakes, and pies, and puddings, and getting fruits ready, all such things I have to attend to. It is just work, *work*, from morning till night. Mercy knows I’m sorry for the poor, if anybody is; but as for giving an afternoon a week to them, I couldn’t do it any more than I could fly! I just get through now, and that is all. I haven’t time to read more than if I couldn’t, and Sundays I’m so tired I just lie and doze half the time. I’d help if I could, and I hope you’ll succeed; but I’ve got a large family to take care of, you know, and they are hearty eaters. Mr. Johnson thinks as much of his pies and puddings as he does of me, and I’m the only one who can make them to suit

him. Dear me! I haven't time to do anything! And, as for money, my! What little I get of it, I could use a dozen ways at once anytime. Actually, I have to spend a good deal of time in planning what we can do *without* the longest. Oh, I know what it is to be poor. I tell you, I'm sorry for them."

And six kinds of cake on her supper table! was Mrs. Leymon's mental comment. Then she thought of the poor people whom she had visited that week and contrasted their homes with Mrs. Johnson's. But that lady was in a hurry; her oysters were overdoing, and her toilet was not quite made, and it was growing late. There was no use to talk to her. Yet Mrs. Leymon by no means despaired of her; she knew an argument that is often needed for such natures as hers, as well as for some natures not in the least like hers.

"I tell you what it is, Mrs. Johnson," she said briskly. "I mustn't hinder you now, and I hope you will have a real pleasant time this evening. But I want you to promise me that some day next week you will take an afternoon and make some calls with me down on Higby Lane. It will only be one afternoon, you know, and that will help a good deal."

Mrs. Johnson mopped her hot and tired face with her apron and said doubtfully, she didn't know; maybe she could manage to find one afternoon, but she had a great

deal to do; still, *one* afternoon, if that would be any help, she would really try to go, after she got rested.

“I’m so tired now,” she said frankly, “that if they should all send word they couldn’t come, and I could go to bed right away, and sleep till day after tomorrow, I think I should like it best of anything. I never have time to get rested. But *one afternoon*—well, yes, I’ll try to do that much.”

Mrs. Leymon went away smiling. What homes she would show her!—homes of which she did not dream. What if it should waken her to a sense of her opportunities and *responsibilities*? What if it should even, in time, show her that six kinds of cake made by a woman who has no *time* to do any of Christ’s work were six absolute sins? What an accomplishment that would be! And she tripped up the steps to Mrs. Porter’s as though she had received a twenty-dollar donation at the last place and expected as much here.

Mrs. Porter was sewing, and she was in her back sitting room, and she had her two children with her. Another Mrs. Leymon’s you think. See if it is. That back sitting room was the dingiest spot in the house, and every broken-down piece of furniture that the house contained seemed to have been moved in there.

“I don’t make company of you, you see,” the hostess said half apologetically; as Mrs. Leymon helped herself to a seat. “The children smash things around so that I don’t try to keep anything decent in this room.”

She was grim and severe over the question of the poor. She didn’t believe in them any more than Mr. Landor did, in a quieter but an equally dogged way.

“I haven’t time to go racing up and down the world tending to other folks’ affairs,” she said severely. “Even if there was need for anybody to do it, I couldn’t. People who have to do their own work, sewing and all, are not the ones to look after other folks. I do every stitch of my family’s sewing, Mrs. Leymon, and it keeps me slaving night and day.”

She was “slaving” at that moment on a polonaise for her daughter Helen, aged twelve; and it had a row of knife pleating all around the bottom, and a row of bows up and down the front, and a row of buttons everywhere! At least so it seemed to Mrs. Leymon’s eyes as she surveyed the gleaming things that went over the left shoulder in little clusters as though to have them an inch apart would not have consumed enough of them.

“Why don’t those people go to work and earn their own living?”

“Who would employ them, Mrs. Porter? Would you?”

