

NUMBER ONE
OR
NUMBER TWO

MARY E. BAMFORD



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"I BROUGHT YOU SOME BU'FUL FLOWERS."

NUMBER ONE

OR

NUMBER TWO

BY

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Father Lambert's Family, A Piece of Kitty Hunter's Life, Thoughts on My Dumb Neighbors, etc.



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NOTE.

The Hebrew quotations used in this book were taken by me from the *Prayers of Israel*, and the ceremonies mentioned I have witnessed in a Jewish synagogue. Readers wishing to know more of Joseph Rabinowitz are referred to an article by Bishop John F. Hurst, D.D., LL.D., in the *Chautauquan* of January, 1885.

NUMBER ONE, OR NUMBER TWO?

HADASSAH AND I.

July 7.—"Nellie R. Merritt."

"Present."

"Take the third seat in row C."

That is what I heard this morning. We of the new junior class of the high-school were having seats assigned. The first day of school is always a mixed up one, and I had time to look around awhile before the rest of the scholars were attended to.

"Do you like it?"

That is what a girl next me whispered. I did not know her, but that was not the reason I did not answer. It was because it is against rules to communicate with one another during school hours, and I don't think it is right to break rules. I hardly ever broke them before I joined the church, and now I think it would be setting a worse example than ever.

I put my finger up to my lips.

"Nonsense!" said the new girl, impatiently.

"I hope you are not one of the fussy kind. Where have you been to school to get so good? Do you suppose that woman up there, that Miss Towne, as they call her, is going to snap us up the very first day if we talk a bit? You just wait till you see how I can send notes, and telegraph and talk with my fingers. There's no keeping *me* still, rules or no rules."

"Order in row C," said a voice from the desk, and that girl did stop talking, after all.

There are about forty of us, and we are to have four teachers for the different lessons. All the high-school teachers do not teach the juniors. But whoever teaches, I am going to stand head of this class. I settled that in my mind before I came into this building. I have always stood "head" in the grades, and I'm not going to drop to Number Two, or any other number, even if the high-school studies are harder.

July 14.—They *are* harder, a great deal. I have to study all the time. There are two or three girls who think they are going to be Number One, but they will find themselves mistaken.

August 7.—I am, I am Number One at last! The scholars were surprised, but they don't know

me very well. Ninety-seven per cent. ! Isn't that good ?

It seems to me that if I were a minister's wife I should just leave it to my husband to look after the church members. I wish Mrs. Gardner wouldn't be so personal. Clara Wilson and I were the only ones at her house Saturday. It was the day for studying the Sabbath-school lesson, and some way Mrs. Gardner brought into it something about giving God part of our time.

I was not paying very good attention, but I did hear her say: "If we think that we are going to serve the Lord *all* the time, we may have a general sort of meaning to do so, and yet, having no definite plan, we may not accomplish much. I think it is best, for young church members especially, and for older ones, too, to have a portion of the working days set apart for his service. Suppose you take Wednesday night and resolve that that shall be your time when you will regularly attend the prayer-meeting and try to gain strength in that way."

She looked at me as she spoke, and I know I turned red.

The fact is, I have not been to a Wednesday night prayer-meeting for a month. Why, how

can I? Don't I study every minute I can get after school hours till eleven and twelve o'clock at night? And then I drop into bed so tired that I wake up in the night from dreaming that I am doing some example or reciting some Latin list of prepositions. I jump up in the morning and study while breakfast is getting ready, and I read over my lessons in the buggy going to school. But with all my trying I think it will be hard work to hold my place as Number One.

All this ran through my mind as I saw Mrs. Gardner's eyes fixed on me, and I grew redder and redder, till I broke out before I thought, and said :

“ Do you mean that I ought to give up studying Wednesday nights and come to prayer-meeting instead? ”

“ Don't you think so yourself? ” asked Mrs. Gardner, smiling a little. “ Is it right for a Christian to neglect prayer-meeting altogether? Couldn't you stand a little lower in your class, if it need be, and take that as your cross? ”

Well, I did not answer. I wish she wouldn't ask me such questions. Why, it would be the awfulest, heaviest cross that I ever bore in this world for me to be Number Two! Don't you know that, Journal? Now, when the report-

cards for last month were handed around to our desks Della Wolfe ran up to me after school, so happy that she fairly hopped, and she cried out: "O, Nellie, just think, I'm next you! I'm Number Two. I never expected to be so high in this class."

And I pretended to be glad with her, but all the time I was thinking how foolish she was to be glad over such a thing. Why, I should have sat down and cried if I had been any thing but Number One.

Besides, I don't like to go to prayer-meeting very much! I might just as well write that down as think it, I suppose, only it looks rather queer in a church member's journal. I don't mean that I don't like to hear folks speak and pray, but the trouble is that there are not usually more than two dozen people there, and we are all expected to speak. And I do think that it is very hard to get up and talk in meeting. There are only three or four of us young folks who go, and I almost always wait till pretty near the end of the meeting, and Mr. Gardner says: "Hasn't somebody else a word to say?" And I can feel his eyes looking at me, even if I don't look up; and I know that if I don't speak he will come along after meeting and hold out his

hand and say, so kindly: "Didn't you have any word for us to-night, Nellie? How are you getting along, child?"

And then I turn as red as possible and wish I had stayed at home or had spoken, one or the other, because I have not the shade of an excuse, and it is so horribly embarrassing.

But this idea of Mrs. Gardner's, that I ought to let studying go Wednesday nights!

"You brought it on yourself," Clara said, after we left the parsonage. "What possessed you to ask her that question if you didn't want such an answer? She wouldn't have said what she did if you hadn't said what you did. Now she will be expecting you to go to meeting every Wednesday night."

No; I can never do that. I really could not endure to be Number Two.

August 21.—Even my school-teacher must begin to give me advice. I have had the blues dreadfully lately at school. You see, Journal, we girls were promoted to the high-school from schools all over the city, and there was but one other girl of my class promoted with me. There were three boys, but boys don't count. Well, my girl has gone away from school. She

isn't coming back any more, so I am all alone. I can't get acquainted, either, very well.

It isn't my fault. I am bashful. I always have been. I remember that once when I was a little girl I went to an old lady's house on an errand, and the old lady had two visitors, and she said to me right before them: "I wont introduce you because you are so bashful, but I'll tell you their names."

As if that speech wasn't enough to make me feel ten times more bashful than I should ever have thought of being if she had not said any thing! Well, that authentic incident is recorded in my brain, and stands to prove that what I said is true. I *am* bashful, and always have been.

So, as I don't know any of the girls, I have been used lately to taking my lunch and going out into the yard at noon to eat it by myself. The other girls stay up stairs in the school-room and eat in little crowds.

But to-day, as I was passing out of the school-room, with my lunch-basket in my hand, Carrie Wood, one of the tall girls that sit in the back part of the room, ran after me, and said:

"Wont you come and eat your lunch with us to-day?"

“No, I guess not,” I answered; “I am going into the yard.”

But as I passed by Miss Towne’s desk she called to me.

“Why don’t you stay and eat your lunch with the other girls?” she asked, pleasantly.

Miss Towne is almost always a pleasant teacher.

“I like to eat it in the yard,” I said.

“But you ought to get acquainted,” she answered, “and noon is almost the only time you have for that. You are rather lonely since Mattie left, are you not?”

“Yes’m,” said I.

“Nellie,” said she, “you are a Christian, are you not?”

“Yes,” I said again, wondering very much how she had guessed it, and what in the world that had to do with lunch.

“I thought so,” said Miss Towne. “And you want to try to do every day what will please our Saviour, don’t you? May I tell you what I heard one of the girls say about you the other day?”

“Yes’m,” I said again.

“I don’t mean to tell you any thing that will hurt your feelings, and I do not usually repeat

the girls' speeches to one another," went on Miss Towne; "but I think Christians ought to say something if they see each other making mistakes, don't you? Well, this girl said: 'Nellie doesn't care for any thing but books. She doesn't care a single bit for any one of us.'

"Now, Nellie, I am sure you do not feel that way. No Christian has a right to care nothing for others. Carrie invited you very kindly. Go back to her, wont you?"

"I don't want to," I said.

The noon hour was slipping away and I felt cross. Why need Miss Towne interfere?

"It is the right thing to do," she said. And in a minute she added: "It is the *Christian* thing to do, Nellie. You came here to the high-school not only to study, but to set an example to others."

I stood there a minute, my cheeks just blazing. I knew I had not come for that second purpose at all. I had never thought about that.

Well, I knew I had to say something, so after standing like a goose for about two minutes I answered: "I'll try, Miss Towne," and I wheeled around and walked down the aisle and sat down among the rest.

And if one of those girls didn't go and ask me

for a doughnut! My one doughnut that I had been hungry for all the morning. For my ma, my blessed ma, who is always wearing herself out for her children, said to me this morning: "Nellie, I have only one doughnut left. I'll put it in, and fry you some more to-day."

Well, Hadassah got that doughnut. But I was disgusted.

Isn't Hadassah a funny name? It means "myrtle," I believe. That is what the Bible dictionary says. She is the new girl that has just come to school lately. There! that's "tautology," I know. We've had it in composition class lately.

Well, Hadassah is new, and I believe she's a Jewess. I guess she doesn't believe in much of any thing, though. She says that she hasn't any folks, only a father.

I tell you, Journal, that I'm afraid of Hadassah. She's *dreadfully* smart! She can see straight through an algebra example that would make me fret and fume for hours. If Hadassah should become Number One! But she sha'n't, she just sha'n't! I'll hold on to that if I have to study all night, Wednesday night and every other, except Sunday, of course. For I didn't come to this high-school to set an example, if Miss Towne does think so. I came here to

study—to fill my head full of all I can learn, and to stand at the head of my class. And I do wish that folks wouldn't bother me any thing about my "example!"

September 4.—I am Number One again. Our Latin teacher is a funny man. He is tall and thin and awkward. He has queer, bony fingers, and I am the pride of his heart.

I know I am, for he marched up to my desk after the last written examination in Latin, and he said: "Nellie, I am proud of you!"

I was proud of myself, too, only it wouldn't have done to say so. But I had seventy-four out of seventy-five credits on that remarkable examination paper.

But the thing that man likes best to have me do is to get up before the class and recite the list of prepositions that govern the accusative case. I know the whole twenty-nine so that I can rattle them off like a parrot, from *ad*, *adversus*, down to *ultra*, *versus*. Likewise the prepositions governing the ablative, from *ab* down to *tenus*. I can say them the way I used to rattle off "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers," and the sound seems to be music in Professor Borland's ears.

September 13.—Revival-meetings are being held in a church not very far from the high-school. A good many people have been converted, and crowds go there. Mr. Gardner is very much interested, and goes all he can. He wants our church to go too, so a good many do.

Yesterday morning Hattie Brown and I were taking off our cloaks in the girls' dressing-room when Nina le Page came in. We three were all that were there.

"O, what shall I do? What *shall* I do?" Nina cried, tragically.

Nina is somewhat given to sensational exclamations, so we girls were not so much scared as we might have been.

"What's the matter now?" asked Hattie, as she hung up her hat.

"My brother, my darling brother Harry!" moaned Nina, dropping down into a chair and grasping frantically at her rubbers.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Hattie, impatiently.

Hattie never does know how to endure Nina.

"He's been to those meetings," groaned Nina, rocking back and forth with her vexation. "He's been there lots of times, and folks have talked to him, and he's been 'converted,' so he says, and

he's going to join the church. O, misery!" and Nina pretended to wipe her eyes.

"You wicked girl!" said Hattie, indignantly. "What an awful way to talk! I should think you would be glad enough to have him a Christian."

"Should you?" asked Nina, sarcastically, as she rose and began to pull out her curls before the glass. "Well, why don't you go and be one yourself, Hattie Brown, if you think it's so nice?"

Hattie turned as red as fire.

"If I don't do right myself I hope I am glad when other folks do," she answered, stiffly. "If I don't go to heaven I don't want to keep other folks from going there," and Hattie took her books and marched up stairs.

Nina turned to me with a laugh.

"Don't you think it spoils folks to be religious?" she asked. "Now I shall never have a bit more of good times with Harry. Why, last night he actually began to talk to me about my sins, as if he were a deacon and I were one of the folks who deserved to go to jail! Why can't he let those horrid meetings alone?"

Then, of course, I had to stand up for religion some way, for my conscience wouldn't let me be quiet. And I said: "They are very good

meetings, Nina. I have been to them a good many times, and I liked them very much. You had better go and see, before you condemn them."

Nina looked at me with scorn.

"Are you a good one, too?" she asked. "One of the church members, likely as not. I must say I never should have suspected it."

"I am a church member, and a Christian, I hope," I answered. I did not say it very loudly, for I couldn't. I felt too hurt by what she said.

"Well, then, I'll tell you one thing, Nellie Merritt," said Nina, vehemently, turning on me in her wild fashion, "I came pretty near being a church member once, too. Yes, I did. You needn't look so astonished. My father and mother are regular pillars in the little church on the corner here. And I thought I was a Christian, but I found out that I wasn't. And I don't believe in it, and I wish Harry wouldn't go into any such humbug. And what made you go near the meetings after what Principal Thorn said? Don't you believe in obeying your teachers?"

"I don't think he meant the meetings," I answered.

But Nina ran off.

What Principal Thorn said was, that he hoped that the scholars would not go out evenings, but

study their lessons faithfully at home. He had noticed that some of the girls often came to school with their hair all braided up in fine little braids, or done up in curl-papers, because they were going to some party in the evening. And Principal Thorn didn't like it. He made one girl go out and take her hair all down and fix it decently. I don't wonder. She did look like a fright before with so many curl-papers on. And it was that day that Principal Thorn opened the folding-doors between all the rooms and made us the speech Nina referred to. He said that those girls who went out to parties all the time never had their lessons, and he wound up by saying: "Don't go out at all. Don't go to *any thing*. Now is the best time you will probably ever have for studying."

But when he said "*any thing*" I am sure he did not mean the revival-meetings, for Principal Thorn is a church member. I suppose that he forgot all about the meetings, he was so tired with those girls.

But it was just like Nina to pretend that he meant the meetings, too. She is always watching for Christians' sins; I have noticed that.

But as I went up to my school-room I could not help feeling very uncomfortable after that.

To think Nina should say that she should never have suspected that I am a Christian!

It is that old thing over again that Miss Towne said that day. "You came here to this high-school not only to study, but to set an example to others."

Do I *have* to "set an example" whether I want to or not?

September 20.—I don't see why Lucille Whitney has to act so jealous of me about the French class. She is very silly, I think. We had a written examination in French on Friday, and Miss Towne asked Lucille to write the examination questions on the blackboard, where all the school could see them.

"Don't ask *me*," said Lucille, almost rudely; "*I* don't know any French. Tell Nellie Merritt to do it. She's the only one of us who knows any thing."

And Miss Towne looked surprised and turned to me inquiringly. She did not say any thing, though. She handed me the questions without a word, and I wrote them off on the blackboard.

It was so foolish in Lucille. Just because she used to be Professor Sablière's pet pupil in French, and now she is afraid that I am taking

her place. She needn't have shown it out so openly, though. Of course, she talks French faster than I do; she studied it before.

But Professor Sablière unfortunately said to her in the class the other day: "Mees Lucille, you talk French, but I could know you are one Americaine. It is French, but the *pronounce* is Americaine."

And, when my turn came, he praised my reading in that little primer!

It is only because I followed the rule that he gave us awhile ago. He said we were to take our primers and mark the pronunciation and the omitted vowels till we were sure we knew how to say the words correctly, and then we were to take each sentence separately and say it over and over out loud, a hundred times if need be, until we could say it smoothly and without difficulty. In that way he thought we should do it well.

I suppose Lucille don't take the bother. She relies on what she knows already, but it is all new to me. Some of those sentences I have said over as many as two hundred times, I guess, and Professor Sablière sees that I try very hard. So he is pleasant to me, but Lucille need not be so jealous. *I* can't help it.

October 4.—Mr. Gardner said six or seven months ago, before I ever came to this high-school, when I had not belonged to the church more than a month or two, that he wished, just before every communion, those of us who are new members would read over the twelfth chapter of Romans and apply it to ourselves.

“That chapter is a good one to examine ourselves by,” he said, “and see whether we have made any progress in our Christian life.”

Well, however much I hurry over my Bible-reading usually—and often I just read a few verses because I’m so hurried over the studying that I haven’t time for more—yet before every communion I have managed to read over that twelfth chapter of Romans, because Mr. Gardner said that he did not think that we were fit to come to the communion-table till we had tried in some way to examine ourselves, and he quoted that verse in First Corinthians: “Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup.”

I don’t think it is a very pleasant thing to examine one’s self. It hurts sometimes. You keep remembering so many things that say, “Why did you do us? We were not the right things to do.”

But I do think that the very hardest verse in that twelfth chapter is that about "in honor preferring one another."

Every time I read that verse I think of one person. It is Hadassah!

And every time I have to acknowledge to myself that I do *not* prefer her in honor at all. I know I don't.

And the more I try to, the more I don't want to. And I don't like to pray much about it, because—well, I don't know why. Mr. Gardner said the other day that, no matter what our lips said when we prayed, if God looked into our hearts and saw desires there directly opposite to our prayers, those desires *were* our prayers. "The desire of your heart is your prayer," he said. Well, now, if I were to pray that Hadassah might be Number One, and all the time in my heart I hoped she would be Number Two and I Number One, wouldn't God see that wish and wouldn't that be a prayer that I might be "preferred in honor" before Hadassah?

I don't understand it at all. I'm all mixed up about it. But I do know that I don't fulfill that verse. I don't love my neighbor *quite* as myself. I'm perfectly willing that Hadassah should stand just as high as she can, provided I get one per

cent. or half a per cent. higher than she does every month.

Why haven't I a right to be Number One if I can be? What was Paul made of if he could like to have other folks smarter than himself? I suppose he must have done it, or he wouldn't have written that chapter.

Yesterday was Sunday, and I told Mr. Gardner that I was going to give up my Sabbath-school class.

"Why?" asked he.

"Because I don't feel strong enough to teach Sunday after going to school all the week," I answered.

"You don't illustrate the perseverance of the saints at all," said he, smiling.

"I can't help it if I don't," I said; "I'm not a saint."

"I think, though, that your class has been a means of grace to you," he went on.

Well, I suppose it has. When I first took that half of the infant-class, more than a year ago, I was not a Christian. I do not know what made the superintendent let me take it, because people who are not church members very seldom are allowed to teach in our Sunday-school. Perhaps he thought I had enough head-knowledge

of the Bible to teach, though, and I suppose I had, for if ever children were drilled in the catechism and in all the Bible questions, from "Who was the first man?" down to "What island was John a prisoner on?" they are the children of this Merritt family. My mother is responsible for that. What hours that woman has spent teaching us Bible stories!

So, when I began to think that there was no class in the Sunday-school that I exactly liked being a member of, and when I took a notion that I would like to try teaching myself, that half of the infant-class was given me. I don't think that I was a very good teacher. Perhaps a girl of fourteen would not be very likely to be. But that class was a "means of grace" to me, as Mr. Gardner said.

For how could I talk to those little folks and not feel condemned? I remember talking a long time to them one Sunday about heaven, when all the time I was thinking to myself, "Shall I ever go there?" I suppose I had somewhat the kind of feeling that Paul speaks of, "Lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

But after I became a Christian I really enjoyed teaching those little folks. Only now I am not

going to spend the time. Hadassah studies Sundays. I would not do that for any thing, but I am not going to tire myself out teaching any infant-class Sundays.

Besides, I ought to get an education. Father expects me to, and one cannot do more than one thing at a time well.

So I ran away yesterday and did not give the little folks any chance to say good-bye to their teacher, or ask me why I am not coming any more. I did not want to see them.

I did meet one of them, though, little Joey Brown. He met me on the corner as I fled from the church.

“Why, teacher!” he said, his eyes wide open with astonishment. “You’re going the wrong way! I brought you some bu’ful flowers. See!” and he held me up a sticky, dreadful-smelling bunch of yellow marigolds.

And I hardly stopped to thank him, poor little red-headed chap, but I hurried on, “going the wrong way,” as he said.

October 12.—“Did you observe that paragraph in to-day’s history lesson?”

That was what Julia Leslie said this noon as we were sitting in the school-room, eating our lunch.

"Haven't looked at it," languidly answered Fannie Swain, the light-haired girl who goes to more parties than any one of the rest of us.

"What paragraph?" I asked.

"That one on the Jews," answered Julia.

Her voice was pitched rather unnecessarily high. Hadassah was sitting over by the window, and I think that Julia wanted her to hear.

"I'll read it to you," said Julia, obligingly; and she took her history out of her desk and opened the book before I could stop her. In fact, I hardly realized yet what she meant, but I did as soon as she began to read.

"This is it," she went on; and in her clear, high-pitched voice, she read the paragraph about the Jews that was in our lesson for the day. I had studied it, of course, and knew just what was coming; but I had never thought of its hurting Hadassah's feelings until that minute. The paragraph was about Leonor of Aragon. This is it. I know it by heart:

"Her religious scruples were carried to such an extreme that at one time, though greatly in want of money, she positively refused to accept the voluntary offer of a large donation from the Jews who inhabited the towns that formed part of her jointure, lest the money might prove

cursed, and the donors in their hearts curse the king and her children."

"She was foolish," said Fannie, indifferently. "Now if I were a queen, I am sure that I should take all the money my subjects would offer me."

She laughed lightly, but Julia was not going to let the subject drop so.

"I think she was right myself," she said, clearly; "I would not trust any Jew."

"Do keep still, Julia," I said, softly.

I had been watching Hadassah. She had not pretended to hear any thing, but as the talk had gone on she had colored and put up her hand so as to screen her face from observation. She was studying her algebra lesson.

But some one else had heard the talk if Hadassah had not. Miss Towne was nearer than we thought.

"What was that you said, Julia?" she asked.

Julia jumped and colored.

"I did not quite understand your remark," said Miss Towne. "It was evidently no secret. Will you please repeat it?"

"I said I would not trust any Jew," muttered Julia.

"What do you owe to the Jews?" asked Miss Towne, rather severely.

“I? Nothing, of course,” said Julia, proudly.

“Do not we all owe something?” asked Miss Towne, in a more gentle way. “Which nation was it that gave us our Bible? How should you and I have ever known of the way of salvation, Julia, if it had not been for that nation? Was it not written of our Lord himself that he should be of the tribe of Judah?”

Julia did not answer, and Miss Towne went on to her desk.

I looked toward Hadassah’s desk, but she was gone. She had slipped out when I had not seen her.

Miss Towne came back after awhile, laid a bit of paper on Julia’s desk, and passed on.

Julia showed me the paper. There were a few lines of writing on it, and what it said was: “Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love.”

It was a piece of my twelfth chapter of Romans. I wonder if it is a common practice for Christian people to measure themselves by that chapter? I wonder if that is what Paul wrote it for? Anyway, it seems to fit almost every thing.

I was Number One again last month. But Hadassah is very near me. She lacked only a fraction of one per cent. of being equal with me.

And I cannot say at all that I like it. To be sure, when I read the twelfth chapter of Romans about "preferring one another," and think that Hadassah hasn't been Number One once, and I've been all this term, it does look somewhat selfish. But how could I bear it any other way?

November 15.—"We have a model Christian at our house."

That is what Nina le Page said yesterday noon.

"Who is it?" I asked.

I could not make out whether Nina was in earnest or not. Sometimes it is not easy to tell.

"I didn't refer to myself," said Nina, shrugging her shoulders over the process of peeling her hard-boiled egg. "The extraordinary person is my grandfather. My little sister Sadie, the one you saw last week, was lying on my bed crying when I went home after school yesterday afternoon.

"What is the matter?" I said, as I shut the door of my room. I was so tired that I didn't want to be bothered, but Sadie cries so seldom that I thought it must be something dreadful that had happened.

“ ‘ I’ve got a trouble, a big, grown-up trouble,’ sobbed Sadie.

“ ‘ What is it?’ I said again, and I laughed a little, for the idea of a child like Sadie having a ‘ big, grown-up trouble ’ seemed ridiculous.

“ ‘ Sha’n’t we ever have any Christmas any more?’ she asked, sitting up with two big tears rolling out of her eyes. ‘ I think it’s too bad, and I just wish grandpa would go away, I do,’ and poor Said lay down again and wailed aloud over her misfortunes.

“ Well, of course, I had to play the dutiful granddaughter. It wouldn’t have done for me to have told Said that I felt just as she did, so I asked:

“ ‘ Did grandpa say any thing about Christmas?’

“ ‘ Yes, he did,’ sobbed Sadie. ‘ He just said he thought it was nonsense, and he didn’t think folks ought to keep it. And it would be just dreadful not to have any.’

“ ‘ O, well,’ I said, consolingly, ‘ don’t worry. We shall have some sort of a Christmas, I guess. I don’t suppose that grandfather’s father and mother ever used to keep Christmas when he was a boy, and so grandpa never found his stocking full of balls and tops and candy and nuts.

And I suppose that is the reason why he thinks Christmas is all nonsense.' ”

“Seems to me you were pretty charitable for you, Nina,” interposed Della Wolfe.

“Why, of course I was,” calmly replied Nina, breaking a cooky in two. “You girls never give me credit for half my goodness. Where was I? O, yes! Well, Said’s sorrow changed to wrath at my defense of her grandparent, and she sat up again.

“‘I think he’s real mean,’ she said. ‘Why, I’ve been so good to him, too! Why, that Sunday when he had forgotten the days of the week and he thought it was Saturday and went into the back yard after breakfast and began sawing wood, and papa had to go and call him in, I never even laughed at him, ’cause I was so sorry to see how ashamed he was ’cause he couldn’t remember when Sunday came.

“‘And ever so many times after grandpa ’d been out-doors sawing and chopping, and got slivers in his hands, I took a needle and got out every single sliver just as easy so ’s not to hurt him.

“‘And I fixed him that queer vinegar and water and sugar that he likes to drink hot days after he works in the garden in the sun. Now, haven’t I been good, Nina?’

“ ‘Very good,’ I said; ‘and you will be better still if you will climb down off that bed and let me make it.’

“It was doleful for Sadie. She went off grumbling out: ‘I just wish he was a comf’able sort of grandpa and didn’t make me ’fraid of him all the time.’ Honestly, I don’t believe Said feels acquainted with grandfather yet; he is so dignified an old man and looks so stern and talks such big words that the child can hardly tell what he means. You see, the fact is that grandpa is new in our family, you know, and we haven’t got used to him.”

“Why, he’s been there four or five months, hasn’t he?” asked Della. “Most grandparents would get acquainted with their grandchildren in that time, I think.”

“Alas! my dear child,” went on Nina, as she pulled another sandwich out of her basket, “my grandfather isn’t like ‘most.’ Grandma is nice, but between them they take possession of the sitting-room, for they keep the fire going in there till it’s so hot that none of us can stay in the room any length of time. I study up in my own room.

“Now, Nellie,” said Nina, in that sudden, peculiar tone of voice that always with her

preludes some slur on religion, "don't you think I have a beautiful Christian example set me by my grandfather? He has belonged to the church all his life, I guess, and he is *so* amiable! Why, will you believe it, he actually forbade mother's using the carpet-sweeper because he said it wears out the carpets! And how is poor ma ever going to suit him and get the sweeping done? But she's so patient that she will stand any thing from grandfather. Another of his peculiarities is he don't believe in pictures. Why, he looked in horror at the walls of our rooms; said something about 'thou shalt not make any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath,' and so on. I expected that he'd climb up and knock all the pictures down, but he didn't. Probably he will order mother to do that next cleaning-day.

"But the oddest thing of all was yesterday. He found me with a volume of comic poetry that I'd been reading. I just laid it down for a minute, when grandpa reached over and picked that book up. He took it off to his room and stayed awhile, and I was beginning to wonder if he really would laugh over that stuff when the door opened. He came out and threw the book down in disgust.

“‘Trumpery! Silly stuff!’ he cried, and his eyes snapped.

“Then he sat down and delivered me a lecture on wasting my time reading nonsense. And he told me the queerest thing. He said that when he was converted he had a copy of *Robinson Crusoe*, and he became convinced that it was no book for a Christian to waste time on, so one night he took that book out into his father’s orchard and dug a hole and buried it. Imagine, girls, *Robinson Crusoe*! Why, you would have thought it was a horribly wicked book to have heard grandfather talk. *Wasn’t* it funny?”

The girls laughed, all but Hadassah.

“What are you solemn over?” Nina asked, gayly, as she threw a cooky over into Hadassah’s lap.

“I was thinking,” said Hadassah, slowly, “that you and I are a good deal alike.”

“My patience! I should hope not,” cried Nina, tragically. “Don’t insinuate such a shocking thing as that, Had. How in the world do you mean?”

“We are alike in this,” Hadassah said, gravely, not even noticing the unaccustomed abbreviation of her name, “that whenever we see a Christian we always go to work to find all the faults we

can in him, and we never look for good things at all. Now, that would be just what would naturally be expected of *me*, being one of a nation opposed to Christianity, but *you* have no such excuse."

And Hadassah walked off.

"Mean thing!" cried Nina, looking after her, "to say such a thing as that to me, when she's just pocketed my cooky and is going off to masticate it! 'Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend, more hideous—' "

"Don't inflict Shakespeare on us, whatever else you do, Nina," said Della, as she gave Nina a poke that utterly spoiled her dramatic attitude. "Besides, it isn't the 'ingratitude' that touches you; you know it isn't. It's what she said about your finding fault with church-folks. I have no doubt that your grandpa is one of the salt of the earth. People who have so dreadful grandchildren usually are."

"Thank you, thank you kindly, miss," responded Nina with a bow.

"And as for his peculiarities about books and pictures and carpet-sweepers and hot fires and vinegar and all the rest," went on Della, picking up her algebra, "old people have their peculiarities, and you should not lay them to religion."

“Can I ever express to you how thankful I am for your good advice?” asked Nina, with an air of deepest gratitude.

Then the school-bell rang, and talk was supposed to stop.

After I came home I told the folks about the burial of *Robinson Crusoe*, and mother did not seem to think it was so very funny. She smiled a little, and grandma said: “I think it showed that the boy was in earnest. Of course, there is nothing wicked in *Robinson Crusoe*, but if Nina’s grandfather thought that that book stood between him and consecration to God I think he was right to dispose of it. It may have been a real sacrifice in God’s sight, although it looks like a needless one to us. I hope you said something of the kind to the girls, Nellie,” and grandma looked at me over the top of her spectacles.

No; it was not Nellie Merritt, that girl who has been instructed in religion all her life, who stood up for the old grandfather, but it was Della Wolfe, who comes from a worldly family and is not, so far as I know, interested in Christianity at all.

November 17.—It is funny how some girls always pretend to know every thing. Julia said

to-day that the reason why Miss Towne never has married is that once she was going to marry a man and he died away off somewhere. I don't know where Jule gets all her news. She always has a great deal to tell, but I hardly believe a good deal of it.

Jule says that, after all, though Miss Towne is very benevolent, and appears well, and always does a great deal of church work, yet she thinks that Miss Towne is self-righteous. Well, I know she is not.

And Jule says that Professor Hazelton dyes his hair.

Ma does not like to have me associate much with Jule, especially since I told her about the novels that Jule keeps in her desk and reads times when she is supposed by her teachers to be studying.

November 20.—I suppose that I acted a sort of lie yesterday. At least I do not feel exactly comfortable over it, and yet I hardly wanted to explain to Miss Towne.

Her brother is dead. He was away in Florida somewhere, and took a fever and died. Miss Towne feels dreadfully about it.

She came into that dark little closet in the hall

when I was getting a drink there, and she put her arms around me and cried. And she said:

“O, Nellie, I know you know how I feel. None of the other scholars do. But your brother is dead, too. But, Nellie, you could be with him all the time and do things for him, but I was so far away from my brother when he died.”

And she cried again, and I wiped my eyes. But I couldn't cry, too, very hard, because I have not had any very deep trouble such as she thinks that I have had.

My brother was not a real one. He was a boy that papa adopted, and was years and years older than I when I first saw him. He lived away from home and I seldom met him, for he was in the northern part of this State. But just about a year ago he came home to die of consumption.

I was not a Christian then, and poor Will was not, either. He used to lie on his bed, and cough, and cry, and say: “O, I'm going to die! I'm going to die!” And once he said to me: “O, Nellie, do pray for me!”

And I promised him I would, although I didn't feel fit to pray even for myself.

And grandma talked with him, and the

minister, and every day Will looked worse and worse, till one day he went to ride to the barber's, and when he came back I didn't know him at all, but thought he was some stranger till I saw the slippers that he wore. And at last he died, and I do hope he became a Christian before he died, but we could not be sure of that.

