

every morning, so as to leave the girls at liberty, but when afternoon came he drove them out willy-nilly, and organised one excursion after another with the double intention of amusing his visitors and preventing melancholy regrets. Norah was in the depths of despondency, but her repinings were all for her beloved companion, and not for any disappointment of her own. Now that she had the interest of her music lessons, and the friendship of Rex and Edna, she was unwilling to leave home even for the delights of London and the Academy of Music. Poor Hilary, however, was in a far worse case. She had made so sure of being chosen by Miss Carr, had dreamed so many rosy dreams about the life before her, that the disappointment was very bitter. The thought of seeing Lettice driving away in the carriage with Miss Carr and Mr. Rayner, brought with it a keen stab of pain, and the life at home seemed to stretch before her still and uneventful, like a stretch of dreary moorland. Her pride forbade her showing her disappointment, since no one had expressed any satisfaction in retaining her company. Stay! there was one exception. Mr. Rayner had said a few simple words of regret which had been as balm to the girl's sore heart. He, at least, was sorry that she was not to be in London, and would have preferred her company even to that of "lovely Lettice" herself.

On the whole, it was almost a relief when the hour for departure arrived. Rex and Edna drove over to see the last of their friend and cheer the stay-at-homes by their presence, but it did not seem as though they could be very successful in their errand of mercy, since Edna cried steadily behind her handkerchief, and Rex poked holes in the garden walks with gloomy persistence.

When Mr. Rayner said his good-byes, he left Hilary to the last, and held

her hand in his a moment or two longer than was strictly necessary. "Good-bye, and thank you for everything. I'll remember your advice. We shall meet soon, I hope. You will be coming up to town, and Mr. Bertrand has been good enough to ask me to come again next spring."

Next spring! A whole year! As well say the end of the world at once. Hilary felt such a swelling sense of misery that the only way in which she could refrain from tears was by answering in sharp, matter-of-fact tones, and the consciousness that Mr. Rayner was surprised and hurt by her manner was part of the general misery against which it was useless to fight.

As for Lettice, she was fairly dissolved in tears—clinging to every one in turn—and sobbing out despairing farewells. "Oh, Nonie, Nonie; my heart will break! I shall die; I know I shall. I can never bear it. Oh, Mouse, don't forget me! Don't let her forget me! Oh, do write—everyone write! I shall live on the letters from home!"

The last glimpse was of a tear-stained face and a handkerchief held aloft, in such a drenched condition that it refused to open to the breeze, and when the carriage turned the corner Miss Briggs shuffled off to the school-room, Hilary ran off to her room upstairs, and the three young people in the porch stared at each other with a miserable realisation of loss.

"What shall I do?—what shall I do? She said her heart would be broken, but it is ten times worse for me! The house will seem so dreadfully bare and lonely!"

"Just when we were all so happy! Oh, that hateful Miss Carr; why did she ever come? I thought we were going to have such a happy summer," sobbed Edna, dolefully. "It's always the way! As soon as I make friends, I have to lose them."

Rex put his hands into his pockets and began to whistle. "It will do no good to turn yourselves into a couple of fountains! I'll go for a walk, and come back when you've done crying. It's a nuisance, but it might have been worse," he said, shortly, and Norah looked at him with a gleam of curiosity lighting up her poor, tear-stained eyes.

"How worse? What do you mean?" she inquired, but Rex did not deign to answer, or to have anything more to say until tea was served a couple of hours later on. The tears to which he so much objected were dried by this time, but the conversation was still sorrowfully centred on the dear traveller. "What is she doing now? Poor, poor Lettice, she will cry herself ill. Every mile further from home will make her more wretched!" cried Norah, and the listeners groaned in sympathy.

If they had seen Miss Lettice at that moment however their fears would have been allayed. Miss Carr had changed into a corridor train at Preston, and her companion was charmed with the novel position. She had never travelled in a corridor before, and the large open carriage, the wide view, the promenade up and down, were all fascinating to her inexperience. Then to have lunch, and afternoon tea just when the journey was beginning to drag—it was indeed a luxurious way of travelling! Lettice had ceased to cry before the train had reached Kendal; at Lancaster she began to smile; at Crewe she laughed so merrily at one of Miss Carr's sallies, that the people on the next seat turned to look at her with smiles of admiring interest. Everyone was "so nice and kind." It was a pleasure to see them. Clearwater was a dear, sweet place, but, after all, it was only a poky little village. Delightful to get away and see something of the world!

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

CONSISTENCY.

"Though George, with respect to the wrong and the right,
Is of twenty opinions 'twixt morning and night;
If you call him a turn-coat, you injure the man—
He's the pink of consistency, on his own plan;
While to stick to the strongest is always his trim,
'Tis not he changes sides, 'tis the side changes him."

AMERICAN CITIES.

Empire City, New York; City of Churches, Brooklyn; City of Brotherly Love, Philadelphia; City of Colleges, Toronto; City of a Hundred Hills, San Francisco; City of Magnificent Distances, Washington; City of Notions, Boston; City of Spindles, Lowell; City of the Straits, Detroit; City of Witches, Salem; Cream City, Milwaukee; Crescent City, New Orleans; Elm City, Newhaven, Conn.

AUTHORS OF FAVOURITE PHRASES.

Pope has supplied us with a number of phrases:—"Guide, philosopher and friend," "the ruling passion," "ears polite," "labour'd nothings," "a little learning," and "every virtue under heaven."

Thomson, the poet, has transmitted several sayings: "The young idea," "unutterable things," and "hungry as the grave," for example.

Goldsmith is responsible for "men not measures," and Swift for "sweetness and light."

Cowper has given us our "dear five hundred friends," "the cups that cheer but not inebriate," "a frugal mind," and "an aching void;" Sheridan "the soft impeachment," and "a very pretty quarrel."

Southey was the inventor of the happy phrase, "the march of intellect;" Coleridge of "a sadder and a wiser man."

Sir Walter Scott has supplied us with a new title for woman in "ministering angel," for an audience in "sea of upturned faces," and for bravery in "beard the lion in his den."

DOES A LOOKING-GLASS FLATTER?

Every girl who is dissatisfied with her personal appearance should remember that she is better-looking than the kindest of looking-glasses bids her believe. A mirror cannot flatter a face that is in its natural state—that is to say, not "made up."

Even the very best plate-glass has a pale green tinge, which reflects a colour a trifle less clear than the original; hair also has always a more glossy sheen than the glass shows. If it is wavy, the glass never shows the best of the waves, and if it is straight the glass accentuates the straightness.

More important and still better to be remembered and carefully treasured, is this, that no one ever looks at the face so closely or so critically as the owner of it looks at the reflection in the glass. Blemishes that are a grief to the owner may pass quite unnoticed by her friends.

IN COMPANY.—"We easily forgive those who weary us, but we never forgive those who are wearied by us."—*La Rochefoucauld*.