

felt the fire as it licked her bare fingers, and even singed her hair and scorched her forehead. All she knew was that the flames died out, and consciousness flickered and vanished from the piteous childish face, and then she looked up to find Miss Beckenham and a doctor standing at her side. She turned upon the latter as he bent anxiously over the prostrate child, with a mute despairing appeal, for to her inexperience Letty looked as one dead, and as he took the slight figure from her he said kindly, 'Do not be frightened; she has only fainted. I think you were just in time'; and then carrying his burden he followed Miss Beckenham out of the room.

Elizabeth staggered to her feet. What was the matter with her, she wondered? The floor seemed to get up too, and the wall tried to fall upon her; she put out her hands to push them away, and a pain as sharp as a knife ran through her! She tumbled ignominiously backward upon Eleanor, and then after a moment the confusion cleared away and she found herself lying upon the sofa, with a group of girls hanging over her.

'I'm all right,' she said, cheerfully; 'at least, what have I done to my hands?' She sat up, and her companions cried out with horror and pity as the inflamed, blackened, blistered fingers that had done such good service met their view.

Later on, when poor little Letty, swathed in cotton wool, had sobbed herself into a fitful sleep, and Elizabeth was dozing as comfortably as her painful bandaged fingers would let her, Miss Beckenham came back to the room where the girls were still lingering, too miserable and upset to return to work. She brought them good news, for the child was not so seriously injured as the doctor had at first feared.

'I shall keep her here,' Miss Beckenham said; 'there is no one fit to look after her at home, and we must nurse her back to health among us.' And then she added gravely, 'I hope every one of you is sensible of what we owe to Elizabeth. No, I am not blaming you; only I do want you to realize that had she lost her nerve, had her presence of mind failed as yours did, Letty must have died. The doctor told her himself that her courage and common-sense, had saved her life; a few minutes more lost time would have been fatal. And then there is something else I want to say to you: I do not think Elizabeth is looking well or happy. I wonder if you have tried to make things as easy for her as you could?'

As she looked from one downcast face to the other, her mind misgave her, and she was hardly surprised when honest Rose burst out tearfully:

'No, we haven't; we've been as nasty as we could! We didn't want her; and we've all been simply horrid; but, oh, Miss Beckenham, do you think she will ever forgive us?'

Then the Principal turned to Eleanor with a look that cut the girl to the heart. She colored painfully; but she said bravely, with a new expression of humility on her usually tranquil face—

'It is quite true. We have all done wrong, as Rose says; but I have been the worst of all, for I began it. They would never have thought of it but for me, and I led them on. I was angry at her coming, and I would not let the others have anything to do with her.'

The elder woman smiled sadly, and then she said quietly, 'Well, you cannot do more than own your faults, and you must try and make it up to Elizabeth; but I am sorely disappointed, for I trusted you—you, Eleanor—most of all!'

She said no more, but those few words cost the proud girl beside her a very bitter moment. And that she accepted the rebuke si-

lently, and without any attempt at self-justification, was surely a hopeful augury for the future.

On the following morning Elizabeth came on a message into the workroom, her muffled hands reposing in a sling, and was amazed and overwhelmed to find herself the subject of a regular ovation. In her simplicity it had not occurred to her that any change was likely to result from the performance of what seemed to her an obvious duty. And when the girls crowded round her, entreating her to forget all the unkind things they had said and done, she was altogether overcome.

'Don't, please don't,' she gasped, and then she added with a sudden radiant smile, 'I know I am not clever; but do you mean you will be friends with me now? I should like to be really one of you, for it is so lonely to be always outside.'

'Thank goodness you're not one of us!' exclaimed the irrepressible Rose, 'if you had been you'd have been useless yesterday, and Letty would have died. But we'll try to be one of you,' she finished, quite regardless of grammar.

'Elizabeth ought to have a medal,' said Ada Graham, solemnly; 'they give them for saving people when they're drowned, why not when they're burnt to death instead?'

