

Roxy bent over her sewing and grew red in the face. Mrs. Hanks interpreted this flush of indignation as a blush.

"I suppose you are already engaged," she said, with an air of offence. "I don't think you ought to treat your mother's sister in that way. I was told that you were engaged to Mr. Whittaker. I must say I don't think it the best you can do."

"I am not engaged to Mr. Whittaker or to anybody else," said Roxy, giving way to her rising anger, and breaking her needle. "I wish people would mind their own business."

"Well, Roxy, I must say that is not a nice way to treat me when I come to give you advice. If I can't talk to you, who can?"

Roxy's sense of injury and neglect which she thought she had conquered by prayer all revived now, and she bit her lip.

"I tell you plainly, Roxy, that if you marry Mr. Whittaker you'll get a cold Presbyterian that does not believe in real heart religion. They educate their ministers without asking whether they have a real divine call or not. Some of them, I expect, are not soundly converted. And you know how you'll suffer for the means of grace if you join the Presbyterians. They won't have any praying or speaking by women. They don't have any class-meetings, and I don't think they have that *deep depth* of godliness you know that we Methodists believe in. And they don't allow shouting or crying, and that's a quenching of the spirit. So I say. For David says in the Psalms to shout and to cry aloud, and to make a joyful noise unto the Lord. Now, I do hope you won't marry a cold-blooded Presbyterian that believes in predestination and that a certain number was born to be damned. And little children, too, for the Confession of Faith says that children not a span long are in hell, and ——"

"The Confession of Faith don't say that," said Roxy.

"Oh! you've been reading it, have you. I didn't know you'd gone so far. Now, I say that there's *some* good Christians in the Presbyterian church, but a Methodist that leaves her own church to join the Presbyterians has generally backslid beforehand. And a girl that changes her religion to get a husband ——"

"Who said I meant to change my religion to get a husband?" Roxy was now fiercely angry. "If you're going to talk that way, I will not stay and listen," and the girl drew herself up proudly, but her sensitive conscience smote her in a moment for her anger, and she sat down again, irresolute.

"Well, Roxy, you've got your father's temper along with your mother's religion. Though for that matter I think a temper's a good thing. But when you've got a chance to marry such a Methodist as Mark Bonamy, now, I don't see why you should take a poor Presbyterian preacher that hasn't got a roof to cover his head. Mark'll get over his mission soon. Missionary fever with young Christians is like wild oats with young sinners—it's soon over. You can cool Mark down if you try. Show him how much good he can do if he'll stay here and inherit his father's wealth. But Mark'll get his share anyway. The old man won't leave him out. And now, Roxy, you'll get over your freaks as I have got over mine, and if you miss your chance you'll be sorry for it. It isn't every day a girl whose father's a poor shoemaker and who lives in a log-house, gets a man with a good farm and