

Marna is as delicate and poetic a creature as any novelist has given us for a long time. Someway or other she wins her way into our hearts till we feel that we own her, and a sense of rage possesses us as the terrible story is unfolded, and we follow her through the blood-tracked paths of anguish.

On the night of her engagement to *Dana*, she writes a letter to her mother: "Mother! My dear, dead mother, out somewhere in the wide summer night, I write a note to you. Did any girl ever write a letter to her dead mother before? Oh, I don't know; but mother, I *must*! I am such a lonely girl! I have nobody to speak to—I cannot talk to the girls I know, and there isn't any older woman who has ever shown a mother-heart to me that I could care, for to turn to now. Mother, don't forget me in your grand heaven! I never needed you so much,

when I was a little crying baby on your heart—a little black-faced baby holding its breath till it almost died because it couldn't get what it wanted, the way they tell me I used to do—I never needed you so much when I wore pink socks and little crocheted sacks, as I do to-day. I wonder if you remember about the socks and sacks, up there in your great silence? Have the angels driven baby-clothes out of your heart? I don't believe it. . . . Sacred mother's tears! Flow for me to-day. My mother's face! Lean down to mine a little out of heaven, if you can.

"Kiss me, mother—if they will let you. I have told him I would wear his ruby ring."

You are not acquainted with the best in womanhood till you have read this book.

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THE HOME

BY JANEY CANUCK

The Beauty of Good Manners

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

IT has been wisely said that the art of pleasing is the art of rising, for gruffness and boorishness always go down under grace and suavity of manner. A young man or woman who has failed to cultivate good manners is handicapped for success. Courtesy is the "open sesame" everywhere, the passport to all hearts. "Give a boy address and accomplishments," said a knowing American, "and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes. He has not the trouble of entering and owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess." There is scarcely a moment in our lives when our value may not

be materially increased by good manners.

We give our children a complete curriculum at school, and too often send them out "certificated barbarians." Not that we should expect the school to be the beginning and end-all of education. The home is the proper school for courtesy. The mother who asks her child's pardon is teaching it an unforgettable lesson in manners. She should explain to it that a slovenly, dirty person, is rude and uncivil under another form, that boasting of one's attainments and possessions, whispering about people that pass them on the street, or joking at a friend's expense, are vulgarities. "Sinful?" said the mother in *Punch's* story: "My son, it is worse than sinful—it is vulgar."

No matter how pressed by work, or hindered by interruptions, the parent,