

You must take charge of it yourself.'

"Mrs. Johnson's trunks were packed for a prolonged stay in Europe. Death and the Boston fire had swept away her family and home. She rechecked her trunks, went to Sherborn, and there for fifteen years has been guide, philosopher, and friend, in the noble sense of these terms, to thousands of poor women.

Last year, at the earnest solicitation of some friends who feared that the history of much of her work would die with her, Mrs. Johnson related many incidents of her prison life, which were written down and submitted to her correction. Many of them are too enwrought with the lives of well known persons to see print; but the following can hardly fail to interest those to whom the word "convict" means something apart from "women."

A young woman had been sentenced to the reformatory who for a long time gave great trouble. Mrs. Johnson had visited her day after day, trying in every way to reach her, but without success. One evening, when she was in a violent temper, the superintendent took her to her own room, but all her tact failed of response, and feeling driven to the wall, she mechanically opened a book on her table. It was Whittier's poems, and her eye fell absently upon "The Eternal Goodness."

'Here is a beautiful poem,' she said to the prisoner; 'take it to your room, learn one verse, and recite it to me in the morning:

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

'It is beautiful,' the girl responded and carried the book away.

The next morning she repeated not one verse but seven—and memorizing is one thing for the educated and quite another for the ignorant—and the third day said it all. A transformation soon marked her face and actions, and one day she stopped the superintendent in the hall. 'When I awake in the night and the old rage comes over me, and I want to kill people. I say those verses, and they quiet and comfort me. They have saved me.'

Shortly before his death Mrs. Johnson told the story to Mr. Whittier. 'Thy heart must have been filled with love for that poor woman,' he said with moist eyes.

Such incidents might be prolonged indefinitely, but they are sufficient to emphasize Bishop Whipple's recent remark concerning this great and humane institution—the only one of its kind in the country.

'I know of no place where the labor of love has been crowned with greater success than at the Massachusetts Reformatory under the devoted care of Mrs. Ellen Johnson.'

'Mrs. Johnson's reformatory methods were so successful that last year she received over a thousand applications for discharged prisoners as house-servants. In her drives about the country, from house after house, cooks, nurses, and house-maids used to rush to her carriage and whisper confidences into her ear, waiting anxiously for her words of advice. Apart from her care of the prisoners, Mrs. Johnson carried on vast business enterprises. In order to find work for her women she established a shirt factory and an apron factory, a public laundry and dairy, besides carrying on the immense Reformatory farm, conservatories, and stock-yards. Every article, from a pin to an engine, used at the prison she purchased, and it was she who personally found markets for the prison wares. In addition to this, she attended prison and charity congresses all over this country and Europe, and addressed clubs and meetings without end in the loss of such a woman the world is much the poorer.'

There seems to be a growing conviction that the best interests of club life can be conserved through a common medium. Recently Alabama decided the best interests of its state work demanded a state organ, and with the September number, Woman's Work published at Montgomery, Alabama, becomes the business register or record of the state federation, and the sole medium of communication between the officers and committees, and the clubs, as well as between the clubs themselves. In their announcement the state clubs are urged to bear in mind the great and good purposes of the federation and to send any suggestions or information that may tend to further the various lines of club work.

You have asked the club women of the state to express themselves regarding the reorganization of the G. F. W. C. This is the light in which it appears to me: I cannot but feel that through the mere consideration of the idea of reorganization upon the basis suggested, the G. F. W. C. will have lost its hold upon many of the clubs which go to make up its strength; and through which it must work for the benefit of woman and the elevation of the standard of her work along various lines. The chief benefit derived from membership in this organization has been the stimulus imparted to clubs throughout the length and breadth of the land through feeling themselves working factors in this great body. Through personal contact with the electric currents of enthusiasm and progress by which biennials are set in motion, high aims and philanthropic purposes are awakened in many a woman whose common place life has shut her out from such aspirations previously. The unwieldiness complained of is an expression of the strength of the body through a display of the interest manifested from all quarters. May not the maturing influence of the years overcome the uncomfortable consciousness of its size? The G. F. W. C. must gain interest from numbers. The more delegates the wider the influence, and the cities of entertainment certainly gain from this influx of women. Let us move on united for awhile longer.

Margaret Sackett.

The National Association of Colored Women which has just closed its first biennial, held in Chicago August 13 to 14 inclusive, is fortunate and proud in the possession of such a leader as Mrs. Mary Church Terrell their president. Mrs. Terrell was formerly a trustee of public schools for the District of Columbia, and has recently been elected a trustee of Hartshorne Memorial College of Richmond, Va., for a period of three years. This institution is the foremost college exclusively for colored women in the south. It is supported by the Baptist church and is under the control of the great Baptist association that has done so much educational work throughout the south ever since the civil war. Mrs. Terrell is the only colored woman on the board and was elected at the convention recently held by this association at Providence, R. I. At the last commencement of this college Mrs. Terrell delivered the address before the Alumni Association. It made a profound impression upon her audience, and it is gratifying to note this tribute paid to ability and a high type of womanhood regardless of color.

"Skillet has invited me out to his summer home. Are there any mosquitoes out there?"

"Well old man, you would better take along a 'First Aid to the Injured.'"

"Why, she's only a mere child."
"Oh I don't know. She's stopped giving birthday parties."

BOY BLUE.

[BY MARTHA PIERCE.]

