

"O, there's no fear of *you* doing that with anything, and as for me, I must strike while the iron is hot. You know how new impressions wear off with me, and if I don't get into some work of this kind at once, I am afraid I'll get cool. I don't mean that I fear going back to where I was, but I am not like you, I haven't lived in it all my life, and I need something to keep up my interest. It's so with me in everything else, and I am sure it won't be different in this case, because of course my nature won't change, although my heart has. But that is not all; during these few weeks I have been living just in a sort of trance—that is, every moment I've been alone, content to dream all the time of how good God had been to me, but just the night before papa spoke about those people, it suddenly occurred to me that I must do something to help others, to find out how good He would be to them if they would only let Him. It seemed dreadfully selfish to sit still and drink in that wonderful happiness, without offering some of it to others when there are thousands dying for a drop of it. So when papa spoke about the miners down at Hollowmell, it struck me that here was work just ready for me."

She stopped, a little out of breath, and waited to hear what Mabel would say.

"Well, it does seem," said Mabel, beginning at the same time to put on her jacket and hat, "It does seem as if it was intended you should take this in hand; but don't let us do anything rashly. Let us think it over carefully for a week,