

"I should be grieved, indeed, to disobey you," said Carmelita, but now that an opportunity has come for me to go to church I must avail myself of it."

"What opportunity?" asked the old woman quickly.

Mr. Rutherford has offered to show me the way.

"Squire Rutherford's son?"

"I suppose so, but perhaps you will object to my walking so far with a gentleman, if so you might tell Hepzibah."

Carmelita did not at all understand the sudden brightness in the dull face, the gleam in the faded eyes, the note of exultation in the quavering voice

"I haven't no manner of objection to Squire Rutherford's son walking with you. He's a God fearing, upright young man, as folks say."

"He is very kind in offering to show me the way," said Carmelita.

"It seems like as if you'll have to go for this time," said the old woman, "as Squire Rutherford's son is coming to get you."

"I must go if I possibly can," said Carmelita, "because the church commands me to do so."

"Well, don't you mention the subject to me no more," said Mrs. Johnson, thus compromising with her Puritan conscience. The truth was, the glory of having Squire Rutherford's son walking through the town with her grand-daughter in the full light of the Sabbath morning was a triumph so splendid that she almost feared now that Carmelita might hesitate to go, and she quieted certain uneasy scruples that still lurked in her mind with the reflection:

"Perhaps he'll bring her round, if he's set his mind to it. He'll show her better than any of us the abominations of Rome. It would be settin' up against Providence to stop her goin' with him."

Carmelita, pleased with her victory, though unaware of its cause, went down to find Hepzibah, who, although indulging in

various horrified exclamations at the thought of Carmelita going to the Papist meeting house, and that with her grandmamma's consent, was nevertheless filled with delight, as her mistress had been at the prospect of Carmelita's triumph.

"I don't believe he ever walked to meetin' with any girl before. He was always looked upon as so high and set up in his ways. And them foreigners has queer notions about religion and ain't like us no how, and so I'll tell the folks, if they say anything."

Here she was interrupted by a burst of laughter from Carmelita, for the latter part of her soliloquy had been unconsciously uttered aloud.

On the Saturday afternoon preceding the memorable Sunday morning Hepzibah pursued Carmelita everywhere. A restless spirit seemed to have taken possession of her. Carmelita, busying herself about the house, threw open now a long disused shutter in some room which she had visited for the first time, or tucked back dull colored curtains, or opened unexpected doors. Hepzibah watched her in wonder and dismay. In the best parlor her despair took the form of words.

"I declare, Carmelita, if you ain't goin' to fade every square inch of carpet that's on these floors, and them rep curtains, why you're crushing them as if they was paper. And you're lettin' in a glare of sun on the best brocade chairs. It seems like as if you hadn't no care for anything."

"I want to warm the house, it's so cold," said Carmelita, as she had already said innumerable times since her arrival.

"Cold, indeed," repeated Hepzibah in disgust, "but you don't care nothin' about the dust from the highway blowin' right in here."

"But the smell of the flowers and the songs of the birds and the lovely May air come in too," said Carmelita, "and all the