

into the moonlight. It was not a very beautiful scene that fell under the young girl's eye. There was nothing romantic or picturesque in the view of the back yard, with the kitchen and the comical figure of the fat old cook in the foreground: but when a young girl is in love, it is wonderful what a mellowing influence the moonlight has on the most forbidding scene. It pushes the shadows into strange places, and softens and subdues all that is angular and ugly. Take the moon out of our scheme, and a good deal of our poetry and romance would vanish with it, and even true love would take on a prosiness that it does not now possess.

Aunt Mimy looked at Mary, and felt sorry for her. Mary looked at Aunt Mimy, and felt that she would be glad to be able to despise the old negro if she could. Aunt Mimy spoke to her presently in a subdued, insinuating tone.

“Is dat you, honey?”

“Yes.”

“Better fling on yo' cape” —

“I'm not cold.”

“An' come down here an' talk wid me.”

“I don't feel like talking.”