

I had at this time a very dear little friend, about my own age; her name was Mary Hale. We lived side by side,—only a fence separated our houses. We used to sit and talk over our plans through the pickets of our fence, and sometimes we carried our work and sewed together. She was perfectly unlike me. Always steady and careful, she usually accomplished well any object which she undertook. Her memory did not seem to be as short as mine. If her mother left her to perform any little service alone, it was always faithfully and punctually done. You can easily see the wide gulf which separated us in habit. She, too, was always kind and gentle, while I was fitful, and could not endure to be disappointed or crossed in anything. It was necessary for her to have great patience with me, for I troubled her often by my thoughtlessness. She was also an active member of the Dorcas Sewing-Society; the great difference in us, however, was, that while she talked very little of her intentions, her fingers flew rapidly over many a nearly completed garment. *I* talked bravely; still my work flagged!

To be sure, I had not yet presumed to neglect my presidential duties; but the intense ardour of my zeal had diminished. I found it almost impossible to complete any garment which I