Thanks to Miss Alice Beckenham's good nursing, and Elizabeth's cheerful companionship, Letty got well as quickly as possible, and rewarded the girl who had dared so much for her with a wealth of love that more than anything else helped to make her happy at last in her new life. Wounded feelings and injured limbs healed alike 'with the best intention,' and the exciting event of that dark November day faded at length into the past. But its lesson was not forgotten; for when Mary Graham went to Manchester, and Rose Daly took her sweet Irish eyes to make the light of an emigrant's home in the Far West, their successors found a friendly and ready welcome awaiting them without a preliminary three months' residence in Coventry.

'Ere's a stranger—let's leave 'alf a brick at 'im!' is said to be a motto in one of our manufacturing shires! We are all of us far too ready with our half bricks—our doubts, our prejudices, our dislikes to any ways but our own. And then we find out, sometimes with joyful repentance, sometimes with bitter and lifelong regret, that those whom we counted as scarcely worth the knowing, had assuredly a certain kinship with the angels of whom we are always so densely 'un-awares.'

What To Say In A Letter.

What a number of letters have been written that have not been worth the postage! How often will a member of a family who can go away for a time, send a missive that will bring to those at home a whiff of the sea breeze, or a glimpse of fresh rural scenery? Ought it not to be a real pleasure, this matter of home letters during holidays? You, who are the fortunate ones that receive, can you not share the delights of the outing with those friends who must do without a holiday? Let your letter be, not a hasty epistle dashed off because you feel you must write, but a leisurely intelligent expression of your doings, and of your delight at being able to devote an unhurried hour to the dear ones at home.

In writing a real letter the epistle it is meant to answer ought to be fresh in one's mind, or lying before one's eyes. It is a lapse of courtesy to omit to answer your friend's definite questions. Then, too, a graceful letter will follow somewhat the

trend of the one it is a reply to, while going further and suggesting new thoughts. A correspondence is nothing but a makeshift for the electric interchange of fact, thought and idea, that would take place if two friends were together. If your friend in talking chances to remark upon how interested she is becoming in a certain subject, you do not abruptly turn the conversation without at least saying, 'I am so glad!' or 'How much you will enjoy it!' It is scarcely less rude to do so in a letter by ignoring the fact that has been mentioned.

A deep-rooted antipathy to expressing oneself in writing, and a lack of practice, are two causes which lead to the neglect of letter-writing. The fact is partly the fault of parents and teachers, but with persevering effort it can be overcome. The second need stand in no one's way. Practice can be gained by beginning a diary—not a silly expression of sentiment that even the writer will never care to read, but a clear statement of events of interest in one's life, comments on



current topics, observations of nature, impressions of certain pictures or books, amusing incidents. Such a diary will serve a twofold purpose. While giving practice in expression, it is also a record of incident that one can turn to in writing a letter that shall bridge over a silence of weeks or months.

'Well, I haven't anything to say.' The words are a pitiful confession of poverty of mind, and of eyes that see not. No matter how dull your life may seem, you can glean something that will interest a friend. A description of your new home to friends who have not yet seen it, or a new arrangement of a room to friends who have already visited you, little events happening in your daily journey to the office or shop, if you are a wage-earner, personal items—not gossip—about mutual friends, the account of your last outing, some new ideas you have formed from the last book you have read, a stray sentence quoted from an address or a sermon that impressed you—all these help to make a readable and delightful letter to a friend. The country dweller ought not to withhold from the letter to a city friend a bulletin of nature's great panorama, and the city resident should impart some of the stir and life of the city streets in writing to the friend to whom the country grows at times monotonous.

How delightful, in these days of cheap cameras, to find in our letters photographs showing parts of the well-known or unknown—rooms where our friend lives. How charming is a letter interspersed with clever little sketches sent by the friend who can draw. You cannot reciprocate, having