

noticed the paper on the table, and recognised it at once as her Latin translation.

“So that was it,” she soliloquised. “Poor girl, she isn’t happy, I am afraid. I wish we could be friends. Mab and I would soon manage to get her into a more cheerful frame of mind. If she would only join the Mission, she was the unintentional means of forming, she would find a great deal more satisfaction in her life. However, she need not be afraid of this,” and she touched the pages of her work lovingly. “I don’t think I will send it after all.”

The meeting, so strangely convened, was held as agreed, and was numerously attended by those young ladies who lived within a convenient distance. Many who did not, sent letters expressing regret for the same, and sympathy for their object, some also sending subscriptions, and offering any other kind of aid it might be in their power to bestow.

This was all very encouraging, and the girls in a flutter of delighted excitement formed themselves into a society which was to be known to future generations as the “Hollowmell Mission.” There was a great deal of laughing, and talking, and fun, many of them looking on it as a new, and accordingly, agreeable source of amusement, but there was also a great deal of simple, unaffected earnestness which kept the work alive when these butterfly supporters, who hailed it as a new excitement, wearied of it and one by one dropped off.

The company was divided into committees who presided over the different branches of the work, and were, moreover, charged with the conduct of the Saturday evening entertain-