

another any more now, Tracy dearest, God has been so good; so very good to us."

"Yes, that is just what I meant," Tracy said softly. "I felt so sure that He was with us both, loving us just the same although we were separated; and I knew that He would make it all right and happy at last: and so He has."

There was silence for some moments; and then servants came in with Tracy's early tea. Stella said that she should have some with him, and still be ready for her dinner, which she always had with her sister now.

Twilight was creeping on, and the little boy was lying by himself for the first few minutes since he had entered his new home. The door of the room softly opened; and Tracy heard the rustling of silks, such as he had been accustomed to, night after night, in Belgrave-square; and then the tall graceful form of his elder sister crossed the apartment, and stayed itself beside the couch. Her face was turned away from the little light which the spring evening afforded; and Tracy could not see his sister's countenance. But, instead of the bygone cold and formal greeting, Lora seated herself on the low stool which Stella had not long quitted, and Tracy felt a gentle hand upon his forehead and a soft warm kiss upon his lips. O could it be Lora? "Little Tracy," she said, "I am very glad to welcome you, my darling."

"O sister, sister!" the child exclaimed. He had no recollections of past waywardness, not even an unkind or bitter thought wherewith to reproach himself, as poor Stella often had, when touched to the heart by Lora's altered bearing. He could only take his sister's hand and cover it with kisses.

Lora could hardly trust herself to speak; but she went on, "Tracy dear, I know that I have not always been to you what I ought to have been; but I think you will find it different now," she murmured.

"O sister, what is there that you have not done for me and given me that *could* be done or thought of?" he exclaimed, interrupting her.

"But I want you to love me now, Tracy."

"O sister, I have loved you all along, only now I shall love you better, dearer, more than ever;" and kisses were showered again, and tear-drops mingled with them, while Lora's eyes filled too.

Stella came into the room just then, and, kneeling down beside them, pushed her little hand between the two already clasped; and Lora received that night the first instalment of the affection which it was henceforth to be her life's aim to secure and strengthen. They sat together for some minutes, Stella and Tracy too quietly content to speak, and then a loud dinner-bell sounded.

"We must be going, Stella dear. Ah! you do not know who is coming to dinner this evening, who I daresay is already come."

"Who, dear Lora?"

"Miss Lyon. She called this afternoon; and, as you were out, I asked her in the most uncere- monious manner possible to come to dinner. She said 'Yes,' directly, which I thought very friendly on her part."

"May I see Miss Lyon?" Tracy asked.

"Have you not seen enough for one day, dear? What do you think, Stella?"

"You will go to bed, my darling. You had better wait till to-morrow. We shall come and say good-night, you know."

"Yes, that will be best," said Tracy, acquiescently; and nurse came into the room as the sisters left it.

"I could not see him first by daylight; I thought it better so," Lora said, as they went down to the drawing-room. "I am afraid the poor child will be terribly shocked."

Stella could never answer when her sister made allusion to her altered appearance. She did feel that, although perhaps not shocked, Tracy would be sadly grieved at the change.

And yet how very far more than was lost had been gained to them since their last meeting! If only the terrible cloud of the previous afternoon had not overshadowed her, how wondrously happy Stella would have been!

Eight weeks passed away, and Croombe was in the full glory and splendour of July.

Lady Trevannion had returned home some time; Somerset, tempted by a pressing invitation from Captain Symonds, had accompanied him on a

month's yachting, and wrote the most cheerful letters imaginable, telling of perfect health and wonderfully-recovered strength.

Life at Croombe went on very smoothly and tranquilly externally. The terrible ghost of contagion now effectually banished, there was a return of formal calls and courtesies; but there had been as yet no guests staying in the house: Lora's heart sickened at the thought; and the plea of a brother's prolonged absence was a convenient and effectual excuse.

Hope deferred, if that faint struggling gleam which would force itself into consciousness might indeed be called hope, was fast giving way to the dull dead blank of hope extinguished; for, since the afternoon when, coming to her home to claim his dear one, and meeting in exchange with a cold repulse, Lora had heard not a whisper of her former lover.

If people remarked or guessed at all—and it was not likely that so many interested and speculating tongues would remain entirely idle—it was given forth that, shocked by the loss of her outward charms, Captain Flamank had availed himself of but slender excuse to renounce the proud and stately lady of his former love. Some believed the report; others questioned it; but none of their whisperings reached the ears of Miss Gower in her sequestered ancestral home. Even Lady Trevannion asked no questions; and Somerset made but one allusion to the matter, which, meeting with no response, had not been repeated.

So that, as alone she had inflicted it, alone Lora had to bear the rankling of that blighting, unhealing wound. Sometimes, when the longing to hear even the sound of his name once more seemed to be too strong to be resisted, Lora would well-nigh make up her mind to unbosom her heart to Stella, in whose steadfast love and sympathy she would meet at least with interest and compassion.

