

did most other things, as it stood, and it had not yet occurred to her that it could or should be changed.

One afternoon, Minnie stood at the outer door of the school-room waiting on Mabel coming down stairs from the music-room. There were perhaps a dozen girls inside, but she stood just where they could not observe her—at least, with the exception of Mona Cameron—who seemed much too intent upon her work to notice anything. At last, however, she appeared to have got over the part which demanded such urgent attention, and began to talk.

“I say, girls!” She said in an animated tone, which instantly secured the attention of every one present, at the same time moving nearer the window for the purpose, as it seemed, of obtaining better light. “Have you heard the news?”

“What news?” eagerly exclaimed a dozen voices.

“Why, that Minnie Kimberly has turned Methodist.”

Minnie started, scarce knowing whether to leave immediately or return and proclaim her presence.

“What?” cried the girls, not quite understanding what Mona meant to convey by that appellation.

“Methodist,” repeated Mona, quite enjoying their mystification. “One of those people who profess to go about continually doing good with tracts in their pocket—though it’s my private opinion they usually contrive to do the very opposite. That’s the sort of thing Minnie’s going in for just now, though I really think she is a little ashamed of it, she keeps it so well hidden. You see my penetration was not at fault—I said it was revival meetings or something of that sort.”