Of course, a death like that could not occur without being a great shock to our family, but still I am sure that I had not any such feeling as Miss Towne has about her brother, because I hardly knew Will at all, and I did not miss him around the house as I should have done if he had lived with us. I remember I even laughed at something the day after he was buried, and then I was shocked at myself. But I couldn't feel so dreadfully when I never had cared much for him. It would have been very different if Bessie had died. I think that would have almost broken my heart. I can't bear to think of it. And I suppose that is the way Miss Towne feels about her brother.

But I could hardly explain the difference to her when she spoke to me, and I am sure she thinks I understand her feelings a great deal better than I do. Of course, I am sorry for her. Isn't it queer how folks never can explain their

feelings exactly to one another? I think it would save ever so much trouble if we could just look into each other's minds and see the feelings, and not have to explain.

"Do you suppose Miss Towne will feel resigned?" said Nina to me, gravely, as I pulled on my sack after school.

"I suppose she will feel just the way a Christian ought to," I answered. "I am sure she will."

"Are you?" asked Nina, mockingly, and I went down stairs, saying indignantly to myself, "I don't believe that Nina le Page has any sympathy at all. She is dreadfully hard-hearted."

But as I wrote before, it would be a very convenient thing if we could know each other's real feelings. It would save a good many notions that we have. My own remark about Nina proved to be false. This morning when I went into the school-room Miss Towne was sitting at her desk in black, and before her was the loveliest bouquet of white flowers and forget-me-nots and pansies. When I stopped to speak to her she showed me the bouquet, and said: "Sometimes flowers tell us things that the senders do not, Nellie."

"Who gave them to you?" I asked.

And she answered: "Nina le Page. Did you

ever read that passage in Jeremy Taylor's writings, Nellie: 'That which thou dost not understand when thou readest, thou shalt understand in the day of thy visitation. For many secrets of religion are not perceived till they are felt, and are not felt but in the day of great calamity?' I think perhaps it is that way with our friends, Nellie. We do not really know some of them till we are in trouble."

January 8.—"How did you manage about Christmas?" Della asked Nina, the other day. "Did your grandfather let you keep it, after all?"

"Sadie bought him over," laughed Nina. "Actually, my incorruptible grandfather took a bribe. Ma and Sadie were determined that he should taste of the joys of Christmas. Those two people secretly abstracted an old boot from grandfather's closet, and went off down town one day. They came back with a beautiful pair of slippers, Sadie's own present for grandfather.

"And Christmas morning, after Sadie had looked in her stocking, she ran down stairs and tied the slippers on grandfather's door-knob. She pinned a piece of paper on the slippers, and the paper said 'Merry Christmas' in big,

awkward letters. Then Said went into a corner of the hall and hid to hear him open his door.

“The breakfast-bell rang, and all of a sudden that waited-for door flew open.

“Sadie says that grandfather broke forth into these eloquent words, ‘Hum! Why—why—why!’

“Worth waiting for, wasn’t it?

“And then he went back into his room. He was late to breakfast that morning for the first time since he came to our house.

“I didn’t hear any thanks from him, but I heard what Sadie said to her biggest doll. Said tells that doll every thing. I heard her say, ‘My grandpa was *awful* surprised. He ’most cried, I know, ’cause I peeped and saw him. I was ’fraid he didn’t like the slippers at first. I never cry when I like things. But I guess he did like them, for he wore them all day, and mamma told him I gave them to him, and he said, ‘Bless the child,’ just the way Kitty Blake’s grandpa does, and mamma says she guesses he does begin to think Christmas is nice, after all.’”

Nina laughed as she ended.

Then she caught sight of Hadassah, and a thought seemed to strike her.

“Had,” she said, bending across the aisle;
“Had, O Had!”

Nina never will call Hadassah by her full name. “Had” or “The Auxiliary Verb” are the most frequent forms of address that Hadassah endures from Nina.

“What is it?” asked Hadassah, lifting her head from her examples.

“Did you keep Christmas?” asked Nina, mischievously.

Hadassah colored.

“I received some presents from my father,” she said.

“O,” said Nina, “I only asked the question because I did not really know whether the Jews keep Christmas or not.”

“The rabbis generally dislike it,” said Hadassah, “but many Jews give presents then. They do not regard it as any acknowledgment of Christ, but they say that there is no harm in conforming to the customs of the American people in such a thing. I know that many of the Israelites have Christmas-trees and stockings and make Christmas the gift-day of the year, instead of the feast of Purim.”

“That’s the feast of Esther, isn’t it?” I asked.

I had just been reading the Book of Esther, or I should not have remembered. I was glad I had, for I should have felt very much mortified to have had a Jewess know more about the Bible than I.

"Yes," said Hadassah; "you know the story, don't you, about Esther and Mordecai and Haman, and the saving of the Jews from being killed?"

"And do they keep up that feast yet?" asked Nina.

"Why, of course," said Hadassah.

"But it's hundreds of years ago," said Nina; "I shouldn't think your gratitude would last so long."

"What do the Jews do on Purim?" I asked.

"Read the Megillah in the synagogue," responded Hadassah.

"The what?" cried Nina. "Say that thing over again."

"The Megillah," patiently repeated Hadassah. "The 'roll' of Esther, you know. They read the story all through in Hebrew. It would sound to you like a monotonous kind of chant. And then families visit one another on Purim, at their houses, and balls are held. Purim is a national festival."

"Something like our Fourth of July," said Nina, meditatively.

"Only there is nothing in the Bible about the Fourth of July," said Hadassah, smiling.

"How do *you* know?" asked Nina. "You never read but half or two thirds of the Bible. I don't believe that you ever read the New Testament. Now, did you, except what you read the other day?"

But Hadassah said nothing.

What Nina referred to was this. It was only the other day that in our English composition lesson there was something about the "good Samaritan." One of the scholars blundered over it, and some way Mr. Hazelton asked us if we knew about the story of that person referred to in the lesson.

Some of us did. I did, of course. A good many did not, and at last Mr. Hazelton sent into the next room for a New Testament, found the place of the parable, and called on Hadassah to read it.

I do not really suppose that Professor Hazelton ever thought any thing about Hadassah being a Jewess. I don't think that he had the slightest idea about it, only he thought that he would have the parable read, and Hadassah was

one of those who had not known about it, and she is a fine reader, and so he would have her read it. I don't believe that the man really knows that Hadassah is a Jewess.

Well, I expected, of course, to see Hadassah refuse, or ask to be excused, or something. But she did not. She rose up, took the New Testament politely, faced us, and read the story through beautifully.

But I thought it was too bad in Nina to twit her with it.

Nina watched her as she bent once more over her examples.

"I wish I had known that Had would take Christmas presents," she said to me, in a whisper; "I would have sent her one."

It seems to me that Nina le Page is the queerest girl that I ever saw. She's kind-hearted, and yet she isn't. She's generous, and yet she's so critical that one would think she hated Christian people. I don't understand her at all, but I like her ever so much. Most all the scholars do, and that's the reason why I think that if she really were a Christian she would do more good than I do, just because she has so much personal attraction or magnetism, or whatever it is. But I'm afraid she leads the other way now.

March 25.—Miss Towne called me to her desk to-night as I was going out.

“Wait a minute,” said she.

When she came back after watching the scholars down the stairs she showed me something wrapped up in brown paper.

“What is it?” I asked, as she opened the package.

“Something Hadassah brought me,” said Miss Towne.

“They look like big crackers,” I said, leaning over to get a nearer view of the things in the package.

“They” did look like crackers, thin and crisp.

“They are some of the ‘unleavened bread’ of the passover,” explained Miss Towne; “I told Hadassah awhile ago that I had never seen any, and would like to do so. She remembered what I said, and now that it is almost passover, or ‘Pesach,’ as she calls it, she surprised me by bringing me these matzos.”

“What do you call them?” I asked.

“Matzzôth, or matzos,” said Miss Towne; “I believe the latter is the common term used around here. You remember, don’t you, that the children of Israel were commanded to eat unleavened bread during the passover?”

I did have a somewhat dim recollection of the fact.

“I believe so,” I said.

Miss Towne opened a drawer and drew out a Bible. She turned over to Deuteronomy and read these words: “‘Seven days shalt thou eat unleavened bread therewith, even the bread of affliction: for thou camest forth out of the land of Egypt in haste: that thou mayest remember the day when thou camest forth out of the land of Egypt all the days of thy life. And there shall be no leavened bread seen with thee in all thy coast seven days.’”

“I was looking over some Hebrew papers the other day,” went on Miss Towne, “and I saw quite a number of advertisements of matzos, and one man advertised that all the provisions sold by him for the festival were ‘kosher.’ I didn’t quite know what that meant, though I thought I could guess, for immediately he spoke of smoked beef and corned beef. I asked Hadasah about the word, and she says it comes from a Hebrew word, ‘câshér,’ lawful, and it is used in reference to those meats that may be eaten by ceremonious Jews. You know in old times there was a prohibition against eating meat with the blood, and the Jews have special butchers

still whose duty it is to prepare cattle according to the traditional method. So you see, Nellie, how many people are bound yet by the old ceremonial law, and have no knowledge of the freedom of Christ's followers from such burdens. Surely the law of Moses must seem burdensome to those who try to work out their own salvation."

I stood still a minute, looking at the matzos, and Miss Towne broke off a piece of one and wrapped it in a paper for me to take home.

"What are you doing for Hadassah, Nellie?" she asked.

"Doing for her?" I repeated.

I did not understand what Miss Towne meant.

"Yes," she said; "are you trying to show her the happiness of a Christian life?"

Miss Towne was looking at me earnestly, and I could not evade her question.

"No," I said, at last. "I don't believe I ever even thought of such a thing, Miss Towne. Hadassah would not care if I did. I don't believe—," and then I stopped. I had been going to say that I did not believe it is an easy thing for a Jew to become converted.

"How do you know that she would not care?" asked Miss Towne. "I think it is an oppor-

tunity, Nellie. At least I regard it as an opportunity of mine, and I think it might be one of yours, also. I would not talk to the other girls this way, because most of them are not Christians, and I am afraid that they might do something to offend Hadassah so that she would hate Christianity. But I think you would have discretion about it, if you would only try. I have not seen you trying, Nellie. Don't let the studies take up *all* the time. They are only part of your work. Don't forget that you are meeting souls every day, Nellie. I made that mistake when I first began to teach. I thought all I had to do was to tell my scholars how to learn their lessons, and to explain difficult problems to them; but I found out that I had more to do than that. I have always been glad that I found it out so soon, but I am sorry I did not find it out sooner. One of my scholars died, Nellie, and every time I saw her vacant desk at school I felt self-condemned. So many, many times I had talked with her of her studies, and encouraged her to persevere, but I had never said one word to her about her soul."

Miss Towne stopped. She bent over her desk and slipped the Bible back into its drawer, but I saw the sudden tears in her eyes.

Well, I am sure I couldn't have a bit of influence over Hadassah. In fact, I think she is not a girl who would be influenced by any one. And then I shouldn't know what to say to her, anyway. Why, I never in my life asked a person to become a Christian, excepting, of course, those little tots in my Sabbath-school class. Hadassah is altogether different.

Besides, Principal Thorn put every such idea out of my head after I left Miss Towne. I met him on the stairs, and he said: "Ah, Nellie! I heard a very nice thing about you. That was a very high per cent. you received in the last Latin examination."

And I came home with my head so turned by that bit of praise from the principal that I actually forgot all about the dishes after supper, and let ma wash and wipe them while I sat cramming in more Latin words and rules. Ma set the table, too, to-night, and I found she had swept my room and mended my blue dress. I promised to do both those last things, but I declare I forgot them. It's too bad, for ma looks dreadfully worn out. I told her she ought to have waited and left such things for me, but she only sighed a little, and said: "*I have waited.*"

Shall I ever remember any thing?

April 13.—I resolved last Sunday that I would reform. I have not been going to meeting as much as I ought to. So I went to church as usual in the morning, and when Sabbath-school time came I told Mr. Gardner that I would begin to teach again if he would give me a class.

Clara Wilson has the half of the infant-class that I used to have. I think the little folks like her. I have not said much about Clara in this journal of mine, but she is the girl who joined the church at the same time I did.

I heard Mr. Gardner talking to some one about Clara the other day, and he said: "Hasn't that girl grown in grace wonderfully since she became one of us? Some Christians might learn a good deal from Clara."

I never heard Mr. Gardner praise me that way. He never does praise people much to their faces, though; but I have a sort of feeling that he does not believe that I have grown as much as Clara has.

I am afraid I never did like Clara Wilson very well. Folks always seemed to think that I did, because they supposed we would, naturally, on account of being converted at the same time. Even mother used to ask me why I did not go to see Clara. But Clara always grated on me.

She dresses in such dreadful mixtures of colors! She would be pretty if it were not for that, but a blue dress and a white shawl and pink ribbons, topped with a hat with a green and yellow feather, are enough to scare all the prettiness out of her looks.

Clara is a good girl, though. Seems to me she talks about her feelings more easily than I do. She confesses her faults more easily, too. For instance, I never should have told her what she told me once. It was about a lie of hers when she was a little girl. She said that there were protracted meetings going on in our church, and she went to them, and there had been a good old minister there who had talked to the children about loving Jesus and having him take away their sins; and Clara had held up her hand with the others when the minister asked them how many would like to become Christians.

Well, the next day, Clara was up stairs in her own little room, with her box of water-colors and a book of pictures that she was painting, and she had been at work for quite awhile and felt very happy. She had almost forgotten about the meeting of the night before.

But suddenly she stopped singing, and painting too. She grew very sober.

“I know it was my conscience,” said Clara, when she told this story to me. “It was saying over and over to me: ‘You can’t be a Christian till you tell mamma about Mr. Rosenberg and the lie you told.’”

“And I kept answering my conscience and saying: ‘I don’t see why I can’t. I can ask God to forgive me, and that will do. I needn’t tell mamma. I’d hate to do that.’”

This was the thing that Clara and her conscience were talking about: The Monday before this her mother had said to her: “Clara, I want you to run down to Mr. Rosenberg’s store and get me a spool of black silk thread. Here is a quarter of a dollar. I think the spool will cost fifteen cents or so.”

And Clara had said: “Yes, ma’am,” and had put on her hat and run happily off to do the errand, for this happened when Clara’s folks lived a little way out of town, and Clara was always glad of an excuse to make an errand into town and see what was going on.

Mr. Rosenberg gave her the spool of thread and ten cents in exchange for her quarter, and Clara went running back up the long road that led homeward. It was a bright day, and the warm sunshine and the singing of birds made

Clara feel so happy that she danced along thinking nothing about her errand until she suddenly looked down at her spool, and then she stopped, saying to herself: "Where is that ten cent piece?"

She felt in her pocket, but that was empty; she opened the paper around the spool of thread, thinking that perhaps the money might have slipped inside of that, but it was not so.

"O, O! Now, *have* I gone and lost that money?" said she to herself. "How could I have forgotten it? I'm sure I had it just a minute ago;" and Clara looked carefully along by the fence, among the bushes, in the cracks of the sidewalk, every-where where she thought she might have dropped it, but no shining bit of money was to be seen, and Clara, after a long hunt, went sorrowfully on toward home.

"O, I am so sorry!" sobbed she to herself. "Whatever will mamma think of me?"

And then she cried harder than ever. There was no one living on the road, so she could cry all she wanted to and no one would see her. But home was coming nearer and nearer every step of the way.

Then there came into Clara's mind the idea that perhaps she need not tell her mother every

thing just as it really occurred. If Clara had been the kind of girl then that she is now I don't believe she would have told that lie. But she did tell one, and that was what made her look so very sober as she sat that day up in her room after so suddenly stopping painting.

She was thinking how she had gone in and given the spool to her mother.

"That is right," said Mrs. Wilson, looking at the thread. "Where is the change, Clara?"

"Mr. Rosenberg didn't give me any," said Clara, beginning to cry.

"Didn't give you any?" said her mother, looking very much surprised. "Why, he ought to have given you change. Didn't he say any thing about it?"

"No, ma'am," said Clara, between her sobs.

"Well, don't cry about it," said her mother, soothingly. "It was not your fault; but if he is going to cheat you like that I can't let you go to his store until you get to be a bigger girl."

So Clara had dried up her tears and gone off to play, and she really had not thought much about what a bad thing she had done until that morning when her conscience talked to her up in her room.

Well, just then, as Clara sat there thinking

sorrowfully, her little sister Carrie came to the foot of the stairs.

“Clara, Clara,” she called, “come down. Mamma says you and I can go over to Mrs. Hilton’s and play with Benny and the baby. Come quick!”

Clara jumped up and stood for a minute hesitating.

“You run along and go over there, Carrie,” called she, at length; “I’ll come pretty soon.”

“All right,” called Carrie, and the next minute Clara heard the door shut, and Carrie ran off toward Mrs. Hilton’s.

Clara stopped a moment, and then she went slowly down the stairs. Her mother was in the sewing-room, and Clara just went in and sat down and began to cry.

“Why, what is the matter?” asked her mother. “Why didn’t you go with Carrie?”

“’Cause,” sobbed Clara, “’cause Mr. Rosenberg did give me ten cents after all, mamma—and I told a lie—and I lost it,” and Clara cried as if she were never going to stop.

“Why, Clara!” said her mother, very much astonished.

By and by, when Clara became a little calmer, her mother questioned her about it, and Clara

told her every thing—about how she dropped the money and could not find it, and was afraid to tell, and so said what was untrue; and then the mother took her little girl into the next room and they both knelt down, and the mother prayed God to forgive Clara for telling that wicked lie.

“And I really believed that God did forgive me,” said Clara, when she told me this story; “and mother taught me that verse: ‘If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins,’ for Jesus’s sake. I was ever so much happier after that. My mother kissed me and washed away the tear-stains, and then I ran over to Mrs. Hilton’s and played with Bennie and Carrie and the baby. It seemed to me that I never had so good a time before, and I really believe that I was the happiest one of them all, for the great burden that I had been carrying around with me was gone. Mother thought that I became a Christian then, but I don’t think so. I don’t think that I was one till lately. A few months after that Mr. Rosenberg died, and when I heard of it I said to myself: ‘Just supposing I had not told mamma, wouldn’t I feel badly now?’ and I was thankful that I had done as my conscience told me to do that day.”

I don't feel like telling Clara as many things about myself as she tells me about herself. I don't know why, only I never do like to let every one see every thing I think and do. Not because the thoughts and actions are wrong, either, but because I think people have no business to know.

Well, it seems to me that it's no wonder that Clara's "grown in grace." She doesn't go to school; she's too stupid to care much about books, anyway, so she doesn't have to spend her time on them. But I do suppose that she is good. I never saw her angry in my life. She does well enough for those infant-class scholars, anyway.

I'm glad to get rid of teaching such little tots, and I hoped Mr. Gardner would see that I am fitted for something better, and would give me some scholars who could comprehend the fact that I know more than they. I might have known he wouldn't, though. He never seems to appreciate me very well. I believe he thought more of me before I became a Christian than he does now, for once then he said to me: "I want you to be a Christian, Nellie, because I think you will be a *good* one."

Well, he hasn't seen his prophecy fulfilled, I'm

afraid. Anyhow, he seems disappointed with me some way, and pleased with Clara.

Mrs. Lacy likes Clara, too. Mrs. Lacy has the other half of the infant-class, and she says she thinks "Clara is an exceptionally fine teacher. She wins the hearts of the little ones."

Stuff! Mrs. Lacy likes Clara because she will do whatever Mrs. Lacy says. I would not be ordered around so.

And now they are going to have a separate room for the infant-class, and Clara is going to be "assistant." And by and by they hope to have a little organ in the infant-class room, and Clara told me she is going to try to learn to play. I don't believe she can. She hasn't brains enough, but I suppose she wants to show off, leading the infant-class singing.

She draws pictures on a blackboard now for that class, and Mr. Gardner let her take a dollar out of the Sabbath-school treasury and send to the city for colored chalk, so that her pictures will look prettier. I don't see why he couldn't have done some such thing when I was teaching. I am sure I could draw as well as Clara, and I do not believe I should have drawn a man with a face that looked so much like a monkey as that one which she made on the board last Sunday.

Clara and Mrs. Lacy had a party for the infant-class at Mrs. Lacy's house last week, and they had a great time with cake and popcorn and apples. Mrs. Lacy invited me once to go to all that bother with her, but I excused myself. I was being examined for the high-school and could not spare the time.

But folks like Clara, who have no brains to cultivate, always have time enough for parties and things. Clara hasn't a particle of pride, for if she had she wouldn't want to stand in Mrs. Lacy's kitchen and wash dishes for a crowd of children who do not appreciate the sacrifice a bit.

But one thing is sure. The children are too small to notice Clara's awful taste in dressing. I suppose, really, that her bright colors attract those infants. Perhaps, when I was teacher I didn't dress in a sufficiently startling manner. I know it is fascinating even to me to see what new, original combination of colors Clara can dress in. Her drawings will be brilliantly colored when those crayons arrive. She will make that blackboard look like a rainbow. Perhaps, though, the colors will not look as startling on the board as they look walking around on a girl.

Well, I wanted to justify myself a little in Mr. Gardner's eyes, for I didn't quite enjoy having

him think I was a heathen, so I asked him for a class.

He looked very much pleased.

“I thought you would begin again,” he said, smiling. “It doesn’t seem quite right to drop all church work, does it, Nellie?”

And then he made me a present of a class of five boys.

O, those boys! How they *did* act! I don’t believe I shall ever find courage to try them again.

I talked and tried my very best to teach them something about the lesson, but I lost my temper at last.

“I *will not* have such actions in this class,” I snapped at last, when Jim had stuck a pin into Bobby.

The three freckled boys looked at the two unfreckled ones. All was quiet for fully one minute. Then Tim hit Heine with his paper, and disorder began again.

Wasn’t I glad when Sabbath-school was over! The boys were, anyway.

The Band of Hope met at three o’clock, so I hurried home, ate my lunch, rushed back, and stayed to that meeting, and played the organ for the folks. Then I helped in the mission school,

and came home and went out again to church in the evening.

“I will not neglect any thing,” I said. “I will be very diligent and good.”

And I felt that no one could have spent Sunday better, although I dropped into bed so tired that I could hardly sleep.

Monday morning I got up cross. Bessie told me I was before I came down stairs.

Ma noticed it, and she said it was because I went to church too much Sunday, but I didn't believe her. I do now, though. I guess it's safe to believe one's ma, as a usual thing.

Well, ma baked me a custard, and I was hurrying around to get my lunch-basket ready, and I did something and over went that hot custard, splash, right into my basket and over my clean napkin and all the rest of my lunch!

“O, bother!” I cried out. “I do wish you wouldn't make these custards for me! They're just nuisances.”

And poor ma had been hurrying around and doing her very best to make that custard for me, too. It was a shame to talk so, for her custards are always good.

Well, I wouldn't stop any longer. I rushed off without any lunch, a proceeding that filled

ma's soul with such dismay that she sent a boy away over to the high-school at noon with another lunch.

And I was so out of sorts all day that it was all I could do to recite decently.

But I never saw such a woman as Miss Towne is; never! It seems as though there isn't any way of keeping things secret from her. Compositions had to be written this week Friday, and what do you suppose the subject she gave us was? "What I did last Saturday and Sunday."

I don't know what made Miss Towne choose such a subject, but I do know that I had to write out what I had done. It was Friday morning when we wrote those compositions, and Miss Towne corrected some of them so that she could hand them back that afternoon. Mine was one of those. I had not written a word about how cross my Sunday made me feel afterward, but I found these words in Miss Towne's writing at the end of my composition:

"Was your Sunday a real help to you, Nellie? Did it strengthen you for the temptations of this week? It seems to me that there is such a thing as going to meeting so much as to have no time left for meditation and prayer. It is well to

avoid extremes. I find that if I want to keep pleasant and agreeable I must not go out to more than one or two services on Sunday. Perhaps people whose work is not so wearing as mine might go profitably to more. Each person has his or her limit, and patience and sweetness of temper are as much Christian duties as going to meeting."

If I didn't know better, I should think that Miss Towne had heard about that custard.

April 17.—Hadassah brought Miss Towne a book called the *Prayers of Israel*. Miss Towne asked her if she would lend it a little while, and after Miss Towne was through reading it I begged it and brought it home, because I thought that mother and grandma would like to see it.

Hadassah says that the book is used in the synagogue. Most of the books used there are in Hebrew, or Hebrew and German, but this is in Hebrew and English. It is not a very big book. One has to commence at the back and turn the pages backward. This book is dated in the year 7608.

Grandma told me that if she were in my place she would write down some of the more interesting things in it, because I might never see

such a book again. She never saw one before.

So I will copy here a prayer used in the pass-over. The prayer is from the "Service for the Three Feasts."

"But because of our sins we have been carried captive from our land, and removed far from our country; so that we are not able to perform our duty in the habitation which thou hast chosen, in that magnificent and holy house on which thy name was called; because of the hand which was stretched out against the sanctuary.

"May it please thee, O Eternal! our God, and our fathers' God! most merciful King! to return unto us, through thine abundant mercy, and to compassionate us, and thy sanctuary. O, rebuild it speedily, and exalt its glory, O our Father! our King! manifest the glory of thy kingdom over us, speedily shine forth, and exalt thyself in the sight of all the living. O, gather our dispersions from among the nations, and assemble our outcasts from the extremities of the earth! conduct us unto Zion, thy city, with joyful song, and unto Jerusalem, the residence of thy holy temple, with everlasting joy. And there, in thy presence, will we prepare the offerings enjoined us; even the daily offerings according to their order."

And in another place they beg the Lord to rebuild the temple, and they pray; "Restore the priests to their ministry; the Levites to chant with their melody; and restore Israel unto their dwellings; that then we may go up, and appear and worship before thee, on the three appointed times of our festivals every year."

I read those words to grandma, and she repeated the saying of Christ, "The hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him."

There are some queer things in the book. In the Day of Atonement services the people ask God to forgive them "for the sin which we have committed against thee by chattering. And for the sin which we have committed against thee with the twittering of our eyes."

And there is a queer part of the morning service, where the men say, "Blessed art thou, O Lord, our God! King of the universe, who hath not made me a woman!"

At this point the women say, "Blessed art thou, O Lord, our God! King of the universe, who hath made me according to his will."

I shouldn't think that Hadassah would like an impolite prayer like that. But I guess she doesn't hear it very often. She doesn't go to the synagogue frequently, I know, because I asked her if she should not want this book by Saturday morning, and she said, "O, no; keep it as long as you like. I hardly ever go to the synagogue."

In another place in the book there is an impolite reference to women: "The wise men say, Whosoever converses much with women, brings evil on himself."

In one place in the book it says that after the Jews bury their dead "some are accustomed to pull up grass, and throwing it behind them they say, 'And they shall spring up from the city as the grass of the earth.' Others say, 'Remember that we are but dust.'"

Here is a prayer that is to be said at home after the "Synagogue Service." It seems to me that it is more of a prayer to angels than to God:

"Peace be unto you, ye ministering angels; ye messengers of the Most High, from the supreme King of kings, holy and blessed is he. [*Three times.*] May your coming be for peace, ye messengers of peace, ye messengers of the Most High from the supreme King of kings, holy and blessed is he. [*Three times.*] Bless me

in peace, ye messengers of peace, ye messengers of the Most High, from the supreme Kings of kings, holy and blessed is he. [*Three times.*] May your departure be in peace, ye messengers of peace, ye messengers of the Most High, from the supreme King of kings, holy and blessed is he. [*Three times.*]

Grandma found two or three little bits of sayings that she thought were good. One is, "It is improper to set out on a journey before one has prayed."

And another is the saying of Rabban Gamliel, "Accustom not thyself to give tithes by conjecture."

"Poor things!" said grandma, after she had finished looking at the volume; "poor things! Going to heaven, they think, by their own good deeds, when the Bible tells us that there is 'none that doeth good, no, not one.' And not a word of Christ and the need we have of his salvation in the whole book!"

Grandma wiped her eyes, and turned her rocking-chair so that she could reach her little shelf of books. She picked out a small brown volume, a queer book that grandma has read a good deal, but I have never read through, partly because the "s's" bother me; "s" being made like

“f,” as people used to print in old times. The book is George Herbert’s *Poems*.

Grandma found a place and handed the open book to me. I took it, and found that what she wanted me to see was Herbert’s poem on

“THE JEWS.

“Poore nation, whose sweet sap and juice
Our scions have purloined, and left you drie :
Whose streams we got by the Apostles’ sluice,
And use in baptisme, while ye pine and die :
Who by not keeping once, became a debtor ;
And now by keeping lose the letter :

“O that my prayers ! mine, alas !
O that some Angel might a trumpet sound :
At which the Church falling upon her face
Should crie so loud, until the trump were drown’d,
And by that crie of her deare Lord obtain,
That your sweet sap might come again !”

I had to read the poem through two or three times before I fully understood it.

“Then George Herbert was sorry for the Jews?” I said.

“Yes,” said grandma ; “and many other Christians have been sorry for them. For when we think that we have salvation through that nation and yet it rejects the light, how can we, if we are Christians, help being sorry? I wish, Nellie, that you could do something for Hadassah. I wish I could see her and talk with her myself.”

Privately I thought that grandma would be likely to have a pretty hard time if she should try to talk with Hadassah.

But I said nothing and grandma murmured to herself, "For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved."

I forgot to tell grandma what I meant to. It was something that I read in *John Evelyn's Diary*. Our class is studying the reigns of the Stuarts, and I got that book out of the school-library, so as to understand better the English life in the days of Charles II.; and in the book I found this reference to the Jews. The date was January, 1645. Evelyn was speaking about a mistaken way of attempting to compel the Jews to become converted. He says in that place: "A sermon was preached to the Jews at Ponte Sisto, who are constrained to sit till the hour is don; but it is with so much malice in their countenances, spitting, hum'ing, coughing, and motion, that it is almost impossible they should heare a word from the preacher. A conversion is very rare."

And in another place, in 1641, Evelyn says:

“Next day I returned to Delft, Rotterdam, The Hague, Leyden, Haerlem, and Amsterdam, where I went to a Synagogue of the Jews, being Saturday; the ceremonies, ornaments, lamps, law, afforded matter for my wonder and enquiry. The women were secluded from the men, being seated above in galleries, and having their heads muffled with linnen after a fantastical and somewhat extraordinary fashion. They have a separate burying-ground, full of sepulchres with Hebrew inscriptions, some of them very stately. In one, looking through a narrow crevice, I perceiv'd divers bookes lye about a corpse, for it seems when any learned Rabbi dies, they bury some of his bookes with him. With the help of a stick I raked out some of the leaves written in Hebrew characters, but much impaired.”

I don't suppose I should notice such passages at all if Hadassah were not in our class, for I only read the diary for the history in it; but I could not help noticing the passages on the Jews.

Miss Towne said that *Pepys's Diary* is better than John Evelyn's, because Pepys's was written at the time the things spoken of occurred, but Evelyn's was written afterward. So I got Pepys's, too, from the library, and I have that book now,

and I do like it better than Evelyn's. Pepys tells queer things, such as, "I did send for a cup of tee (a China drink), of which I never had drank before;" and about going down into the hold of an "Indian shipp," where he was shown what seemed to him the greatest wealth "that a man can see in the world. Pepper scattered through every chink, you trod upon it; and in cloves and nutmegs, I walked above the knees."

Besides, every now and then Pepys tells some kind of a story about things he saw; for instance, he says one day that he went "to Dr. Williams, who did carry me into his garden, where he hath abundance of grapes; and he did show me how a dog that he hath do kill all the cats that come thither to kill his pigeons, and do afterward bury them; and do it with so much care that they shall be quite covered; that if the tip of the tail hangs out he will take up the cat again and dig the hole deeper. Which is very strange; and he tells me that he do believe that he hath killed above one hundred cats."

Poor pussies! Such writing as that, though, makes the days of King Charles II. seem not so very far away after all.

Well, Pepys has a reference to the Jews, too. This extract is dated October 13, 1663:

“ After dinner my wife and I, by Mr. Rawlinson’s conduct, to the Jewish Synagogue; where the men and boys in their vayles, and the women behind a lettice out of sight; and some things stand up, which I believe is their law, in a press to which all coming in do bow; and at the putting on their vayles do say something, to which others that hear the Priest do cry Amen, and the party do kiss his vayle. Their service all in a singing way, and in Hebrew. And anon their Laws that they take out of the press are carried by several men, four or five several burthens in all, and they do relieve one another; and whether it is that every one desires to have the carrying of it, thus they carried it round about the room while such a service is singing. And in the end they had a prayer for the King, in which they pronounced his name in Portugall; but the prayer, like the rest, in Hebrew. But to see the disorder—laughing, sporting, and no attention, but confusion in all their service, more like brutes than people knowing the true God, would make a man forswear ever seeing them more; and indeed I never did see so much, or could have imagined there had been any religion in the whole world so absurdly performed as this.”

