

She was struggling with an unsal emotion, and it was not easy for her to say what she had prepared.

"Faith, Miss Kirk—of course—you must come into the parlor with us this evening. You ought to have told me who you were. I—I—perhaps I have not treated you just right. I don't know—"

"Don't say anything about that, ma'am," said Faith. "This experience has been worth a good deal to me. I'm afraid I've had some unchristian thoughts about you.

"You do not need to say anything about that," said Mrs. Fulton, hastily. Then she added in a tone that made Faith feel that she had been thinking a good deal of Faith's efficient service; "we shall not know how to get along without you. You have quite spoiled us for the average help."

"I'm glad if you've been pleased," replied Faith, and that was all that was said then, but the atmosphere between her and Mrs. Fulton cleared up wonderfully.

That evening was not soon forgotten by the Fultons. The three guests had a good deal to say. All of them had seen a good deal of the world, and each from his own point of view was a fascinating talker. Mr. and Mrs. Fulton sat silent and intensely interested. Mr. Fulton quite forgot his business interests for awhile. Alice and Faith sat near together and listened breathlessly to one or two stories Malcom Stanley told very modestly about some genuine adventures in the mining districts of the African Transvaal. Roy, who was just beginning to devour books in much the same manner as he devoured pie, leaned his chin on his hands and his elbows on his knees, looking up at the three men who represented so much that was heroic to him.

But perhaps the one person who impressed the whole company most deeply was Malcom Kirk.

There was something so modest, yet so manly, so winsome in its genuine Christian sympathy in his whole man-