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AUGUST 1, 1912

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

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mark the limit to her powers. She did not see how large that service might become.

She did not raise her head at all when the next knock came; it made no difference to her who the visitor might be.

"Well, I declare—Janet Harvey doing nothing, and—yes, I do believe she's crying!"

The cheery voice was full of strength and magnetism. Janet sat up as by an electric shock.

"Annette Lowrie!" It was all she said, but the tall, fair girl who had closed the door behind her knew what her welcome was.

"Now what's the matter with you?" Annette sank cosily into the cushioned Morris chair. She was a graduate of three years' standing, whose names stood in the college annals as that of a bright particular star.

"Nothing—everything—I don't know myself—but I haven't any ambition left to do anything for my country."

"You're tired out."

"No—my schedule is light enough, but it's just that I can't make things go—or, to say what's really the matter, I'm trying to teach a Bible class, and the dear young freshman come because they like me, but as for doing them any good—I might as well read them Mother Goose rhymes for an hour each Sunday."

"But I thought you were so interested in that class—and I've heard what a fine teacher you are."

"Well—I do know the subject—just as I know the history and literature that I tutor at seventy-five cents an hour. I could probably get any one of my class through an examination on The Acts and Epistles. But I don't seem to feel any of what I'm telling them—and, of course, they don't either." Janet's voice broke pitifully. "Then to-day has capped the climax"—and she went on to narrate the story of her broken afternoon.

"But bless your heart, child, don't you think those things count—patience and calmness and helpfulness? Three girls you've helped to-day—in practical ways, to be sure, but no less real. They needed you to-day—the others don't need you till to-morrow. And about to-morrow—aren't you thinking a good deal about making a good impression, saying something clever and original? I used to, I know, and it's fatal. You let yourself get in that way of what you're trying to make them see, you know."

"But I have to say something new or they wouldn't come," objected Janet.

Annette Lowrie's face was shining. With all her beauty and charm, with all her popularity and prominence as a leader in student affairs, the quality for which she was best loved and oftenest remembered was her lovely Christianity.

"No—nothing new," she answered now. "There is nothing new. You get on your knees, as soon as I go away, and ask for a new sight of the face of Christ. Then to-morrow, forget all the doctrines and theology you've studied over—with a glance at the stout commentary—and you try to make your freshmen see what you've seen—make them fall in love with Him, because you make Him seem so lovely. I know it's old," she added softly, "but it's true—and it's very beautiful."

Janet made no answer. She did not remonstrate when, after a few minutes of silence, her friend rose, with a final loving pat on her shoulder. "I'll see you to-morrow," she said cheerily. "Be good, now, and don't worry."

It was an hour before another sound came to disturb the peace of the room—Annette Lowrie seemed to leave peace behind her when she went. Janet had not moved. With arms thrown up and head resting back on her clasped hands against the pillows, she gazed out across the wintry stretches of campus, beyond the feathery interlacings of the leafless trees, into the cold gray-blue of a January sky—and beyond it. She was seeing the vision, as Annette had called it back to mind—Annette, who had first made her see it. It seemed to come nearer, nearer, as she gazed—to come into her very room—that face of beauty and of sadness. And then—

Clang—it was the gong for half-past five, with warning to dress for dinner. With a start Janet awoke to mundane

things, and chief among them her promise to Rosalie to take dinner with her. Rosalie Blake was the most devoted of the freshmen, and she had set her heart on having her popular senior friend at her table, in the eyes of all the freshmen in the great dining room. Janet sighed at the thought. It would be so blessed to stay here and prolong the hour of inspiration. Would Rosalie, after all, mind so keenly? Would her disappointment be greater than Janet's loss? The vision still lingered, but beside it were Rosalie's grieved brown eyes. A senior guest meant much to a freshman.

