

hate out of my heart, like you say we must; but I am sorry for what I did to Miss Trent, Teacher."

"You didn't do anything Borska, dear; you raged and threatened and cursed her, I know, and that hurt you, but it didn't hurt her. She took erysepelas; but anyone might get that."

"Teacher," said Borska earnestly, "I am very sick in my heart. I want to tell you, for you are my friend . . . I did something very bad. I made a little doll like Miss Trent when I was so crazy mad, yellow hair, red lips and all. I took piece of cloth like her coat, and put coat on it with pockets and all, just like hers. And little string of beads, and red shoes. Hours and hours I work. Then I stick pins in its face to hurt her, so she get sick in the face . . . And then when Dan go to the City to see her I fix it so she will die in four months . . . I am sorry now, and wish . . ."

Mrs. Taski rocked herself in agony, and her tears flowed afresh. Mary Borden put her arms around her.

"Now, look here, Borska, that's all superstition and foolishness, and you must not think of it any more. You are a new creature now, in God's love, and you are going to fill your heart so full of kindness that all these black thoughts will be driven out. We'll pray every day, Borska, that you will forget all this, and you will burn this little figure, for you sewed all sorts of hatred in it."

Borska turned a white face of horror to her.

"Oh, no, we must not burn it. But I'll give it to you, Teacher, and then maybe the bad power will go out of it. But, oh, Teacher, I am afraid it will kill her when the time is up. I said in four months, and that will be soon."

"Borska, dear, when I go home for the holidays