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 in-
tent 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 in-
stantly 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 immedi-
ately 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 mystifi-
cation. "One of those people who profess to go about con-
tinually 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."