Slowly the dinner dress went on; slowly its wearer mounted the stairs to the freshman corridor above, and descended in the elevator, with an enthusiastic, chattering mob, to the dining-room floor. With difficulty she aroused herself to the animation that came usually without effort. The elevator was dark, and Janet was pushed far back to a shadowy corner. Among the pushing girls near the door she heard her name.

"Where was I?" It was the voice of her homesick freshman of that afternoon. "Down in Miss Harvey's room. Yes, indeed, she's lovely. I was the most miserable girl in Maine, I guess, and she pulled me out of it. Talk about Bible classes—she taught me more to-day than I ever heard her say on Sunday."

The speaker was borne away in the crowd. Janet, smiling, followed Rosalie down the long room.

Dinner was over by and by. The half hour before chapel the girls were accustomed to spend sociably in Room X. Standing just inside the door, to watch the chattering crowd, she heard a fragment of conversation between two girls just outside.

"What did your father finally decide, Nancy?"

"Oh, that I have to pass every single thing at midyears, or come home right away."

"Too bad; can you ever do it?"

"I couldn't myself—not possibly. But you know what a help Janet is. I hate to bother her, too; this afternoon she was so busy, and spent a long time straightening me out. But oh, I just can't go home and leave you all. I think 'twould kill me."

Janet was carried away herself, just then, among the crowd. In her heart was a determination to see her southern classmate through her midyears or die in the attempt.

The claims of half-a-dozen friends delayed her, after chapel. At last, walking thoughtfully down the senior corridor, she was met by a trembling girl with a white, frightened face. One shaking hand held out a telegram.

"Why, Dolly, dear, what is it?"

"Read it—it's mother—oh, dear, I don't know what to do first, and you're always good to me—I've been waiting for you to come—I knew you'd help."

The remainder of the evening was a strenuous one—looking up trains in the railroad guide, arranging for a carriage to come in the early morning, packing such things as Dolly needed, and finally managing to coax the poor child into bed, where for hours she lay wide awake, till Janet's strong, steady touch upon her forehead soothed her to sleep. It was long after midnight when she returned, utterly weary, to her room. Her vision of the afternoon seemed to belong to the far, far past.

The room was in dimness, the light turned low. Just for a moment she flung herself down, to think. But she was quite sure that the face would not be there. Nor was it. In its stead, against the black of the outside world beyond her window, were three faces—those of the three girls she had helped that day, whose own words had told her how much her help had counted.

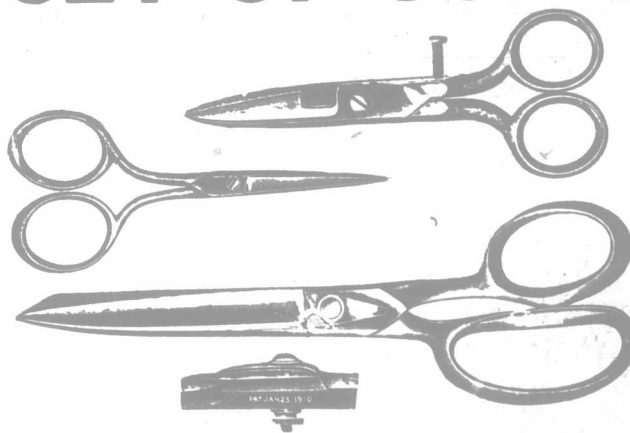
"After all, it was for Him," she pondered. "I can see His likeness in their faces there, though I never could before. He has shown me himself again, only in different form."

Janet told her story to Annette next day, with some fear lest she be laughed at as a sentimentalist and a mystic. But Annette only smiled.

"I know," she said. "Do you remember Longfellow's poem about the monk? and how it ends?"

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled." That is what the vision said.

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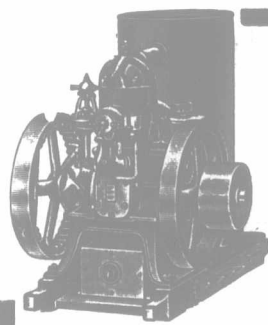


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