April 18.—I think that I must have said something about Clara that grandmother overheard. I am sure that I cannot remember what it was, but it is quite evident that grandma thinks I say things I ought not to about people.

I was gossiping on last night to ma. She was so busy making biscuit that I don't believe she took in half I said, but grandma told me a story afterward. She doesn't very often tell stories, and when she does I have learned always to look for the moral. That is a way grandma has always had ever since I can remember; so whenever she begins to tell me a story I straightway begin to feel like a convicted criminal. It is the result of years of such training, I suppose.

But the way that grandma started last night was the reverse of her usual method. She stated the moral first, for she began by saying: "Nellie, I would be a little more careful about making holes in other people's nets if I were in your place."

"What, ma'am?" said I, looking up in astonishment from the very hole-y stockings I was darning.

I do hate to mend stockings. Ma does it for me almost always, but she didn't have time last night. Besides, she was almost sick—and, besides, I ought to do it anyway.

Grandma looked at me a minute, as if she were remembering something.

“You need just the lesson that I needed once,” said she. “May be I needed it more than you do, but I must say, child, the habit is growing on you pretty fast. You are a living proof of heredity.”

“What habit?” said I, giving my darning-needle a jerk, but inwardly thankful that grandma had acknowledged that she was once as bad as I. That was a great concession for grandma to make.

“Talking uncharitably about other people,” said grandmother, calmly. “I remember just how my Aunt Kezia looked that day when she had run over to my house in her blue gingham to tell me how to make yeast-cakes. I hadn’t been married very long then, and there were a good many things about housekeeping that I didn’t understand. So Aunt Kezia used to run in and tell me about them.

“And that morning I had been talking to her quite a time. Now, Aunt Kezia couldn’t talk very grammatically, but she was smart, for she could look straight into people and see their faults, and their good points, too, and she was a master-hand in applying Scripture. Seems to

me I never saw any one who knew more about the Bible than Aunt Kezia.

“ Well, that morning she stood in the door-way, blue gingham, white sun-bonnet, and all, and she looked hard at me, and she said : ‘ Mary Ann, your net’s got a hole in it, and the hole’s gettin’ bigger and bigger every day. You wont be no kind of a “ fisher of men ” till you get that hole mended. And, besides, it’s a mighty mean person that goes around trying to cut holes in other fishers’ nets.’ And Aunt Kezia nodded and went away.

“ Well, I was mystified ! It was just like Aunt Kezia to go off with a parable in her mouth. It was the way she had always talked to us ‘ children,’ as she called us even after we were grown up. And I always noticed that most of her parables seemed to be directed at me. May be she thought that I needed them more than the others did.

“ But what in the world she meant this time I didn’t see at all. What I had been doing before she spoke was just to tell her that I’d seen the minister’s wife throw away a whole loaf of bread. The minister’s house was right next mine, and so I had a chance to see all the doings that went on there.

“And then when I’d said that Aunt Kezia must go to telling me about my net!

“Well, I thought and thought, and I could not make it out anyway; so that night, when I read my Bible, I turned over to that place in Matthew where it tells about the Lord calling Peter and Andrew to become ‘fishers of men;’ and I read that verse and down a few more till I came to the one that tells about James and John and Zebedee being mending their nets.

“And I sat and looked at the verses, but I was so stupid that I didn’t make much out of them, and didn’t understand any better than before what Aunt Kezia meant. It takes a good while for some of us to see things that have to be ‘spiritually discerned.’

“But Aunt Kezia came in again the next day, and after she had sat quite awhile, and I had been talking to her about our deacon that kept a coal-yard and yet did not give as good weight to his customers, I thought, as a man down town who was not a church member at all, Aunt Kezia looked at me sharply, and she said again: ‘Mary Ann, don’t go round cuttin’ holes in other folks’ nets. It is mighty mean business, as I told you yesterday, ’specially for folks who pretend to be fishers themselves.’

“ And then I had to ask her to tell me what she meant.

“ ‘ Do you mean to say that, with all your bringin’ up, you never were taught nothin’ about bein’ “ fishers of men? ” ’ asked Aunt Kezia, as she put on her spectacles and looked over at me. ‘ Now, Mary Ann, don’t you know that it is the bounden duty of every one of us Christians to be catchin’ fish, which is men and women, for the Lord? And how are we going to do it if we don’t keep our nets mended? I reckon James and John wouldn’t have got many fish out of that Sea of Galilee if they hadn’t gone to work sometimes with Zebedee and looked over those nets to see how many holes there were.

“ ‘ And, Mary Ann, I’m awful afraid that if you’ve done any fishin’ lately you haven’t caught any thing, for I tell you that if you was to speak to anybody who knows you real well, and if you was to ask such a person to become a Christian, just as like as not he’d up and say to you, “ Well, I don’t want to be one anyhow, if I would talk about my neighbors in the spiteful way you do. ” ’

“ ‘ And so that would be a hole in your net, and that man would get out of it.

“ ‘ Now, child, I didn’t want to hurt your feel-

ings, but I felt that somebody ought to talk right out plain to you, and I think I've known you long enough so I might.'

"I did not say any thing. Really I felt considerably hurt, but I knew Aunt Kezia too well to make any answer. She always did get the best of me when there was any parabling to be done.

"So, after Aunt Kezia had taken a breath and had given her specs a push, they having slipped almost to the end of her nose from talking so emphatically, she said: "Mary Ann, about that making of holes in other fishers' nets, don't you know that if you had told any outsider about that loaf of bread it might have prejudiced such a person, so that when the minister's wife tried to do him some good she couldn't have done any? That's what I mean by cuttin' holes in other folks' nets, and don't you do it any more.'

"Well, after Aunt Kezia had gone I couldn't get her talk out of my mind, and at last I sat down and began to count the persons whose nets I had made holes in. I thought first thing of Mrs. Somers. (You don't know the folks, Nellie, so it wont make any difference if I do tell you the names; the folks lived so long ago and so far away from here, and they are almost all

dead, anyway.) Well, I thought of Mrs. Somers, and how I had said that she was not any too good, after all, if she did go out nights and teach in the mission-school, for she lay abed mornings and let her husband get his own breakfast, and the housework was dreadfully neglected. So, may be, by saying that I had made a hole in Mrs. Somers's net, because perhaps some of the mission-scholars heard what I said, and would not listen to Mrs. Somers so well after that.

“ And then I thought of the time when I said that I guessed the president of the Ladies' Sewing Society was not any too pleasant at home, if she did shine in church-work, for her husband had been away for a year, and some folks did say that it was because she was so cross and fussy that he couldn't live with her.

“ That was a dreadful hole for me to make.

“ And then I thought about others I had said things of; about one family's caring more for fine clothes than for giving to the church, and about another man's not being given to telling things just as they were, but being always used to stretching the truth a little more than it ought to have been. And I had said that another woman was proud because she was rich, and that the secretary of the Sunday-school was so con-

ceited that he wanted every body to do just as he said. And there were quite a crowd of other folks that I don't remember now, but I remembered well enough then that I had been speaking unkindly about them. And to think that all those in whose nets I had been making holes were the Lord's fishers, every one of them.

"For, you see, it wasn't as if I had said such things to church-members about other church-members. I knew well enough that I hadn't been careful, and I had talked to outside folks about my brothers and sisters.

"Well, I just made up my mind that that hole in my net was going to be mended right away. But it wasn't, not for a long time, and the mending kept breaking so that even now I always have to keep a sharp eye on that part of my net.

"But one night I got straight up in our little prayer-meeting, and told the folks about things. We didn't have very big prayer-meetings, and I'd known the folks there, most of them, all my life, so it wasn't so very hard to tell them.

"And I told the folks about the nets, and I said: 'O, brethren, I'm afraid I've made holes in ever so many of yours! And there's no telling how much better 'fishers of men' you might have been if it hadn't been for me. But, O,

I'm ever so sorry! And, brethren, if you see that I fall into this fault again tell me, wont you?'

"Well, when meeting was done, the leader, who was Deacon Strong that night came to me, and he shook hands and wiped his eyes, and he said: 'Sister, I guess a good many of us need to take your lesson to heart.'

"Well, I never thought of that before, but I was sure they were welcome if it would do them any good. But, as for me, I asked the Lord to tell me where to cast my net and to help me to be in earnest about fishing for souls, for I knew I had not any too much time left to do it in."

Grandma stopped, but I suppose she wants me to take that lesson to heart. Well, if I don't want to hear from her I mustn't talk gossip hereafter, in her hearing, at least. But I do think it requires a good deal of meekness to confess one's sins to one's grandchild the way she did to me. I suppose she hopes it will do me good.

April 20.—There has been a very sudden death in the senior class. There are only about twenty seniors this term, and of course we lower classes all look up to the seniors, anyway, so we know almost all that class by name. They

march through the junior room every day to go to their room, and we all look at them with great reverence. Nina le Page says she only hopes that she will be a senior some day; then she will snub all the lower classes. Why, there is one girl in the senior class who positively wont look at us juniors at all, she feels so big. And yet I know she doesn't stand high in her own class, and she wears the same ruffle around her neck for weeks, till it is perfectly black. I've heard the seniors myself talk about her being so untidy.

Well, that wasn't what I started to write. There was one boy in that class who always stood head of them all. He was a short fellow with cheeks that were always red.

One day he was absent, and I heard the seniors say that he was sick. And he kept on growing worse every day. The doctors said that he had typhoid fever, and yesterday he died.

Principal Thorn told the seniors, and I guess there wasn't much reciting after that. The girls all cried. I don't know but some of the boys did, too, but I saw the senior girls. They all sat down together on the stairs, and they talked down low, and they cried. And all the class are going to the funeral. They've draped his desk with black.

Nina le Page peeped in through the door to see how the desk looked, and she said to me: "I hope I sha'n't die before I graduate. It seems as though it would be too bad to waste one's work that way. What becomes of all that algebra and geometry and Latin and the other things he's been cramming into his head for the last three years? Do you suppose that he could make any use of such things now?"

"I don't believe you ought to talk that way," I said.

"Why not?" asked Nina, innocently. "Does it make you feel uncomfortable? Be warned in time, my child. If you go on studying as recklessly as you have done since I've known you you wont graduate from this school, either, two years from now."

But that was not what made me "uncomfortable." It doesn't seem to me that if I had to die this minute my work in this world would join on well with any work in heaven. For when I come down to absolute facts it seems to me that I know just how those disciples felt when they disputed together about "who should be greatest." I was Number One again this month. I have been that all this term. I shouldn't have been, though, if ma had not

sacrificed a dollar of hers. I needed a physical geography for school, and ma didn't like to ask father for it, because she knew that he needed all his money to pay expenses. And so poor ma gave her dreadful daughter the one dollar that paid for the book but really ought to have been spent in getting ma some gloves. That's a good deal like my mother.

May 15.—Miss Towne showed me a composition that Hadassah handed in to her. We were not required to read our compositions out loud this time, and we might choose our own subjects.

And what did Hadassah choose to write about but "The History of Israel!"

I should not have thought that she would like to write about that. If I were a Jewess I don't know whether I should want to hide my nationality or not, but I certainly wouldn't speak very much about it.

But I suppose Hadassah wrote of the things she thought about, and, after all, it wasn't as though she had to get up and read it before us. She thought that only Miss Towne would see it.

But Miss Towne showed it to me privately. She must think that I take a great interest in

that girl, for Miss Towne didn't show it to any one else besides me.

The composition was really quite queer. It contained things I never heard before—historical things I mean. Hadassah is always reading history. One of the things was about the way “Saint Louis,” Louis IX. of France, burned the Talmud. He had twenty-four cartfuls of great volumes burned in Paris in 1254.

And Hadassah told how one of the old rabbis long ago opposed the study of the Greek language because he said people ought to study the law of Moses instead.

The rabbi said: “It is written that ‘thou shalt meditate therein day and night.’ Find me an hour which is neither day nor night, and in that you may study Greek.”

“Well, I declare!” I said when I read that. “Why, Miss Towne, what do you suppose that rabbi would have said to us going to school and studying books all day?”

Miss Towne smiled.

“He would have been horrified, I suppose,” she said; “but I hope, Nellie, that school-studies do not prevent any of us from studying, if not the law of Moses, yet some portion of our Bible daily.”

That was all Miss Towne said, but I did not answer her, for suddenly I remembered that I had left home that morning without reading even a single Bible verse. I am not usually quite so careless. I rush through a chapter somehow, but that morning I was in such a hurry that I didn't think of it. I suppose I lay in bed too long, thinking how brilliantly I intend to graduate from this school two years hence. It was foolish, of course, but I'm always doing foolish things.

Well, about that composition. Other things that Hadassah wrote were quotations from Jewish writers. One was: "The sins of all those are forgiven who inhabit the land of Israel."

And another: "He who walks four cubits in the land of Israel is sure of being a son of the life that is to come."

And she quoted the saying of the Talmud: "Whosoever afflicts his neighbor, even by mere words, is obliged to ask his pardon; and if the offended man has died, then take ten persons with thee, stand before his tomb, and say, 'I have sinned against the God of Israel and against thee.'"

Then Hadassah referred to Judas Maccabæus quite a number of times in her composition.

I had just been reading about him. I was bound that I would know something about the things that occurred in between the Old and the New Testaments. I didn't know a single thing about those four hundred years. They were a perfect blank to me, and I was ashamed of myself.

But I declare it does seem to me that there are such hundreds and hundreds of things that one ought to know to be even passably well educated! Why, I begin to feel as if I'd like to know every thing. That is the way Ada Morris told me she felt when she went to Europe last year. She said she saw every single day lots and lots of things, old monuments and ruined towers and landmarks, that referred to something that occurred in history ever so many years ago, and Ada didn't know about the history, for she wasn't out of the grades when her father took her to Europe, and she had never studied any thing but United States history, and, of course, that didn't help much in Europe. Half the time she didn't even know that some person had ever lived, and she said that she kept poring over the guide-books and reading what they said, and then she didn't know much better than before. And so, at last, she was completely

disgusted with her own ignorance, and she told her father that she wished he would take her home. So he did, and she is studying now ever so hard, harder than she ever did before, but she is not even in the high-school yet.

Well, I'm wandering away from that composition.

As I wrote, I got a book about Judas Maccabæus out of the library. And I do think that he was a brave man. I was glad I had read about him when I saw Hadassah's composition, for I should have felt ashamed if I had never heard his name.

Well, I thought when I read that book that Judas Maccabæus was just perfectly splendid and brave to dare to fight all those battles. And I read how his father, Mattathias, killed the apostate that came to the village of Modin to set up the idol altar, and I read about the victories that Judas had afterward at the battles of Bethhoron and Emmaus and Bethsur and Adasa, and how the wicked General Nicanor, who had raised up his right arm and sworn with a blasphemous oath to come and destroy the holy house, was killed and his head and his right arm were cut off and carried back to Jerusalem and placed opposite the temple.

I remember that the book said that the Jewish "Feast of Lights," or Hanuchah, is observed in memory of the restoration of the temple service by Judas Maccabæus, after the violation of the temple by Antiochus Epiphanes, or Antiochus Epimanes, "the Mad." There were new vails made for the temple, and a new candlestick, and tables of show-bread, and an altar of incense. And crowns and shields of gold were hung in front of the temple façade. And for eight days there were feasts and sacrifices and processions of priests bearing palm-branches. And now the "Feast of Lights" celebrates that restoration, as I said. The feast comes in December, and every Jewish house is expected to have a light, and some of the rich Jews have oil lamps of gold or silver in the form of the candlestick of the old temple.

After reading that book I took down Longfellow and read "Judas Maccabæus" in that, and I liked it ever so much. I guess that knowing the history made me like the poem better; anyway, I couldn't stop reading it till I read it through, from where Antiochus cries out that the Jews

"Must be civilized.

They must be made to have more gods than one;
And goddesses besides,"

down to the end where Antiochus cries out in agony :

“I will become a Jew, and will declare
Through all the world that is inhabited
The power of God.”

I believe I always skipped that poem before. I don't know why I did, for I think it is ever so interesting now. That's the difference between not knowing the history and knowing it. I don't wonder that Ada wished she knew something when she was in Europe.

And I don't believe that Longfellow makes Maccabæus out to be any too brave when the captains are scared over the sight of Nicanor's troops and say :

“Look forth and see!
The morning sun is shining on their shields
Of gold and brass; the mountains glisten with them,
And shine like lamps. And we who are so few
And poorly armed, and ready to faint with fasting,
How shall we fight against this multitude?”

and Judas Maccabæus answers :

“The victory of a battle standeth not
In multitudes, but in the strength that cometh
From heaven above. The Lord forbid that I
Should do this thing, and flee away from them.
Nay, if our hour be come, then let us die;
Let us not stain our honor.”

And even when the captains remind him what day it is, and say :

“’Tis the Sabbath.

Wilt thou fight on the Sabbath, Maccabæus?”

Judas is not to be put off, and answers :

“ Ay ; when I fight the battles of the Lord,
I fight them on his day, as on all others.
Have ye forgotten certain fugitives
That fled once to these hills, and hid themselves
In caves ? How their pursuers camped against them
Upon the Seventh Day, and challenged them ?
And how they answered not, nor cast a stone,
Nor stopped the places where they lay concealed,
But meekly perished with their wives and children,
Even to the number of a thousand souls ?
We who are fighting for our laws and lives
Will not so perish.”

How I do run on and skip away from that composition ! But really, after I had read that history and Longfellow’s poem I was in such a state of mind that I almost went to Hadassah and congratulated her on there having been so brave a member of the Jewish race. I suppose I might as well have congratulated her about Gideon or Deborah’s having lived, but then I have known about those two individuals for a good while, whereas Judas Maccabæus is a comparatively new character to me. And I reflected that Hadassah would probably listen to my

rhapsody, and then look at me calmly enough, and say: "Well, I am glad you have found it out. Of course, *I* knew all about it a good many years ago. But *you* could not be expected to know."

Not that I have ever heard Hadassah make so unladylike a speech as that, but I can imagine how I should feel if she should take it into her head to do so. I am afraid that my zealous admiration for the Hasmonean family, and for the Maccabæan leader in particular, might be checked a trifle.

But when I came to the last of that history, and read how brave Judas Maccabæus had three thousand men in his army, and all of them but eight hundred deserted him, and he was killed, I just felt so angry with those cowards that ran away that I didn't know what to do. I think such men did not deserve such a leader as Judas was. But I suppose that that last defeat of his was part of the purpose that God had in regard to the Jews and the subject condition that they should be in when Christ should come, so I ought not to have felt disappointed. But I was sorry for Maccabæus after all.

But to go back to what Hadassah did write in that composition. I did not know before that

some of the Jews have so queer ideas about dead people. Hadassah wrote that the Zohar says of a dead person: "During seven days the soul comes and goes from the tomb to its house, and from its house to the tomb; after seven days the body remains as it is and the soul goes where it goes."

And Hadassah told about the belief in the *Chibbout hakeber*, the "flagellation of the tomb," that has been believed in by the Arabs, who borrowed it from the Jews. This belief is that the angel of death sits on the sepulcher, while the soul goes into the corpse and lifts it to its feet. The angel then examines the dead person and strikes him with a chain, half of iron, half of fire, so that at the first blow all the limbs become disjointed; at the second, the bones are destroyed; and at the third, the body falls to dust and ashes.

And Hadassah told of the Moslem belief in the two angels, Monkir and Nakir, who examine a dead person as to his orthodoxy and conduct. If he can answer satisfactorily, the body rests in peace; but otherwise the deceased is struck on the temples with iron rods "till his cries are heard from east to west." Then earth is pressed upon the body, which is then gnawed by ninety dragons.

“Isn't that horrid?” I said to Miss Towne, when I read that. “You don't suppose that Hadassah believes any such stuff, do you?”

“No,” said Miss Towne. “It is certainly a shocking picture of past superstition, but I don't think that Hadassah puts confidence in such tales. She only put them in to enliven the composition.”

“Well, they do enliven it with a vengeance,” I said, as I rose to go; “they enliven it to the nightmare point. I don't believe you ever had a queerer composition handed in to you, Miss Towne, now did you? I guess you will give us subjects of your own choosing next time.”

But Miss Towne only laughed and said nothing. May be she has seen queerer compositions than I ever imagined.

But the idea of Hadassah putting such stuff into a composition! I wonder if she was ever frightened with such stories when she was a child. I don't remember being frightened by death when I was little. I remember the first person whose funeral I went to. She was a girl I had known and played with, and I cried a good deal, but I was not frightened. I guess that it makes considerable difference how death is first presented and talked about to children.

May 16.—Yes, there was one thing more in Hadassah's composition. She spoke about the tree Sidrat Almontaha, and she quoted the following legend in regard to it. This is it as nearly as I can remember the words:

“As Solomon returned from Damascus he heard a cry on the wind, ‘O God of Abraham, release me from life!’

“Solomon hastened in the direction of the voice and found a very aged man, who said he had asked God to suffer him to live till there arose a mighty prophet in the land.

“‘I am that prophet,’ said Solomon.

“Then the angel of death caught away the old man's soul.

“Solomon exclaimed: ‘Thou must have been beside me to have acted with such speed, thou angel of death.’

“But the angel answered: ‘Great is thy mistake. Know that I stand on the shoulders of an angel whose head reaches ten thousand years' journey above the seventh heaven, and whose feet are five hundred years' journey beneath the earth. He it is who tells me when I am to fetch a soul. His eyes are ever fixed on the tree Sidrat Almontaha, which bears as many leaves as there are living men in the world;

when a man is born, a new leaf buds out; when a man is about to die, the leaf fades, and at his death falls off; and when the leaf withers, I fly to fetch the soul, the name of which is inscribed upon the leaf.' ”

It seems to me that Hadassah knows a good many queer things. I wonder if she has not studied the traditions of her people more than she has the Bible itself?

But I need not criticise other people much, for I do not study my Bible a great deal myself. I cannot seem to get time. But I read it more than I used to, for awhile ago I became shocked at the way I was neglecting it, and I put a New Testament into my pocket and brought the book with me to school. I keep it in my desk, and so sometimes when I am not too hurried, even if I have not read at home, I do get a chance to read a few words at school. But I know well enough that I do not read the Bible and study it as thoroughly as it is the duty of a Christian to do.

May 22.—Bessie has the measles. It is against rules for a scholar to come to school when there is any contagious disease in the family, so I had to leave school just now when the final exami-

nations are beginning. A number of the scholars are in the same fix, for measles seems to prevail just now. But the teachers all told me that I should be promoted anyway, because I have stood so high all the year. So next term I shall be a "middler," without having to be bothered with the final examinations, either.

Nina le Page ran down stairs after me as I was carrying off my books that morning when I told Miss Towne about the measles.

"O, Nellie, I'm real sorry!" Nina cried out, catching me by the shoulders and shaking me. "What did possess you to invite the measles to your house when you wanted to be Number One this last month, so as to finish your junior year splendidly? I'm so sorry for you! It's too bad!"

"No, it isn't," I said. "Don't you suppose I can take what the Lord sends me?"

I don't know what made me say that to Nina. I think it was something that I remembered hearing Mr. Gardner say in last Sunday's sermon about "all things working together for good to them that love God." But I do not believe that that was a very good speech to make to Nina. She looked disgusted.

"Pshaw!" she said, and she ran off up stairs and never even called out "Good-bye."

Besides, I am afraid that what I said was not strictly true. Do I always "take what the Lord sends me" in as patient a way as my words to Nina seemed to mean?

I did not know that I was so tired, so almost exhausted by this term's work. I can hardly go around the house. I feel so tired all the time now that the excitement of school is gone. I must have used up all the energy that was meant to last me months.

Every day now I hurry through with my part of the housework, wrap a shawl around me, and lie down on the lounge, feeling so worn out that I don't know how to move. And in five minutes or less I am fast asleep. I've cut my hair short, or rather grandma did it for me, and ma gives me doses of some dreadfully bitter stuff to make me strong. If I cared to moralize I might state that bitter things are often strengthening ones, but I am too tired to moralize at all.

Hadassah is Number One this last month, of course. I knew she would be, now that I'm not there to hinder her. Perhaps if I hadn't tried so hard to be Number One I might have been stronger now and able to help ma about nursing Bessie, instead of being another cause of worry. But ma doesn't need to worry over me. All I

need is rest and sleep. I don't feel as if I should ever want to look at a book again.

June 4.—Bessie was very still, and so was I, one afternoon about two weeks ago. I was lying on the lounge, almost asleep, when I heard her say: "O, hum!" in a very doleful tone.

"What is the matter?" I asked, opening one sleepy eye.

"O, I'm so tired of lying here! I wish I'd ever get over these horrid measles," Bess groaned. "I don't believe that any body ever had such a time as I have. It's so pokey here."

I opened the other eye just in time to see a big tear drop off the end of Bessie's nose. Wasn't it provoking when I felt too used up to amuse her at all?

"Never mind," I said, as I turned my head away from the light; "you know that you will be well in a little while, and then you can run and have a good time once more. It isn't as though you were going to be shut up in the house all your life as so many people are."

"That doesn't help me much now," grumbled Bessie, perversely.

I lay still a few minutes trying to decide whether to go to sleep or to wake up and amuse

Bess. And then the door-bell rang, and I had to go down, and if it wasn't that Clara Wilson!

I knew I'd have to give up my nap then, for Clara never does seem to understand that I don't care to be bothered with her.

We talked awhile, and then I heard Bessie calling me.

"I must go up and see what Bess wants," I said, rising.

I thought perhaps Clara would go then, but, no. That was far from her thoughts.

"Mayn't I go with you?" asked Clara, jumping up. "Wouldn't she like to have a little company? I wont make her talk too much."

So, of course, I had to let her go with me, and when we went into the room, sure enough, Bess was crying.

"Mamma's gone and grandma's down stairs, and I haven't any body to talk to, and I'm ever so lonesome," she wailed, rubbing her eyes to get the tears out of them. "Besides, folks wont let me read, 'cause my eyes have the measles yet."

"And you ought not to cry, either, for that will make your eyes worse," I began.

But Clara called out over my shoulder: "Well, you wont be lonely any more. I've come to cheer you up."

If any thing in the world could "cheer a body up" it would have been Clara's costume at that particular minute, for she was dressed with her usual taste, there being four distinct shades of red on her, to my certain knowledge, and her hat had a bright, bright yellow ribbon on it that made her look like a sunflower in full bloom.

Bess stopped crying immediately.

After Clara had talked quite awhile, she said suddenly to Bessie:

"How should you like to do something to help some other sick persons?"

"Why, how could I?" asked Bess, looking amazed at such a proposition.

"I'll show you," said Clara; and she jumped up, ran down stairs, out the front door, down the steps, and out of the front gate without saying "Good-bye."

Bess and I looked at one another.

"Well, isn't that polite!" I said, sinking back on my lounge.

"I guess that she's coming back," answered Bess, all excitement. "She'll come and tell me what to do."

So Bess watched by the window for twenty minutes. She insisted on my pushing her bed so she could see the front gate, after which feat

I returned to my lounge again. After the twenty minutes Clara really appeared.

“Didn’t I tell you so!” croaked Bess. “Do go down, Nellie, and let her in.”

So I rose with a groan, put away my nap somewhere in the future, and descended to let in our visitor.

She bore a big, square pasteboard box in one hand and a bottle of mucilage in the other, while an old blank-book was under her arm.

“Now,” said Clara, sitting down in a chair by Bessie’s bed, “I’ll tell you all about it. I’ve been home and got these things. I ought to have stopped to explain, but the idea struck me, and I knew you’d like it, and away I hopped before I thought. Well, when I was in the city last winter I used sometimes to go to the Children’s Hospital, where all the sick boys and girls who have no fathers and mothers to take care of them are nursed, you know.

“As I went through the wards I used to see once in awhile an old scrap-book full of pictures. You have no idea how much the little sick children seemed to enjoy looking at the pictures. Sometimes the children would ask one of the nurses to tell them stories about some pictures that were admired very much, and she would

sit down and make up all sorts of funny stories for the amusement of the little folks.

“Well, I thought that the scrap-book idea was such a good one that I would try it myself, and after that I used to save all the pictures that I found, and I kept them in this big box. But somehow I never have found time to make any scrap-books; and now, Bess, if you think that you would like to do something for the sick children, here is a chance. I think a book made out of these would be a great deal prettier than any that I saw at the hospital.”

Then Clara opened the box and showed it full of all kinds of scrap-pictures—Chinese ladies with gay dresses and fine fans, pictures of dogs, cats, kittens, chickens, and so on, some colored and some plain.

Bess went into raptures and wanted to begin at once. Every thing was so pretty that she was puzzled to know what to take for her frontispiece. At last she decided to begin her book with the picture of a little runaway boy whose face she admired very much.

Then quiet reigned, for Clara left, Bess considerably kept her raptures to herself, and I did get my nap, after all.

Bessie pasted all the rest of the afternoon.

She had the scrap-book about half full by night. It was really pretty, too. She has pasted every day since then, and I am thankful to have Bess off my hands, even if Clara is the means of it.

Bessie has almost five books made now. Clara's hoard of pictures gave out, but Mrs. Gardner heard what Bessie was doing, and sent her a lot of scraps. And ma hunted up old peach and pear and plum cans, and soaked them and took pictures of fruit off from the outsides.

Cousin Tom even gave Bessie his collection of advertising cards, and pa found some old books for Bess to paste the pictures into. Even Bidy Maloney, our washerwoman, brought a lovely picture of some grapes. She found it in a package of raisins that she bought, and she brought the picture "for the darlint to paste for the sick childer." Queer that Bidy should think of it.

And I found a circus-poster that was adorned with a fine lion. Bess cut him out and gave him a position of honor in the book she was making then.

Bess and Clara have been making great plans about going to the city next Christmas, and visiting the Children's Hospital together, giving the sick folks those picture-books. Seems to me that Clara will insist on being intimate with our

family, whether we want her to be or not. I tell Bessie that all the city-folks will turn around on the streets to see such a walking rainbow as Clara will be ; but Bess don't seem to care. She says she presumes that some of the city folks haven't any taste, either.

Bessie says, moreover, that she shall always know what to do with all the scrap-pictures that she will come across during her whole life. She is going to take her paint-box and color the pictures, when her eyes become strong again.

I cannot get up much enthusiasm over the project. I'm too worn out to have much enthusiasm about any thing.

MIDDLE YEAR.

July 6.—No one need expect me to become Number One this year. Not that I am not as ambitious as ever. I am more so, if any thing. But I am going to save my strength for the senior year. If I should work as hard this year as I did last I should have no strength left to try for that valedictory. I would rather be Number One on Commencement Day than now. I don't believe Hadassah has thought of that. I suppose she will go on trying as hard as she can. Well, if she becomes tired out this year it will not be my fault. I shall not warn her. She can look ahead as well as I can.

We have a new Latin teacher this term; stiff and tall and wears spectacles. There's a new history teacher, too, with a screwed-up mouth and a way of looking at you that makes you know she's cross.

There is a new scholar, too, in our class. Her name is Inez Bayley, and she is the daughter of one of mother's friends who has just moved to this place. Inez is a church member, so now, at least, I can divide the responsibility of "setting

an example." She whispers, though sometimes, in school, but she's as good as can be. Her father is a minister, and Inez is going to be one of the middle class Greek pupils.

A good many of our class are missing at the beginning of this term. Some of them were not promoted, and others have left school altogether. I'm sorry now that I didn't treat some of them better last term. There was that tall, awkward, red-haired, lame Callie Jenkins. She had a wooden foot that thumped on the floor when she walked. I guess she was poor; anyway, her folks always looked poor-folksey. They used to bring her to school in an old buggy with a broken-down looking white horse, because Callie couldn't walk. The girls say that the horse died this last vacation. May be that's the reason why Callie hasn't come back to school. Anyway, I wish I had been a little kinder to her. Of course, I never had any quarrel with her, but I suppose I did neglect her. She used to sit at her desk during recess, because she didn't feel like limping down stairs, and I do suppose I might have stayed with her sometimes and talked, or something. Almost all the girls neglected her. I think it must have been because she wasn't interesting. Some people are so stupid that it's a trial to be obliged to

have any thing to do with them, but may be it's a duty. It wasn't Callie's fault that she was stupid. She tried hard enough. But it doesn't look natural not to see her sitting around and to hear her say "Ma'am?" in such a tone of hopeless stupidity when Miss Towne would ask her a question.

