

where the murmuring waterfall trickled over blocks of rugged granite into a white marble basin below. The grotto was a gem, for art and nature blended together in perfect harmony.

Mrs. Courtney stood and gazed, spell-bound, then turning to her husband she exclaimed, "Oh! surely when fresh from the hands of her Creator in the garden of Eden, our mother Eve could not be as supremely happy as I am."

Ernest turned upon his wife a look of intense satisfaction as he asked, "Why not, Alice? Our mother Eve's possessions were similar to yours, for she had, like you, her God, her husband and her home."

The long, bright day once more came to a close—a day of pure and unbroken enjoyment; a day to be observed as a general holiday for some time.

Now came the parting between Lady Courtney and her youngest daughter. This was not a painful parting as they would see each other very frequently, but as the sisters, Rose and Clara, kissed each other, it was with overflowing eyes and thankful hearts, for, though the morning of their lives had been overcast with clouds of sorrow, yet their Sun had risen in splendour and now shone brightly upon this earthly pathway.

Hetty Harrison, shortly after taking up her residence at Courtney Hall, became the possessor of considerable wealth through the death of an uncle, but she still remained at the Hall and had developed into