

and soon she was able to speak and assure her friend that she need not be under any apprehension concerning her, and that she would soon be able to tell her the cause of her grief.

Minnie waited with great patience for some minutes before she would allow Mabel to speak again, and then, Mabel protesting that it was all over, and that she was quite calm again, began with brimming eyes, notwithstanding her protest. "It must have been the narration of your happiness that caused me to lose control of myself, I felt the contrast between it and my own state of mind so keenly, that I was quite overcome—Oh, Minnie, I would give every drop of mere earthly happiness to feel for one hour, what you have described!"

Minnie looked at her in astonishment. "Why, Mabel, of course you never needed to feel such a thing—you have known about these things all your life!"

"Ah, yes!" replied Mabel, "I have known *about* them, as you say, but I have never *known* them. You know one may know all about a thing or person, and yet never know it or him by direct experience."

"That is true," said Minnie, reflectively. "But why did you always try to interest me in them, when you really felt no good effect from them yourself?"

"Please don't ask me that!" entreated Mabel, "It would be worse than useless for me to try to explain it, but it is a fact that I have never known such a change as you talk about—as what we call conversion must surely imply—so I have never been converted, and that is the reason, I suppose,