

room," she repeated, "you will be more comfortable there. Good-night, Marjory; you can see the children before they go to bed."

"You'll find them considerably grown," said Mr. Acland; "they will be glad to see you. I hope, my dear," a little pompously, "that you will be a help and an example to your little brother and sister;" and he stooped to kiss her.

Marjory threw her arms round his neck as Mrs. Acland left the room; "I am glad to be with *you*. Good-night."

"Take care, my dear, take care," settling his necktie; and he, too, left the room.

Marjory looked after him with moist eyes and a mocking curl on her lip. "An example, indeed—*me*!" she murmured.

"Would you like some warm water in your room, miss?" asked the servant, who had returned after attending her master and mistress to the carriage; "I'll take it up as I go to dress. I have my leave for the evening."

The tone was friendly but familiar, and struck Marjory's quick ear. "Thank you, yes. It is a treat to have hot water after school. I suppose I am to have my old room?"

"No, miss. Mrs. Acland wanted it for a day-nursery now Master Herbert and Miss Louie are getting on. You are to have the back attic beside ours. I'm afraid you'll find it very cold."

"I will go and take off my things at all events. Perhaps by that time George will have returned;" and Marjory ran hastily upstairs, past the drawing-room and Mrs. Acland's elegantly furnished bedroom, the comfortable nurseries, and up a last narrow, ladder-like flight, which led to the most elevated chambers.

She looked sharply round at the sloping roof, the uncurtained window, the little bedstead with its faded coloured coverlet, the darned piece of carpet beside it, the old washstand, from which the paint had been scrubbed, and worse than all, the small new, square, unsteady looking-glass, which imparted a green tinge and slight one-sidedness to the objects it reflected.

Tears filled her eyes; at which, though they were unseen, she blushed. "I am tired and hungry," she said to herself, "but I will not make a fool of myself. And at any rate this wretched little room is all my own and there is gas. "Oh! Susan, have you a match?"

"Yes," coming in a little breathless; "and I'll get you a scrap of candle. You know missis always turns off the gas at the main herself at half-past ten."

"She always did."

"Tea is ready, miss. Mrs. Cutler—that's the new cook—has put you up some cold meat;" and Susan departed.

Marjory, having made her toilet rapidly, went down to the nursery. On opening the door she saw a well-ordered, comfortable room, lit by the glow of a bright fire, nurse at her needlework beside the large table and a neat nursemaid sitting on the floor showing a