“I? No!” with grim satisfaction, “but there are people enough who like to get their work done for them, while they run around and attend to other folks. I never was one of that sort.”

“And in objection to your theory of work, there are a great many *other* people who do their own; some who are obliged to, and some who prefer to, on the score of economy, they think, but really because by so doing they can save enough to be able to put another ruffle on their dress.”

Did Mrs. Leymon glance surreptitiously at the skirt which belonged to the polonaise lying near her on a chair, and which had two carefully made and carefully trimmed ruffles on it? Possibly the suggestion that she might have done so made Mrs. Porter savage.

“That’s *their* concern, I take it,” she said stoutly; “if they choose to spend their money in ruffles, and don’t steal, nor beg them, they are accountable to nobody, as I look at it.”

“In which we should differ,” Mrs. Leymon said, speaking very gently. “You and I have proclaimed before a watching world that *we* are the Lord’s; that our time and money and strength and talents belong to him, to do with as *he* directs. Whether, therefore, the time shall be spent in

pleating ruffles, and the money in furnishing them, would depend on whether he saw an end to be attained that would honor him, would it not?"

This was new ground to Mrs. Porter. Evidently she had never realized in her life that she had promised any such thing. Rather, she had plumed herself on being independent. Some answer must be made to this waiting woman, and, puzzled and annoyed, she knew not what to say. It was this that made her voice more irritable in its tone than before.

"I never have time for philosophizing over things; my work always lies before my eyes, and I go ahead and do it the best I can. That's my duty, *I* believe."

"Yes," Mrs. Leymon said, still very gently, "but I think it is one of the most intensely practical questions of the day and one that I should think would puzzle people more and more, the higher they reach in the social scale—how far their planning and spending and sewing could be made to serve the interests of the Master. But we are not getting on with the question at hand, as to these poor people supporting themselves. Many of them could work if they had the opportunity; but for the women, especially work is hard to find, and skilled laborers are plenty. And among the men, alcohol, their awful enemy, that a free and intelligent

and Christian people have licensed to do its worst, is working wonders of poverty and sin. Then there *are* those who could not work if there were anything for them to do; they are too old, or too sick, or they have little children—swarms of them—clinging to their skirts. Something must be done to save them, or they and their children will go to ruin together.”

Mrs. Porter shut her lips tight and sewed and talked fast. “They are a shiftless, drinking, thieving set, the most of them. I know those Higby Lane folks; the very worst scum you can find in the city.”

“That is most painfully true; but you know the Bible doesn’t read; ‘Feed the hungry who are worthy; clothe the naked who are sober and virtuous; tell the respectable and moral people about Christ and heaven.’ You see, Mrs. Porter, these are questions with which, in a sense, we have nothing to do; or, rather, the poorer and lower people are, the more imperative is their need of Christ, who came to save, ‘to the utter-most.’”

This time Mrs. Porter sewed away very fast and spoke no word.

“Won’t you give us a little of your *time*?” the pleader asked timidly, after a moment of silence. She had not deemed it wise to ask here for money, not that there was no

money, but that there were many ruffles and side pleatings and bias bands of silk and velvet, and whatever other costly material was the prevailing fashion; for there was a grown-up daughter, as well as the two little ones and the twelve-year-old.

“I have no *time* to give,” was the short and comprehensive answer. “A woman who does her own sewing has dreadful little time, especially if she does her *work* as she ought to do it; and I calculate to, keep my house in order. Some folks think that amounts to nothing, but I consider it as much a Christian duty as anything is.”

“So do I. I quite long for the privilege of helping some of those poor mothers whom I have, been visiting to make their dreary, and in every way dreadful, homes, into something more worthy of the name. How much you could help some of them by a few kind suggestions.”