I think all these high-school studies were so many enigmas to Callie. She floundered deeper and deeper in them. I'm glad I helped her about the algebra one day. She was delighted. That saved her from disgrace that day, at least. But I might have helped her more. I was discouraged, though, for she said, as she looked over the examples that I had done for her: "I don't see why they have to lug that ' x ' into every one of the sums. What do they do it for? I never knew folks cared so much about ' x ' till I came to this school."

"Why, ' x ' stands for the unknown quantity, the answer that you have to get," said I.

But the perplexity deepened on Callie's face.

"What makes them?" she said. "Maw" (Callie always did call her mother "maw") "said she thought may be it had something to do with the cross. She'd seen them kind of crosses in books, and she said she 'lowed that the man who

made algebrary must have been a powerful good man, or he wouldn't have wanted to put a cross in every sum. Maw says she should think that Jew girl would be ashamed to study algebrary."

After that conversation is it much wonder that I didn't try explaining "algebrary" to Callie any more?

August 10.—Hadassah is Number One and I am Number Two. The girls looked surprised, and Nina said: "Have you found out, Miss Merritt, that 'the paths of glory lead but to the grave?' In other words, has your common sense grown enough so that you perceive that it isn't well to work so hard for the distinguished honor of being Number One as to be sick all vacation?"

"I'm not going to be Number One this year," I answered.

"Wise girl," said Nina, nodding. "If you don't study too hard perhaps your hair will grow again, and you can graduate next year with as respectable a looking pug on the back of your head as any of the rest of us. You'd be bald, Nellie, if you studied as hard from now till then as you studied last term. Think how a bald senior would look graduating!"

But neither Nina nor Hadassah has any idea of the mighty plans that I have for next year. But Nina turned back to say: "If you do become bald before then, Nellie, may be we can arrange the laurels of fame that you have won so that they will partially hide your shining skull."

Nina stays anywhere from Number Six to Number Ten, herself, and so she doesn't seem to be much worried. I couldn't be satisfied so; but may be it's the best way, for she manages to do a good deal at home. I think Nina's a real help to her mother—a thing that Nellie Merritt isn't to hers. Nina did a very large washing and ironing last week, I know, for Della told me. She lives near Nina, and saw her hanging out the clothes. I guess that was the reason why Nina missed in geometry so often last week. She hadn't had time to study. It would have driven me wild to have lost all those credits; but Nina didn't seem to care, not even when Nellie Merritt, in the dress that her mother had ironed for her the night before, went up and recited the geometry lesson perfectly. Well, Nina doesn't expect to be Number One or Two. She's contented not to be down at the foot. May be that's the better way. She told me once that I

cared more for "credits" than I did for knowledge. Well, I do care for "credits."

August 22.—To-day I turned over this journal till I found that place where I wrote such things of Clara Wilson. I read them through, and then I said to myself, what grandma used to say to me when I was little and was naughty: "Nellie, isn't it almost time you were sorry for that?"

I *am* sorry. I do not believe what I wrote then about Clara teaching the infant-class in order that she might have a chance to "show off."

Sunday I acted as secretary for the school, and I had to go into Clara's room to get her class-book. She was standing by the blackboard talking, and I took the book and went into a corner to fix my report. Mrs. Lacy was not there, for she was sick, but all those infant-class scholars were looking at Clara and listening to her. I did not listen to her at first, but after a while her words made me want to hear, too.

"They whipped Him," she was saying, and her hand pointed to a scourge she had drawn on the board, "and they made a crown of thorns and put it on him."

A little fellow, Widow Bennett's boy, held up his hand.

“What is it?” asked Clara, stopping.

“And they slapped Jesus, too, right with their hands,” said the little fellow, eagerly. “My mamma told me.”

“Did she?” said Clara, smiling at the eager child. “Why, I think you must have the same kind of a mamma that I have. She told me this same story when I was little like you. And what did your mamma say Jesus suffered all that for?”

“’Cause he loved us,” piped out the little fellow; “and he wants us to love him back. And I’m going to.”

And Clara almost cried. She did, really. I don’t think she pretended at all. She went on through that story of the crucifixion, and the little folks watched the pictures on the blackboard, and the story was all real to them. I saw that it was.

It became real to me, after awhile, and I forgot to criticise the contrast of colors that Clara had made on that board. She had put a red soldier next a blue one, and I noticed it the minute I came in. But the colors didn’t matter. She made the story real. That wasn’t the kind of teaching I used to do. I don’t wonder that Mr. Gardner praises Clara. I believe that lesson was better than his sermons.

Over in the other corner sat a woman. I know her by sight. She isn't a church member, or a Christian, either, I think, but her little girl goes to the infant-class, and the mother was waiting for her. And I saw that woman put her handkerchief up to her eyes. At first she did it as if she didn't want to be seen, but afterward she did it again and again, till, by the time Clara finished, that woman sat with her face hidden, and I could see her trembling.

I went out of the room to give in my report. I did not intend to come back, but after Sunday-school I found that I had left my library-card in the infant-class room. I ran back to get the card, and there sat Clara and the woman. The scholars were all gone, and I only snatched up my card and ran out. But I knew what Clara was doing. The woman was crying still, and Clara was reading her a verse from the Bible: "For God so loved the world."

No, I don't think any more that Clara teaches just to show off.

Clara asked Mr. Gardner to go and see the woman. She lives away out at the factory. Her husband is one of the hands there.

Clara must spend a good deal of time over her scholars, I think. She was going home from the

grocery yesterday, and I caught up with her, and she began to tell me something about the homes of some of the members of the infant-class.

“You don’t know what *dreadful* places some of those babies live in!” she said.

I *didn’t* know. I ought to have known; but I don’t think Clara meant that. Still, I remember to my shame that I never used to know where half my scholars lived. I never visited them. But she has hunted up a good many that I am sure live in poorer homes than any of mine did.

“How can we expect them to be good in such homes?” she went on. “And so many of the families are poor, even if they are decent. The other day I met a little girl on the street who smiled as if she knew me. I presume she did.

“‘I’m going over to the kindergarten,’ said the child.

“‘Do you go to school there?’ I asked.

“‘O, no,’ answered the little girl; ‘but my sister does, and I’m going over there to get the hat.’

“‘How came your hat over there, you do not go the kindergarten?’ I asked.

“‘Well, you see,’ said the child, becoming very confidential, ‘me and my sister haven’t got but

one hat between us, and one day she wears it, and the next I do ; and to-day sister wore it, but mother wants me to go on an errand, and so I've come over for the hat.' "

And then Clara told me of a family she had found. The two little girls come to Clara's infant-class, but they are always poorly dressed, wearing thin clothing and broken shoes whenever Clara does not help them to better things. The mother is a drunkard. She is hardly out of jail a day at a time, Clara says, for if she is let out Monday she drinks and is back in jail by Tuesday night. And the father is a rough man.

Clara and Mrs. Lacy met the "worst boy" of the class the other day on the street, and proposed to him that they should make a call on his family. He was to guide them to the place, for neither Clara nor Mrs. Lacy knew where the family live.

So he marched along with them for a few minutes, but they looked the other way at something, and during that second he fled. When they looked around he was gone, and if it had not been for his little brother who was "tagging" him, they could not have made that call.

But the little brother's short legs could not run so fast as the older ones, and, besides, the

little fellow wore a checked apron, and Clara kept her eye on that as the boy ran.

She and Mrs. Lacy hurried after, panting, and a little provoked.

“ I *will* make that call now,” said Mrs. Lacy, between her gasps for breath.

Suddenly, at a corner of the street, the checked apron disappeared, and nothing could be seen of it for a minute, when Mrs. Lacy spied the two little fellows peeping out at them from a hiding-place, anxious to see if they were going to turn off at the right corner.

On seeing the ladies both boys started again, and ran on to an engine-house, where Clara and Mrs. Lacy found them in a few minutes.

“ Is this where you live? ” asked Mrs. Lacy, making no mention of the chase she had endured.

“ No, ” blurted out the “ worst boy ; ” “ it’s where my dogs live. ”

“ Where are your dogs? ” asked Mrs. Lacy, thinking she would make friends with the promising youth by showing an interest in his pets.

“ In there, ” said the older boy, pointing into the depths of the engine-house.

“ Well, ” said Mrs. Lacy, “ I’d like to see them, and I do not want to go in there. Wont you go and get the dogs? ”

Obliging scholar: "No, I wont."

Clara said that she and Mrs. Lacy stood still after that answer. They didn't know what to say.

Then Clara drew a long breath and started afresh.

"Well, where do you live?" she asked.

"Across the street," was the answer.

"Which of the gates shall we open?" asked Mrs. Lacy, preparing to go over to the houses opposite.

No answer.

"Well, then," said Clara, with persevering firmness, "you watch and see that we go in at the right one."

So over the two would-be visitors went.

When they were half-way across the street the older boy called out: "Go in at the big white one."

Accordingly, pleased at having any directions given them, the ladies went to the gate mentioned, tried it, and, behold, it was locked!

They looked back. Both of the boys were laughing at the success of their joke.

Clara said that she laughed too, for she was so tired with the race that the boys had given them that she could not help it.

But just then the father of the two amiable youths appeared from somewhere in the depths of the engine-house, and came running across the street, and, opening a gate, called his wife to see the visitors.

The account that the mother gave of her son could not have been very consoling to Clara and Mrs. Lacy, I should think. The mother said that she cannot manage that boy, although he is so young. He will go with the worst boys of the streets, and though she knows his reputation in school, yet she can do nothing with him.

Clara said she said to Mrs. Lacy, as they left the house together: "I feel perfectly discouraged. I don't believe that we can do any thing with him, either."

"No, I don't believe we can," answered Mrs. Lacy.

Clara was surprised, for Mrs. Lacy hardly ever becomes so discouraged as to make a remark like that.

But Mrs. Lacy repeated her words.

"I don't believe *we* can," she said, "but I am sure that God can. We do not work without him."

Clara and I walked on a little farther, and then she made more revelations.

“It is just as a policeman down there said to Mrs. Lacy,” said Clara. “He was on the street, and I guess he had seen Mrs. Lacy down there before, for he bowed, and then she asked him about some people, and he told her, and then he said: ‘I’m glad you folks are doing something for these poor people, ma’am. They need it; but I tell you what it is, you don’t begin deep enough down. People have got to shut up these saloons down here before they can do much good with their sewing-schools and Sabbath-schools and kindergartens.’

“Well, Mrs. Lacy told him that she wished she could shut up all the saloons, but as she couldn’t she was going to do her best for the people, anyway. But it is dreadful, Nellie. The kindergarten teacher herself told me that some of her brightest children, after school hours, go directly to the saloons where their fathers are selling liquor.

“The kindergarten teacher has a dreadful time. Children who are not taught to obey at home will not obey at school, you know. Two or three of the older boys—though they’re pretty young, for of course large boys wouldn’t go to a kindergarten—try, sometimes, to make the younger ones do mischief, and it isn’t allowable to whip

in the kindergarten, so the teacher, Miss Stokes, has to invent punishments suited to occasions.

“ I was in the kindergarten one day visiting when she had to lift an obstinate boy bodily into the back yard, and bolt the door after him. And then there came such a series of knocks and poundings on that door! The noise was terrific.

“ Well, I sat there wondering how I could help, and at last I screwed up my courage and asked permission, and went out into that back yard. And there the poor wicked little fellow sat howling. I spoke to him, but he kept up his performance, and paid no attention to any thing I said.

“ At last I bethought myself of Mrs. Lacy's expedient, and I said: ‘ See here, haven't you any dogs? ’

“ He stopped crying at once, and answered very shortly: ‘ Yes.’

“ ‘ How many have you? ’ I asked, for I was encouraged by even a word of reply.

“ ‘ Two,’ he snapped.

“ ‘ Where are they? ’ said I.

“ ‘ Home,’ he growled, and then our interesting conversation was cut short by his rushing to the fence and trying to climb it.

“I talked to him though, and he couldn't climb over the fence, so at last he quieted down, and I led him into the school-room in triumph.

“But of course he stayed good only a little while. I went into the school-room again in the afternoon, and asked for the boy.

“Miss Stokes pointed to a nail, and said: ‘There are his shoes hanging up.’

“‘Is that all there is left of him?’ I asked.

“‘No,’ she said; ‘he made such a noise scraping his shoes on the floor that I had to take them off, but he is around on the other side of the screen.’

“I peeped behind the partition, and there he was, studying away as if he were going to be a model boy henceforward.

“Miss Stokes does a great deal of visiting among those people. She finds so many who need help. She comes over from the city every day, and she said to me: ‘I don't know what business the people on the ferry-boats can think I am engaged in, for I bring over queer bundles every day. Sometimes it is old clothes to be made over for the children; sometimes plants for the school-room. To-morrow it will be jelly for a poor consumptive, the father of two of the children in my school.’

“Some of the children cannot speak a word of English when they first come to the kindergarten, but they pick the language up readily, and Miss Stokes says that they often turn out to be the brightest scholars of all. And sometimes she makes as many as sixty calls in one month, in order to find out about the children and understand their needs so that she may help them better.”

Clara's face was glowing with her talk and her enthusiasm over that mission work. I do really believe that she wishes she could do such work as Miss Stokes does. I guess that Clara is one of the kind who “go out into the highways and hedges” to urge people in.

She says that she has begun to work in a sort of sewing-school in the foreign part of this city, and she goes there every Saturday. She says there are Spanish, German, French, Irish, Italian, and Portuguese children in the school.

She has a class. The children sew “over-'n'-over” patchwork for four weeks after they first come into the school. After the four Saturdays of patchwork the children who sew well enough may choose whatever garments they want, and a ticket having on it a Bible verse is given to each child. That verse must be learned and

recited the next Saturday before receiving the garment.

“One five-year-old worked all last Saturday afternoon, hemming with wonderful stitches a square of cotton cloth,” said Clara; “and when it was done she said to me: ‘I’m going to take this hang’chif home and give it to my papa to-night. He’ll be awful glad!’”

“Isn’t it dreadful work teaching them?” I asked.

“Sometimes,” said Clara, laughing. “Such confusion as I have to endure sometimes! They all talk together, and I can’t keep them still. It sounds like this: ‘Say, teacher, that girl’s making faces at me.’ ‘Say, teacher, that girl behind keeps punching into me.’ ‘Say, teacher, make that girl keep the window-curtain down, the sun shines into my eyes, and I can’t sew.’ ‘Say, teacher, baste mine first.’ And half a dozen more cry: ‘Thread my needle.’”

“And just in the midst of it all,” went on Clara, “some little girl who has been standing up in her chair trying to oversee the sewing of all of the rest of the school and do her own at the same time tips over her chair, and down she goes and gets a hard bump on her head. Of course, she cries ‘out loud,’ and I have to

take her out and comfort her as hastily as possible, for who knows what mischief the rest of my class may be in before I come back?

“And once, O, once, Nellie, a goat walked into school! I think some mischievous boy outside sent the creature in. And the goat just marched up the aisle, never minding the confusion that his appearance made on either side, till my seat was reached, away up in front. I didn't know what else to do—all my class were squealing—so I caught that goat by the horns and tried to turn him around and head him toward the front door.

“But, no; he wouldn't budge. He planted his four feet firmly, and absolutely refused to go back the way he came. So I induced him to go forward. No doubt he thought I was going to let him explore the interior of the building, but I guided him to the back door and poked him out, and he danced down the steps on his hind feet, looking as though he knew that he had broken up the quiet of the school for some time, anyway.”

“Don't you get discouraged?” I asked, as Clara stopped for breath.

“Well, yes, some days,” said Clara. “But they are so ignorant that I want to help them.

They look at me every time, and once in awhile one of them says: 'Is that your best dress?'

"And, O, the smell of onions from my class is positively awful sometimes! I think some days that the mothers of those children must have conspired to give them dinners of onions before sending them to school. I told Mrs. Lacy that the onions troubled me a good deal, and she answered that Darwin somewhere says something about 'those whose stomachs soar above all prejudices,' and she advised me to aim at being one of such people.

"There is a boys' class in the school, and they learn to make their own shirts, and some of the boys' sewing is as good as the girl's. And sometimes some little fellow who does not belong to the school peeps in at the door and asks if we will let him come in and sew on some button, or mend some tear in his coat that has not been cared for by his mother, who, perhaps, is some overworked woman in some untidy place not far away.

"But it is so sad to listen to the talk of the children. One little girl, May, who is so small that she ought not to have heard of the wickedness of the world, gave me a vivid account of the way her father came home once when he

was drunk and killed her mother. 'She was lying on the bed sick, and papa took up a big knife, and stuck it right into her heart, and killed her,' the little girl said.

"The child was a baby then, and knew nothing about it, of course; but the grandmother had told little May all the particulars, and the child told the story as if it were one with which she was so familiar that she had no feeling about it.

"One of the girls last Saturday, after the usual talk on the Bible lesson, said to me: 'What is a Bible, anyway? Is it like a prayer-book?'"

Clara was at her own gate by this time, and I left her there. But I thought as I came home that she is doing a great deal more good in the world than I am.

September 14.—I do think that we have one of the silliest girls in our room that I ever saw. She almost always misses in her lessons, but that isn't what I mean. I'm not going to write her name down here, but I think she is so silly that I just fairly despise her ways. She keeps a copy of Tennyson in her desk, and she is always looking over at Ed Lowell. He studies like a good fellow, and doesn't mind her, but I should think Estelle would have more sense.

There! I didn't mean to write her name, even if this is only my journal. But it's too silly to see that girl go on. She'll sit and gaze at that boy by the hour, and try to flirt with him at recess. And the other day he snubbed her—not a rude snub, but a gentlemanly one—and she cried.

I never saw such silliness. Ed is good in his studies, and I don't believe that he would think any thing of any girl who wasn't good in hers. Besides, as I heard Miss Towne say once to some of the senior class: "It is a great pity for any school-girl to throw away her only chance of education by spending her time thinking of young gentlemen instead of lessons. There will be time enough for the former when school-days are over."

Ma says that she is glad that Miss Towne is so sensible.

September 15.—Professor Hazelton has charge of our class on Friday afternoons. Miss Towne used to have us Fridays when we were juniors. She used to let us have a pretty easy time. Sometimes, then, she would read to us or tell us something interesting. But Professor Hazelton wants *us* to do the interesting part, now we are

middlers. He gets up something new for each Friday, and it seems to me that it is usually something pretty hard.

We had to have a debate the other Friday afternoon. Professor Hazelton said we must, and he gave us the subject. It was: "Resolved, That the execution of Charles I. was unjust."

I was put on the affirmative side. I was glad of that, for I should not have known what to say if I had been on the negative. I hardly knew what to say as it was. *Was* it right to kill a king like Charles? I am sure I do not know. I don't know any better now than I did before I heard the matter argued about so much.

But I had to read a number of histories—that is, parts of a number—to find something to say. Ma helped me a good deal. She read for me and thought out arguments. I don't believe I could have got along at all if it hadn't been for her, and I don't see how in the world she ever got time to help me, either, with all the house-work and every thing she has to do.

But at last, after much mental anguish, my argument was ready, and I was prepared to plead for poor old King Charles. I'm glad I'm not a distinguished person, so I sha'n't be such a bother

to any school-girl hundreds of years after I'm dead.

I suppose, may be, it was a good thing for me to have to work so over my speech. I know I shall never forget completely about King Charles I. again. But still it was quite a tax to have to do so much extra work, hunting through histories, on top of all the rest of my studies.

And I had to stand up beside a sort of little pulpit that the boys fixed, and read my argument. I didn't like it much.

Then, another Friday, Professor Hazelton said we must have a class paper. So we all had to write articles for that. Ma helped me fix up a lot of conundrums for it, and, besides, I wrote a short article on "Bread," that being the only eatable I know how to cook.

And another Friday we had to have recitations, and I learned a good part of "Thanatopsis" and recited it.

Professor Hazelton criticised us that day in a series of notes that he took when we were speaking. He didn't mention names, but he said that the selection from "Thanatopsis" was "a fine thought," but it would have been better if the poem had been delivered "in a more subdued manner."

Well, I felt "subdued" enough inside while I was reciting, I am sure, but it does make me quake to have to get up and recite in the face and eyes of so many folks. I just hate Fridays, anyway. I don't see why Professor Hazelton has to make them so horrid. Honestly, I dread every Friday as much as if I were going to have a hard, thumping toothache on such days. I'd prefer having the toothache sometimes, I think, to enduring Professor Hazelton's inventions.

And what *do* you suppose Professor Hazelton wants me to do next time? Complain about something. He said that we sometimes get into ruts and go along and never notice things that might be improved if some one would call our attention to them by complaining. So I am to be "complainer" for the class next time! I have not the slightest idea what I shall say.

If I should say what I think I should remark: "Professor Hazelton, I wish to complain of *you*. I complain very bitterly of the long written examinations that you give us. I handed you in to-day a twelve-page foolscap paper written in answer to the questions you wrote on the board this morning. I think that examinations that are so long are only tests of endurance in writing, not of amount of knowledge."

But such a speech as that would never do. I don't think that Professor Hazelton would like it very well to have me "complainer" of him.

Nina says she wishes that I would complain of the manner in which Will Dennett has decorated great Cæsar's picture. Professor Hazelton would be shocked if he could see it. The noble general who formerly stood at the beginning of Will's book is now loose, and Will decorated his (the general's) hair with blue arrows, and the margin of the picture with red tomahawks, till Cæsar looked like the chief of a tribe of Indians on the war-path. Then Will passed the picture around in the Latin class. I guess that the "portrait" made some of the scholars miss when it came turn to recite. Nina declares that that picture has destroyed all the ideal Cæsar that she had in her mind, and she demands that vengeance be taken on Will by my revealing his artistic work in my "complaint" to Professor Hazelton.

But such suggestions have not helped me very much. I asked Inez what I should complain about, and she thought awhile, and then she said: "Why couldn't you complain of the amount of slang that the scholars use? Professor Hazelton would like such a complaint as that, I am

sure. I know he is shocked at some of the expressions he hears sometimes from this class."

I laughed.

"It doesn't take very much to shock him, anyway," I said. "He is so prim. I wonder if he was ever a real boy."

"O, I guess so," said Inez, smiling; "but I don't blame any one for objecting to slang. I've been expecting he would give this class a lecture some Friday on that very thing."

"*You* wont have to appropriate much of the lecture if he does," I said.

And then I remembered what Hattie Brown did, and I told Inez about it. It was this. The other day Hattie and I were the ones expected to put the figures for geometry on the blackboard. Miss Towne always comes in to hear our geometry just after the noon recess, and she always, the day before, appoints two girls or boys to prepare the figures for the lesson of the day, and for past lessons as far back as they think she will review us. Sometimes, when the ones who are to draw the figures don't know a certain proposition very well, they will purposely omit drawing the figure that belongs to that proposition, in hopes that Miss Towne wont remember when there is no figure to remind her. Estelle

was the one who invented that brilliant plan. But it doesn't work very well now. It did at first. But I think Miss Towne sees through that plan. Anyway, the other day, when the figure for an extra hard proposition had been left off the board, Miss Towne suddenly pounced down on the boy who was drawer for the day and said to him: "You may go to the board, draw the figure for that proposition, and demonstrate it."

And when the boy had forgotten how the figure for the proposition looked, and tried to peep into his geometry to see, Miss Towne saw him, and I am afraid that he did not get many credits for that lesson. What a lot of things must happen to vex Miss Towne! I wonder that she doesn't hate the whole of us sometimes.

But I was going to write down what I remembered to tell Inez. It was Hattie's and my turn to draw the figures, as I said. And so we rushed to the board when recess was almost over. We had both been studying, and had both forgotten the job of drawing till it was almost too late.

Hattie flew for rubbers and rulers and chalk and a string, while I stood by the board, saying

over to myself for the last time in a whisper that beautiful twenty-third proposition :

“ In a right-angled triangle, if a perpendicular is drawn from the vertex of the right-angle to the hypotenuse,

1. The triangles on each side of the perpendicular are similar to the given triangle, and to each other.

2. Either side about the right-angle is a mean proportional between the hypotenuse and the adjacent segment.

3. The perpendicular is a mean—”

“ Nellie Merritt,” exclaimed Hattie, rushing back out of breath with her arms full, “ if you don’t stop standing there and moving your lips like an idiot we shall never get things done.”

And Hattie began to rub the blackboard clean, while I finished to myself my cut-off sentence—“ proportional between the segments of the hypotenuse.”

“ Why,” said Hattie, energetically, as the chalk-dust flew and she slammed down the rubber and took up her chalk, “ Miss Towne would give us fits if we didn’t have the figures ready.”

“ Yes,” said I, absently, as I turned over the pages of my geometry, looking up the figures I was to draw.

Professor Hazelton was sitting at his desk. We had neither of us noticed him, but now he turned around with a gravely inquisitive air.

“What kind of fits does Miss Towne give you?” he asked.

And poor Hattie stared at him for a second before she comprehended that she had been talking slang. And then she blushed and laughed, and didn't exactly know how to apologize for herself.

“O,” she said, “I only meant that Miss Towne would not like it at all if the figures were not ready in time for the lesson.”

“Ah!” said Professor Hazelton, politely; and he went off with a half sort of smile on his face.

But Hattie was so wrathful that she shook her fist at his back almost before he was out of sight.

Yes, I am very certain that Professor Hazelton would like to have me “complain” of slang when the Friday comes around, but the trouble, as I told Inez, is that, after saying any thing against it, I should have to be very careful myself and not use any, unless I wanted to hear some remarks from the scholars. Besides, I am afraid that if I said any thing Professor Hazel-

ton would remark: "I am glad that Nellie has brought up this subject. It is one that I have thought of for some time, and I have intended to speak about it to the class." And then go on and give a regular lecture. It would make all the scholars angry with me.

Ma thinks that all slang expressions are dreadful, and I do try to keep from saying them, because I do not like them myself. But I hear them so much that sometimes they hop out of my mouth before I think.

Why, it was only the other day that I jumped and whispered "Heavens!" to myself, when my books tumbled on the floor during school-hours.

And then, as a result of the good training that I've had all my life, came rushing into my mind that verse: "Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne."

And that other verse: "And he that shall swear by heaven, sweareth by the throne of God, and by him that sitteth thereon."

And when I thought of these words of Christ I felt condemned, even if I had spoken the word in a whisper only.

But I seem possessed to want to use some such expression. Estelle says "Holy Moses!"

and "Gracious goodness!" and "Good gracious!" And Will Dennett is always saying "Je-hosh-a-phat!" and "Botheration!" and "Thunder!" and "Confound it!" And, of course, there are so many other expressions that the scholars use that I don't think a bit right for a church member and a Christian to use. At least, I know that Christ would not use them if he were talking.

I like Inez for one thing. She does not use a word of slang, or any expression verging on it.

But if my grandma could sit down at one of these desks during noon recess, and listen to the conversation that usually goes on here, I should not be much surprised to see her rise and preach a sermon from the text: "Let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

I guess that sometimes the source of evil from which an expression comes is so far back that we do not know of it. Why, grandma says that she has read that even the expression, "Dear me!" is supposed to be a corruption of some old words (Italian, I guess they are) meaning, "My God!"

When I hear grandma talking about such expressions sometimes I feel as if I should never dare to speak again for fear I should say some-

thing I ought not to. I do not wonder that James wrote: "Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? Let him show out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom."

Neither do I wonder that King David prayed this prayer: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

Perhaps it is because I try to "keep the door of my lips" myself that I do not succeed better.

September 30.—We have had a vacation this week, and the other day I did a curious thing. It was the Jewish Day of Atonement, and I thought that I would like to go into the synagogue and see what kind of services Hadassah attends. I don't think she goes to the synagogue very often, but last week she was absent from school two days, and when she came back we were sitting alone at noon, and I asked her if she had been sick.

"No," said Hadassah; "it is our New Year, you know."

"Is it?" I asked.

"Yes," said she; "it is the beginning of the month Tizri. I suppose you know about that? You have read in Leviticus, haven't you, about

the 'feast of trumpets?' I suppose you read that part of the Bible, don't you?"

"Why, of course, sometimes," I answered.

"But I read it in the Hebrew," said Hadassah, a little proudly.

I was rather appalled. To read Hebrew! I am afraid that Hadassah is smarter than I am.

"What do you do on Jewish New Year?" I asked.

"Have services in the synagogue," answered Hadassah. "Haven't you ever been there?"

I shook my head.

"O, then I suppose that things would all seem very strange to you," said Hadassah. "We call the first day Rosh Hashána, or 'Day of Remembrance,' because the old rabbis used to say that on that day every year God judged all men, and they passed before him as a flock of sheep pass before a shepherd. And every thing is very sad that day and the next. You do not know Hebrew, so all that you would hear in the synagogue would sound to you like wailing, and you might see women crying. The thing that generally pleases visitors most is the blowing of the shōphar."

"What is that?" I asked, as I picked up my napkin.

“The ram’s-horn,” answered Hadassah, shaking the crumbs out of her lap. “It makes us remember the time when the trumpet used to be blown to call the children of Israel together. Now a man stands on one side of the reading-desk, with his back to us, of course, and he spreads out his tallith, or blue-bordered kind of white shawl that Jewish men wear, and covers his head with it. Then he blows the shōphar several times,” in answer to what the rabbi says.

“How does it sound?” I asked.

“Like a horn,” said Hadassah. “Like one of those little horns that you hear around the streets Christmas-time. I remember reading once that during the time when the Jews were under the power of the Romans, a governor who was ignorant of Hebrew customs was made suspicious by hearing the sound of the trumpet at the beginning of Tizri. He thought that it was the signal for a general revolt of the Jews. But he was quieted by an arrangement of Simon, the son of Gamaliel, who ordered that the trumpet should not sound at the beginning, but about the middle of the prayers, so as to show that it was only a part of the service. I’ve no doubt that the governor felt quite relieved after that.”

I looked at Hadassah as she placidly divided

an apple. I was wondering how she would have felt if she had lived back in those ages she talked about, or in those days I have read of under Henry III. of England, when Jews were even forbidden to give Christian names to their children. And then I wondered what she would have done if she had lived in Judea in the days of Christ. Would she have believed in him? It seemed to me that perhaps Martha or Mary, or some one of those women who were early at the sepulcher, might have looked not so very differently from Hadassah.

She glanced up when I had thought as far as this.

"I'll tell you what, Nellie," said she, as we both rose to put away our lunch-baskets, "it is vacation next week. Supposing you should go with me to the synagogue once? Go next Wednesday. That is Yom Kippur, the 'Day of Atonement.' When you come into the synagogue look at the right hand and you'll see me; then come and sit with me."

And I went home in a perfect twitter of excitement that night. The Day of Atonement! Why, it seemed just like living in old Bible times!

"Will they offer sacrifices?" I said to myself.

And I got my Bible, Sunday, and read all that it says about the Day of Atonement among the Israelites. About Aaron, where it says: "Once in the year shall he make atonement." And further on in Numbers, where it tells about the sacrifice of lambs "as a burnt-offering unto the Lord."

"Do you suppose they will offer sacrifices Wednesday?" I asked mother.

"Why, no," she said.

"They ought to, if they're going to keep up the real thing," I said, looking back at my Bible with a feeling of disappointment.

"It isn't the real thing," said mother, and grandmother repeated that verse out of Romans, "'We also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement.'"

And they were right. There were no sacrifices offered.

Wednesday morning at eight o'clock I went up the flight of stairs that led to the audience-room of the synagogue. The services had already begun. I slipped in. The seats were pretty well filled, for Hadassah says that if a Jew neglects all the Sabbaths and other days of the year he dare not stay away from the synagogue on Yom

Kippur. Her father does, though, because he says that he does not believe in any thing. But if a Jew has a bit of reverence left for his religion he goes on Yom Kippur. I suppose that is the reason why Hadassah goes then.

Well, I was scared after I had stepped inside of the door, for the place seemed to be full of men, and they were all standing up with black stove-pipe hats on their heads, and wearing those white, dark-bordered shawls that Hadassah called talliths. The men were all chanting Hebrew.

But at last, just as a fat old Jew turned around to see if I were never going to sit down, I remembered to look at the right-hand side of the room, and there were some women, and I saw Hadassah beckoning to me. I was very glad to go and sit with her.

After I became less uncomfortable and excited I could look around and see what was about me. Up in front was a pulpit with a reading-desk in front of it. There were white curtains behind the pulpit, and I saw these drawn aside, and some doors shoved away, and two rolls of the Scriptures brought out. Hadassah told me that the place with doors is called the ark, and devout Jews are expected to bow toward

it on entering the synagogue and to say something. But most Jews do not trouble themselves to do that. I watched, and I did not see anybody who did it, except one old woman.

