

"She is a true heroine," thought Mabel when left to herself again, "I don't understand how she can do things like that. I am sure if they were required of me I could not do them. Why is there such a difference between us? She seems to do everything so well, though she is just newly conscious that there are things like this to do, and I have been acquainted with the fact all my life. I am distracted by doubts and fears—I, who have known the reality of God's love and goodness so long, and she, who only a few weeks ago wakened up to that reality, is able to rest in it without question or misgiving. Ah! that is the difference, I only know of its existence, while she feels it—breathes it—lives in it."

Just then her meditations were broken in upon by Minnie herself who ran in, exclaiming breathlessly, "O, I am so glad you're here early, I did so want to have a chat with you before the school commenced!"

"All right," replied Mabel, who had been occupied during her reflections in slowly unlacing her boot. She now set about the task with right good will, and was soon ready; but Minnie was quicker, and was already in the inner room, depositing the books of both in their respective desks when Mabel came in. Minnie turned to address some remark to her on the subject of her dilatoriness, and then for the first time her eye was caught by a paper fastened upon the opposite wall with a pin. It was a large paper, and had notice printed in large capitals on the top.

Beneath was written in Mona Cameron's beautiful writing the following advertisement:—