Father came up the path from the barn with a brimming milk-pail in either hand. It was the silent hour before dark, when the stars come out and the dew gathers. The enchanted hour when evening trails her purple robes over the long fields, and gathers the weary into her hushing arms. In the fading light, familiar things took on beauty and clothed themselves in peace as a garment. Eastward the thick growth of willows marking the course of the creek, became merely a deep, soft, irregular shadow, lying transversely across the pasture lot, and wandering through the cornfield beyond, and finally sinking into the encroaching darkness. Westward the pale gold wheat fields glimmered grayish-white, almost as white as the little farm house which stood out from the background of tall black poplars.

A cheerful light shone from the windows of the lean-to, and a faint clatter announced to the knowing that Mother was doing the supper dishes with her customary spryness. The clink of tins, and the clatter of earthen ware kept cheerful accompaniment to a high thin voice singing

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,

The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow."

Father stopped and listened, his sunburnt face softening. "Allus a singin'," he said softly to himself, "she was allus a great hand to sing. I mind when she childern was little, she used to set down after supper 'nd sing 'nd sing to 'em. Mollie she was allus fer havin' er singin' Lord Lovell, but George he liked Boy Blue 'nd he'd make her sing it over 'nd over. I c'n hear 'im yit, sayin' so cute like 'Sing it agin, ma, sing it agin.' Les' see, howd that thing go now,

"Under the haystack little Boy Blue,
Sleeps with his head on his arm,
"Um, um, les' see—I can't mind—
Sleeps with his head on his arm—
"Oh yes,

"While voices of men and voices of maids

Are calling him over the farm.
Little Boy Blue come blow your horn,
Sheep in the medder, cows in the corn;
Where's the boy t' look after the sheep?
He's under the haystack fast asleep."

The old man sighed heavily and went on up the path, carefully avoiding a hen, which had chosen to brood her chicks close to the back gate. This back gate opened into a paradise of holly-hocks and phlox and sweet-williams and other old-fashioned and beautiful flowers from whose delights all hens and chickens were forever excluded.

"You old simpleton," Father chuckled kindly, "what possesses ye, to settle right here every night? Ain't ye ever goin' t' learn t' roost in yer coop? What'd ye spose I made that coop fer, hey?"

The hen replied by a succession of short, nervous gutturals, watching with a wary eye, while Father performed the mysterious ceremony, including much lifting up and setting down of pails, which admitted him to the sacred precincts, through which the flower bordered path led up to the back porch. There was the breath of commingled blossoms in the air: mignonette, sweet peas, sweet margoram, and forgetmenots. Beyond the lattice where the morning-glories climbed the trembling voice still quavered over the comforting hymn "And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress, And sanctify to thee thy—"

But here the first step creaked under the combined weight of Father and the milkpails and the voice ceased, a quick step crossed the kitchen and Mother opened the door, whisked the pails out of Father's hands and started back into the kitchen and down cellar with

them before his slow step had crossed the porch and halted at the screen which still trembled with its late collision with the door jamb. As he stepped inside the orderly kitchen he took off his old soft black hat and ruffled up his scant gray hair, with a half articulate expression of weariness. He hung his hat in its place over the sink and was turning back his wrist bands, when he became suddenly conscious of a voice addressing him from subterranean regions.

"Father! Father!! Land sakes alive! Are you deaf? Oh Father!

He reached the cellar door and peered down anxiously.

"Well, well, Mother," he said in a conciliatory tone, "here I be. Whadye want of me?"

"Bring the little lamp down here will ye? It's on the lower pantry shelf. The chimney's right beside it. You know where the matches is I guess. And hurry. It's gittin' so dark I can't see a thing, and I've got three more pans to skim, and the night's milk to strain. Seems like I—"

But the voice no longer reached Father. He was hopelessly lost in the intricacies of the pantry shelves. He felt carefully along the lower shelf and back again before it occurred to him that he might strike a match. He had burnt his third match and was rummaging on the top shelf before he happened to think that she must have meant the lower shelf on the other side. As he turned to look his watch went cut. Reaching for another he knocked down a couple of pans, and a dish full of something which splashed. He struck his match savagely. As his eye fell on the little lamp he broke into vocalization.

"Dogon it! Why didn't I think of that before? I'll strike a light so's I can look without knockin' down ev'ry darn thing in the pantry."

Accordingly, he lit the lamp and taking it in his hand made a systematic survey of the shelves. Arriving at the end of this fruitless expedition at the pantry door, he met Mother.

"Fer land o' livin's sake!" she said, "why don't ye come on with that lamp. Air you goin' to keep me waitin' all night?"

"Taint here!" he said triumphantly. "I've looked ev'ry shelf over fer the blame thing. That's once ye missed it!" he chuckled.

Mother surveyed him with amazement which was presently lost in laughter. She was little and wiry. Her grey hair was parted and smoothed down behind her ears. She wore a pair of steel bowed spectacles through which her grey eyes looked out shrewdly. When she laughed there were a hundred little wrinkles around them.

"Father Wilson! Air you goin' crazy or what does all ye? What's that ye got in your hand?"

The old man looked at her perplexedly for an instant. Then as his gaze fell slowly upon the lamp in his hand a sheepish expression spread over his face. "I guess," he said slowly turning toward the cellar door, "I guess we'd best go down 'nd git that milk put away."

"I guess mebbe so," said mother following him. Her shoulders shook and she furtively wiped her eyes with a corner of her green checked apron.

Father put the lamp on the cellar table, then slowly and stiffly sat down on the stairs, put his hands on his knees and watched Mother as with a deft turn of her wrist she ran the skimmer around the edge of a pan, and with a skillful tip sent its rich crinkled covering sliding into the cream jar.

"Seems like I don't git through the work like I used to," she said, drawing another pan toward her. "I miss Mollie more now, seems to me, than when she