

tenance, and the latter wore her hair dressed in a much simpler fashion than that of the portrait, which, with its elaborate loops and puffings, belonged to an earlier period. The curves of the mouth, though as sweet, were stronger in the face of the girl, and without the wistful sadness which gave a touch of pathos to the picture, and the lines of the chin of the flesh and blood maiden had an air of strength and resolution about them quite wanting from the painted ivory. Moreover, the rounded figure of the girl—slenderly built though it was—had a firm elasticity about it that could never have belonged to the original of the portrait,—Lilias Meredith's fair young mother,—who, transplanted to a rough and uncongenial atmosphere, had drooped and died some twenty years before,—in the wild Canadian home which had never seemed a home to her. But Lilias, unconscious of privations the reverse of which she had never known, and inheriting a portion of her father's stronger nature, had grown up in her free, open country life, faithfully tended by the old confidential servant who had come with her mother from her Scottish home; and the petted and constant companion of her father, both at home and abroad; blossoming into a womanhood as vigorous in its apparent fragility as the graceful Canadian columbine that bloomed on her native rocks.

It was not long before Lilias, having exchanged her riding habit for a nankeen walking dress and broad-brimmed hat tied with a blue ribbon, had set out with her