Hadassah was reading Hebrew, and so were the others. In a few minutes Hadassah found a book that was printed partly in English and partly in Hebrew, and she handed it to me.

I read over the service for the Day of Atonement, but I did not see any sacrifices being made. Hadassah said that the most strict Jews had not eaten any thing since the night before.

“Have you?” I asked.

“Yes,” she said; “where is the use of being so particular? But I don’t believe that the rabbi has, and see how pale that woman looks.”

When it was about noon, and I had become very tired, one of the men in white at the reading-desk said that the “Service for the Dead” would begin. I didn’t know at all what he meant, but I found out pretty soon.

They shut the doors so that folks would not keep passing in and out and disturbing the congregation, but people kept doing it, anyway, and so it made confusion fastening and unfastening the doors.

And then the rabbi—he was one of the men

in white, Hadassah told me—went to the front of the pulpit, and faced us, and lifted up his eyes, and in English prayed to the dead that they would be present and see that they were remembered by the congregation.

I never heard such a prayer as that before, and I was utterly shocked. But I looked at Hadassah, and she was crying. A good many of the people cried in the service that followed.

And the rabbi said prayers then for the dead! I was astonished, for I never knew before that the Jews believed in foolish things like that. The rabbi read a good many prayers in English, or else said them out of his head, I couldn't tell which. Slips of paper were handed him. I suppose they contained the names of those he was to pray for. I don't know. Anyway, he said a prayer over each one. The form of the prayer was much the same, so I can partly remember it. One was like this. It was a prayer that a young widow wanted to have said for her husband:

“In this solemn hour, I remember thee, my beloved husband, and the love and kindness with which thou didst surround me while thou wast alive. After a short year of married life, thou didst leave me with a child to bring up in the honor and fear of God. O, may the all-

merciful Father look with favor upon the soul of —, and receive it into bliss.”

After this charity was promised. That seemed to be an indispensable part of the prayers. I don't know whether the people thought that their prayers would be answered if they did not give charity or not.

The people around me cried, and the men wiped their eyes, and the rabbi wailed out the prayers in a melancholy voice. On and on, prayer after prayer, he wailed so mournfully, and Hadassah cried, and at last I cried myself. I don't know what I was crying about, but I just couldn't seem to help it. Hadassah told me afterward that she was crying about her mother.

I don't believe I can ever feel the same toward Hadassah again. I mean about being jealous of her. Why, I wouldn't change places with her for any thing. It must be dreadful to have such ideas of religion as Hadassah has.

Twice, anyway, I saw the rabbi almost fall flat on the floor. One man near me went down on his knees in the aisle and bowed till his forehead almost touched the floor.

“What do they do that for?” I whispered to Hadassah.

“In memory of the way the priests are said to

have bowed in the temple in old times," she answered.

At last I became so tired that about two o'clock I asked Hadassah if folks would think it was dreadful if I went out. I didn't think that they would, for they had been passing out and in all the time.

"No, of course they wont," she said. "I believe I'll go, too. I'm so tired of this wooden bench." And so we both went out.

"What is the rabbi doing now?" I asked, as we came out into the open air. It seemed like coming out from thousands of years ago, too, if you'll believe it. I was quite startled for the minute to step into the street and see the business going on as usual. I don't know what else I expected, though.

"The rabbi?" said Hadassah. "He is praying in Hebrew for those who have died by fire and water and sword."

We walked a block in silence.

"Do I look as if I had been crying?" she asked, suddenly.

"Not very much," I answered.

And then she told me about her mother. I didn't know what made Hadassah tell me. She doesn't generally talk of such things.

She said that her mother died three years ago, and only her father and herself are left of her family. But her mother was not a Jewess. I don't think she was any thing, religiously, I mean. She was an American, but she married a Jew.

"I'm sorry," I said. I didn't know what else to say.

"Are you?" asked Hadassah, looking at me curiously. "What for?"

"Because you haven't any mother," I answered. "I don't know what I should do without mine."

Hadassah looked off at the hills. Her lips trembled.

"And I'm sorry for you for another thing, too," I said, in a minute.

I hardly dared say it to Hadassah, but I wanted to.

"What other thing?" asked she.

"Because—because you do not believe that our Saviour cares for you and is sorry for you," I said. "He truly does love you, Hadassah, and he is the 'atonement.' He died for us."

It was the first time that I had ever said as much as that to any of my schoolmates, the first time I had asked any of them to come to Christ. I felt frightened after I had done it.

But Hadassah did not say any thing. Only when we came to the corner she said, "Good-bye," and I ran for my train, caught it, and came home.

"But I am going to tell Miss Towne about Hadassah. I mean about my visit to the synagogue. Miss Towne knows about Hadassah, of course. Miss Towne can help her if any body can. I don't know what to say to such a person.

I told the folks at home about Yom Kippur, all I could remember of it, and grandma wiped her eyes, and said, "Poor things!" and then she made me get her the Bible and sit down and read her the eleventh chapter of Romans, the one that comes just before my twelfth. I never read the eleventh with much interest before. In fact, I never have liked Romans very well, but may be I'll learn to like it. Grandma says it's one of the most interesting books in the Bible to her. Well, that chapter is all about the Jews, and how Paul felt over them, and how some day they shall turn to God again. I don't wonder that Paul felt badly, if the Jews did such things in his time as they do now.

But I could hardly go to sleep that night, and when I did it was to hear again the wailings

of the synagogue, and see once more the red light of the "perpetual lamp" dimly glowing above the rabbi's head.

I have been so nervous ever since that I can hardly bear to hear a door squeak, and the sound of singing makes me want to cry. I didn't know the wailing of a congregation could have such an effect on one's nerves.

Hadassah said that some of the Jews think that if they only go to the synagogue on the Day of Atonement, and fast all day, and pray, they will be saved, no matter how they act the rest of the year. She does not believe that, she says, but the rabbi says if Jews do enough good works, those will save their souls. And I asked her if she tried to save her soul that way, but she would not answer me; she only laughed and said: "Do you think I am good?"

How can the Jews think such things, when the Bible says: "There is none that doeth good, no, not one!"

I should think that they would know in their hearts that no one is good enough to go to heaven.

October 5.—I did tell Miss Towne about it. But I think she knew before. I believe that

woman knows about all the scholars in this school. Whether they are Christians or not, I mean. I don't see how she finds out, and I never saw a public school teacher before who brought religion into every-day talk so much. She doesn't offend any one by it, either, as far as I can see, and I don't mean that she makes religion offensively prominent, either. She just seems to say such things naturally, as if she were talking about every-day affairs.

I said some such thing to her once, and she said: "Don't you think that religion ought to be an every-day thing, Nellie? Isn't that what it is meant for?"

"Well, I suppose so, but most folks don't do it, anyway.

Miss Towne says that Hadassah is going home with her Christmas, to stay for the two weeks' vacation.

"I want to show her what a Christian Christmas is like," Miss Towne said, smiling. "Do not tell the other girls about it, Nellie, please. I don't want them to say any thing that might prejudice Hadassah. But I tell you because I thought you would like to know. We could not invite her last year, although I had planned to do so. But we were all so sad then over my

brother's death that I was afraid that Hadassah would have a bad impression of Christmas. Now, however, although we do not forget, yet I hope we can at least show her the pleasantness of Christmas."

I should think that Christmas must be very pleasant indeed in Miss Towne's family. I shouldn't object being invited there for Christmas myself, though of course we always have good times at home. I saw old Mr. and Mrs. Towne once. They came to visit this school. They are a very pleasant looking couple.

January 29.—Number Two as usual. Hadassah is Number One, of course.

February 28.—Hadassah and I stand in the same relation to each other as far as the report cards go.

I think that Inez is one of the queerest girls I ever saw. I said to her yesterday, when we were walking arm in arm up and down the hall studying out loud: "Isn't your Greek very hard, Inez? I notice that you are the only one in the Greek class that seems to recite decently. I should think the teacher would be completely discouraged."

"It is hard," said Inez. "I thought at first

that I should never get those verbs, but I prayed about them, and since then I have found them easier to understand."

"You prayed about them?" I said, in surprise. "Do you pray about your lessons?"

"Why, of course I do," said Inez, looking surprised in her turn. "Don't you?"

"Why, no," I said. "I never thought of such a thing."

"I don't see why not," answered Inez; "there is a verse in the Bible that I think means that. I suppose it means other things, too, but I always take it that way because I think it applies to me so. It is that verse, you know, 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.'"

"Well, I never thought of that meaning lessons," I said. "I never thought, someway, that God cared much for those."

Inez walked a little way, and then she said: "Well, may be my father has taught me differently about such things from the way that most people are taught. I know that he always says that God is interested in the least thing that interests us. It doesn't take away from his greatness at all to care for little things."

And then Inez told me what she did when she was a little girl about seven years old. One day she was very hungry for an apple. There were no apples in the house or on the trees in the yard, and Inez did not know how to get any.

“So I went out into the garden,” said Inez, “and said a little prayer by myself. I don’t remember just what it was, but it was something like this: ‘O God, I want an apple. Please, when my papa comes home to dinner, make him bring some apples, for Jesus’s sake. Amen.’”

“Father was up town on an errand, but he was coming home to dinner. There was a great wall, or levee, that ran all around our home. The levee was made of earth and boards, for it was meant to keep out the floods that used to come sometimes in the place where we lived. That levee shut out the view of the street a good deal, so that I did not see father coming to dinner till he was walking down the steps that led from the levee. But the minute I did see him I noticed that he had a paper bag in his left hand. I was certain I knew what was in it, and when it was opened, surely enough, there were some apples.

“I told father afterward about that prayer of

mine, and he said he had no doubt that God put it into his heart to go around by the fruit-shop and get some apples. And he told me that he hoped that I would always tell God about every thing I might want, even if he did not always answer by sending me the things I asked for, because sometimes the things might not be good for me, and then God would not send them. So, you see, I asked him to help me about the Greek."

"What would you have done if your apple prayer had not been answered?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Inez. "I think that God saw that was the first real prayer that I had ever made up by myself, and so he answered it, and that encouraged me to pray again. I think I should have been very much surprised if those apples had not come, though. I was sure they would."

Inez went on studying then, and I did too, but I kept wondering if hers isn't the right way to study. I don't know why I never thought of it before.

March 4.—"You do not look as if you expected to have a very good time," said grandma to me, as she tied my sash.

It was just before our church social. That came on Friday night this time, so I could go to it without worrying about any lessons for next day.

I was standing before the glass looking at myself when grandma said that. I had my new blue dress on, but I do not think myself I looked very cheerful.

"Well, I don't expect to have a good time," said I. "There isn't much of any body to talk to, and I just sit still and look stupid, and feel so, too. I don't think people are very social."

"That is the way a good many folks talk," said grandma, giving a finishing pull to the sash. "Sit down in a corner and then complain that people don't talk to them. Why don't they stir around themselves? Now, Nellie, where's the use of your education if it doesn't teach you how to talk? Besides, it's selfish in you. I've noticed how you sit down at the socials and expect people to come and amuse you. Why don't you help interest other people? They have just as much right to look to you for entertainment as you have to look to them."

Well, I thought that was a funny way for grandma to talk.

And then I didn't think any thing more about

what she said until I was sitting in a seat at the social and not knowing what to do with myself.

“How stupid it all is!” I said to myself; and then as I caught sight of grandma in the distance enjoying herself, talking to old Mrs. Batkin, who has one eye and stutters, I remembered grandma’s words to me.

“How good she is to always interest herself in people,” I said to myself. “I’ve no doubt old Mrs. Batkin is regaling her for the fourteenth time with the story of how that other eye was put out. I wonder if I can’t find some individual in this crowd to sacrifice myself to.”

I looked all through the congregation, and I did not see a mortal that I cared to talk to. But that would never do. Mrs. Batkin was having a fine social. Where was my Mrs. Batkin or Mrs. Something? Here and there I could see some folks in my fix, waiting for some one to come and amuse them.

I had never noticed before that there were such people. I thought I was the only one. But I looked at one corner, and there were a man and his wife that live several miles away, and do not know many of our church. Those two looked lonely, but I did not dare to go and speak to them.

I looked around and saw others, but at last I spied an old colored woman sitting by herself and looking as if no one had spoken to her. I've seen her at church sometimes, but I don't know her name. I thought I should dare to talk to her, so I jumped up and slipped over there.

It was awkward work getting to talking at first, for she was too humble, and kept saying, "Yes, miss," to every thing. But at last we started on the right track, and I really had a delightful talk with her. I know I had a better time than grandma had with Mrs. Batkin. I was astonished. I learned a good deal, too. She told me about her life in Mississippi, and about the cotton-fields there. Now, I never saw a cotton-field in my life, but that woman described one till I felt as if I could see how it all looked. She said it is a beautiful sight to see a cotton-field all in bloom, and sometimes she used to like the picking well enough. It was not very hard work when she felt like it. And she described cotton-seed to me. Why, I learned a good deal from her, and she became quite interested talking about old times, and after awhile she began to talk to me about her daughter.

"I allus think of her when I see you young

girls kitin' round so bright an' pretty," said she. " 'Course my girl was black, but then she was just as pretty as 'most any you see. An' she used to be well, but I dunno what the why was, but she took to coughin' an' coughin', till at last she just lay down an' died. It didn't 'pear as though I could give her up noway, an' after she died I used to lie nights in the old cabin an' cry, an' when I went a-cotton-pickin' the other black folks used to look at me, an' I'd hear them say down low: ' Mammy 'Lizy'll die 'fore long, shore. She's just pinin' away over poor Jinny.'

"But it wasn't that, chile, it wasn't that so much as 'twas I couldn't forgive the Lord no-way. Seems 's though Satan got right up to my ear, an' says he: ' Now, Mammy 'Lizy, just see how 'tis. You thought you were a Christian, an' you tried to serve the Lord faithful, an' now just see how he treats you. Takes away the only chile you've got, an' leaves you, poor ole woman, to work in the cotton-field alone.'

"An' I didn't have no sperit left to tell Satan to shut up; but I just kept on a-mournin' an' thinkin' that I ought to have my girl, an' the Lord oughtn't to take her away.

"Well, I went on so for a long time, an' then one day our minister came over to see us. Brud-

der 'Pollos, we always called him, an' he was a mighty good man. He worked in the cotton-field 'long with the rest of us, but off times he'd preach. 'Peared as though he allus give me a histe toward heaven. But this time I was feeling so disgustable I just didn't 'spect no help.

"But Brudder 'Pollos knew how to help 'most any body. He never got the hang of this world very well, but 'pears as though he knew all about the other, and he says: 'Sister, I'se come to read to yeh.' For Brudder 'Pollos could read some. Young massa taught him.

"And, O, chile, what a blessed good thing readin' is! In course, you can read," and the old soul looked at me in admiration.

"Yes," I said, feeling as if I had never appreciated the fact.

She nodded.

"It's powerful nice to know how to read the Bible," said she. "I can read a bit now. I took in washin' to pay a lady to teach me. May be if I could have had a Bible an' read it when Jinny died Satan wouldn't have got so near me. But he just ran off when Brudder 'Pollos sat down an' read to me 'bout heaven where Jinny'd gone, an' 'bout the glory of God lightin' it, an' there not bein' no sick folks

there, nor no cryin' an' pain. I just set an' listened. It was new to me. I knew some of it before, but 'twan't like havin' it read to me out of God's own book.

"An' after awhile Brudder 'Pollos stopped readin', an' he looked at me, an' he said: 'Now, Sister 'Lizy, I reckon you hate the Lord for takin' Jinny where she'll never have to lie 'wake nights coughin', nor work hard pickin' cotton, don't you?'

"An' I was a-cryin', but I said: 'No, Brudder 'Pollos, 'deed I don't no more. Jinny loved the Lord, an' I know she's with him.'

"Nor Satan never got such a hold of me since. No, miss. My Jinny's been happy all these years, an' I'll see her again some day, I know."

She nodded her black head and wiped her eyes with a red handkerchief.

And then, to my surprise, it was supper-time, and I hadn't had a bit of a stupid time at that social.

I guess grandma's way of making socials interesting is a pretty good one, and I don't think Aunt 'Lizy was very lonely at the social, either, not nearly so much so as she would have been if I hadn't gone to her. Anyway, grandma told me afterward that she didn't think that I had

been as selfish as usual. And a sort of reversible compliment like that from my grandmother is something to think about.

March 24.—Miss Towne went to see the service in the synagogue last Saturday. She told me about it. She said that it was the *bar-mitzva* day of a little Jewish boy.

“What does *bar-mitzva* mean?” I asked.

“‘Son of the commandment,’” answered Miss Towne. “It is the rite of confirmation among the Hebrews. The little boy had become thirteen years old. That is the age at which a Jewish boy can take the rite.”

“What did the boy do?” I asked. “Or did they do something to him?”

“During a part of the service he stood at the reading-desk with his back to the congregation,” said Miss Towne, “and chanted a long Hebrew selection. The rabbi said afterward that it was quite a difficult one. I do not think that any of my scholars would thank me if I should stand up in public and say such things of them as the rabbi said to his congregation about that little boy who was sitting in a chair facing us. It seems that the rabbi teaches boys in the evenings, and prepares them for the *bar-mitzva*, and

he says that a boy seldom becomes ready for that rite without having felt the rod of his teacher, and the boy before us was no exception to the rule."

"Did the boy like such a speech?" I asked.

"I couldn't see that it embarrassed him in the least," said Miss Towne, smiling. "Probably he thought that it was some honor to have the rabbi stand up and make a speech about him, no matter if the allusions were not always complimentary. The rabbi said, too: 'The boy has not taken easily to his books. Night after night I have taught him, because I knew that his family are poor, hard-working people. If they had been rich I might not have been able to spend so much time on him. But the boy has plodded away at his books like a man.'"

"Then the rabbi did deign to praise him a little?" I said.

"Yes," said Miss Towne, "the rabbi said that it was proper to make such remarks as he did, that it was right that every thing should be publicly mentioned, in order that the boy might mend his faults. And the pale-faced little fellow sat still and meekly listened as if he believed that what the rabbi said about his pupil's stupid brain were true.

“Then the boy went up into the pulpit and recited a prayer in English. He began it with a peculiar kind of drawl, perhaps intended to imitate the sound of Hebrew chanting. He gave us an English address, and then asked the congregation to rise while he should offer what he termed his ‘childish prayer.’ In that he prayed especially for his father and mother that they might have long life and obedient children; and he spoke of the sacrifices that his parents had made for him.

“The rabbi said that the boy had now attained his religious majority. Few boys ever forgot their *bar-mitzva* day, and the little book in which the boy’s address to the congregation is sometimes written is kept in the family as a kind of heirloom. The rabbi charged the boy to be good, honest, and to keep the Sabbath.”

Miss Towne said, too, that last Saturday is called the “Great Sabbath,” or the “Sabbath Hagadol,” because it is the last one, the Jews say, that they had before they came out of the land of Egypt. And the portion of Scripture for the day, the “Haftarah,” as they call it, is Malachi, third and fourth chapters. Only Miss Towne says that in the book that they handed her in the synagogue it said Malachi iii, because

the third and fourth chapters of that book are put together into one of twenty-four verses instead of two of eighteen and six verses, as it is in our Bible.

March 30.—Hadassah is Number One and I am Number Two. I don't think there is much use in my writing that sentence many more times in this book. It's becoming a settled thing. But I won't have it so next year. I am glad I haven't tried to stand head this term. I feel a great deal stronger than I did last year at this time, and I believe it's all owing to my not worrying quite so much over the lessons. I wish next year were here. I'm in a hurry to be a senior.

April 2.—"What are those things?" I said to Inez.

She had spilled a number of square printed pieces of paper on the floor and was picking them up. Inez and I know each other well enough so that we can ask each other questions, and I wanted to know what the things were.

"Tracts," said Inez, handing me two. One was the hymn, "Just As I Am," and the other was part of the third chapter of John.

"What do you do with them?" I asked, handing her back the leaflets.

“Distribute them,” said Inez. “I can do it on the train coming to school, you know, and going home again at night.”

“But you don’t mean—you don’t go up to people and hand them tracts, do you?” I asked, astonished beyond measure, for Inez is always quite particular to be ladylike, and the vision of her standing giving tracts to strangers was rather startling to me.

“O, no,” said Inez; “I mean that I leave one in my seat, so that the next one who sits there will find the tract and read it. And if I’m early at a station, and there isn’t any one to observe my actions, I leave two or three tracts around on the seats, or I pin one in a window-ledge where the fluttering will attract attention.”

“Do you ever see people reading the tracts?” I asked.

“O, yes, often,” said Inez, putting the little bundle into her satchel. “People that I couldn’t have spoken to, old men and women, and sometimes men that looked as if they might be tramps. The tracts in the stations get read most, I think. People are glad to have something to read while they wait for the train.”

“Well, do you suppose that the tracts do any good, really?” I said.

“I hope so,” said Inez, soberly. “It’s extending the invitation, anyway, and you know that’s what we are to do. ‘Go ye therefore into the highways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage.’ ”

“But did you ever hear of any body accepting an invitation given that way?” I persisted.

“Yes, I did once,” said Inez. “An old lady who was going into the country called on us to say ‘good-bye,’ and we gave her a package of tracts and asked her to distribute them. She said she would. She was gone several months, and when she came back she told us of a young man who had been converted by one of those tracts. She said that she left the little hotel where she was staying and went out one day, and as she passed down the street of the country town she threw one of the tracts down on the sidewalk.

“A young man who was visiting the town saw the tract fall, and after she had walked on he came to the place and picked the paper up. He carried it with him to his room, he read it, and through reading he became a Christian. And afterward he hunted up the woman who had thrown down the tract, and he told her of the good her act had done him. And she told him all the previous history of the tracts.”

Inez stopped.

“What previous history do you mean?” I asked.

“Nothing,” said Inez; “only my sister died two years ago, you know, and she had belonged to the church only a few years, and she did not feel as if she had done much good in the world, and so before she died she asked us if we would take a little money that she had and always use the interest of it in giving to missionary purposes and in buying tracts for distribution. And so we do, and we hope she is doing good in the world still, although she is dead.”

Inez did not say any more just then. She was too near crying. But after awhile she came to my desk and said: “May be you would like to distribute some, too, Nellie? If you would I will bring you a package. I think there is nothing in them but what you had just as lief distribute. Father always takes pains to pick out only such tracts as tell people in the plainest style possible the way to become Christians.”

So I let Inez bring me a package, for I couldn't get out of doing so very well. She brought them, and I was going to give them to Clara Wilson to leave on the boat going to the city, but grandma saw them and had me tell her all

about them, and she insists on distributing them herself. She says she knows just where they will do the most good.

I never thought much before about distributing tracts. I always had a kind of idea that no one but a fanatic would do such a thing. But Inez isn't a fanatic. She's a good, earnest Christian girl, and I do believe that she's trying to "extend the invitation," as she calls it, just as far and as fast as she can.

It's "sowing beside all waters," grandma says, and she thinks that Inez must feel repaid by hearing of even one person being turned to Christ by the tracts. Grandma says that she is sorry that she didn't think of it when she brought up her family; she would have taught every one of them to distribute tracts. And she is always going to keep tracts in this house hereafter, and we must help her distribute them. She says that Clara Wilson can buy her own tracts, and she's going to tell her about it. I know Clara will do it in a minute, if she hasn't done it already, for that girl picks up every good idea she can find and puts it into practice. So may be Inez's story will make more than one person "go and do likewise." Inez says that five cents will buy forty-eight one-page tracts.

April 3.—Hadassah told me some queer things to-day. Last Sunday was Easter, and it reminded me of the passover, so I asked her if that is over this year. She said: "Yes, that was last week; the Jews have begun to count on till Pentecost."

And then she told me of the customs of the Jews during these days. She says that the strict Jews put off all marriages until after Pentecost; and she doesn't know that any of the Jews around here are so superstitious, but she says that there are Jews, uneducated people mostly, who look on these fifty days with superstitious dread, and are always in a hurry for them to be over, because it is thought that during them one is particularly liable to sudden death or to the effects of malaria, and evil spirits have greater influence over children. She says some such Jews will not ride or drive or go on the water during the fifty days, and they will not whistle in the evening for fear it should bring bad luck.

I told her I thought it was all nonsense, and she said she thought so, too.

May 14.—Clara Wilson went over last week to the Fruit and Flower Mission in the city. The works of that girl are manifold. And yet I don't think that she is self-righteous over them. Of

course, no one has a right to be self-righteous, but I notice that some people are. In fact, I have had such a feeling myself sometimes, unlikely as it might appear to any one who knows how I live.

But I did wonder that Clara should spend so much time over her garden this spring. That is, I wondered until one morning I took a look out of my window at half past five A. M. I don't usually gaze much at the world as early as that, but I did that morning, and whom should I see but that girl Clara tugging a basket down the street.

I accused her of it the next time I met her, for I was curious to know what she could possibly be doing so early.

She informed me that she always gets up early Thursday morning, and carries a basket of flowers down to the express-office to be taken on the six o'clock train to the city. There the flowers go to the rooms of the Fruit and Flower Mission.

So, after that, I didn't wonder over Clara's spending so much time in her garden.

Well, as I said, last week she went over herself to see the mission, and a girl there, Miss Perrin by name, took Clara with her, and went to the French Hospital, where Miss Perrin was going to

distribute flowers. And Miss Perrin told Clara a story that shows how much those sick folks think of the posies.

“You see,” said Miss Perrin to Clara, “the girls chose me to visit the French Hospital because I can talk French a little. I have to talk it a good deal before I leave the hospital on Thursdays, though. That is, I have to say over a great many times the few words that I do know.

“But once, when I had just begun to go to the hospital, I did a dreadful thing. I hurt an old man’s feelings so that he cried.

“He was a man who used to keep a little peanut-stand over on Castro Street, but he became so old and sick at last that he could not support himself, so he came to this hospital.

“Well, they told me afterward that that day—that Thursday—he was sitting on the steps back of the hospital with his eyes shut, talking to himself about heaven. He had been reading about it in his French Bible.

“‘It must be a beautiful land,’ he said to himself; ‘a land such as France was when I was young. And the people are never old in heaven and they have no more pain. Ah, how much I should like to go there!’

“And then the old man stood up and tottered

down the steps to take a short walk around the garden. At the end of the walk he sat down on a seat under a grape-vine, and, feeling tired, he went to sleep and did not wake till the gong sounded for dinner.

“You see, he had forgotten that it was Thursday. He thought that it was Wednesday. But it was Flower Mission Day, and I was in the hospital going from one room to another, giving the flowers to the old men about the fire-place, and filling the bottles that stood on the tables of the patients who were lying too sick to help themselves. The poor people are always so glad to think that there are some folks left yet in the world who care enough for them to search them out and give them even such trifles as flowers. I have to listen to ever so many things before I leave, and that day I saw so many persons that I quite forgot to miss the wrinkled face and cracked voice of that poor old man who was asleep on the seat in the garden. And so I went off and never once thought of him or left him a single flower.

“So, when he hobbled in at noon, he found all the other sick people rejoicing over their flowers, and arranging them in green glass bottles that took the place of vases.

“‘See, see my beautiful roses!’ cried Pierre, a lame boy, in one corner of the room.

“‘Ah, my sweet violets!’ cried another, from his sick bed.

“And the poor old man stood in dismay. He was very weak and childish, and he felt as hurt as a baby would at a slight.

“‘Has the good child, then, been here?’ he asked, his poor old voice breaking with disappointment. ‘Alas, alas! I have no flowers.’

“And the poor old man actually sank down in a chair and burst out crying.

“Of course, all the other patients were very sympathetic, and offered to give him some of their flowers, but the old man could not be comforted.

“‘Ah,’ he sighed, ‘I must have done something to make the good child angry. She will never give me any flowers again.’

“And all the next week that old man mourned over his flowers. He was so childish that the loss seemed a tremendous one to him.

“Well, you have no idea how dreadfully sorry I felt the next Thursday when I came to that hospital and heard how I had made that patient old soul feel. I came in as usual with my basket of flowers and big bundle of French papers, and

I was surrounded instantly by a crowd of interested patients, who began to explain to me that I had omitted the old man in my last week's distribution.

"The people were so excited and jabbered so, all of them talking together, that it was as much as I could do to understand any thing.

"But when I did I looked around for the neglected old man, and there he was in a corner, fairly trembling and ready to cry for fear I should deny him again the wished-for flowers.

"You don't know how I felt when I understood! Why, I just hated myself for the minute. To think that I should have skipped that old soul!

"Well, I went straight to him, and tried to explain matters in my very best French, which wasn't any too good, but I guess he got a glimpse of my meaning, anyway, for the frightened look went out of his eyes, and when I gave him two of my biggest and prettiest bouquets his old face fairly beamed, and he made me the Frenchiest bow, and then hobbled off to borrow an extra bottle from some one, so that he could have his two bouquets on his own little table. And I guess he understood that the 'good child' was not angry with him after all; but I can assure you

that the 'good child' felt that she was an extremely bad one, and ever after took pains to fix the faces of the patients firmly in her memory."

Clara said that Miss Perrin said that the old man died about a month after this.

Clara has come back from her city visit all ablaze with zeal for the Fruit and Flower Mission, and any day I can see her digging in her garden. She has begged slips of plants from every one in town, I guess, and she has interested Mrs. Lacy in the project, so that that woman lets Clara come over and strip the garden of the choicest blossoms every Wednesday evening.

Clara has her eye on Miss Brundage. She's an old maid who lives a little way out of town. She's lame and wrinkled and wears false hair in curls. She is the queerest, crossdest old maid I ever heard of. One of the girls who worked there told us that Miss Brundage scolds all the time.

But Miss Brundage—"Sary Ann," most folks call her, "Snap-Your-Head-Off," as the boys name her—has a great many apple-trees. The boys bother her in the summer coming to get those apples. For Miss Brundage doesn't care to sell them. She is very well off and doesn't need

the money, and she always seems to act as if it were a great insult to have any one offer to buy even a basketful. And so those beautiful red and yellow ripe apples drop on the ground under the trees, and all that fruit rots there.

I should think that "Sary Ann" would feel as if she were wicked about it, but she doesn't seem to. The trees were all planted by her father, and she holds them sacred for his sake, I suppose. But she might do a little good with the apples, I should think, even if she doesn't want to sell them.

But no good ever comes of those apples, except that Miss Brundage eats a few, and makes her hired man, Sam, gather some of them for vinegar.

I should think that the boys would steal them. I have wanted an apple many a time myself when I have walked past there and seen the beauties loading down some of the trees till the branches almost broke.

That girl who lived there told me that in the summer there is a perpetual fight going on between Sary and the boys. She rushes out with her broom uplifted, screaming: "Here, get out, you thieves! Get out!" And the boys skip over the fence and make fun of her, and the

minute she's back in the house they're at the apple-trees again.

Well, Clara actually is going to see Sary Ann when apples are ripe. Clara says that she is bound that the Fruit and Flower Mission is going to have ever so many of Miss Brundage's apples to give to sick and poor people that never have fruit. I tell Clara her appeal to Sary Ann will be a failure, but Clara seems very hopeful. I would as soon think of going to see a bear in her den as Sary Ann in her castle.

Clara has even captured some of the boys of her Sabbath-school class and made them go out on the hills gathering wild-flowers with her. I told her that I didn't believe that city folks would care any thing about wild-flowers, but my premature wisdom received its rebuke the next week when Clara showed me a most abjectly thankful postal-card from the mission rooms, telling her that the wild-flowers were just the things most wanted; that sick folks cried over them because they were such flowers as they used to pick when children. And the mission folks did hope that Clara would send them some more. Hereafter I shall not give Clara any of my valuable advice. I think she can get along without it. She knows more than I about some

things, even if she never has seen the interior of the high-school.

Seems to me she finds ever so many ways to do good, but I do hope she doesn't have the putting together of flowers for the sick folks' bouquets. I'd suggest to her that she send loose flowers, if I were in the city-folks' places, because Clara doesn't know how to put the flowers together. She'd be likely to set a yellow nasturtium in the midst of a bunch of red fish geraniums, and pronounce the effect perfect.

However, she doesn't wear such mixtures of colors herself as she used to a year ago. I think that Mrs. Lacy is quietly trying to reform Clara's tastes in such a way as not to hurt her feelings. Clara doesn't wear more than three separate colors at a time, as a usual thing, now, and that is a great improvement. I fancy that Mrs. Lacy must have had to go to work very carefully though, and how she did it I don't understand, but she must have done something, for there's no one else to tell Clara, and she never would have thought of it herself. But she thinks now that every thing that Mrs. Lacy does or says is just perfect. Even her criticising seems to have attractions for Clara. I never used to take Mrs. Lacy's criticisms very well, but the other day

Clara said to me: "Mrs. Lacy has just been giving me some hints about teaching my class. I am so glad to have her suggestions. I think that I am particularly fortunate in having Mrs. Lacy to tell me just how to do things. If I could learn to be as good a teacher as she is I should be very glad."