“Well, my own home needs me; I look after that, without any suggestions from anybody, and so might they, I dare say, if they wanted to. It is the desire to do better that’s lacking; you may depend upon that. I think my first duty is to my children; I stay at home with them. Who is to look after *my* children, I wonder, while I go to Higby Lane and take care of other people’s? Sarah Jane, don’t you put your feet on that table again; if you do I’ll whip you as sure

as you're alive! And, you, Thomas, no more whistling; I'll tell your father on *you*; see if I don't, and then you'll catch it. No, Mrs. Leymon, you and I shouldn't agree, I suppose, if we should talk till midnight. You believe in making homes pleasant for other folks, and I believe in tending to my own home. Sarah Jane, sit down in that chair and don't get up again till I tell you you may. And that's just the difference between us!"

By this time Mrs. Leymon was fully of the opinion that she and her neighbor would never agree, even though they talked on forever; and without promise, or shadow of promise or help or sympathy from this Christian woman, she was obliged to take her leave.

At another time, perhaps, Mrs. Porter would not have been so hard-hearted; in truth, she was sore-hearted; she had had a reasonable degree of expectation that she would be invited to partake of those six kinds of cake, and pickles, and cream salad, and hot rolls gotten up by Mrs. Johnson; and not having been summoned to the feast, she was feeling aggrieved thereat. So Mrs. Johnson's duty to society was productive of bitterness in the heart of at least *one* sister, and reacted in a manner that was *not* for the good of the cause.

5. First Fruits



Was Mrs. Leymon discouraged, now, do you think? You must constantly remember that she was not made of the material which discourages, else she would never have started. She counted the cost before ever she *did* start, and assuredly, having put her hand to the plow, she meant not to look back.

She rehearsed her afternoon's work again at the tea table; this time, with more pity and commiseration for the narrow souls of others than with laughter, and Grandma sagely remarked that she hadn't hit the right medium yet. It was not among the people who were engaged in that most hopeless of all struggles, the trying to *seem* rich, that you found open hearts for the needs, and pity for the sins of the abject poor.

Were all the people in Mrs. Leymons reach of the stamp who ignored their relationship to the souls for whom Christ died? By no manner of means were they! You have only

the result of two afternoon of work; and even in those afternoons was there not a Miss Maude, with her golden purse, her fresh young hands, and her consecrated heart? What a glorious helper she was! How they planned and worked together, those two sisters in Christ, revealing, by their loving friendship and cooperation, the very depth of the meaning of that tender and constantly abused term—*Sisters in Christ*.

I wish I had time to tell you about other calls and other helpers. Very different some of them from Miss Maude and yet equally grand in their way. There was a mother who had a drunken son, who, with his wife, had gone down into the depths, and the mother, in her neat home, with her widow's weeds and her poverty, wrung Mrs. Leymon's hand and said, 'mid choking tears:

“God bless you! I am doing what I can, but it is very little; and it will be *so* blessed to have help, and God will bless you. He will in very deed.”

And Mrs. Leymon, looking at *her*, believed it. There was crisp, trim little Miss Priscilla Hunter, who sewed all day in her attic room on clothes for boys too young or too poor to go to the regular clothing establishments. Poor was Miss Hunter; that is, people looking on called her so. But, after all, I hardly knew of a richer person than Miss

Priscilla Hunter.

“Time!” she said, “bless you, yes; there is always time for what ought to be done, whether it is to finish a jacket or pick up a basket of chips for somebody poorer or lamer than you are yourself. It’s a good idea, too. I wonder you have been so many years in getting it thought out. Help! Of course I will. I’ll bring my scissors and snip out things for you in odd hours. Oceans of things can be done in odd hours; and I’ve got a little bundle laid away that will do to make over for somebody; and Mrs. Jackson has an attic full of trumpery that she will never use. I’ll see that a good load of it gets sent around to the room. You’ve got a good room? Its Mr. Hoardwell’s, isn’t it! Of course he’ll let you have it; I’ll see him if you want me to; he’s a friend of mine. I’ll slip up there between daylight and dark and see about it.”

