

aunt said, "Nancy!" and then they hugged tighter and tighter and wept again.

"Come," I said, taking hold of an arm of each, "you'll make your heads ache; and I would like to learn how it is that aunt has come all the way from Cincinnati, without letting us know anything about it."

Then they spent a little time wiping the tears off their own and each other's faces, and getting settled for a talk; and I took aunt's bonnet and light summer wrap and hung them up.

"You must tell us now how it was you happened to come away out here to Utah," said my mother.

We were all silent for a moment, and I believe we all thought of a little prophecy mother uttered as she turned away from Aunt Laura's door when we were starting for Utah. I know I did, but it was not mentioned, although it was fulfilled. It was this:

"You will come to me, Laura, when next we meet; and I shall not treat you as you have treated me!"

"Have you not heard from Dennis, then, since he saw me?" aunt asked.

"No, indeed, we have not!" Did he visit you," said mother. And in the same breath:

"No," replied aunt, "he did not visit me. I was traveling, and we happened both to put up at the same hotel. You can hardly imagine how surprised and glad I was to see my dear sister's husband after all these years; it seemed like the next thing to seeing you yourself, Nancy. Dennis told me how strong and brave and true you had been through all your misfortunes in the loss of your property; how you would not hear to his asking for time, when he was requested by the authorities of your Church to take a mission, but insisted on his going at once; and how, by turning your taste and ability for doing fancy work into something more practical and useful, you were doing a good business here; not only helping yourself, but others. It seemed so strange; for you know, Nancy, we none of us ever thought, at home, that you could do anything but embroider or sew crazy patch-work or knit, or crochet some fanciful pattern. If I had not known Dennis to be an honest, truthful man, I never could have believed it."

I had started for Alaska with a party of excursionists; but, when I met Dennis, and he told me so much about you, I concluded to come out here instead. So I sold my excursion ticket, and here I am. Now, tell me, sister, how all this has come about. I see, by looking at all these happy, busy girls, that Dennis told the truth, as far as he went, but he did not tell half of it."

Aunt Laura paused to take breath, and to give mother an opportunity to say something. If you want to hear "talk," with no unnecessary stops in it, get two sisters together who have been long separated. I can only give a little of what was said by my mother and aunt; just enough to illustrate a principle, the inner part of which I caught sight of then for the first time, although I had been practically engaged in helping to work it out for some years.

Mother sat holding her sister's hand, and looking straight into her face, as she began her explanation of the extraordinary circumstances which aunt wanted to hear her tell about. "Dennis," she

said, "is pleased to attribute the success which has attended our efforts, to my wise management!" Here she shook her head very gravely. "I have told him," she continued, "and I can tell you, that wise management is but a small part of it. I will try to give you an idea of the necessities which drove us into this business. You know that both Dennis and myself were younger children in wealthy families; and neither of us had been trained to anything like responsibilities in financing, or even in economy. And when we accepted the Gospel and left our native city, we left our comfortable home, and the earthly friends who had always cared for us too tenderly for our own good, as well. Here, in Utah, the gathering place of the Saints, we landed with as little idea of how to go to work to commence a new house as any young couple, with three helpless children, that ever lived, I believe. We lived cheerfully, thoughtlessly along, until our means was expended; then suddenly awoke to a realization of our hapless condition. Dennis felt the shock sooner and more keenly than I did; the first great weight of it fell upon him, and stunned him. He lay prostrated with a nervous sickness before I knew what had happened. I opened my eyes very wide when he told me where and how we stood in financial ruins. But he was almost too low to speak, and my great anxiety for him, made the other trouble appear of too small import to me. I told him not to worry, for the Lord had led us here, and would see us safely through, if we would but trust to Him, and do our best to help ourselves. The very first thing I did then, was to go away by myself and implore Divine assistance more earnestly than I had ever before done. I had not known, until that hour, what it was to be left to my own resources, and how to put my dependence upon the Lord and my own exertions."

We were living in this house, which is much larger than we had occasion to have purchased, had we understood better our real necessities. Dennis had told me our home would have to go for debts, and even then we should not be clear. My prayer that day was not that the Lord would lift us out of the difficulties into which we had blindly walked; but that He would show us how to extricate ourselves and give us patience and strength to learn the lessons necessary to make us truly wise; and I promised to try to bear all cheerfully and uncomplainingly, if only my beloved husband and children might be spared to me, and granted health of mind and body.

Dennis got better, but was not able to leave the house before the way had been opened up for the children and myself to make a decent living. It all came about so naturally, that nothing could be plainer to me than the hand dealings of the Lord in it all. He always works with simple, natural means, you know; only we sometimes fail to see and acknowledge His hand."

"Why didn't you send to us at home for help?" asked Aunt Laura, weeping again over mother's past troubles.

"The thought never occurred to me that I could do so," mother answered; "and if it had, you all told us when we left, not to look to you for help if we got into trouble; not even to write to you."

Aunt wept harder than ever, but

made no further remarks, and mother went on with her story:

"The day Dennis told me of the poverty which had come upon us, I spoke encouragingly to him; told him I was sure we would not have to give up our home, but that a way would be provided for him to honorably pay up everything, if he would only trust in the Lord and not worry but get well. I then went and regretfully dismissed the woman and girl who had done our cooking and other work; telling them truthfully that I also learned we had no money left to pay our help with, but would have to do our own work after that. They doubted, sympathized and then went their way to find employment elsewhere."

Lol was then fourteen. She and I were in the kitchen trying to scrape up something for supper, when the woman who cooked for our neighbor, Mrs. B., came in to see if my woman or girl could go over and help her that evening, as they had sometimes done when Mrs. B. had parties.

I confessed to that working woman the true state of our affairs although it really did begin to seem very humiliating to have to do so, as the reality of the thing pressed itself more and more forcibly upon me.

Lol had been in the kitchen when our cooking was going on more than I had, and knew better what and where things were, and how to prepare them. So I told her to get supper for herself and the two younger children, and take something nice to her father, whatever there might be that he would like; and then I asked Mrs. B.'s cook to let me go and help her, and learn something of her which would be of use to me. The woman respectfully and humbly accepted my proposition, and that opened a door for me that helped us out considerably just then. Mrs. B. gave us an unusual number of parties during the next few weeks, and I was well paid for the assistance I gave the cook, besides learning many useful things which should have been taught me much earlier in life. I have sometimes thought, though, that the most important thing I learned then, was that cooking and housework are not the right kind of employment for me. They tire and worry me too much, not being suited to my nature. But I found, too, there at Mrs. B.'s what I could do, and do well, with pleasure and satisfaction, instead of painful anxiety. It dawned upon me by accident, and our thriving little establishment here is the result.

The cook told me one day when I was there to help her, she should have to leave Mrs. B. as so many parties did not agree with her; she wanted a more simple, quiet life, even if her wages were less. She said she had such a lot of partly worn clothes, which needed repairing, and she could never get a moment's time to mend them. I thought of the many kindnesses she had shown me, and felt that there was an opportunity for me to be kind to her in return.

I had never had the least experience in patching or darning; but the fact that I could do that kind of useful work quickly and well, pressed itself upon my mind as if by instinct; and I asked the cook to let me have all her clothes that needed mending and fix them up for her. She objected at first, fearing it would be a great task for me. But I prevailed on her to let me have them; and so soon were they perfectly fitted up under my