"You will be," I said, and she went off perfectly happy.

It takes a very little to make some people happy.

May 22.—I picked a great bouquet of flowers last night and carried them over to Clara Wilson. Sometimes I do that Wednesday nights, so that she can put the flowers in with hers for the mission Thursday morning.

Clara met me at the door with the scissors in her hand. She was just going out to pick her own flowers.

"O, Nellie," she said, as she saw me, "I'm so glad you brought so many white ones. A girl died to-day in a hospital in the city, and I was going to get all the white flowers I could. Yours are lovely."

"Who was the girl?" I asked, as I gave my flowers to Clara.

“A poor lame thing who has been in the hospital about a week,” said Clara, sitting down on the steps with me. “I believe the nurse said that the girl’s name was Callie Jenkins.”

“Why, I used to know her!” I said, astonished. “She used to go to the high-school.”

“I don’t believe this can be the same one,” said Clara; “for this girl seemed to be very—well, I don’t know as you could call it stupid exactly, but queer. She was tall and red-headed and had a wooden foot.”

“That’s the very one!” I said.

And then Clara told me about her. It wasn’t the old horse that died that vacation. It was the girl’s mother instead. She had worn herself out trying to support Callie and herself by doing washing and ironing, or cleaning house for people. She said she wanted Callie to have as good a chance as any body, so she sent her to school.

“I couldn’t never learn nothing,” Callie said to Clara one day. “The books was too hard, and I couldn’t make nothing out of them; but I had an algebry that was full of crosses, and maw used to tell me about Him that died on the cross. Wont you tell me over again?”

Clara said that after her mother’s death Callie

had gone to the city to live with her aunt. But the aunt was very poor, too, and when Callie had the fall that made her sick the aunt was unable to take care of her and had to send her to a hospital.

“Whatever the girl knew or didn’t know,” said Clara, busily separating the white flowers from the rest of my bouquet, “she understood about the Saviour and the cross. I think her mother must have taught her that from Callie’s earliest years. It seemed to be the only thing she did understand that last day or two, and when the nurse told her that she was going to die Callie looked at her a minute, and then said: ‘Then I can see Him that died on the cross, can’t I?’ And when the nurse told her ‘Yes,’ she seemed perfectly contented.”

If it had not been for the school I would have gone to the city with Clara this morning and seen Callie buried. But I knew I could not do any thing there if I went. Clara said that several of the Fruit and Flower Mission girls would be there, and the aunt would come, of course. I thought that I would not tell the girls at school any thing about it. They did not care about Callie, and probably would not feel much interested.

But I did tell Miss Towne. I knew she would want to know.

When I had told her all, she said: "If she missed the wisdom of this world she had the best wisdom, after all, hadn't she, Nellie? I am afraid that a good many girls who go through this high-school, and who make brilliant recitations, are more to be pitied than poor Callie, for they have not that 'wisdom that cometh down from above.' If I could only teach that to the girls, as well as the algebra and geometry!"

And then I went away and left Miss Towne, but I said to myself then: "Whenever I meet stupid, queer people, I'm going to try and help them all I can hereafter. I'm not going to skip them."

Now, Nellie Merritt, *don't* forget that good resolution as you have forgotten so many others.

May 24.—Just this last month of the term I have been Number One. It was this way. There was an examination of applicants for teachers' certificates. The examination was to be held in this building, and Hadassah wanted to see if she could pass. She is going to teach some day, and she wanted to see if she knows enough now to get a certificate of any kind. So

she left our room for the four or five days that the examinations lasted, and, of course, she lost all the credits for that time in our class, and I held my place, so at the end of the month I was Number One and she Two.

I don't think Hadassah cared much, though, she was so interested in other things. She did get a teacher's second-grade certificate, and she says she hopes she will know enough to get a first-grade one by the time she graduates from the high-school.

That remark shows that she means to stay next year and go through. Well, next year is the year that I've been saving my strength for.

May 30.—The graduates all did finely this year. The valedictorian was just loaded down with flowers. Don't I hope I'll be in her place next year.

Mr. Gardner came to the graduating exercises, and he said that in his opinion the graduates wore too costly dresses. That's just what I think. There were two or three in that graduating class who had to scrimp ever so much to get their dresses, and there was one girl who had stood pretty high in the class—I don't think any lower than Number Four or Five—and she

absolutely could not afford a costly graduation dress, and she had to wear something cheap, poor thing! I was sorry for her, and I sent her a bouquet of flowers after she had read her essay.

I think it was mean in the graduating class to insist on having so expensive dresses when they knew that some of the girls couldn't afford them. Of course, there are girls in that class whose fathers are rich and could afford to let them graduate in white silk if they wanted to. But I think it was foolish in those girls who ought not to have afforded it to run in debt, or go without other things, as I've no doubt they did. Boys always have an easier time than girls about such things. I presume that all those graduating boys did was just to put on their Sunday clothes and pin rosebuds on their coats, and they were ready.

Our class felt so indignant over the way the graduates had acted toward each other that we held a meeting at which we all voted that when we graduate a year hence, the girls sha'n't wear any thing but calico. Ma said afterward that we needn't have been quite so sweeping; we might have said white piqué, or something that would be a good deal cheaper than white silk.

But we girls were so disgusted that we didn't care much what we did vote for. We were bound to choose something that the poorest of us could buy. And there are calicoes that are just lovely in color and pattern.

SENIOR CLASS.

July 7.—Now for the struggle! No one knows how hard I am going to work this year!

August 8.—Our first month's reports for the senior year have just been handed to us. I am Number One. Hadassah was disappointed, but she will try harder this next month. So shall I!

September 9.—Hadassah is Number Two again. There is no need of saying who is Number One. Of course, I am!

October 9.—Number One again. Ninety-eight per cent.! Mother looks very tired all the time. There is so much housework, and I cannot help her at all. I don't even put my room to rights mornings, and sometimes it isn't done when I come home at night. Mother will say: "I haven't had time to do it to-day, Nellie!"

And then I hurry things around, mentally scolding at the time it takes. Of course, I don't want mother to do it, but every minute is precious to me. Hadassah has one more day in the week to study on than I do.

In fact, I didn't do any thing last Sunday. I felt too tired. I didn't go to church or Sunday-school, just lay on the lounge all day, too used up to half understand what I read in the religious papers. Ma gave me a dose of quinine, and grandma gave me a talking. From the reviving effect of one or the other of these two things I felt much better Monday morning. I lament the fact that I went to sleep in the midst of grandma's talk, and all I remember of it was a mild insinuation of hers that one method of breaking the Sabbath is to work so hard all the week that a person hasn't any energy left for Sunday. My grandma is a very plain-spoken individual. She especially shows that side of her nature to her grandchildren. Not that she scolds, but she *talks*.

O, yes; I do remember one more thing she did before I went to sleep. She read me Longfellow's "Sifting of Peter." I suppose she thought the second and third verses were particularly applicable to me:

"Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat, to sift us, and we all
Are tempted;
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

“No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
 Can enter;
No heart hath armor so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
 Its center.”

After my nap Bessie came home from Sunday-school and regaled me with an account of what Clara and her infant-class are going to do in the Sabbath-school concert next Sunday evening. The babies are going to sing and recite. I've no doubt it will be interesting.

Clara did make Miss Brundage give those apples. Clara is a wonderful child. She has become a model of bravery since she has been doing so much mission work.

Well, what she did was to march out to Sary Ann's residence one hot day. The trees were loaded with apples, and the ground was covered with them.

Clara went straight up through the orchard to the house.

“Weren't you scared?” I asked her when she told me about it.

“Well, yes,” answered Clara, truthfully; “but I knew that Miss Brundage couldn't do me any more harm at the worst than to hit me with her broom, and I thought I could stand that if she

didn't hit too hard. I didn't mean to let things go as far as that, though."

Clara went to the door and rapped.

No one answered, although Clara could hear a churn going.

So she rapped again, louder than before.

Pretty soon she heard a limping person coming. Poor Clara caught her breath. The door opened a crack, and Miss Brundage put her head out, the false curls in a snarl all over her head.

"Well?" she said, frowning at Clara.

"I came to see you about your apples," Clara said.

"You did, hey?" said Miss Brundage. "Well, I guess you may as well go home the way you came, if that's your errand. How many apples did you eat as you came through the orchard?"

"None," answered Clara, rather indignantly. "I don't steal."

"You don't, hey?" said Miss Brundage. "Mighty honest? Wouldn't steal a pin, and all that sort of thing? Well, you needn't think that you can buy, either. Lots of folks want to buy my apples, but I wont sell them. When my father planted those trees, says he to me, says he: 'Sary Ann, I'm planting these trees for

my children and my relations. They're the ones that are going to eat the apples.'

"Father was always a man of his word, and as long as we had any relatives we give them apples. And so I don't ever let any one but relatives have them. There's Squire Ellis, now. He's had a dozen boxes of my apples every year, because he looked at his old family Bible and he read in the records writ there that his great-grandfather married a Brundage once. So the squire rode out here and told me that he's a sort of relation of mine, and I give him all the apples he wants every year, and I never charge him nothing, because I know father wouldn't like charging relatives. And Squire Ellis sends me over a barrel of flour or something every Christmas, just reg'lar. He's a good relative."

Clara said she almost laughed over that speech, for she knew that, with Sary before his eyes, it must have cost Squire Ellis a great deal of humiliation to own that any of his ancestors ever married any one of any Brundage family, for Squire Ellis is an exceedingly refined, stately, gentlemanly person. But, alas! he relishes apples more than any other kind of fruit that he ever saw; he keeps apples in the house the year round, and no one in this district has such ap-

ples as Sary Ann, mellow and juicy and beautiful to look at. Hence the squire's humility in claiming relationship with Sary.

"Well," said Clara to that individual, with a brilliancy that I never gave the child credit for, "Miss Brundage, I came to see if you wouldn't give a great many apples to a number of your relatives who are sick and poor."

"My relations?" asked Sary Ann, poking her head farther out the door. "Where'd you find them, child? Come in and tell me about them."

And she opened the door, and Clara actually walked inside the house and sat down in a chair with three legs.

"Where did you find my relatives?" demanded Sary Ann, standing before Clara's chair and looking severely at her.

"In the city," said Clara, cheerfully.

"I am sure that I should have jumped up and run home at that point in the conversation, if I had been in Clara's place.

"Whereabouts in the city?" inquired Miss Brundage, with her eyes still fixed on Clara's face.

"In the hospitals and poor-house," said Clara.

"In the poor-house!" screamed Sary Ann.
"A Brundage in the poor-house! Let me just

find them and I'll bring them here to live, if they eat every apple on the place!"

"I didn't say they were Brundages," said Clara, calmly; "I said they are your relatives, but they don't have your name. They are your brothers and sisters, though, even if you don't know them. For we all are children of our Father who is in heaven. He made us all."

The eagerness faded entirely out of Sary Ann's face.

"Huh!" she said, with a sniff of contempt. "I've heard that sort of talk before. If that's all you've come to tell me you may as well go home, young woman. I thought you had found some real relatives of mine."

"They are your real relatives," answered Clara. "Sick brothers and sisters of yours, lying feverish and poor and needy, and you wont even send them an apple apiece."

Sary Ann looked steadily at her.

"Some of them never even tasted apples in their lives," Clara went on. "They are too poor. They have passed by fruit and looked at it and wanted to take some home, but they were never able to buy it. One little boy who was brought to the Children's Hospital with a broken leg had never tasted an apple in his life till a

Fruit and Flower girl brought him one. And that little boy is your brother and mine; there are a great many more just like him."

Sary Ann still looked at Clara, but said not a word.

"So I came," said Clara, bravely, "to ask you if you would let those poor relatives of yours have some apples, but I see that you are going to disown your relatives, after all."

"How do you know I am?" gruffly asked Sary Ann, as Clara rose from her chair and the three-legged article of furniture tumbled over.

"But I hope you don't expect me to call so many folks 'brothers and sisters' without seeing them, do you? Young woman, I don't know you. If you're telling me the truth, will you go over to the city with me and show me those 'brothers and sisters,' as you call them?"

"Yes, I will," said Clara, quickly.

She told me afterward that she said it quickly for fear she should not say it at all. She had never thought of having to escort Sary Ann to the Fruit and Flower Mission, and the idea was a very startling one, considering Sary Ann's appearance.

But Clara was not going to promise and then back out. She did go over to the city with Sary

Ann, and the passengers stared, and Sary recited the history of the Brundage family from beginning to end loudly enough so that every body on the train could hear. And one of Sary's false curls dropped off in some mysterious manner, and she beckoned to the conductor as he went through the train and requested him to find the missing ornament for her, and he laughed, and at last Clara found it under Sary Ann's feet.

But, in spite of every thing, Clara took her to mission rooms, and afterward to the hospitals, especially the children's one, and to the poor-house, and afterward home again.

And Miss Brundage said at last, when Clara left her at her orchard gate: "I don't like the looks of some of those 'brothers and sisters,' but I'm going to adopt them all. I'm going to have more relations than any woman ever had before."

So I suppose that Clara felt paid for her trouble.

And if Sary Ann didn't have her man Sam gather boxes and boxes of apples, the loveliest ones on the trees—none of those that had fallen on the ground—and pile the boxes on her old wagon Thursday, and she drove old Steve, the horse, down to the boat, and on board, and into the city, and risked her own neck driving through the teams to the Fruit and Flower girls at the

mission rooms. Sary commanded the girls not to give any person more than two apples, and not to give a sick person any unless the nurse said they might, for Sary was bound her apples shouldn't make any one sick.

Then Sary drove home. And every Thursday since then she has made the same trip. The girls at the mission rooms are acquainted with her now, and they talk to her and make a great deal of her, so almost all of Sary Ann's apples go to the city.

She has found a little boy over there that she says has the real Brundage nose. She says she is sure that if that little boy's family record could be found there would be a Brundage somewhere in the list of names. The fact is, I believe the woman justifies herself to her conscience for giving away the apples by trying to see the Brundage look in the faces of all the patients.

Grandma said, when she heard about it, that she thought it is a lesson to us to try to see the image of the Lord in every body, and to do them good for his sake. Grandma hopes that Sary Ann will be educated up to that point after awhile. Perhaps she will. I'm not sure but Clara will reform Sary Ann entirely yet.

November 3.—I did not know whether Hadasah would like it or not. We are studying Virgil's *Æneid* now, and to-day there was a part of his description of the lower world that reminded Professor Hazelton of something. He skipped off into the middle room and got the Bible that Principal Thorn uses when he reads mornings to the school.

Professor Hazelton explained to us that what Virgil said reminded him somewhat of a passage in Isaiah, and Professor Hazelton thought that some of the ancient Jews had somewhat Virgil's conception of the future life.

And then Professor Hazelton turned to the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah and read us those verses about the King of Babylon.

“Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut

down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!"

Professor Hazelton delivered us quite an address on the ignorance of people before Christ's time in regard to the future life. But I don't think Hadassah cared whether the beliefs of the old Jews and the pagans were similar or opposite. She looked perfectly indifferent.

But somehow, I have a habit of always looking at her whenever the Old Testament is mentioned. It is foolish in me, too. Just as though the Old Testament doesn't belong to me fully as much as it does to her!

November 7.—I do not see what ails me lately. Two or three times I have had such a queer feeling. Yesterday I knew every word of my literature lesson, literally every single word. I could recite it perfectly without the book, I know, for I did so when I woke up in the night.

Well, Principal Thorn called on me to recite in literature, and I stood up, and, do you believe it, that whole lesson just vanished from my mind! Just completely went out of it, and left nothing but a blank behind! I couldn't even remember what the lesson was about. It was

like tearing some pages out of a book and throwing them away.

Principal Thorn saw that something was wrong. He couldn't believe that I hadn't studied my lesson, for he knows I always do that, so after looking curiously at me, he asked me some simple question, and I blundered into an answer of some kind and sat down.

I have felt so two or three times lately. I hope that my memory is not going to desert me entirely.

Miss Towne came to me at recess to-day.

"Will you come into the library, Nellie?" she said. "I want to tell you something."

So I followed her in, and she shut the door.

"I wanted to speak to you about Hadassah," said she, turning to me. "Do pray for her, Nellie. She has been reading the New Testament ever since last year, when she went home with me, you remember, Christmas. And I am sure that she is convinced of the truth of Christianity. Her mind is convinced, I mean. You know it takes Hadassah a long time to grasp an idea fully."

"Why, Miss Towne!" I said, astonished. "I don't think so, at all. She seems to see through an idea more easily than any of the other girls."

“You mean lessons?” said Miss Towne, looking at me thoughtfully. “But those are not the ideas I mean, Nellie. I mean religious ideas. Don’t you think that there is such a thing as a quickened religious comprehension of spiritual ideas? I do, and I do not think that Hadassah has that yet. The veil that Paul tells us is upon the heart of Israel when the Old Testament is read is still upon Hadassah, I think; but you know that Paul tells us, furthermore, that when they shall turn to the Lord the veil shall be taken away. And I think that Hadassah is very near to that time. Pray for her, Nellie.”

And then the school-bell rang, and I hurried away.

Now I do not mean to say that I should not be glad to have Hadassah become a Christian, but if I had said to Miss Towne just what I felt it would have been this: “I wish you wouldn’t bother me about Hadassah. She’s the plague of my life!”

And I felt more than ever like saying it just as school closed. Principal Thorn had made out our reports, and he handed around the cards. I generally hold my breath during that operation. I’m all of a tremble till I see that final column on the card, entitled “Rank in Class.”

But, O! when that card was laid on my desk, and my eye fell on that column, what did I see but an awful figure **2** staring at me from under the reports of the previous months. Hadassah had beaten me!

I looked over at her. Principal Thorn was just handing her her card. I saw Hadassah take it, give one look, jump a little, and look so glad. That shows she is trying for that valedictory. I thought she was doing so before, but I wasn't sure of it. Now I know. She shall not beat me again, if I can help it.

I am afraid that I did not pray very heartily to-night for Hadassah. All I could think of when I prayed was that dreadful figure **2**. Last year when I went to the synagogue with Hadassah I thought that I should never, never be jealous of her again. But I am, and no command to "prefer in honor one another" seems to affect my feeling in the least. I saw a piece in the newspaper the other day in which it spoke of "those whose mind's vision is not limited by the walls of the class-room, for the busy world has become theirs, and in it they exercise those virtues that lead to noblest living." Well, may be sometimes I can afford to smile, too, at the strife that goes on within "the walls of the

class-room," and think I was foolish to care so much about being Number One, but I don't feel so now. It's a matter of vital importance to me.

December 28.—Well, I beat Hadassah by one half of one per cent. this time. I had ninety-eight and a half per cent. and she had ninety-eight. Pretty close, but it made me Number One and her Number Two. I don't believe I could have enjoyed this Christmas vacation at all if I hadn't regained my place at the head of the class before leaving school. My vacation isn't any too cheerful as it is, for I'm spending most of it in a dentist's chair, having my teeth punched and scraped, and hearing that abominable little machine that the dentist runs with his foot come buzzing into my mouth. Why weren't teeth made to last, the way the rest of the bones are? Grandma says that may be our teeth would last longer if we took better care of them. That's a hint to me to take my tooth-brush to school so that I can use it after lunch at noon. But that isn't convenient.

On the whole, I believe I'm thankful that none of my bones but my teeth give out. It would be dreadful to have to be always patching up bones.

January 29.—Hadassah made a mighty effort and climbed one per cent. above me. *She* is Number One. O, vexation!

I don't think that Miss Towne need be so very hopeful about Hadassah. I don't see any change in her, or any hope of any. She studies just as soberly as usual, and doesn't seem to think of any thing outside of lessons. And yet every day I can see Miss Towne look at Hadassah as eagerly as though expecting to find some great and wonderful change in her. Well, it's according to people's faith, I suppose—the answer, I mean—but I should think Miss Towne would get discouraged praying.

February 27.—Report cards have come again, and fortune smiles, and I am Number One. Two per cent. ahead of Hadassah! I'm astonished that she hasn't done better this last month. But I've noticed two or three times that she has seemed absent-minded in the class. She was reading Hebrew at her desk yesterday.

March 9.—My bother with my head came to a climax last Friday. At least, I hope it did, and that nothing worse is in store for me. I don't know when I have felt so mortified.

We had to give recitations—"speak pieces," as the girls used to say in the grades—and I thought, of course, that Principal Thorn would hear us the way he always does. But he was called away by something or other, I do not know what, and so Professor Hazelton took charge of us and of the middle class, too. The middlers were all elated, for they did not have to do anything but sit still and listen to the seniors, the folding-doors being opened between the two rooms.

Well, I always am bashful. May be I have written that before in this journal. But it's true, no matter how many times I write it, and my trouble with my head does not help it any. And, being bashful, the addition of fifty or more pair of eyes to my usual audience of seniors must have upset me, I suppose.

I had learned Whittier's "River Path" to recite. At least, I supposed that I had learned it. I did not have any book there, only a crumpled copy of the poem scribbled off with a pencil. And I handed that copy to Nina and marched forward when my name was called.

I began my recitation, and went bravely on for about a dozen lines; and then I stopped.

It became plain to my mind that I had under-

taken to learn too long a thing for me to recite facing those eyes. Why hadn't I kept that copy in my hand? Poor Nina was glaring at the paper, trying with all her might to make out my hieroglyphics. Fifty middlers and my whole senior class were looking at me in amazement. (Middlers chiefly amazed, for was not that creature standing by the desk the one who was usually at the head of the seniors, and the one who was generally expected to be valedictorian? What ailed her? Who ever saw her act so before?)

I didn't know what ailed myself, excepting I had an idea that I had suddenly become a fool. I turned to Professor Hazelton and said, "I cannot remember it."

He bowed politely, without a particle of reproof in his manner, and I went to my seat; and there I sat enduring agonies of mortification till the gong sounded and school was over.

How *could* I have done such a thing? Hadn't I studied those words over and over again every evening as I walked in the garden? Hadn't I said that poem over to myself without any words before me? And then to break down!

Inez flew to me the minute school was over.

"You poor child!" she cried, as she plumped

herself down in half my seat. "O, Nellie, I'm so sorry for you!"

And I think she was, really.

Nina came along with a doleful face.

"I ought to have prompted you," she said, in a distressed way, "but you came back in such a hurry I—"

"Never mind," I answered as cheerfully as I could. "It was not your fault. I ought to have had a decently written copy for you."

And Nina looked relieved. I don't know whether she expected that I would blame her or not. But of course it was not her fault at all.

A thought came to me. I looked up. Professor Hazelton's coat was just vanishing out the door and the hall was full of girls. But it wouldn't do to wait, and I left Inez staring while I rushed out into the hall after Professor Hazelton. I had to screw up my courage a good deal to do it, for I am dreadfully afraid of him, he is so tall and polite and stiff.

But I was desperate over losing so many credits and over disgracing myself in such a way, and so I jumped at him and astonished us both.

"Professor Hazelton," I gasped.

He stopped and waited for me to go on.

I was all in a shake, but I managed to get through with my speech.

“*Will* you hear me say that thing over again?” I said. “I know it, but I couldn’t say it some way, with them all looking.”

And I stopped. I couldn’t have said another word, anyway, and if ever a thief waiting for sentence felt worse—

Professor Hazelton looked at me, and I looked at his black eyes and pointed beard and white nose, and I did wish he would hurry and answer. And he did at last.

“I have no doubt you know it, Nellie,” he said, in his kindest, most gracious way; the way he doesn’t use very often. “I have not time to hear you recite again, but you shall not lose a single credit.”

And he smiled and bowed and was gone, while I was meditating falling down at his very-well-blackened boots out of sheer gratitude. Bless him! It was well he did go, for I was so overjoyed about those credits I don’t know what I should have done if he hadn’t. As it was, I held in till after we had started home in the buggy, and then I cried all the way.

But first, after Professor Hazelton left me, I went back to our Chorus Club, that was just

beginning to practice, the way we always do after school Monday and Friday nights.

But I don't know what Hadassah would say if she knew that I am to stand equal with her for that Friday afternoon's performance. For she recited Wordsworth's "Daffodils" (isn't it Wordsworth's?) perfectly, and I made a dunce of myself. Anyway, hereafter I will confine my selections to poems of three stanzas, if I am going to blunder so.

I am really glad that Professor Hazelton did not hear me say that poem over again, for I am afraid that I was too excited to remember it anyway. It was good in him to take my word for it. I did not tell any one what he said about my not losing any credits. I felt ashamed to have credits given to me that way, but then I really and truly had tried to study that thing. I believe I shall always hate that poem of Whittier's hereafter.

I told ma about my performance, of course, and she said that just as likely as not Professor Hazelton was in some such fix sometime himself when he was a boy, and that is what made him so good to me. But I cannot imagine Professor Hazelton feeling so like a fool as I did Friday.

March 14.—I was very early at school to-day. When I went in there was no one there but Miss Towne and Hadassah. I could see that they had both been crying.

I felt rather awkward, and I only stopped to put my books in my desk and was going straight out again when Miss Towne called me.

“Come here, Nellie,” she said.

So I went, of course. She drew me up to the seat where she and Hadassah were sitting together.

“I want to tell you,” she said, “that our prayers have been answered, Nellie. Hadassah thinks that she has found the Lord Jesus for her Saviour.”

Hadassah looked up at me.

“Have you been praying for me, too?” she asked, looking at me.

“I asked Nellie to pray for you months ago, Hadassah,” said Miss Towne. “I know she did so.”

And Hadassah, the proud Hadassah that I never before saw seem to care for any one, sprang up out of her seat, and put her arms around me and kissed me.

Miss Towne rose up and put me in her place.

“I must go,” she said, looking at her watch.

"Nellie, I want you to help Hadassah on. You have been a little longer in the way than she has."

"Did you ever see such a woman?" said Hadassah, as Miss Towne vanished out of the door. "She's a real Christian, isn't she? Of course, I suppose the rest mean to be real, but she has a way of showing it."

Well, the girls began to come in then, and I went to my desk.

"What were you two sitting together for?" whispered Nina le Page, as she leaned over from her desk. "I thought you hated each other. *You* looked so, Nellie, anyway, last time the report cards came around," and Nina laughed mischievously.

But I answered nothing. I felt as though I had deceived both Hadassah and Miss Towne. For I have *not* prayed for Hadassah in the way they both seem to think. I have prayed two or three little prayers, but I don't believe I cared so very much whether they were answered or not. I have been too busy thinking about the valedictory to think about souls. That's just what it all amounts to. O, Nellie Merritt, what do you suppose that Mr. Gardner would say to you if he knew all? There is one saying of Christ that I am

afraid would apply to me: "The cares of this world . . . choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful."

March 18.—I told Miss Towne the truth to-day. I was at her desk in the junior room. It amuses me to see how reverently the juniors look at me when I go in there. I wonder if I used to think that seniors were wonderful people.

Well, the last admiring junior had passed out, and Miss Towne had shown me about that example in trigonometry that I came to her about, and then she turned to me and said: "How joyful it is about Hadassah, isn't it, Nellie? I do really believe that she is a Christian. She isn't the kind of a girl to tell her feelings all out beforehand, the way some would, you know, but I have thought she was seeking the light for some time. She used to get her Hebrew Bible and sit down with a New Testament sometimes when she was at our house, and compare the two. And I am sure she is in the light now. I think we have great cause for thankfulness, Nellie."

"*You* have," I said, bluntly. "I don't think that I have had any part in it."

"Didn't you pray for her?" asked Miss Towne, looking surprised.

“I don’t know,” I answered. “I said some words, sometimes, but I am afraid I didn’t mean them much, Miss Towne.”

And then I astonished myself very much by breaking down crying.

“Why, my dear child!” said she, and she put one arm around me and waited till I stopped, which I did pretty soon, for I was a good deal ashamed of myself.

“I am afraid you are working too hard,” said Miss Towne, kindly, after I became quiet. “I didn’t know you had ‘nerves,’ Nellie.”

“I’m cross and out of sorts all the time,” I said, wiping my eyes, “and I try to be better, but I’m not, Miss Towne.”

I felt very much like crying again, but I wouldn’t.

“Poor child!” said Miss Towne again, and she reached over and drew a little book out of the row on her desk. It was a scrap-book of hers, containing clippings from newspapers.

“There is a little bit of a poem in here that expresses just what Christians feel once in awhile, I think, Nellie,” said Miss Towne, turning over the leaves till she came to the back part of the book. “I cut the poem out of a paper. George Herbert was the writer of it, so the paper

said, but I have not been able to find it in my copy of Herbert's poems. It may have been by him, however. Whether Herbert wrote it or not, it is good," and Miss Towne read it aloud to me. I copied it afterward, and here it is :

SAID I NOT SO?

"Said I not so, that I would sin no more?

Witness, my God, I did!

Yet I am run again upon the score,

My faults cannot be hid.

"What shall I do? Make vows and break them still?

'Twill be but labor lost;

My good cannot prevail against mine ill,

The business will be crost.

"O, say not so; thou canst not tell what strength

Thy God may give thee at the length;

Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,

Thy God will pardon all that's past.

Vow while thou canst; while thou canst vow thou mayest.

Perhaps perform it when thou thinkest least.

"Thy God hath not denied thee all,

Whilst he permits thee but to call.

Call to thy God for grace to keep

Thy vows; and if thou break them, weep.

"Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again;

Vows made with tears

Cannot be still in vain.

Then once again

I vow to mend my ways:

Lord, say Amen,

And thine be all the praise!"

“ I think,” said Miss Towne, after a pause, “ that we do not, any of us, have as much faith as we ought to have about praying. It seems to be one of the things that Christians are longest learning. When I was visiting one of my uncles once I saw a little cousin of mine. He was only seven years old ; a very obliging, sympathetic little fellow. His father was a doctor, and Willie was so sorry for the sick folks that he used to want to send them his playthings as tokens of his sympathy. There was one woman in the place who had been sick quite awhile, and Willie wanted to send her a gray cotton ‘ horsie ’ of his. So his father took it over there the next time he went to see the sick woman, and she was very glad to get the horse, for she had been feeling badly, and thought that no one cared if she was sick, and now she was sure that one little boy was sorry for her, anyway.

“ But that little boy’s faith was what reminded me of him just now. I used to think, when I heard him talk, that I had less than he. He had always been taught to tell every thing to God when he prayed, just as if he were talking to some dear friend on earth. And Willie always believed in his ‘ Papa in heaven,’ as he called him, as much as in his papa on earth.

“Well, his mother told me that some years before I went there Willie’s father brought a young man to board in the house. Willie and this young Mr. Raymond became great friends.

“One day Mr. Raymond started off for a long tramp over the hills. When he came back at night he brought with him a little red alder cane that he had found by the way on his walk. Willie liked the cane very much indeed. He thought he had never seen any thing so pretty, and he wished so much that he had one, too.

“Some time afterward Willie’s mother thought she heard him out in his playground. He had a piece of ground just at the side of the house where he played in the sand and built brick houses and thumped on an old boiler that he called his drum. His mother thought she heard him talking there, and she wondered who was with him, for there were no children living near by. So she stepped to the back door, and this is what she saw :

“Willie was kneeling down in the middle of his playground, and looking up at the sky, while he prayed this little prayer of his own :

“‘Dear Papa in heaven, please send me a little red cane. Please send me one just like Raymond’s, for Jesus’s sake. Amen.’

“Then he jumped up, and went to playing again just as happily as if he knew he would get what he asked for.

“When Willie’s father came home the mother told him what their little boy had prayed for, and the father said that he would go hunting on the hills, and try to find a young red alder-tree, and make Willie a cane like Raymond’s. So the father started out and tramped miles around on the hills, but no young alder-tree came in sight.

“At last he came home and went to see Mr. Raymond, who was now boarding at another place.

“The father told Mr. Raymond how much Willie had wanted a red cane, and offered to buy the one that had been found. But Mr. Raymond said that he did not want the cane, it was of no use to him, and Willie could have it as well as not.

“So Willie’s father took the cane and brought it home. By that time it was dark, and Willie had gone to bed, so his father put the red cane down in the middle of the playground where the little boy had prayed.

“Early next morning Willie ran out to his playground.

“There, to his great joy, lay the much-longed-for cane.

“ ‘I knew Papa in heaven would send it,’ said he. And he picked it up and ran in to show it to his mother.”

“But it seems to me,” I said, as Miss Towne had ended her story, “that it was Willie’s papa on earth instead of his ‘Papa in heaven’ who answered that prayer.”

