and everything seemed to be in its place, if we except a large quantity of unbleached calico, which had been unrolled, and had spread itself upon the floor.

'What is all that coarse stuff for?' inquired Mabel of her cousin. 'You surely don't call that your work, do you, Clara? I brought some embroidery with me, for I hate plain work. I hope aunt will not set me to do any.'

'I am quite sure she will, though,' replied Clara; 'and this very day, too; for she is going to cut out two night-shirts for the poor man we are going to see, and we shall have to make them, as well as pinafores for the children, and flannel petticoats for two old women who are in Aunt Mary's district. Oh, such nice old dames they are, Mabel! I am sure you will like them, dear; and they are so thankful for any little kindness we do for them.'

'Such stupid, humdrum work!' exclaimed Mabel. 'I'm sure I shall be miserable here. Hard lessons, coarse work, and looking after old and sick people! I wonder you are not moped to death, Clara; it's even worse than I thought it would be.'

'Well, wait a little while,' said patient Clara; 'you have had no experience yet. I know very well you will alter your mind before six months are over.'