endure the mortification a failure to perform the duties of my important situation must certainly bring. Oh no; not a doubt clouded the bright sunshine of my anticipations. No thoughts of poor Mrs. Indott and Individual marred my happy self-assurance. All past experiences were forgotten; and as I walked home after our meeting, I even thought my parents were to blame for not reposing more confidence in my promises.

A meeting had been called for the next day, and the appointed time found me at the house of Mrs. Shaw, punctually seated in my presidential chair. I called the meeting to order with proper gravity, and suggested that first we should choose a name by which we should be designated.

“Let us be the Sewing Society,” said Susy Shaw.

“No, no,” said Mary Hale; “my mother thought the Dorcas Society would be a good name.”

After various expressions upon the subject, we voted that it should be called the Dorcas Society; we agreed to apply to our parents for materials to carry out our good work, and that they were to have the general supervision of it, while we were to meet at our several homes alternately, one afternoon every week, at two o’clock precisely. Upon my return home, my tongue was