

afternoon when she come in with them two boxes an' sot mine on the shelf out there. She know'd I warn't the missionary kind. I do' no but she done it jest for a joke. It was five years ago, you know, an' I was scrapin' along with my bo'rders, an' rents was high an' livin' higher, an' I had hard enough times to make both ends meet, I can tell you, though it warn't half as hard times as I thought it was. I was that down-hearted that everything looked criss-cross to me, an' I got to have hard feelings against every one 't looked 's if they got along easier 'n me, an' I most give up going to church at all, for all I was a professor, an' I won't say but that I had murmurin's against Providence—fact is, I know I had—if you be a minister's wife! An' so it was work, work, from one week's end to another, an' I never thought of nothin' else. Then Mary Pickett she came home from school, where she'd ben ever since she was fifteen, for she took all the money her pa left her, to get an education, so'st teach; an' she got a place in the grammar school an' come to board with me, an' she'd heard about missions to that school till she was full of 'em, an' the very fust meetin' day after she come, she walked out in the kitchen, an' says she :

“ ‘Aunty, a'n't you comin' to missionary meetin' down to the church?’ says she. ‘I'll meet you there after school,’ says she.

“ ‘An' if you'll believe me, Mis' Malcolm, I was that riled that I could have shook her! I says :

“ ‘Pretty doin's 'twould be for me to go traipsin' off to meetin's and leave the i'nin' and the cookin' and set alongside o' Lawyer Stapleton's wife, hearin' about—the land knows what! Folks had better stay to home and see to their work,' says I. But, law! nothin' ever made Mary Pickett answer back. She just laughed and said, ‘Good-bye,’ an' I stayed an' puttered over the kitchen work till I