

room, but Diligentia reaches his side first.]

Diligentia—Oh, I'm afraid you are hurt, Mr. Studiosus. Did you break your arm? Oh, why did I let you stand on the top of that ladder! What right have people to make ladders like that; Oh, dear me, I am so sorry!

Studiosus [borne out by his faithful friends], nobly—Don't mind about me, Miss Diligentia, my injuries are of little consequence. I am a happy man to possess your sympathy—and my Hospital certificate. *Exit.*

Diligentia—Oh, that ever I was born! To think that I should have wished to meet Mr. Studiosus for such a long time and then on the first day of our acquaintance I should have helped him break his arm! Poor, poor man! He may never be able to make gestures in the pulpit, and I shall be to blame! If he has to work a wooden arm all his life I shall never forgive myself! Oh, these Decoration Committees, how I detest them!—I don't care how you fix the arches. Yes, drape the blackboard in red if you like, it isn't much uglier than the yellow. Oh, dear me! And he really is handsome, though he didn't look much in that group in the Journal. But you never can depend on newspapers, I've found, they'll twist the truth if they possibly can—it's their business. I'm going home to dinner, though I know it won't be ready, it never is. Good-bye girls. Oh, dear! isn't everything horrid!

Exit Diligentia.

ACT II.

Scene: Skating Rink. *Time:* Saturday afternoon, March 15th.

[Diligentia and Studiosus sailing around hand in hand.]

Diligentia—And your arm is really quite better, Mr. Studiosus? It was this one?

Studiosus—Yes, this one (gentle pressure).

Diligentia—Then you will be able to make gestures in the pulpit after all! I am so glad! A minister without gestures is like a sermon without illustrations.

Studiosus—Ah, Miss Diligentia, you really take an interest in the work of the church?

Diligentia—An interest! Oh, Mr. Studiosus, yes.

Studiosus—Then you would commend my action in giving up the grocery business to enter the Ministry?

Diligentia—I think it was noble, noble! The grocery business is too overcrowded now, and the church needs men like you who have had long experience in debating, as you must have had—friends dropping in constantly to sit on your sugar barrels in an easy way, and discussing questions of the day, as they do. Was yours a corner grocery?

Studiosus [ignoring the question]—Yes I chose the higher and left the lower. And now as the term draws to a close and I am about to enter on the active work of the church, I feel more than ever thankful for the choice.

Diligentia [much moved]—Oh, you must, you must, indeed!

Studiosus—I do. And Miss Diligentia, your sympathy is grateful to me, is precious, I may add. What these many skates with you have done for me, who shall say? And your appreciation of the dignity of the ministerial office—

Diligentia—Appreciation! Oh, Mr. Studiosus it was always my dearest,