



regret that the rector would expect to walk home with her, Marjorie slipped away quickly from the church door. But as she did so a hand stole suddenly into hers in her muff, and a sharp voice asked querulously:

"Why are you running away?"

Marjorie turned to find the little deformed girl who belonged to her Sunday afternoon class. The thin woman's face was looking up at her unsmilingly, the long unchildish fingers held hers tight.

"Only because I must, Jane," she said warmly. "I wish I could stay to walk home with you. But it must be next time."

"Very well, Miss Hunt."

The unsmiling face looked less sharp. The thin fingers disengaged themselves quickly, to help Miss Hunt go.

As Marjorie walked on, she thought with lingering affection of the strange little child-woman, Jane Warner—the Sharp-Voiced One, as she had first called her. When, two months before, at the request of her aunt's rector, Marjorie had undertaken a Sunday School class of little girls, all impressively correct in appearance, she had not thought of encountering any special problem in teaching. She had often had classes of settlement and mission school children and had enjoyed them. But on the second Sunday of her appearance as a teacher in Caryville, the rector, Mr. Crawford, had sought her out with an eager question written all over his face.

"I wonder if you would take charge of a little friend of mine?" he had said. "She is Jane Warner—a deformed girl."

Marjorie could not refuse his winning smile. "Of course," she had said without misgiving.

Jane Warner had entered Miss Hunt's class with dignity. "I suppose you think because I'm little I am as young"—with scorn—"as the rest of these girls."

"I don't usually ask people's ages when I first meet them," Marjorie said, smiling.

