

"Patience, dear," recommended Mabel, knowing well what a hard recommendation it was to follow, but feeling she must say something.

"Yes, Mabel," returned Minnie, "I *am* learning patience—even I, who never knew what restraint meant all my life, am learning what true freedom is for the first time."

Mabel looked down at her wistfully, as if half inclined to say something, but remembering her danger she remained silent.

"And that just reminds me," continued Minnie, after a moment's pause, "that I have not yet told you the new idea I have been so longing to have your opinion upon, since ever it came into my head."

"Well, you must make haste," Mabel answered, "you see its quite late already."

"O, it won't take long! I'll just tell you about it, and we can go into it some other time, its only a project, you know, and of course I wanted to have your opinion and advice first, and your help afterwards."

"All of which you may count on," said Mabel smiling.

"Well, then, I must ask you in the first place, if you know the row of houses down beside the pit which papa built for the miners?"

"Yes, I pass it every day coming to school."

"Then you will probably have noticed how ill-kept and dirty the houses are, and how untidy the women and children are, who continually lounge and romp about the doors."

"Indeed I have," returned Mabel, "and I have often