

up the great stairway and into the very face of the old clock, standing at its station in the hall.

Grandmamma's room was daily adorned with a bunch of lilacs or other spring flowers, the chintz curtains during the day were drawn far back to let in as much sun as possible. New life seemed coming into the shrivelled figure on the bed. Perhaps it only seemed so because new curtains had been hung upon the bedside, of bright and cheerful coloring. But there was distinctly a gleam of hope, of pleased expectancy in the old eyes, as they watched the door for the coming of a bright, young presence. How bright they grew as Carmelita entering, knelt impulsively to kiss the wrinkled hand, or put an arm about the withered neck, whilst coaxing grandmamma to eat.

The brown room was relieved of its curtains and other gloomy appendages. A neat toilet table took the place of the cumbersome bureau and distorting mirror. Pretty trifles in fancy work gave touches of harmonious color to the apartment. Upon the walls were pictures of the Sacred Heart, of Our Lady of Lourdes, and a print which Carmelita highly prized of St. Simon Stock receiving the Scapular from the hands of the Blessed Mother. This had been given to Carmelita by her dead mother, and besides, said the young girl once to Hepzibah:

"It is my name-picture. I was born upon the feast of Our Lady of Carmel and that is why I was called Carmelita, and why my mother always loved this picture." All of which was Greek to Hepzibah, except the fact that Araminta, despite her godly training, had grown to love "idolatrous images."

The old woman's astonishment, indeed, upon first seeing the room thus adorned, was more easily imagined than described.

"Sakes alive," she found voice to gasp, "I would'nt a good deal any of the folks 'round here got into this room. Why, Car-

melita," she always pronounced the "i" broad,—"whatever makes you go to hang up graven images, right here under your grandfather's roof, him that was an elder of the church."

"You call these pictures graven images," said Carmelita with some anger, "why, do you not see that they are the countenances of our Lord and His Blessed Mother."

"Thou shalt not make to thyself a graven image," began Hepzibah, in the sing-song voice of the Bethel Sunday-School, which forty odd years before she had attended.

But Carmelita put her little hand upon the woman's mouth.

"Bah, my good Hepzibah," she said playfully, "if we may not have the faces of those we love to remind us of them, then take away that portrait of my grandfather from the parlor below, and that other, oh naughty Hepzibah, which hangs in your own sleeping room."

"Sech a child," said Hepzibah, no little flustered by this allusion to the counterfeited presentiment of a half-legendary and long departed sweetheart, "I declare you'd most argue the birds of the bushes. But all the same——"

"When you see the faces of our Lord and our Blessed Lady here all the time, said Carmelita, "you will grow to know and love them much better than you do. I want to put them wherever I can in this old house. It needs warmth. I wish you could put one in grandmamma's room."

"Don't you do nothing of the sort," cried Hepzibah, "you'd most kill her if you did. It gave me a turn comin' up here in the dim light, Sabbath evening, and I just home from setting right under the pulpit, where Parson Jenkins, he preached on the idolatry of the Papists."

"He must be a very foolish, ignorant man," said Carmelita, coolly, "but I suppose he cannot help it. I pity him."

"You pity a minister of the Baptist