What a helper was Miss Priscilla, with her “snipping” and her “slipping” here and there, and her strong, vigorous, helpful words, like whiffs of breezes blowing fresh from off the sea! There was Mrs. Harland, an invalid, never moving out of that one room, never moving in that room, except in her wheeled chair. What wonders she could do! She had access to her husband’s purse, through his heart. It was not a very powerful purse, and yet it constantly

overflowed toward the Industrial School—for I hope you understand that there *was* an Industrial School, and a soup room, and a free lunch room, or what was better than free, a lunch room where the honest and industrious poor could come, and for five cents purchase a dinner. There were mothers who work, could and did work hard till noon over the washtub, and then slipped around the corner to the depot of supplies, and for a dime purchased food enough for a decent and wholesome dinner for husband and children, ready cooked, when her work made it a necessity to be so prepared. Ready to be cooked, and with careful directions how to cook it, when that was all the help needed. Thus far had broadened and deepened the scheme that had begun in Mrs. Leymon's brain. Further than that, it was taking on new plans and schemes every day. It involved a reading room and a free library open to the poorest, and a store of supplies that could be purchased at the *bare* cost of furnishing them; and, when needful, *less* than the bare cost. It took in a pledge to attend a Sunday school and a church service, and a pledge to neither touch, taste, nor handle anything that could intoxicate. Slowly, but surely, all these plans moved; there was no thought of failure. "Where there is a will there is a way." Dr. Vincent has improved upon that time-honored saying by adding,

“Where there is a *woman* there is a *will*.”

Grand hearts and great purses took hold of Mrs. Leymons idea. There was Mr. McMartin, who, as soon as he became aware of what was being attempted, and before it had taken such proportions as to rouse the public pride, inquired and listened and nodded and wrote his check for five hundred dollars and sent it by his errand boy to Mrs. Leymon with his compliments. There was Mrs. Chester, a woman with five children and a sick husband, who sent, tied up in the corner of a handkerchief, a dime for her husband and a dime for herself, and a five-cent piece for each of the five, and an ill-spelled note to the effect that the children prayed every night that God would bless the work. And Mrs. Leymon laid the sacred dimes and five-cent bits side by side with the five-hundred-dollar check and thanked God for them all and knew that in his hands the one could accomplish as much as the other. She had her triumphs, too, as the days went on. The Misses Veeder attired themselves once of a sunny afternoon in summer silks and swept into the Industrial Schoolrooms and “Oh’d!” over the extreme neatness of the little pupils and the skill they had acquired with their needles, and asked:

“Wouldn’t it be nice to teach some of them to do fancy work, and they might be able to actually support

themselves by it.”

And Mrs. Leymon, the superintendent of the enterprise, rejoicing that the young ladies actually desired to consecrate their talents to usefulness, formed a class in fancy needle work, and the young ladies took turns in attending it.

Then came, one day, Mrs. Van-Nornam's carriage, Mrs. Van-Nornam's footman, and a basket of the most elegant frosted plum cakes, in delicate patty tins with Mrs. Van-Nornam's compliments, for the children of the Industrial School, “she was *so* delighted with their singing, the other evening, at the hall.”

As for Mrs. Johnson, she had devoted that afternoon to making calls with Mrs. Leymon, and the sights she saw made her so sick at heart and so sore of conscience that she could eat no cake for her supper. At intervals, for several days afterward, she said. “Oh, my!” “Oh, mercy me!” “Dear! dear!” “Who *could* have thought it!” and any other term that seemed to her to express indignation or commiseration or *dismay*. Then she went to work, hands and heart and soul, for the poor. She hasn't given a tea party since that time. Company she has had; pleasant, reasonable gatherings, social reunions in her pretty parlor; but not a single regularly planned, six-caked, pickled,

creamed, jellied campaign since that memorable afternoon. She hasn't "*had time!*"

