

Mary did not answer, she said, "Mary, you should answer Lizzie if she has apologized properly for an offence." "Oh, its all right, Lizzie," Mary answered quickly, but her mother was not satisfied and questioned Lizzette until she knew the whole story. She made no comment, but with a troubled look on her face, she left the room.

Weeks and months passed by and one day Ruth received a kind letter from Dr. Brown, in which he told her that in two weeks their Quarterly Meeting would be held, and expressed a wish that she might be able to attend. That night at supper Ruth was so thoughtful and absent-minded that her uncle noticed it. "Well Ruth, what is it makes you so serious to-night?" Ruth blushed as she answered, "I was thinking, uncle," at which answer her cousins laughed. "Well, can we not share your thoughts, my child? Perhaps by telling them they will seem less serious." "Certainly, uncle; I have a letter from Dr. Brown, and he was telling me about the Quarterly Meeting, to be held week after next, and I was thinking how I wished I could be there, and then I thought of last Quarterly Meeting, and—" She paused; they all knew why, and had respect for her grief, but her uncle said, "You can go Ruth, why not?" But his wife said, "How could she go all alone Henry? I don't see the need anyway. She goes to church every week if she wishes." "Ah wife, I look back to the past sometimes, and when I remember my father's home and the preparation made for Quarterly Meeting, and the arrival of visiting Friends, I live it all over again. The old meeting house full, but so still in the solemn silence you might shut your eyes and imagine yourself alone. Then the powerful sermon that made you forget the speaker and think only of his earnest, God-given words, followed, perhaps, by a prayer, which carried you to the gates of heaven, or at least seemed to bring heaven very near to you. I have longed sometimes to attend such a

meeting once more." Henry Martin's wife and daughters looked at him in wonder, for it was seldom he spoke of his youth, and still less of his early religion. But William looked intently at his plate, and seemed to have forgotten his supper. When his father stopped speaking, he said, "I should like very much to attend a Friend's meeting. Cannot I go with Ruth, father?" All were silent in the pause that followed; then the father answered, "Yes, my son, go and may God bless you."

#### CHAPTER IV.—"THAT LITTLE QUAKER."

When the cousins returned home from Quarterly Meeting, Ruth seemed filled with a quiet happiness that made her more cheerful than she had been, but William seemed grave and quiet at times.

Ruth thought her aunt was not looking well and done all she could to help her. She was surprised one day, as she sat by her aunt, who was suffering from a severe headache, to hear the question—"Ruth, how do the Friends believe differently from the other churches?" After a moment's pause, Ruth said, "I will answer the best I can, aunt. I do not know as we differ from the churches in our thought of God, that He is our kind, loving Father, ever striving to draw us to Him, even sending His Son to set us a perfect example, and to banish the fear of death by passing through it Himself. But we believe that while Jesus, from His love for the world, was willing even to die on the cross, thus offering Himself for our sakes. Still we do not think it is His blood, shed on Calvary, that saves us, but that it is His life or spirit, acting in our hearts, which redeems and saves us, if we yield obedience to it." "Then you do not believe in the Trinity?" "Why, aunt, we believe that the Holy Spirit is Christ, or the voice of God, speaking in our souls. Jesus said He would be ever with His disciples, and when He ascended, the Holy Spirit was given to be a guide to his followers forever."