

me from him. I prayed to him, but it seemed as if he had hardened his ear to my cries; dark, indeed, was the way to me, and very miserable was my soul.

My kind father, instead of chiding me for the omission of duty, sent for his sister (whom we called Aunt Patience) to assist me.

CHAPTER XIV.

I WELCOMED Aunt Patience with a happy heart; for I was sure if matters and things could be righted, she was the very one to do it. I shall never forget how the clouds fled as she entered the house, with her large, old-fashioned sun-bonnet thrown loosely back from her pleasant, sunshiny face, and cheerfully said,—

“We’ll make things all right, Fanny, in a twinkling.”

And she did make things all right, I assure you; but it required rather longer than the “twinkling” of which she spoke. How handily she went to work! First, she attacked the closets; and, oh! what a hubbub they were in!

“What’s this?” said she, looking into one corner of a kitchen closet. “Towels covered with mildew,” she replied in disgust, at the