“Do you think so?” said Miss Towne, smiling. “And yet it seems to me that the Father in heaven undoubtedly made the little boy’s mother go to the door in time to hear that prayer so that she might see that it was answered. And who made Mr. Raymond willing to give up that cane when no other like it could be found? I think the Father in heaven sent the answer, Nellie, and the little boy’s faith was not misplaced. I don’t think that any of us are apt to have too much faith. If we had more of it we should see more of our prayers answered. But we, in our thoughts at least, draw a line and say of our prayers: ‘I shall get answers to such and such ones, and these other things that I ask for I shall be surprised to have given me.’”

“And we pray for certain people, and all the time we say to ourselves: ‘They will never come to Christ. They are too far away from him.’”

“I tell you, Nellie, a good many of us ought

to learn to put into our prayers what Jeremiah did into his: 'Ah, Lord God! there is nothing too hard for thee.' "

March 24.—"What do you think!" said Della to me. "I saw Hadassah come into church yesterday with Miss Towne, and I heard that Hadassah is going to join the church. Do you believe it?"

"I should not be surprised," I said.

Hadassah had talked with me a good deal after that first morning.

"Do you know," said she to me one day when we were alone, "I do not believe I should ever have become a Christian if it hadn't been for Miss Towne. You have no idea how kind that woman has been to me, and how strange it seemed to me to go into a family like hers that Christmas and to hear Christ prayed to. I suppose you will think that I was real heathen, Nellie, but, really and truly, I never heard the Saviour prayed to before that morning when Miss Towne's father did it. And he prayed for me, Nellie. I felt queerest about that. I can remember just what the old man said. It was: 'And now, O blessed Christ, we pray thee for the new friend who has come among us. She is one

of thine ancient people, O Lord, one of the race from which thou, after the flesh, didst come. Lord, there were Jewish maidens who believed in thee and who owned thee as the Messiah when thou didst walk Judea's hills. Grant, we pray thee, to reveal thyself to this dear child.'

"I didn't see why Mr. Towne should care, and if he hadn't been so old and feeble I should have objected to his calling me 'this dear child.' But I couldn't feel angry with an old man like him.

"Well, Miss Towne never said any thing to me about that prayer, but when we all rose up from our knees she went out of the room suddenly, but not so quickly that I didn't see her eyes full of tears. So I wondered if Miss Towne cared, too, and I began to wish I hadn't accepted any invitation to Christmas, because I didn't want to be talked to about the Jews all the time.

"But not another word did I hear. The days went by, and Miss Towne and I shopped and helped trim the house for Christmas, and Mrs. Towne let me cook with her in the kitchen, and it was real fun! She and Miss Towne and I made fruit-cake and doughnuts and pies. And every morning and every night those Townes had

prayers, and every one in the house seemed to read the Bible every day. I wasn't going to be outdone, so I unpacked my Hebrew Bible—for I had all my belongings with me—that's the advantage of living in a trunk in a boarding-house, Nellie—and I kept that Bible conspicuously on the table in my half of the room. Miss Towne and I had the same room then, because I found out that there were so many relatives coming for Christmas that the rooms would be full. Miss Towne told me that I might as well have a separate room. She didn't mean to put any one in with me. But I told her I wouldn't have it. I was bound I'd be crowded if any body was. And so we roomed together. Miss Towne had one half the room and I the other. There was a worn seam in the carpet that divided it off just right. Miss Towne kept her Bible on her stand, and I guess I read more in my Bible than I had in a year before because I saw Miss Towne read in hers every day.

“Christmas the house was full, and every body went to church. I went, too, and the sermon was about that text in Micah: ‘But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel;

whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting.'

"Of course, I remembered reading that in Micah, but I never had thought of its meaning the Messiah. The minister said it did, though, and he really made it seem very probable, I thought.

"Then we all went home to dinner, and, of course, there was a Christmas-tree, and there were ever so many presents. It was very pleasant, and I enjoyed every thing, for Miss Towne took pains that I should.

"Well, it was the Sunday before vacation was over that I found time at last to take my Bible and sit down in my room and look up that text in Micah. I wanted to see how it looked in my Bible.

"Miss Towne came in for something while I was reading.

"She saw what I was doing, and said: 'How I wish I could read Hebrew, Hadassah!'

"'Do you?' I said. 'Why, I'll teach you. I'd like to.'

"Miss Towne laughed.

"'I'm afraid you would find me a poor scholar,' she said. 'I have so little time for study.'

"Then she asked me what I was reading, and

I told her about that text in Micah, and she sat down with me and talked over that minister's sermon. And she told me how she was converted herself, Nellie. And at last she took a little New Testament out of a drawer and gave the book to me, and made me promise to read it, and in every place where it says, 'This was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet,' or something meaning the same as that, I was to look up what prophecy was referred to in my Hebrew Bible.

"Well, I wouldn't have promised any one but Miss Towne. I didn't like to tell her I wouldn't do it after she had been so kind to me and taken me to her home. I hadn't been in any home before for years. A boarding-house isn't much like a home, you know.

"Of course, I kept my promise. I read that little New Testament through, and I studied my Hebrew Bible and I compared the two, and I thought and thought. Why, I never had heard of so many prophecies being fulfilled. I did not at all want to believe that Christ was our Messiah, but one day I read something in Daniel about Messiah's being cut off, 'but not for himself.' And I remembered that Christ also died 'not for himself.'

“And I read the New Testament again. I read Matthew and Mark and Luke and John over and over and over. And one day I was by myself in the boarding-house, in my room reading, and I was so sorely troubled about what I read of Christ that I rose up and stood, as the manner of Jews is when they pray, and I looked out of the window at the sky, and I said: ‘O Eternal, thou God of my ancestors Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, God of all Israel, show me, I pray, whether the things I have read in this New Testament are indeed true. Show me whether or not Christ is the Messiah.’”

Hadassah was silent after telling me so much. She bent her head on her hand. She was nearly crying again.

“He did show you?” I said.

“Yes,” said Hadassah; “he showed me.”

March 30.—“There is such a thing as believing that Christ is the Son of God and yet not trusting in him for salvation, isn’t there?”

That was a question that Mr. Gardner put to our Sabbath-school class yesterday. I suppose that was what is called a “leading question,” since it showed what sort of an answer he expected. And I believe that the teacher’s Lesson

Helps say that teachers ought not to ask "leading questions" as a usual thing.

But his question led back to more things than he knew.

My mind flew back to Hadassah. I suppose—indeed, I know—that a Jew, or any one else, for that matter, might be perfectly convinced, so far as head-belief goes, that Jesus Christ is Israel's Messiah, and yet might never believe with the heart, might never be converted, might never be saved. And I think such a mistake as that would be saddest of all. To believe that the Physician has the remedy and yet never to secure it for one's own soul-sickness; to call him the "Burden-bearer," and yet never to lay on him the load of one's own sins; what is that but mocking one's own greatest need?

But I do not believe that Hadassah has stopped short. I think she knows what it is to feel in her soul that Christ has forgiven her her sins. Do I not know from my own experience that such a thing is possible? Shall I ever forget that night when, wearied with months of soul-strife, I prayed almost in despair, and cried out: "Lord, I can do nothing for myself; nothing! I have tried again and again. Lord Christ, forgive me my sins. Take from me this burden,

and I will acknowledge before the world what thou hast done for me."

Shall I ever forget the answer of peace that came to me? It was like a spoken word of forgiveness, and my burden was gone. And did I not see in Hadassah's face the same peace? I believe that she knows what it is to truly trust in Christ for salvation.

"O Eternal our God! cause us to rejoice in the coming of thy servant Elijah, the prophet, and in the kingdom of the house of David thy anointed. May he come speedily and gladden our hearts. Suffer no stranger to sit on his throne, nor any others to inherit his glory: for by thy holy name hast thou sworn unto him that his lamp should never be extinguished. Blessed art thou, O Eternal! the shield of David!"

"That is one of the 'blessings' of our service," said Hadassah to me the other day, as she pointed it out in a book that she had taken from her desk.

"So they pray for Elijah's coming still?" I asked, after I had read what she indicated.

"Yes," said Hadassah. "Don't you remember how Malachi ends? 'Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord: and he shall

turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

"Christ said that John was Elias," said I. "Don't you remember? 'For all the prophets and the law prophesied until John. And if ye will receive it, this is Elias, which was for to come.'"

"Yes," said Hadassah, slowly, "I remember. But you see, the trouble with my people is, they will *not* receive it. I used to think that it did not much matter what people believed in regard to religious things. Father said it did not. He says so still, but now I see that he is mistaken. It does matter a great deal. It is a terrible thing not to be right in one's belief."

Hadassah looked very sorrowful when she said that. And I did not know what to say to her. I wondered if I should have been as good as she is if I had been brought up the way she has. I am thankful I was not. I never knew how thankful I ought to be for my Christian home and religious training till I met Hadassah, and knew something of her life and the darkness in which she groped for light.

I told grandma what Hadassah said, and grandma answered: "The same Lord who could

open Hadassah's eyes can open those of all her race."

There, now! Why couldn't I have thought of something like that to tell Hadassah? To be sure she knows it already, but then it does one good to be reminded of things occasionally.

As I had not said any thing to Hadassah, I got grandma to write her a letter. Grandma writes beautiful letters. She always did. I can remember them when I was a little tot, and she was away from our house. Besides, I have seen a good many of her letters since, and I think grandma has a real talent for comforting people.

She did write a letter to Hadassah. I did not see but a few lines of it, but those were a promise from the Book of Jeremiah:

"Thus saith the Lord; If heaven above can be measured, and the foundations of the earth searched out beneath, I will also cast off all the seed of Israel for all that they have done, saith the Lord.'"

April 2.—"I am so tired."

That is what I keep saying to myself every day.

It seems as if the next two months never would be gone. I suppose that after I leave

school I shall sometimes wish that I could come back and study for a month or two, or may be a whole term. But, just now, two months seem interminable. I am coming to hate the sight of this school-room with its four windows, its folding-doors, its rows of desks, its library in one corner, its globe in another, its blackboards and pointers, its maps and pictures, some of the last drawn by classes that have gone before us.

Were the scholars of those classes as tired as I am, I wonder? Did they look out of the windows and wish that school were done? Did they twist around in their desks once in awhile and look at the clock? Did they consider the sound of the gong for dismissal the pleasantest sound in the world? Did they shut their eyes on the way going home from school because they were so tired they could not even bear to look at the people and houses by the way? Did they take doses of quinine to keep themselves alive? Did they study nights till their eyes *would* shut in spite of themselves? Did they then rush to a stationary wash-basin, turn on the water, rub their eyes well with the cold stuff, get their heads sopping wet, and rush back to the lamp to study again as long as they could keep awake? Did they dream of books o' nights?

Did they wish there were no books in the world? Did they mildly resolve that they *would* stick to studying and endure life a few months longer, anyhow? Did they make so stupid entries in their journals as this is?

I do not know. I can easily see why that fellow with red cheeks, who used to be a senior when I was a junior, died. But I'm not going to die, you old Journal, so don't be alarmed. This is only a series of remarks that you needn't pay the slightest attention to, unless you're ashamed to have them on your pages. And I really do not see how you can help that very well. You shouldn't have belonged to such a person as I am, so foolish, so perfectly idiotic. I don't believe that another girl in school writes such things in her journal as I do.

And yet I know that some of the scholars in those classes that have gone before us didn't have so fearfully hard times. Don't I remember when I was a junior seeing one of the senior girls making tatting? What time have I for tatting or crocheting, now that I am a senior? Evidently that girl did not stand very high in her class. And do I not remember hearing of one graduate that did not get one single, solitary credit in a certain examination in algebra? If

scholars don't try to study I suppose they have time enough, and don't feel as tired as I do.

Some of our class had a picnic the other day. They invited me, but I didn't go. No strength to waste on picnics if I'm going to be valedictorian. And I'm sure I think that I deserve to be that important personage, after all this fuss.

I believe that I am a real bore at home, I talk so much about school affairs. Bessie told me that she was "awfully tired" of my talk the other day. Ma don't say any such thing. She'd be resigned if I talked school affairs from morning to night.

But I can't think of any thing else to talk about. Bessie says she shouldn't think I thought that any body else beside myself had any thing to do. Well, I suppose there is such a thing as being selfish in one's talk. I know I have seen persons who would sit down and talk by the hour about themselves, *their* plans, *their* prospects, *their* aspirations, until I was ready to groan in weariness. I don't do exactly so egotistical a thing as to talk about myself like that, but I guess I can write enough about myself. My writing to-night seems to be mostly about myself. I guess I had better stop writing, and

go to studying, if I want to know any thing about my lessons.

But just wait till Bessie is in the high-school, and then see if she does not talk a good deal about what *she* experiences. I'll remember to remind her then that I am "awfully tired" of her conversation.

Now if my eyes are not beginning to get sleepy! Why, I mustn't go to bed for hours yet. I'll go wash the sleep off.

April 10.—I hate to think it of Hadassah, but, really, I do not see how she can be a Christian. I did believe in her, but I don't any more, if she will try to deceive that way, just for five credits,

This is what happened. Last Monday Miss Brown, who comes into the senior class to hear our rhetoric lessons, told us that she wanted us to write a story apiece for our rhetoric exercise for Thursday. The stories were to be ghost stories, or those involving some element of the supernatural. It was a queer idea of Miss Brown, but she is always having some odd plan for testing our ability to write.

Well, of course, we all declared with one voice that we couldn't do any such thing, but then we had to try. I did my best, but the thing I pro-

duced was so utterly improbable that when I read it out loud yesterday in the class I heard a sarcastic cough from Sam River's corner, and I knew I hadn't done as well as I sometimes do in compositions.

Only half a dozen of the class had written any thing, so Miss Brown said she would give them till to-day to write their stories.

Hadassah was one of those who were not prepared yesterday, so I flattered myself that I'd gained more credits than she had, anyway.

But this afternoon, just as school opened, in came Miss Brown as usual, and the first thing she did was to call for the reading of those stories. None of those read amounted to any thing till Hadassah's name was called. Then she stood up at her desk, as all the others had at theirs, and she read the queerest, funniest supernatural sort of a story that could be imagined. It was a very well-written thing, and the scholars laughed and enjoyed it very much. Miss Brown laughed too.

I laughed, of course. I couldn't help it. And yet it did not seem to me that Hadassah wrote that. I know she can write very well; her compositions are almost always very good, but I did not believe that she could write as well as that.

Besides, the story seemed familiar to me. Here and there were little things that I remembered, or thought I did.

And as I sat there, wondering and trying to think, there dawned on me the remembrance of a rainy day, and an old farm-house, and a garret in that house, and a girl in the garret, sitting on the floor beside a pile of old, musty magazines, and reading a story out of one of them. That was Uncle John's farm-house, and Aunt Lavinia's garret and magazines, and the girl who sat on that floor reading a story out of the old magazines was myself, years and years ago. And the story that Hadassah read to-day in school and tried to palm off on Miss Brown as original was the one I read in the garret. To act a lie deliberately for five credits! I did believe that Hadassah was a Christian. I thought she was honest and sincere, but I don't think so any more. Of course, I wouldn't tell any body anything about it, though. But I know one thing, I sha'n't associate with Hadassah any more. I don't believe in going with such people.

How shocked Miss Towne would be if she knew it. I believe that she would prefer having any one of the rest of us scholars sin to having Hadassah. I believe Miss Towne looks

upon her with a sort of "brand-plucked-from-the-burning" feeling, and would almost as soon suspect her own Christian honesty as Hadassah's. But when I see dishonesty right before my own eyes I have to recognize it. "Charity thinketh no evil," I know, but this isn't a case that charity can cover.

April 13.—"How is Hadassah?" asked grandma.

She was finishing some dolls' stockings for Bessie, and I had just sat down to study.

"Pretty well, I guess," I answered.

"Seems to me I haven't heard you say much of any thing about her lately," grandma went on, innocently, as she jerked her red yarn. "Do you think she is growing in grace, Nellie, and trying to be a faithful Christian?"

"I don't know," I answered, impatiently.

I had studiously refrained from mentioning Hadassah, because I had not meant to say any thing about that trouble.

Grandma looked up surprised. "Why, Nellie, aren't you interested in her any more?" asked she.

And then my temper burst forth. "I'm not usually interested in hypocrites," I said, scorn-

fully. "It's just as I told you, grandma. I'll never believe again that a Jew can be converted."

"Do you limit the Holy One of Israel, child?" asked grandma, looking sternly at me. "Is the Lord's arm shortened that it cannot save?"

I did not answer. I had not meant to say any thing that would rouse grandma's suspicions. She did not ask me any more questions then, though. She let me study in peace till supper-time, but afterward, when the dishes were washed, and I had taken my lamp, ready to go to my own room and study till midnight for the final examinations, grandma called me into her own room.

"Wait a minute, Nellie," she said. "I want you to tell me about Hadassah. I pray for her every night, and I don't know what kind of a prayer to make to-night till you have told me about the child."

"I don't like to tell tales out of school," I answered.

"Not to your grandma, when you know that she will never say a word about it to any human being?" asked grandmother. "Tell me, Nellie. I want to think what had best be done if she has been mistaken in thinking herself a Christian."

So I told grandma in a hurry, for I wanted to go.

“There isn’t any Christianity in a girl who will act that way,” I ended, indignantly. “I’ll never believe in her again.”

“Hush, child,” said grandmother. “‘Judge not, that ye be not judged.’ I can’t believe she would willfully sin in that way, though the poor girl has had no such training as you have.”

At which remark I rushed angrily out of grandma’s room, caught up my lamp, and ran up stairs, where I am sitting this minute, trying to work off some of my feelings by writing this in my journal. Now that I have put things all down in black and white I hope I can take my books and study. I hate to become so excited. It distracts my mind so that I cannot fix it on my lessons. I think if grandma ought to believe any body it’s her own grandchild. I should think from her talk that she cares more for Hadassah than she does for me.

April 17.—Shall I ever learn not to misjudge people, even if they are my rivals and the evidence against them is pretty strong?

Ever since that day Hadassah “cheated,” as I kept calling it indignantly to myself, I have

kept away from her. I wasn't going to charge her with her meanness.

"If she had a mind to act so she had better believe that I'm not going to follow her example, and get the valedictory by cheating."

That's what I kept saying to myself.

And all the time Hadassah never acted at all as though she had done any thing wrong. She used to look at me in an innocent, perplexed sort of way that made me angry, and I would say to myself: "What a hypocrite she is! She doesn't know that I've found her out."

But I found out about things to-day.

We were all eating lunch; in fact, we were almost through with that necessary job, when Della, who was sitting near me, suddenly called out to Hadassah.

"O," said Della, "wont you tell me how that story turned out, that sort of ghost story, Hadassah, that you read to us the other day? Did the noises come up the register, or how was it? I tried to tell my aunt that story yesterday, and I couldn't finish it satisfactorily. What was the ending? She wanted me to find out."

So Hadassah explained.

"That's an interesting thing," said Principal Thorn.

He had stopped just back of us to wind up the clock.

“Where did you find it, Hadassah?”

“Now,” said I to myself, “how can Hadassah get out of it? She will tell a lie.”

I listened breathlessly for her answer.

“In an old magazine,” said Hadassah, calmly peeling her apple. “I don’t even know the name of it, the copy was so torn. But I found the thing in a waste-basket once, and I thought it was so funny that I saved it.”

I drew a big breath as Principal Thorn walked off. But what made Hadassah pretend that day that it was hers?

“Why,” I said, trying to speak carelessly, as I looked into my lunch-basket. “Hadassah, didn’t you write that story yourself?”

“I?” exclaimed Hadassah, turning around to look at me in amazement. “Why, no! I hope you don’t have such an exalted idea of my brains as that. I never could have written it in the world.”

“You wrote it off, then?” I said. “You read it that day from your own handwriting.”

“Why, yes; of course I did,” answered Hadassah. “The scrap from that old magazine was too torn and soiled to show to Miss Brown.

I copied the whole thing and handed it in to her, asking her if I could read it to the class. I thought the scholars would enjoy it, and it was appropriate for our lesson, and I couldn't write any thing original. I tried and found I couldn't. I don't see how you came to make such a mistake, Nellie. I thought that all the scholars understood.

And then suddenly a light seemed to dawn on Hadassah's bewildered mind, and she put down her basket and came over to me. Most of the lunches had been eaten, and the girls were gone. Della had just skipped away, so there was no one to hear Hadassah as she bent down and said, with tears actually in her eyes: "Was *that* what made you treat me so, Nellie? Did you think I would do such a thing as to pretend that that story was *mine*?"

Hadassah looked so hurt, and so ready to cry, that I didn't know what to say to her.

"But, you see, I didn't hear Miss Brown or any body say a word about it," I said, feeling puzzled and ashamed. "And I remembered reading the story once long ago, and—"

Hadassah stood still, looking at me. Her chin quivered a little, and she swallowed once or twice before she said: "Why didn't you come and ask me about it?"

Well, why didn't I? Didn't I find that verse in the Bible staring straight at me the other day: "Moreover if thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother."

And I did not try that way at all.

So when Hadassah stood looking at me as if I had hurt her dreadfully, all I could do was to answer, tremblingly: "O, I hated to believe it of you, truly I did, Hadassah! But I didn't see how it could be any other way."

"Why, I thought, of course, that Miss Brown had told the class," said Hadassah. "I was late coming in, you know. I hope the other scholars don't think that that story was mine."

And Hadassah and I "made up" on the spot.

I have thought now how it all was. Miss Brown did not make any explanation that day, and Hadassah was not in at the beginning of the lesson, as she said. Professor Hazelton asked Hadassah that noon if she wouldn't like to see a collection of beetles that he made when he was in Arizona, and, of course, she was delighted. And he took her and Miss Towne into one of the down-stairs rooms where he had put the beetles, and Hadassah and Miss Towne were so

interested talking over the different specimens and listening to Professor Hazelton's account of the places in which he found those beetles that Hadassah didn't get back to the school-room till the rhetoric class had been begun for some time. But Miss Brown didn't care for that as long as she knew the reason. And Hadassah thought that Miss Brown had explained to the class about her story before she came in, because Miss Brown had promised to do so.

"I'm glad you told me, Nellie. I'll have it corrected," said Hadassah.

So when Miss Brown opened the rhetoric class to-day she said: "Hadassah requests me to say that a week ago I forgot to make an explanation in regard to the story she read to the class. She did not know till to-day that any of the scholars thought the story original with her. It was not. It was from an old magazine. I promised to make that explanation before the story was read, but I forgot to do so, and Hadassah was not here to remind me. I hope this explanation is satisfactory and we all understand just how it was."

This is all the excuse that Nellie Merritt could give to her grandmother to-night for the remarks made about Hadassah the other day.

Grandma listened to all I had to say, and when I was through she answered: "I thought once that I needed a bit of Paul's advice to the Church of Corinth. May be you need it, too, Nellie. I learned it years ago: 'Therefore judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who will both bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the heart.'"

Anyway, I know that Hadassah is a Christian now. I am more sure than I was before, for once she would have been so angry with me that she would have refused to explain any thing.

April 20.—Hadassah is Number One again and I am Number Two. I never can be reconciled to any such division of numbers as that. I'm not going to waste any more time going outdoors during recess, and I'm not going to bother to eat any lunch noons, unless it is an apple that I can munch as I read. This arrangement will give me an hour and a quarter more time to study. I don't know what ma will say about no lunch, but I'm going to go without it. What's eating compared with one's standing in the class? Besides, I never have any appetite nowadays, anyway.

The trigonometry examples are fearfully hard lately. I spent three hours Saturday over one of them. I always become so mixed up before I get through with one that I don't know whether I have the right answer or not when I'm done. I don't think that Miss Towne need give us such long ones.

To-day I was so worried over mine that I asked Nettie Davis if she wouldn't let me look over hers and see if mine were right. I've asked her two or three times lately. Nettie and half a dozen other girls do their examples together and get the same answers, and they're pretty sure to be correct, because some one or other of the girls will see the mistakes. I can't stay after school to work with the girls, and so I do my examples by myself and get all muddled before I finish, and sometimes my answers are right and sometimes they are wrong.

I hated to ask Nettie again, but there wasn't time to do any thing else.

Nettie hesitated a little. I suppose she thought I was asking too many favors.

But Hadassah had overheard, and she spoke from her seat.

"O, let her have them, Nettie," she said.

And so I obtained them through my rival's

intercession, and they helped me make a perfect recitation, for I found that one of mine was wrong.

But I wont ask help again from any body. I'm almost sure that Nettie would rather Hadassah should be Number One than I. I'm not going to any one on Hadassah's side again, not if I make myself sick studying. I don't see why I can't be helped sometimes, though, as well as some of the rest of the scholars. There isn't a day that passes in which I don't teach half a dozen girls their Cicero lesson or help them over Shakespeare.

April 24.—We have compositions almost always Fridays. Miss Towne comes in and gives us a kind of historical-political lecture for half an hour. We are expected to take down notes as well as we can, and we have the rest of the afternoon to write our notes out correctly.

She has been giving us lectures on the different countries in Europe and their present condition. To-day it was Russia, and Miss Towne brought something in about Bessarabia. I never heard of that country before, but Miss Towne pointed it out for us on the map. Bessarabia is down in that little angle made by the Black Sea

and one of the mouths of the Danube River. Miss Towne says that Bessarabia used to be part of Russia, but after the Crimean War it became part of Turkey. Then, after another war, it became part of Russia again, as it is now.

But one thing that Miss Towne told us about that country was ever so interesting to Hadassah. She had never heard of it before. It was about the "National Jewish Society of the New Testament."

Miss Towne said that in 1880 there was a Jew named Joseph Rabinowitz who tried to have the Bessarabian Jews adopt agriculture and find pleasant homes for themselves. But in 1882 there was a great persecution of the Jews in southern Russia, and nothing there seemed to be safe for them.

So this man Rabinowitz began to think about going to Palestine. He went there himself to examine the country and see if it could be carefully cultivated, and while there, in some way, Miss Towne did not know just how, he came to the conclusion that the land itself gave proof to him that Jesus did live in it, and Rabinowitz went back to Bessarabia and astonished all the Jews there by preaching to them his belief that Jesus Christ was divine. More than two hun-

dred families were turned to believe as Rabinowitz did. Miss Towne said that it seems a good deal like the actions of Martin Luther in not coming fully out from the Romish Church. He tried to reform that, and Rabinowitz had the same idea in regard to the Jewish Church. Miss Towne said that Rabinowitz said: "We Jews who have come into the full vision of Jesus Christ, and now feel the power of his Spirit, have not come to the great light through any general indoctrination from without. No; we have looked deeply into the Old and New Testaments, and we have found that God takes no pleasure in the death of the sinner, and that he loves his people Israel, and is willing to save them. Our reflection has become stirred by the miracles of Jesus. We see in them the evidences of his divinity and the proofs of his love toward us. We have come to look at our Brother Jesus as the Messiah, and to find in him our only hope of salvation."

After telling us that the rallying cry of all the Jews who share the faith of Rabinowitz is, "The key of the Holy Land lies in the hand of our Brother Jesus," Miss Towne passed on to other matters connected with the history of Russia, and nothing more was said of the Jews. But I

am afraid that Hadassah's composition suffered, for I don't think that she heard a thing after that. She sat looking at Miss Towne and never taking a note.

After school I saw her standing in the hall talking with Miss Towne.

"O," Hadassah was saying, as I came near, "do you think that it will spread, Miss Towne? *Do* you think that the Jews will believe in Christ?"

Hadassah's eyes were big with excitement, and she stood looking eagerly at Miss Towne for an answer.

"I hope so," said Miss Towne. "Rabbi Rabinowitz seems to be trying to lead them to do so, and he says that night after night the Jews steal secretly into the house to hear the Gospel of the Lord Jesus, and they actually push each other in trying to obtain New Testaments. It is the hope of the Christian world that this may be the beginning of the breaking up of the old Jewish solidity. It is certainly, I think, the first time that a portion of the Jewish Church has adopted openly the atonement of Christ."

"O," cried Hadassah, "my people! My poor people!"

She burst into tears, and Miss Towne put her

arm around her, and they went into the library and shut the door.

April 27.—I asked Miss Towne afterward what she could say to comfort Hadassah in any way.

“I could not comfort her much,” answered Miss Towne, “but I told her some things that she did not know before. I told her of the number of Hebrew New Testaments that have been scattered among the Jews of the East. I read recently that during the last eight years fifty thousand copies of Delitzsch’s Hebrew translation of the New Testament have been distributed among those Jews. It seems to be necessary there to do the work through the Hebrew language.

“I told her, too, of the work that the Lutheran societies of Germany, with Professor Franz Delitzsch, have been doing in southern Russia. And I mentioned the work of the Scottish missions among the Jews in Constantinople, where large buildings have been erected for the purpose, and where numbers of children are being taught.

“And I showed Hadassah a little newspaper clipping that I came across the other day, and had saved to show to her. I do not know how reliable the figures are, but it is said that the missionary

de la Roi, of Breslau, stated that since the beginning of the nineteenth century one hundred thousand Jews have been turned from Judaism.

“Then there is a society in Berlin, and work is going on in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Finland. And within a few years there has been a Hebrew paper, called *Eduthel Israel*, circulated in London, and it has done much good service in trying to show that Christ is the fulfillment of the prophecies of old.

“And I told Hadassah, too, of the ‘London Society for Promoting Christianity Among the Jews,’ and of their work among the Black Jews, or Falashas, of Abyssinia. The society has a church in London for Jewish converts, and a college to educate missionaries. And Hadassah said: ‘I wish I were there; I would learn to be a missionary.’

“But the one she is most anxious for is her father. I told her that she could be a missionary here and begin with him.”

“Does he object to her being a Christian?” I asked.

“O, no,” said Miss Towne; “Hadassah was afraid that he would at first, and she wrote to him about it, telling him how she came to be a Christian and asking him to become one. Her

father wrote back that he had no interest in such things, but if it made her happier he was glad. She might do what she pleased; he should not interfere."

"Do you believe she will have any influence over him?" I asked.

"I cannot tell," said Miss Towne. "Hadasah is hopeful, and she knows him better than I do. She is going to send him a New Testament and ask him to study it, and you know, Nellie, 'The entrance of Thy words giveth light.'"

May 14.—Miss Towne showed me yesterday a clipping that she cut from a religious paper that she takes. The clipping was part of an address delivered by the same Rabbi Rabinowitz of whom Miss Towne told us in her lecture.

I brought the clipping home for grandma to see. She was so interested in every thing I told her about Rabbi Rabinowitz that I knew she would want to see the clipping, but Miss Towne wants it back again, for she is going to give it to Hadassah. So I will copy here what the rabbi said:

"It was a mighty flood which covered the earth in the days of Noah, when God destroyed the earth on account of the sins of mankind; but

afterward he set the bow in the clouds. But greater was the flood which rushed upon the heart of the Son of God when he hung upon the cross, for he bore the sin of the world, and he bore also the unfathomable ocean of my sins. And above the dark floods of human sin were the clouds of the divine wrath; the thunders of his holiness rolled, and Jesus had to pass through the dark depths when he cried: 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' But above the floods of man's sin and between the clouds of the divine wrath I behold the bow of Jesus's love, and the seven words which the Saviour uttered on the cross are as the seven colors of the bow. I have seen the bow in the clouds, and my soul is saved, for this bow is more enduring than even the bow of Noah. For heaven and earth shall pass away, but Christ's words shall not pass away."

Grandma was delighted when she read the cutting.

And if a Jewish rabbi can be brought to believe in Christ and trust in him for personal salvation, shall I ever again doubt the possibility of *any one's* being converted?

May 18.—There! I am Number One again. I tell ma that it's because I study recesses and

noons. She don't believe it and wants me to fuss with lunches. She sent one over to the school-house at noon last week, but I was endeavoring to understand one of Brother Cicero's orations and lunch had no charms for me. I didn't even open the basket, much to Bessie's wrath when I returned home, for the child had taken pains to make me some cookies and bake them her own self, and she was mortally offended to think I hadn't even tasted one. She knew, for she counted them before and after sending.

Miss Towne came to me to-day at noon.

"Why aren't you out-doors with the other girls, getting some fresh air?" she asked. "Straighten yourself up, Nellie. You're becoming round-shouldered, bending over your books so much. Why aren't you out-doors?"

"Got to study," responded I, never raising my eyes from my work.

"What are you doing?" she demanded.

"Finishing my Latin lesson," I said. "Miss Towne, if you don't go away I shall fail in this lesson."

"Well, I'll go," said she, laughing; and she retreated up the aisle.

