

generous heart, wishing she could give half her happiness to her friend.

"Go on, dear," said Mabel, "you don't know how much good it will do me."

"Well, but I must tell you, Mabel, that although I am very happy, it sometimes troubles me to think how little I am changed outwardly, and how nobody but yourself would believe anything of all I have told you. I am sure Mona Cameron wouldn't"—she stopped suddenly, half inclined to interrupt herself in order to retail to Mabel the incident of the previous day, but thinking better of it, she resumed—"It does trouble me more than a little, sometimes, but I'm not going to let it. I know about the difference, and you know about it, and better than all, God who wrought it knows about it, so what can it matter whether the world knows about it or not?"

"But, Minnie," interrupted Mabel, "I don't see that you are quite right there; it must be of consequence that we show to the world what side we are on."—"O, yes, of course," replied Minnie hastily, "I was just coming to that—I meant the school-girls particularly when I said the world just now, because I know it will take a long time to convince them of the reality of this—indeed I am inclined to think they won't be convinced, it won't suit their ideas—but there, I am again! judging them just in the very way I am condemning them for judging me. Oh, dear, what a long time it will take before I get out of my old way of speaking without thought, for which my new way of thinking rebukes me a thousand times a day!"