But a feeling which was now becoming very akin to shame and self-reproach held her back, and sealed her lips on the subject ever present to her heart. And all the time the little true friend and sister was narrowly watching her opportunity, anxiously seeking for the faint spark of hope, which, once communicated, would, she knew, speedily bring back the one so sorely missed to the vacant and expectant home circle.

(To be Continued.)

A Good Appetite

Always accompanies good health, and an absence of appetite is an indication of something wrong. The universal testimony given by those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, as to its merits in restoring the appetite, and as a purifier of the blood, constitutes the strongest recommendation that can be urged for any medicine.

Hoods Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache. 25c.

The Culture of Courtesy in Children.

"Manners make the man" is a saying that our experience verifies daily. The man who is rough and brusque in manner repels us; we may be conscious of his good qualities and excuse him by saying he is "a rough diamond," yet that roughness is unpleasant. The sarcastic man, again, is a dreaded enemy to timid folk; his sarcasms may be clever, his jokes witty, yet when they are aimed at ourselves we shrink from them. On the other hand, how popular is the gentle-mannered, kindly-natured man, quick to sympathize with others, willing to help the weak.

When we consider that "manner" is as much an acquired art as music or painting—for we are not born with a ready-made manner—how essential should be the cultivation of pleasing manners, by which we obtain the love of our fellow-men and from which they derive so much benefit.

With all parents self-discipline is so necessary before child-culture commences, an ounce of practice being worth a pound of precept. Parents are very apt to expect and exact nice manners from their children, oblivious of the fact that in their own conduct so much is to be desired. We meet in society people who appear to be most

charming, and so they are when they put on their "company manners." See them in the family circle, and our opinion quickly changes. Rude remarks, unkind speeches, inelegant attitudes are there the order of the day. Who can wonder then that the children of such parents also have "company manners"? Children differ widely in disposition; they inherit certain characteristics which can be rightly guided, but not eradicated, yet their manners are purely a matter of training. If children are invariably treated with the respect due to them, they unconsciously adopt gentle, polite ways. Why should we address a child, because it is our own, without courtesy? Ought not our love for it make us doubly gracious? "Kindly do this, or that," or "May I trouble you?" as a prelude to a request will cause it to be more readily obeyed than an abrupt command. A little loving apology for interrupting some favourite employment would be met by cheerful looks instead of sulky glances. Yet grown-up people call a child away from its play or story-book, quite forgetful of the apology which is both advisable and polite.

Manners are the outward symbol of a pure heart. "Be courteous" is a command we too readily forget. If we accustom our children from infancy to gentle words, they will in their turn speak gently to others; and this gentleness often involves some self-sacrifice, so in cultivating a minor grace they acquire a greater. We are so much the creatures of habit, thus obeying the laws of Nature in its regular recurrence of events. We give up to-day our own will, or we soften for another some roughness on life's pathway; to-morrow the task will be lighter to us, gradually we shall not even regard it as a task at all.

In a nursery, it will be observed, the child who is most popular is the unselfish one; the favourite schoolboy-brother is he who is gentle to the little ones, polite to his sisters; and when he is older he continues thoughtful for their pleasures, sympathetic to their interests. These qualities took root in the politeness of baby days. In the nursery should be taught, where they are most quickly acquired, "good manners," pretty habits at table, quick raising of hats, opening of a door, and ready running of an errand. It is nurse who can teach "please" and "thank you," who rules that a boy must never thump a girl, who guides small people to little sacrifices of self-will; therefore, how very careful mothers should be in the selection of a nurse.

If we dissect the niceties of life, how small they are, yet how necessary! We shudder to see Germans eating peas with a knife, the expectations of Russians disgust us! and yet these are merely outer customs. Were we to put Chinese chopsticks in the hands of our little ones, they would quickly become expert in their use. Our children learn as we teach. No act is too trifling to be over-looked, and the small reflects on the large.

If you visit a nursery and find the little inhabitants at tea, it can be very fairly guessed what kind of children they are. An orderly party, with tiny fingers daintily manipulating bread and jam or cautiously raising a cup to thirsty lips, with pinafores clean and tablecloths spotless—in such a nursery the order of the tea-table is only typical of the moral control pervading the lives of the children. For to be clean and neat and tidy as a child but foreshadows the idea in adult life that "cleanliness is next to godliness;" to a pure heart a clean body and orderly surroundings are essential.

And to the first teachings in our nurseries may be traced many faults in our later years. A person of slatternly habits is almost certain to possess a disorderly mind. A clumsy, noisy boy develops into a rough, unpolished man. The lazy child grows into an indolent individual who loses the good things of life, being too inert to grasp them as they glide past him.

For mothers this is a serious thought, as in their hand lies the primary training of children, and mothers do not always realize the grave responsibility that rests on them. The helpless infant given to them—how do they prepare him to face life's battle when he begins his school career at seven years of age? Many a fine will be saved him if he has learnt to be neat and orderly, many a bruise and black eye avoided if he can cheerfully "give and take" among his comrades, many an imposition escaped if he is atten-