

in gloomy silence. Lady Anstruther was very fond of her husband; she had loved him deeply in her youth, and she knew that he was devoted to her, but his way of showing his affection was not conspicuously unselfish, and, as his peculiarities grew upon him, Lady Anstruther sometimes needed to revive her tenderness towards him by remembering what he used to be in the past. He departed soon after Norah's arrival; he and the clergyman's daughter were not at ease in each other's society. Her views were rather offensive to Sir John. He had been heard to speak of her as a "goody-goody chit," and naturally Norah did not show to advantage in his company. She had a tendency to say things which shocked her, and moreover Norah was a little bit afraid of him. She was sensitive to likes and dislikes.

She had brought a lot of photographs with her, and Lady Anstruther's memories of Devonshire were revived as she looked at the pictures of the beautiful Dart scenery which, she told Norah, she considered as lovely as that of the Rhine.

"I should like to go to some of these places again," she said wistfully, gazing at a picture of Fowey and Polruan. "We went to Cornwall for our honeymoon. But I don't think Sir John would care for all the scrambling, and long coach-drives, and boating on rough seas, that he revelled in then. I am afraid I shouldn't, either," she added smiling. "But one day, Norah, you and I will go quietly together."

Norah's eyes shone.

"I should like that," she said. "This little peep at the world has made me feel so very ignorant. I sometimes felt quite ashamed when Mr. Gilman spoke of various places and I knew nothing about them. And I couldn't do anything either. I think they must have got rather tired of me. Cousin Alice can swim, and row, and ride, and when we met people she had so much to say to them, and I often seemed just a dead-weight."

"Well, dear, you haven't had many opportunities, you see. Mrs. Gilman is a woman of the world, and you are only a young girl. Besides, I daresay there are things you can do and they can't, only this was not an opportunity for displaying them. But now tell me about the little friend you made."

"Beattie—oh, you would like her, Lady Anstruther. Mike saw her at Mrs. Gilman's. Didn't he mention her?"

"No; he only told me he had seen you," said Lady Anstruther smiling. "I don't think Mike is much given to noticing young ladies."

"Well, he spoke to her. She is beautiful, Lady Anstruther. I have never seen any one so pretty. She has such a happy look, too. She has eyes that have a smile in them. I only saw her three times, but I have got quite fond of her."

"And does she reciprocate your affection?" asked Lady Anstruther laughing. Norah was not often enthusiastic.

"Oh, she is different, I think she liked me. But she has heaps of people to be fond of. I should think she has almost everything she wants; and she is dressed like a picture. I wonder Mike didn't tell you about her."

"Why, Norah, Mike doesn't notice people's dresses; but I believe this Beattie has made you discontented."

"Oh no; only with myself."

"You needn't be, dear Norah. I daresay there are many people who would prefer you to her; and, even if not, you have your gifts just as she has hers, and you know, darling, the great thing is to draw people, not to yourself, but to God. You try to do that."

"I want to," said Norah shyly, "only I can't help wishing people to like me, and they don't care for you, just because you are trying to be good. As I said to Mike, that makes it harder to get on with them, because you can't take pleasure in things in quite the same way; clothes and food and that. Mr. Gilman thought me very silly not to mind what I ate, and said the hotel cooking was wasted on me, and Mrs. Gilman thought I ought to take a great deal more interest in my clothes. Now father says—"

"Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit,
And say withal, earth to earth I commit."

and

"Wisdom's a trimmer thing than shop e'er gave."

"Your father knows best," said Lady Anstruther. "But I am not sure that it wouldn't be wise to take an interest in cooking and clothing for the sake of other people." And then she laughed. "Poor little Norah. What did Michael say, I wonder, when you discoursed to him in this fashion?"

"Oh, he told me not to be a prig," said Norah; "or something to that effect."

"But you are to go to Mrs. Gilman in the spring, I hear, so you see you can't have made such a very bad impression. I don't suppose other people take these little things so seriously as you do, Norah. When you have had more experience life will seem a different matter to you, and all these details will be merged in something bigger. I am sure, if you are loving and sympathetic to Mrs. Gilman, she won't mind if you can't be enthusiastic about French bonnets; only I don't see why you shouldn't take a reasonable interest in them. Probably, when you marry, your husband will want to be proud of your appearance; and I don't think you ought to expect all men to be like your father and George Herbert in the matter of food."

And Lady Anstruther laughed again, as she reflected that Mike was by no means above enjoying his dinner, however little he might understand the mysteries of ladies' dress.

Lady Anstruther was obliged to treat some of Norah's scruples very lightly, lest the girl should make her life harder than was necessary. Virtues and faults lie

near together, and saints may sometimes lose their human sympathies.

Michael did not come into the room while Norah was there, but he encountered her in the drive afterwards, and walked home with her to have a chat with the rector who had sent him a message. Norah was very animated on the way home. A talk with Lady Anstruther always did her good, and she had borrowed some books which she was looking forward to reading. Michael made a grimace as he looked at the titles of the volumes he was carrying; they seemed to him to be rather serious reading for his youthful companion, but Norah cared little for any other books, though she had considerable literary tastes. Her slight acquaintance with fiction would have astonished the modern novel-reading young lady. Lady Anstruther thought a course of good novels would be beneficial to Norah, enlarging her views and widening her sympathies, besides, in some sort, supplying the lack of that education which is to be gained by general society, but Norah took so slight an interest in them, and cared so little for the fate of heroine or hero, that Lady Anstruther lost patience with her, angry, that what was a refreshment to herself, was only a weariness to her pupil.

"I can't subject my favourites to your slights," she said, when Norah brought back *Consuelo* with the marker at the fiftieth page, and confessed to having found *Martin Chuzzlewit* unreadable. The only story she did care for was *Cranford*, and, as a reward, Lady Anstruther gave her the volume in the newest and best edition.

"I like realities best," Norah would say quietly; "and the books which help me to meet them are the ones I value most."

So her ladyship lent her *The Lives of the Saints*, and biographies of men and women who had had struggles and victories, and such works of philosophy as Norah selected from the library when Sir John was safely out of the way. They were the books most neglected by himself.

"You are too good for ordinary people," said Michael, looking at her with a shake of the head. "Why, here is actually a volume of sermons. Aren't two every Sunday enough?"

"These are very beautiful," said Norah; "and besides, I like to hear some one's views besides my father's. I read these to him sometimes. There are lovely thoughts in them."

The sermons were some by Robertson of Brighton.

"Well," said Michael, "religion makes you what you are, I suppose, and everybody loves you. But it does seem queer for any one to read sermons from choice."

"Perhaps one day you won't think so," said Norah gravely. "For my part, I don't see why the highest and best part of life should be reserved for one day in seven, when it may make the other six better worth the living."

"But this world is so beautiful, why need you be always thinking of another?"

"I am not," said Norah; "I am