Now there are those who criticize Mrs. Leymon and others of her class. They broadly hint that a woman who has so much to do for others *must* neglect her own; that her house must suffer, or *her* table, or her children, or her dress—*something* is wrong. To be sure, her house is still the sunny home it always was; to be sure, her friends still like to go to Mrs. Leymon's, because "everything always looks so fresh and nice, and the children are so well behaved and happy." But then, of course, something *must be wrong*, or she, with her three children, could never give a whole afternoon each week, to say nothing of constant odd hours, to outside work. It does necessitate care—the husbanding of the seconds, the cutting off of many a ruffle and tuck and frill and pucker. Mrs. Leymon has chosen between them. Since she cannot do both, she has decided that the souls of the poor, whom Satan hath bound, are of more importance than the decorations of the bodies which belong to the Lord's freemen. Was she *above* criticism? Yes, really and truly above it. She had gotten where it hardly jarred—up "on deck"—where the sky was fair. Occasionally she laughed about the comments in a good-natured way. There were always those who stood ready to

let her hear of the *comments*, just for friendship's sake, you know There always will be that class of people on the earth, at least, until the Millennium.

"I really believe I ought to make a tidy," she said briskly to Grandma one evening.

"A tidy!" said Grandma, lifting her head, putting her spectacles up on her forehead, and looking as though she thought much planning had made her daughter mad "What *does* the child mean?"

"Well, Mother; you know I 'neglect my family,' and I've been looking into it. I don't see but the house is in pretty good order, and we have all excellent appetites, and the children are pretty well clothed. There seems to be nothing actually lacking for the comfort of this family, unless it is a tidy. We are really deficient in that luxury, or necessity. Perhaps I ought to set to work."

Grandma saw the point, and laughed till her cap strings shook like leaves. But Mr. Leymon took a more serious view of the matter.

"I beg of you, don't!" he said earnestly. "Whatever you may be tempted to do in revenge in this world, *don't* make a tidy. If I had the naming of them, I'd call them 'untidies'! If they are not the torment of a man, I don't know what is! I never go to Mr. Colman's but when I get out of a chair

there is one sticking to my back and one to each elbow and I always have an uncomfortable feeling that there *may* be one hanging to my hair.”

And the criticisms that troubled Mrs. Leymon so little were infinitely more than balanced by the blessed rewards of the work. She always remembered a certain summer afternoon, when the first fruits of a *glorious* harvest—the extent of which can only be known in eternity—were gathered in. It was one of those homes that had been low, destitute, unclean, and awful! It was a mother, and she lay dying; and on the table but a few feet from her stood a little coffin—neat, tasteful, delicate—and the baby, with golden head, sleeping peacefully within, was as sweet and as pure and as white-robed as any mother’s darling that was ever laid away in confined bed. In her baby hand she clasped a small, white, fragrant bud; and the mother’s eyes, over which the film of death was creeping, sought ever and anon that tiny coffin, and as often as she saw it she smiled. And among her last words on earth were these:

“Baby and I are safe. Baby is gone where *he* said ‘Suffer them to come,’ and I am going. He is waiting for me. And there is a clean white dress there for me—for *me!* And I”—the voice fails, stops, gathers strength for one last effort—“and I should never have known anything about it at all, or

about *him*, if it hadn't been for you!"

And there was brought another coffin, neat and decorous, large enough to receive mother and child. And there were pure flowers strewn up and down the quiet forms lying therein, and around the coffin a hymn was sung:

*“Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep.
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.”*

And the minister read from the Bible, and among his selections came these words:

“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.” What! Over that coffin? Holding that sad, sinful, almost lost mother! Holding that baby! Child of the lowliest and lowest of earth! Yes, indeed!

“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.”

“Ye that are weary and heavy laden.”

“Beloved of God.”

“Called to be saints.”

“Come unto me!” And they had gone.

And Mrs. Leymon had risen away above criticism, pettiness, envy, and misunderstanding, into the realm of Christ-like work and Christ-given joy.

THE END