

busily employed in relating to my mother the business of the afternoon. I had never before been so interested in any undertaking.

“ Oh,” said I, “ it will be pleasant to work for the poor, to see them come to church clothed in garments made by our own hands !”

My mother, who always entered with ready sympathy into all my plans for doing good, encouraged me to proceed, at the same time tempering her words with the remark, that I had better not begin with too much energy, lest I should fail before the end.

“ A new broom sweeps clean,” cried my brother Willie ; “ but when the new is worn off, it goes rather hard.”

These remarks added heavy weights to the wings of my imagination, which had already soared beyond the limits of common-sense. In a moment the memory of my former failure rushed over me. I felt despondency take the place of hope. “ Would I succeed ?” I anxiously inquired. There seemed to be a doubt in the matter, whereas previously had existed only positive certainty. I do not think I mentioned our society to mother for some time after this, so fearful was I of being again checked by some remark that I knew to be true, but of which I wished never to hear.