

a good use of it. We'll arrange about your own money when I have more time."

Minnie ran off with her prize—a bright, golden sovereign—and found herself scarcely able to sleep that night for dreaming of the wonders which were to be effected through her agency in Hollowmell.

Next day she only saw Mabel for a few minutes as they came out of church, but even that short time was sufficient for the communication of a whispered account of her success, the narration of which afforded Mabel quite as much delight as its accomplishment had afforded Minnie. It is just possible, indeed, that the consideration of their project occupied rather more of their attention on that day, at least, than the sermon did. Mabel had to take herself to task severely several times during the afternoon service, and Minnie, without thinking very much about it, found herself mixing up the Epistle to the Galatians with a homily to be delivered to the inhabitants of Hollowmell upon some important occasion, the exact nature of which she had not yet clearly settled in her mind.

Next day there was more than one "phiz" between Minnie and Mona, owing to the fact that Minnie's mind was so entirely occupied by her new undertaking, that she could not manage to give more than a small part of her attention to her lessons. This was a matter of no small gratification to Mona, who was rather more profuse, in consequence, with her sharp remarks, which Minnie was in no mood to brook patiently.