But as she reached the door she turned back and said: "How much lunch did you eat this noon?"

I pretended not to hear.

Miss Towne came back.

"Nellie Merritt," she demanded, "wont you answer your teacher? How much lunch did you eat this noon?"

"None," I said, shortly.

"How much breakfast?" she went on.

"Two biscuit," I said, impatiently.

"Any lunch yesterday?" she asked.

"No," said I.

My Cicero was all mixed up, and I did wish she would go.

"And you were Number One this time," said she. "How much per cent.?"

"Ninety-nine," said I, triumphantly.

I am rather proud of that, though I didn't tell Miss Towne so. But I guess she saw it in me.

She laughed.

"You silly child," she said, and she went away, much to my relief.

She came back, though, in five minutes with a strong cup of coffee. She had made it on the little stove in the library where the teachers make their tea. She made me drink that coffee. She wouldn't take "No" for an answer; and while I drank it I was treated to a first-class scolding.

I didn't know Miss Towne could scold so. She told me I am a wicked girl, that I have no right to be Number One when that honor is purchased at the expense of headaches and cold feet and sleepless nights and no lunches and nervousness and crossness, and she said Hadassah had twice as much sense as I, for she takes her recess-time for play.

I don't believe Miss Towne knew how nervous I was, or she wouldn't have talked quite so severely. I had been so nervous all day that my hands trembled, and when she talked so to me, I just put my head down on the desk and cried. The coffee-cup tumbled off on the floor, but I'd drank all the coffee, so it didn't matter.

Miss Towne stopped scolding right away then. She was frightened, I guess. She acted so, anyway, though I don't know why she should have been. It's so hard to stop crying when one is all worn out that I couldn't stop for a good while.

But I became cool again before the noon-hour was over and I didn't miss in Latin at all, though I was almost sure I should do so after Miss Towne had taken up so much of my time. But I was perfect. If I can make all my recitations perfectly I shall be sure of being Number One.

But just before Miss Towne left me she said: "There is a verse in the Bible, Nellie, that I would like to call your attention to. It is, 'Let your moderation be known to all men.'"

Then she went off, as though she had given me an enigma to solve.

Well, it isn't a very hard one, but if that blessed woman knew it, her talk hasn't done a bit of good. I shall go on my way studying from morning till night, and into the night, too. And I believe Miss Towne would do the very same thing if she were in my place. I'm just as smart as Hadassah—well, I don't know whether I am or not, but anyway I'm going to have it appear as if I were. I'm going to be Number One and have that valedictory. I should despise myself if I didn't try as hard as possible for it.

May 19.—There is one thing that I have been thinking a great deal about lately. It seems to me that I always do my thinking too late. But the thought was put into my head by something that Mr. Gardner said in his sermon a little while ago. It was: "How long has it been since you spoke, asking any one to become a Christian?"

That question rather startled me at first. I

began to think back, and, positively, I could not remember asking any one to become a Christian. I don't know when I did such a thing. Of course, there was Hadassah. I never asked her to be a Christian but once, and that was a year and a half ago. I've tried to set a good example, that is, in some things, but I have not talked.

So I feel guilty, for I've been three years in this high-school, and if I ever spoke to many of the girls about their souls I don't remember doing so.

But I did say something yesterday.

Our class is at work on a picture. It is a copy of the "Stag at Bay," and we all take turns in helping do it in crayon, so that it will represent us all. We are going to frame it and leave it in the school-room, so that when the folks that come after us look up on the wall they will remember this remarkable class.

Well, yesterday was my turn to stay and draw on that picture. Anita superintends us all. She is the only one of us who has a real artist's eye and hand, and she stays with each one and tells us all how to do it.

So she stayed with me yesterday. She is a lively little thing, just as funny and merry as she

can be, and I should have thought that I might as well talk to a kitten about religion as to her. Not that Anita is foolish or means any thing wrong, but she is only full of fun.

I had no intention of saying any thing to Anita, but while I was shading that stag's back I went on thinking and remembering how few days more there were in which I could say any thing to the girls about being Christians, and I almost cried. And Anita noticed it, I guess, for she said something about my not working if I didn't feel well.

And then I cried, really. And I told Anita what I had been thinking about, that I had neglected my opportunities so, and had never even asked the girls if they wouldn't be Christians.

Anita was still for a minute. She didn't laugh or make fun, the way I was afraid she would, though I don't know that I ever did hear her ridicule religious things. And then she said: "I think some of us do try, Nellie."

"Do *you*?" I said.

"Yes," she answered, in a quiet, sober way, quite unlike Anita usually; "and I ask Him to help me, Nellie."

Well, I was surprised, and I don't think we

have been the Christians that we ought to have been, or we would not have sat for three years in the same school-rooms, and eaten lunches together, and talked of all manner of subjects, and never have known that all the time we were trying to follow the same Leader. I wonder what it is that makes it so much more easy for me to help the girls about their Virgil, or show them how to do a problem in trigonometry, than it is to say five words to them about what is so much more important than any study-book.

The final examinations are just beginning. To-morrow is Latin, and day after is English literature. We received our monthly report cards for the last time yesterday, and, as I wrote, I was Number One again.

Principal Thorn made us a speech after giving out those cards. He said that our standing on Commencement Day will depend on three things: our report cards, our final examination papers, and the essays that we hand in for that day.

So, when we received our cards, we, that is, Hadassah and I, and one or two others, set ourselves to finding out our average per cent. for the year. The rest of the scholars were not so anxious, poor things, for they knew that they had no chance of standing head, anyway.

Hadassah told one of the girls what her per cent. is for the year, and that girl told me afterward. Hadassah's is 96 per cent.

I made out mine, but I did not tell any one till noon. But I felt pretty happy. It was 97 per cent.

I told Inez at noon, for she rushed to me before I could get my lunch-basket off from its hook.

"How much is it? Quick, Nellie, do tell me!" she cried.

"Ninety-seven," I whispered.

"One more than Hadassah's."

Inez caught my arms, and gave me a little whirl of excitement.

"O, I am so glad!" she said, and then she ran home, and when she came back she brought me a pickled cucumber.

"That's for you, Nellie," she said, "because of your one per cent. ahead. O, I know you'll get it!"

And she looked as pleased as if she were the one who was to "get it" herself. I really believe she is as pleased. I couldn't feel so, I know, especially if my father and mother felt the way Inez's parents do.

"They wish I had your place, Nellie," said

Inez, as we walked the hall arm in arm ; “but I never could get that. They don’t know how much smarter you are than I am, or they’d see the impossibility of the thing. They don’t say much about it, but I know they would be glad if I stood where you do. But I am so glad you are going to get it! You’ll write a beautiful valedictory.”

I don’t know whether Inez really “prefers in honor one another,” or whether she never hoped to stand Number One, and so doesn’t feel disappointed at all. Anyway, I should hate to have my father and mother want me to be Number One, and not be it.

My father and mother don’t urge me to be any higher in my classes than I urge myself. Ma looks at me once in awhile, and says: “Don’t study too hard, Nellie.”

She never says: “I need your help about the housework, so you must not spend so much time on your lessons.”

No; my ma wouldn’t say that if she worked herself sick, as she does pretty often. She knew what it was herself to have to come out of school just at the time when she ought to have been allowed to study. But mother’s older sister married, and then grandma thought she couldn’t

keep house without the help of one of her girls, and so ma had to come out of school. She went back again a number of years afterward, but she always felt that she ought to have been allowed to go younger. So I know that she has done ever so much housework that she ought not to have done, just to let me have a chance to study, and if ever I get through with this high-school I'll pay her back! I believe that what I heard Principal Thorn say the other day is true: "American women are the most self-denying people on the face of the earth, in sacrificing themselves for their children."

As for pa's urging me on, he wouldn't think of such a thing. All I do, anyway, is right, in his eyes. One day, at the beginning of this term, I was in his office, and I boldly announced to him that I was going to try for the valedictory. He was looking over a learned work on "Measles," and I didn't think that he understood what I said, so I repeated it.

And pa slowly comprehended that he was being spoken to, and he raised his eyes, ran his hand through his hair, pushed back his specs, and said: "What did you say, child?"

So I repeated the statement that I intended to stand first in my class Commencement Day.

Pa gave a little nod, looked at me with an air of pride in being owner of such an astonishingly brilliant daughter, and said: "I have no doubt you can do any thing you want to, Nellie."

Then his gaze fell on that entrancing "Measles" book, and his eyes assumed a far-away expression, and I knew his thoughts were with measles, not me.

Nevertheless, I know that even if I were foot of my class, instead of head, and had written the pokiest essay that could be invented, my pa would sit in the audience that day and enjoy every word I read.

Not that he isn't smart himself. Doesn't he write the most wonderful papers on tumors and things for that medical society? Didn't one of the city doctors praise up an article of pa's, and weren't three of them published in some medical journal? He's the smartest man I ever saw, but he can't see stupidity when it's in any of his children. So, if Widow Flariarty's children don't have fits just the wrong day, and if Pat Ganagan's red-headed boys don't have any accidents, such as happen to them almost every week, the boys thinking nothing of such little affairs as putting a finger out of joint, or having one chopped off, or almost burning out their eyes

with gunpowder; then, if every body will let pa alone, he will be here Commencement Day. Nothing but some old patient will keep him away, and it will just spoil every thing if he can't come. The help that man has been to me these three years! Why, if ever I got into such a hard place in my books that I couldn't help myself, out I went to him, and no matter if he had been up half a dozen nights with patients, he would sit down and straighten out things for me. Hasn't he helped me about many and many a lesson in algebra, and demonstrated many a geometry proposition, when he ought to have been in bed that minute? And didn't he sit up one midnight and explain to me how to scan Virgil? Commencement wont be of any account if he can't be there with ma and grand-ma and Bessie. Those four are my audience, and I am afraid that Hadassah hasn't as many as that who really care about her.

May 20.—I am too busy to write more than a few words. I have studied night and day lately. I believe that I know Bain's Rhetoric by heart. I'm positive I can recite dozens of pages perfectly. I can see them without any book.

I pity any one who has not kept up with the

lessons this term. There is no chance now for learning much. All one can do is to review.

I am sure I must have been perfect in the final Latin examination, unless I tripped a little in scanning Virgil. But I think I didn't.

Hadassah looked scared over a translation of one of Cicero's orations. I saw her. She looked as worried as could be.

We have handed in our final essays for Commencement. I never had so much trouble in picking out a subject for an essay. I had started half a dozen, but none of them suited. We have had to write so many compositions for the rhetoric class lately that all my ideas are gone.

Afternoon.—It seems to me that I never in my life had such trouble with an essay as I have had with the final one. And, after all, Principal Thorn wont let me have it for a final one. I wrote my essay at last in desperation and handed it in, but this noon Principal Thorn came to me and said: "Can I see you a minute, Nellie?"

So we went off to one of the windows. I knew he was going to say something about that essay. We have so small a class that Principal Thorn has decided that all the essays must be

read Commencement, and that makes him very particular. Quite a number of us have had rejected essays, or else have been requested to write portions of our essays over.

Inez had been crying over hers. It was on "Old Houses," and the Latin teacher had corrected it till it was one mass of pencil-marks.

Poor Inez! But he said he thought the subject was good enough, only he wanted every thing written just to suit him. I was quite thankful that my essay was corrected by Principal Thorn himself. He is more lenient.

Well, Principal Thorn looked at me when we came to the window, and he smiled, and tried to make the blow as light a one as possible. But he needn't. I felt in my bones what was coming.

"Nellie," said he, "I read your essay, and it does not seem to me that you have done yourself justice in it. I am sure I have seen compositions of yours that were better than this," and he took my poor production out of his pocket.

"You would do well to write another," he went on. "Can't you write one about 'Woman's Part of the World's Work,' or something like that? Several years ago one of the graduates of this high-school wrote an essay on some such

subject, and it made quite a sensation when she read it. The audience were greatly interested. You had better write on 'What Girls Can Do.'"

Then he walked off and left me with my poor essay in my hand, and I felt a good deal like following Inez's example and sitting down and crying. For I am so tired, and I haven't an idea in my head, and that essay *must* be written.

I don't know any thing about "What Girls Can Do," and I don't believe I'll write on that.

May 22.—I've written another. It's on "Imagination." It's a fearful subject and a fearful essay. But I cannot do any better. I wish that I had begun two years ago to write my final essay. I might possibly have evolved something decent out of my brain by now.

Hadassah looks as tranquil as though Principal Thorn had praised her essay. I presume he has. Anyway, I know she has not been required to write her essay over.

May 23.—I have been handing my autograph album around to the different teachers to have each write in it. A pretty time the poor things have nowadays trying to write "sentiments" enough to fill the albums of this class of seniors.

If I'm ever a teacher I shall keep a list of "sentiments," or moral injunctions, or something of the sort, for the albums that are always being handed to teachers, and then, when the scholars bother me, I shall know what to write. It would not do for a teacher to write merely her name. The scholar would be disappointed.

But though it must have been a bore, not one of the teachers made up a face when I came along with my album. All smiled, even the history teacher, and all said, "Certainly, Nellie," which was very obliging in them, I am sure.

Of course, Principal Thorn wrote me a piece of solemn advice. I didn't expect any thing else from him. It is my opinion that Principal Thorn has a scrap-book somewhere filled with sermons and moral reflections, and that, on occasion, he drags out that scrap-book and cuts off the piece of moral that is needed. Of course, I have never seen that scrap-book, but I don't need to. I feel positively certain of its existence.

He wrote this quotation from Chalmers :

"Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy.

"Write your name in kindness, in love, and in

mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten."

I suppose that Principal Thorn tries to live up to that advice himself. I do not know whether he has written his name "in kindness, in love, and in mercy" on my heart or not, but I have not any grudge against him. He is always pleasant enough, a fact that is to be set down to his credit, for I suppose it is hard work for teachers to be *always* pleasant. I guess he has his nerves pretty well under control. Never has he said one cross word to me while I have been in this high-school, and I don't think that he deserved the present of a pickle that a girl left on his desk the other day. I saw her do it, but I never thought of his taking it as a reflection on his temper; but he did, and looked very glum for a day or so. I suppose he wondered what he had done, poor man. Come to find out, the senior class last year left some pickles on his desk with the deliberate intention of reminding him to be more pleasant, and he had some trouble with them on that account. But he did not say any thing this time. Perhaps he begins to fear that he is to have pickles yearly from the seniors.

Grandma said she thought Principal Thorn's quotation in my book was very good. So do I, really.

And Professor Hazelton evidently feared that he had been too frightful an instructor, for several days after I left my album with him he walked down the aisle during study hour, and left my album on my desk. Then he went on down to the window and stood looking out till I had had time to read what he had written and slip the album into my desk. This was what he had written in it:

“When school tasks are done, let the ‘task-master’ be to your remembrance thereafter nothing but ‘friend.’”

Well, he needn't worry. He hasn't been anything but “friend” ever since that awful day when he helped me out of that fix about Whittier's “River Path.” And I guess that the reason why he appears so prim and stiff is that he was brought up that way. Why, he must have had a fearfully strict father, I think, for Professor Hazelton said once that his father made him study Latin and Greek when he was only a little fellow, and he not only had to translate, but to learn things so as to recite them in the tongue they were written in. Professor Hazelton says

that he learned Cicero's orations so he could say them word for word, and he learned them so thoroughly that even after he became a man he could go through with some of them without looking at the book. I am thankful that we have not been compelled to learn Latin that way. I don't know what would have become of my head if I had had to learn the Latin word for word. It has been enough to try to translate decently.

Well, the prim history teacher wrote in my album, too, of course. She almost always looks cross, and I am sure I should too, if I had to teach history and keep dates in my head. One date always seems to me so much like another that I can't keep them separate. I can cram for examination, though, and so I usually get through all right, but once I forgot all about the Thirty Years' War. Couldn't remember when it started, or why, or where. I expect she thought it was dreadful in me, when she looked over my examination paper. Well, she wont have to look over any more of them, that's one comfort; and I know I shall forget every date after I leave school, but I can remember the stories. I wish history were all stories, then I shouldn't have any trouble.

Well, the history teacher wrote some verses from Proverbs in my album, so I guess she isn't so bad after all. The verses were:

"Yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and lift-est up thy voice for understanding;

"If thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures;

"Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God.

"For the Lord giveth wisdom."

And underneath she wrote: "The best *understanding*, the best *knowledge*."

Well, I hope I have the kind she means. But as for book knowledge, I am almost ashamed of myself; but I suppose the feeling comes from my brain being so tired. But I do not believe that I shall want to look into a book for six months after leaving school. I am so tired of studying or even reading.

We have all had our pictures taken, and have given them to each other. Mine looks horrid, I think. One of the boys looks as if he had a stiff neck, the man fixed him up so straight. The teachers had to have their pictures taken, too, and the music-teacher came and gave me his the other day. He said he did not like it, but I told him it looked like him. So he said he supposed

he ought to be satisfied. I had to sing scales and things out in the hall to him the other day. It was part of our final examination in music. Each of us had to go out separately and sit on a seat and sing, while each knew that the rest of the seniors were inside the door in the classroom, listening and giggling, especially when some of the boys sang. It sounded funny. I don't believe we got any credits for it, either. It was only the music-teacher's notion, for we had a written examination in music before. One of the boys made a rhyme about our singing. It was:

“ No more shall we, at sternest duty's call,
Sing scales to Mr. — out in the hall.”

But I guess none of us are very sorry that we shall do it “no more.” In fact, I think we are a very unsentimental class. Almost all the sentimental ones dropped out by the way. The work was too hard, and those of us who have waded through it have had all the sentiment taken out of us to such a degree that but very few of us can even sigh to think that we soon may never meet within these walls again. Really, I think we are secretly rather glad of it, although the valedictorian, whoever that fortunate mortal is, will have to do some groaning for us in public on Commencement Day for the looks of the thing.

I told one of the girls the other day that if I were valedictorian I wouldn't go and say the same thing valedictorians always say—a lot of stuff to the Board of Education about being grateful to them for their care over us, etc., etc.; then a passage of thanks to the “dear teachers” for their kindness and patience “during the past years;” and finally a tearful passage to the “beloved classmates” about going out into the “school of life” and never seeing each other any more.

I intended what I said for that girl's private ear. I had no idea that she would repeat it. But what did that girl do but once in school-time, when there wasn't any teacher in the room, and when the scholars were, a good many of them, talking and whispering, turn around in her seat and repeat what I had said, so that all the class could hear! I was mortified, for it looked as though I thought I was surely going to get that valedictory. I looked over at Hadassah, but she didn't seem to be listening to any thing. She was deep in a problem.

The class laughed, though I am afraid we don't set a very good example to the other classes. It is so near the end of school that we can hardly wait for things to be over. The class have “cut

up" dreadfully lately, when the teachers have not been in the room. Several weeks ago Principal Thorn caught us, though. I don't mean that I myself have acted very badly. All I have done is just to whisper a little. I haven't done that before since I have been in the high-school, but I just feel as though I must do *something*, I'm so excited over getting through school. Nina said something to me and I answered, and she looked surprised for a minute, and then she called over to Frank, and she said: "Frank, you can talk to Nellie now. She'll answer you."

And poor Frank was so taken by surprise that he stared a minute, and all he could think of to say was: "Nellie, do you believe that the moon is made of green cheese?"

I don't know what did ail us all that afternoon. But I do know that after awhile, when there had been a good deal of laughing, suddenly there was an awful noise in one corner of the room. I think one of the boys must have tipped over something. Anyway, it made a dreadful racket, and all of a sudden the folding-doors flew open and there stood Principal Thorn looking at us!

Every thing was still in a minute. And the way Principal Thorn looked! And the way he talked!

He shut those folding-doors so that the middle class could not see, and then he went to his desk and talked to us about our being the senior class of the high-school, young ladies and gentlemen, and yet we couldn't be trusted alone a few minutes while the teacher was out of the room.

Then he demanded who it was who made that noise? Well, the boys wouldn't tell of one another, and I really didn't know, and I guess a good many of the girls didn't. And Principal Thorn at last pitched upon a boy we call by the nickname of "Pendulum." Now I knew he didn't do it. He is a very bashful boy, and he sits only two seats behind me. There isn't any body sitting between us, so some of the girls who like to plague him make believe that every time he raises his eyes from his book he is looking at me. One of the girls once announced out loud that "Pendulum" sat and looked at Nellie's curls all the time.

And I heard the poor fellow remonstrate in a low tone, saying: "Be still. She'll think—"

Well, "Pendulum" told Principal Thorn that he didn't do it. And Principal Thorn asked who did it, then. "Pendulum" wouldn't tell. Then Principal Thorn said that "Pendulum"

would have to lose credits, anyway. He would have to bear the blame of the whole.

Well, of course, the whole class felt horribly over that. But Principal Thorn sounded the gong for noon recess, and left that as his final decision.

But the girls talked it over at noon, and by and by they came in a body to me and asked me if I wouldn't go with them and be spokesman, or spokeswoman, rather, to Principal Thorn, to tell him that "Pendulum" didn't do it.

I didn't like to very well, but the girls teased, and I knew it was true that "Pendulum" *hadn't* done it, so I agreed, and we all started to find Principal Thorn.

We found him at one of the windows, and when he turned on us with an aggrieved face I informed him that the girls wanted me to tell him that "Pendulum" didn't do it.

"Who did it, then?" asked Principal Thorn, with a severe frown.

"I don't know," I said, turning redder than ever, and wishing I had not undertaken the job.

But then the girls all began to talk, and kind of pat poor Principal Thorn's feelings down, so at

last he very stiffly consented to remove the burden of blame from poor "Pendulum" and have it rest equally upon each member of the class. When we came together again that afternoon Principal Thorn announced that he should give us each ten demerits. So I hope poor "Pendulum" felt that he was not the black sheep of the flock. That is the reason why the last number in the "deportment" column of my monthly report card reads "ninety" instead of "one hundred," as usual. But as the credits were taken from us each, bad and good alike, it didn't make any difference about the being Number One or Number Two.

But I felt that I deserved the demerits, because I whispered; I'm not going to do it any more, but I do wish school were through.

"Pendulum" wrote in my album. He wrote, "Time flies," a very true saying.

O, yes. I forgot all about Miss Towne. She wrote in my album, of course; only I was rather surprised at her selection. It sounds just as though she had an idea that I care too much about being praised, and being ahead of other folks, and not enough about doing right. It was this from Schiller:

"FAME AND DUTY."

"What shall I do, lest life in silence pass?"

"And if it do,
 And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
 What need'st thou rue?
 Remember, aye the ocean deeps are mute;
 The shallows roar;
 Worth is the ocean—fame is but the bruit
 Along the shore."

"What shall I do to be forever known?"

"Thy duty ever."

"This did full many who yet slept unknown."

"O, never, never!
 Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown
 Whom thou know'st not?
 By angel trumps in heaven their praise is blown—
 Divine their lot."

I asked Miss Towne afterward whether she considered me in such danger of caring more for praise and fame than for doing my duty at all times, and she smiled a little, and said: "Do not you think that that is a temptation to which we are all liable, Nellie? We are shocked when we read the plain testimony of John in regard to the chief rulers, when he says that they 'loved the praise of men more than the praise of God.' And yet of how many of us might that be said at times!"

Miss Towne said, afterward: "I did not put into your album what Schiller answers next to the question: 'What shall I do to gain eternal life?' because I do not like Schiller's answer. It savors too much of self-righteousness, as though one could *deserve* heaven by one's own good works. Besides, Nellie, I think you know Christ's answer to that question."

It will seem rather queer not to have Miss Towne to preach at me a few months hence. I suppose I must get used to preaching to myself. The trouble is that I do not feel obliged to mind my own preaching very much.

Last Sunday in church our minister said one thing that I did not like at all. May be it is true, but I do not like to think so. He was talking about "Character." Perhaps it was not an expression original with him, but he said: "A chain is as strong as its *weakest* link."

Now I know of—well, two or three—*very* weak places in my character, but I don't like to think that the whole thing is as weak as those two or three or more places are.

May 26.—I didn't write in this journal yesterday. I could not calm myself enough to write connectedly.

I was sitting at my desk yesterday afternoon looking at my last bit of Cicero's orations, when the door opened and Principal Thorn stood in the doorway. He looked us all over for a minute in that queer way of his, and then he said: "Nellie Merritt, will you come into the hall a moment?"

So up I rose, and the scholars around me began to buzz a little, for Principal Thorn had gone out, and no other teacher was in the room.

"Now you'll know about the valedictory," whispered Inez as I went by her desk.

Trembling with excitement I went into the hall. I knew well enough that my fate had been decided. I was either One or Two.

Principal Thorn stood in the hall waiting. He shut the door behind me as I came out, and then he looked at me and said: "Nellie, I want you to write the salutatory this afternoon. You had better go up into the cupola where no one will disturb you, and after school I will see what you have written."

So I was to be Number Two after all.

I couldn't answer him. I put my hand on the door-knob. The hall whirled around for a minute.

"Don't go back to the school-room," he said.

“Go up stairs. You have not much time. It is two o'clock now.”

“I must go back to my desk to get pencil and paper,” I said, faintly; and as he made no further objection I slipped into the school-room.

“Did you get it? Are you valedictorian? O, Nellie, do speak just this once! Never mind about rules now,” whispered Inez, eagerly, as I went down the aisle.

“Shake your head.”

“Nod.”

“Write. Talk on your fingers.”

“Put it on the blackboard.”

“Do *something*, Nellie,” came from the girls, as they turned around in their seats and looked at me.

But I gave no sign, only after I had rummaged around in my desk and found a pencil and paper, and was going out, something made me look at Hadassah.

She was watching me in a curious way, with a queer sort of half smile on her face.

I smiled back at her. I made myself do it, but I am afraid that I hated her just that minute. But I walked out of the school-room in as composed a manner as could be.

I shut the school-room door, hurried along the

hall, opened the door leading up stairs, ran up the flight leading to the cupola, and sat down.

Didn't I feel horribly!

I blazed all over my mind, if you know how that feels. What months and months of toil I had spent! How I had worked and denied myself! And now Hadassah was to be Number One!

I did not cry—that is, not at first. I would not have had any of the scholars see my eyes red for any thing. But I do believe that hour in the cupola was the blackest I ever spent since I became a Christian.

“I hate Hadassah,” I said, bitterly, over and over. “I hate her—I hate her!”

“I ought to be Number One,” I cried to myself, stamping my foot on the old floor. “I believe Principal Thorn just does it on purpose, because he likes Hadassah better than he does me. It's cheating! It isn't fair, nor right, nor just!”

And I almost said to myself that I would go down and raise a fuss about it, and tell the principal that if I couldn't have the first place I wouldn't have any at all, and they might get on without me Commencement Day. And then I thought how disappointed father would be if I

didn't read my essay, and that thought kept me from doing any thing rash. But I was a great deal more excited and angry and unhappy than a Christian has any right to be about any thing in this world. In fact, when I think of yesterday I am very much ashamed of you, Nellie Merritt.

Well, will you believe it, right into the midst of my angry thoughts, as I stood at the window looking out at the purple hills and the blue sky and the white clouds, and never seeing a bit of any thing that I was looking at, there came to me that dreadful bit of Romans: "In honor preferring one another."

It couldn't have shocked me more if some one had struck me.

And I stood there and thought a great many thoughts that I ought to have thought before, and then, my Journal, I cried as hard as ever I could cry. And I believe that part of that cry, at least, was a prayer. May be no one would believe it, but I think that the best lesson that I ever learned in that high-school wasn't learned in the junior or middle or senior class-rooms, but away up stairs there in the cupola.

After I had cried I felt better, and I picked up my pencil and paper and thought as hard as I could.

But it was not very easy work to write even a salutatory, and by the time that school was over I had written only about six lines. I could not possibly think of another idea. So, after I was sure that all the scholars were gone, I slipped down stairs and washed my face in the girls' cloak-room, and I found that I did not look as if I had been crying, and so I went in search of Principal Thorn.

He was drilling one of the boys on his oration for Commencement. When that was over Principal Thorn read my six lines, and then he made some suggestions about the rest of the salutatory. He told me to put in something about our being grateful to the teachers for all the pains they had taken with us scholars in the past three years. I thought that was rather a funny thing for him to suggest for me to say, as long as he is one of the teachers himself. But, then, I suppose it is the proper thing, so I am going to put it in.

But I needed all the good resolutions I had made, for I found out something to-day that hurt my feelings very much for the minute. What I found out is that last Saturday night Principal Thorn told Hadassah that she was to be head of the class, and yet it was Tuesday

before I knew my position. But I don't think that was Principal Thorn's fault, after all, for he has been so busy and so worried with all the final examinations of the classes that it is no wonder he didn't tell me before. So now I am just going to bottle up my feelings and keep still. They hurt, though. I wonder if that isn't a "mixed metaphor," as Miss Towne would say; but I can't stop to fix it.

But when I was going down stairs I heard another thing that made me glad I had not showed what I felt. I heard Hadassah say down low to Inez:

"Do you suppose that Nellie hates me?"

"No, I don't," answered Inez, promptly. "Why, Hadassah, Nellie is a Christian. You know she is, and it isn't Christian to hate."

"No, I know it isn't," said Hadassah, hesitatingly; "but I was afraid Nellie might forget that."

And then they passed on out of hearing.

No, "it isn't Christian to hate," and I wont do it. I have to choke down my feelings every half hour, it seems to me. I didn't know that I was such a creature. And the "preferring one another in honor" wasn't done until I was compelled to do it; that is the most humiliating thing of all. Twelve communion seasons a year;

three years since I entered this high-school; thirty-six careful readings of that twelfth chapter of Romans, and yet not do that thing until I was compelled to!

May 29.—Commencement Day, that wonderful day that I have looked forward to all the year, is over at last. It wasn't so very dreadful to be salutatorian, after all. I was rather glad to come first on the programme, because I did not have to sit and dread it the way some had to whose essays came toward the last. Besides, the audience was not tired out when I read as they were by the time Hadassah was reached.

Father and mother and Bessie and grandma and Mr. and Mrs. Gardner were there, and they were the ones I spoke to, not the crowd. I didn't care very much what they thought. I wanted my six to be suited. They came early, so I got them a beautiful place to see—right before the speakers' stand.

I put something in my essay about the "way that has been provided for us for salvation." I saw two or three of the girls look at one another when I came to that. They smiled, and I know that if they had expressed their feelings they would have said: "What poor taste!"

But it came in easily enough, and, if I have neglected so many opportunities of speaking to the girls these last years, I wasn't going to neglect the last opportunity, too. So I put that into my essay, and when Mr. Gardner came to shake hands with me afterward he said, pleasantly: "I am glad you showed your colors, Nellie."

They let the audience applaud at first, though Principal Thorn forbade it after awhile, because it disturbed other classes down stairs. Pa had a judge with him, and clapped himself when I was through, and the audience began. I suppose the judge thought he had to do as pa did, so he clapped, too. I know my pa never would have the remotest idea that it wasn't quite proper for him to join the audience in applauding his daughter. I don't suppose that such a thing ever entered his head, he was so excited and pleased over my performance. Actually, I don't believe he thought about his office and measles and scarlet fever and broken bones during the whole performance.

Principal Thorn came to me afterward to give me my final report card.

"All the others beside you have had their cards, Nellie," he said. "I want to make you

an explanation of your standing. You stood a little higher than Hadassah in the report card for the term and in your final examinations. But her essay was what made the difference. I considered that hers was better than yours, and you know I said the three things should decide the standing for Commencement. So I gave her the valedictory and you the salutatory."

Well, Hadassah's essay *was* fine. I couldn't have begun to have written it myself. I didn't wonder at her being valedictorian when I heard her read it. But I was sorry for her, because out of that great crowd she had only one who really cared for what she read, and that was her father.

Well, the music-teacher shook hands with me, and said, "Success," and Miss Towne laughed when she saw how full my arms were of the flowers that folks had brought me, and we all said "good-bye," and the Latin teacher delighted father's heart by telling him that I had been "a wonderfully accurate scholar, translating with precision." And then we all got into the carriage and drove home.

June 1.—That was the end, I thought. But yesterday Mrs. Gardner came to me as I finished

teaching my Sabbath-school class, and she gave me a roll, saying: "Mr. Gardner wanted me to hand this to you."

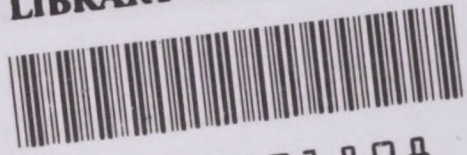
When I went home and unrolled it I found that it was a picture of a white cross on a black background, and on the back of the picture was written:

"Commencement Day, May 29, 18-

And below those words was that verse of Adelaide Procter's:

"Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose luster is not less."

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