

Minnie turned, and with a firm step and fast beating heart walked back into the school-room.

Mona did not seem to notice her but went on.

“Yes, isn’t it fun! Quite a romance I’m sure! A sort of juvenile Mrs. Fry or some person of that stamp, converting the heathen down in Hollowmell.”

“O, hush!” whispered some one, as Minnie walked straight into their midst, her eyes flashing, but her cheeks pale as marble.

“I do not know what you may mean to insinuate by calling me Methodist as you did just now. It may either be that you intend it as a term of reproach to me, or as a mark of disrespect to the worthy body of people who bear that name—”

“You hear her!” Interrupted Mona with a laugh, “you hear her defending them. Didn’t I tell you so?”

“I mean to say,” continued Minnie, ignoring the interruption, “that if you mean by calling me Methodist that I profess to go about continually doing good, you are mistaken. Until now, I have not as you hinted, made any profession at all, but I am not ashamed to own that I consider it the noblest thing in life, to be good and to do good, and if by taking the name of Methodist I might the better attain that object I should be happy to do so.”

“Ah!” replied Mona with a sneer, as no one else spoke, it is quite affecting I’m sure, to hear you say so. I should not be at all surprised if that good-looking Methodist Minister from Canningate, had something to do with these novel