

her, and its influence mellowed and subdued her native sweetness, till it seemed to those about her something unearthly, and the girls regarded her with something like awe, all but Mona Cameron, who, if she noticed any difference, would not acknowledge it, and laughed at the others for their absurdity.

“I’ll show you,” she said, as they were talking about it one afternoon after Minnie had gone home, “How far her saintliness will carry her. You all say that she never gets provoked except with me. Well, I promise you, I’ll provoke her; I know her, and exactly how long any impression lasts with her. I suppose she’s been attending some revival meeting and got this wonderful sweetness there, but I’ll scatter it, I promise you.”

“Well, I don’t think that fair any way you look at it,” remarked another girl, who was standing by. “It can’t be right to try and make anybody sour just for spite, and as for Minnie, you can’t make her sour whatever you do, so it is only lost time. She’s just sweetness itself always, though she *has* a quick temper, and lets it get roused very easily now and then. But it can’t be right to make any one worse, we are all bad enough for that matter, and should have enough to do to look after ourselves.”

“I’m glad you have the candour to confess it, Agnes, but speak for yourself another time, please, it’s quite enough responsibility for a young lady of your age,” replied Mona with asperity. “Your notions of what is right or wrong are of no consequence to me whatever.”