

like to do now! It's a bit stale, Agnes, setting a girl like Silvia down to talk over parish things."

"Well, good-night," the practical friend had said, conscious of the futility of further protest. "I'll send you back this lot by the end of the week."

"You are a dear! Come in again soon, Agnes; you do me good. I want whipping up every now and then."

Indeed, she felt a little lonely despite the fact that her friend's plain words rankled a little this afternoon. Helen loved the truth as a rule, but she shrank from it in this particular instance. She wanted to believe that she was not a failure, but facts were against her. Because she had planned to do such wonderful things when first she had come to Garth Court. It had all seemed so easy; she was just bubbling over with a natural spring of warm-hearted and loving sympathy. Circumstances had shut her away from intimate home life, had denied her contact with young growing creatures; she had always wanted a home of her own, and had dreamed dreams of what she would have done with boys and girls had they been given into her care; then, when these things had actually come to pass, the little joys she had pictured to herself faded out one by one, and all those happy, gracious influences which she had promised herself should blossom and bear fruit (such wonderful fruit!) had withered and died.

She left the window with a sigh, and went back to the armchair and to the mending.

"What does Agnes want, anyway?" she asked herself a little impatiently as she threaded her needle and ran her hand into a sock that showed a gaping

hole; "sure thing is! I doing this moment and Miss Ambrose"

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