

Arthur gave some kind of a mumbled assent, but still continued muttering to himself, “I do hate her.”

Herbie turned his flushed face round on the pillow, and at last he said, “Arthur, would you mind—I haven’t said my prayers this morning, would you say them for me, while you kneel there?”

“What shall I say?”

“The one mamma taught me first of all.”

“Yes,” and Arthur repeated it, though his voice trembled exceedingly.

“Now the Lord’s Prayer, please,” but Arthur’s voice nearly broke down when he said, “Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.” There was a long pause, and then Herbie whispered—

“Arthur, say something for Aunt Dixon.”

“I can’t, Herbie.”

“Yes, do, please.”

“If I did it would be, ‘Please put an