

to help you to keep on in the same way than there are to help you back."

For some minutes she talked on, and then Jessie Buchanan moved her chair a little closer and laid a hand sympathetically upon the girl's shoulder.

"You think my name is Flossie, don't you, Miss Buchanan?" the girl asked slowly. "Well, it isn't. Nobody here knows either of my right names, but I'm going to tell you: my right name is Nellie Gillard; and Miss Buchanan, I want to be good again, and maybe get back home soon—only, I am afraid, for I haven't even written for nearly a year." Tears were wiped away as the memory of the old home was revived in the light of new desires.



Another week was nearing its close, and Jessie Buchanan was as usual making her plans for a hospitable Sunday. Glancing down the driveway, she was surprised to see Nellie Gillard approaching the house. This was the first daylight visit Nellie