

Mother has no head for managing and Susannah is getting old."

"No, to be sure, I never did have your energy and cleverness Augusta, I never could manage things; everything would get into a muddle, and that used to make your father angry. You must learn all you can from Augusta, Judith, I am sure you will get on very nicely, my dear—very nicely. But you ought to take my advice Augusta and keep single; if I could live my life over again I would never give myself into a man's keeping—oh! dear no! A woman never knows what is in store for her when she marries," concluded the old lady, see-sawing her body from side to side as she spoke; a habit which irritated her lord and master to such a degree, that upon one occasion he actually shook the poor old thing till she had hardly breath left in her body, and threatened to tie her to her seat if she did not keep still.

"I am afraid I must decline to profit by your experience or advice Mamma," said Augusta with a short laugh.

"I will do my best to learn everything Augusta," said Judith and with a slight sigh began to idly turn over the leaves of her book. After all then—she thought—Mr Laurie had not been wholly disinterested when he offered her a home. He had wanted someone to look after his house when his daughter married and went away; and so coupling charity with expedience had singled her out to undertake the post. Well perhaps, after all, it was only just and fair that she should work in return for the shelter given her. She would do her best, would even endure patiently Augusta's overbearing manner and learn from her to order the household properly.

"You waste a great deal of time over novels," said Augusta with asperity, as she folded a pillow-case she had just finished.

"I, too, am very fond of reading, but I never allow myself the indulgence during the day, when there is work to be done."

"But it ruins the eyes to read by lamp light" said the other with a good natured laugh. "Can I help you with these pillow cases?"

"No thanks; but there are two table-cloths on that table over there, that ought to be mended, they need patching you might do them, if you don't mind."

"I do not mind," she answered laying down her book, and fetching the table-cloths, as cheerfully as the feeling of deadly home-sickness that afflicted her, would permit. Already she perceived that in Miss Laurie's eyes, idleness was a crime, and reading not to be reckoned as an occupation.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Augusta with a smile that was worse than a frown. "What on earth are you doing Judith? That is not the way to put a patch on; you will have to pick that out again, you have not done very much of it, so it will not take you long; why I could never have put it on the table the way you had it; now watch me while I tack this patch on and then you can sew it. I wonder at Dorothy's not teaching you to sew and mend properly."

Judith's blue eyes flashed.

"You are mistaken; Dorothy did take great pains to teach me to sew and mend; it was entirely my own fault if I did not learn to do it properly. I did not like mending and very selfishly left the greater part of it for Dorothy to do," added the girl with a contrite recollection of how often she had rebelled against the uncongenial task of repairing the house linen and darning the heels of Reggie's socks; and how sweetly Dolly had taken ever the most difficult and largest share of the work upon herself. Ah! but it was too late to be sorry now, and the big tears welled up into Judy's eyes as she bent over the unfortunate table-cloth.

"People occasionally have to perform tasks they do not like," was Miss Laurie's next remark; and Judith's face colored a little, for Augusta had a most aggravating way of making trite observations which generally had the effect of making her hearers squirm in their seats; more especially as a reort was quite thrown away on her. Judith attempted none; but I am very much afraid that her sentiments toward the self-complacent young woman opposite her, were anything but Christian.

I do not think I have yet described the personal appearance of my heroine or Augusta Laurie. Perhaps the present would be as good an opportunity for doing so as any. Looking at them as they sit thus, both engaged in the femi-

nine occupation of needle work, one is struck with the contrast they present. Of course there is a wide difference in their ages; Augusta is fast nearing her thirtieth year—much to her sorrow, while Judith is scarcely more than seventeen. The former is a woman of large proportions, full-busted, with rather square-set shoulders, and large, but shapely hands and feet. But her figure is the best part of her: she is not pretty nor handsome, there is not one good feature in her face. She has a wide mouth and a nose, that her best friends could not call other than flat; her eyes are large, of a light cold blue, which change into a peculiar green when she is angry. Generally she is called a fine looking woman; but in face she is undeniably plain in contrast to the younger girl, whose fresh, sweet face somehow puts one in mind of the wild wood flowers and dewy violets in early spring.

She was tall, but not so tall as her cousin, with a slight, graceful figure that gave promise of great beauty in maturity. Her features are not regular, yet that very fact seems somehow to add to, rather than detract from the beauty of her face. For she is beautiful, this little heroine of mine, with that degree of beauty which youth and perfect health and sweetness and grace of disposition give to so many of our Canadian girls.

Judith had at least, two undeniable charms; long thick hair of that rare shade of brown which is gold in the sunlight; and eyes of a deep blue, large, clear and truthful, which looking into, one could read the purity and honor of the girlish soul. For the rest, her nose was slightly *retroussé*, her mouth a little wide but with sweet tremulous lips, that smiled or pouted or trembled with every changing mood, and when parted disclosed the perfect teeth.

The girl was very home-sick. She absolutely pined for the love and sympathy which had been her daily food from baby-hood. Low her whole soul would have poured itself out in passionate love and gratitude to anyone,—man, woman or child who would have comprehended the intense craving of her lonely young heart for sympathy and love.

To the young, love is what the sunlight is to the flowers, they may live without it, but they will not thrive nor bloom into beauty and sturdy health.

In Judith's home-life there had been no lack of real, tender love, although there had not been much outward sign of it. She had been her father's pet always. Dorothy's love for her had been more a mother's than a sister's; while Reggie, in true boyish fashion, while he was intensely fond of her, had teased and petted her by turns. Coming direct from the shelter of such a home to the cold, unsympathetic atmosphere of the Lauries' house would have been a severe ordeal for one older and more seasoned than poor little Judith Brown, whose pent up sorrow found vent, only when the long dreary day was over and the blessed night was come, when she could hide herself in her own room, away from the hard gaze of her relatives, and there, with her face buried in her pillow, could weep and moan and call in vain for Dolly and Reggie, and, vainest cry of all—for the tender father, who had passed from her sight forevermore! Bonny Dale farm was situated about a mile from the little country town of Eastville, a drowsy little place of some two or three thousand inhabitants; chief amongst whom were—the clergyman, the doctor, the lawyer, Mr. Thorpe, the agent of the Bank, and his assistant, these with several others and their families, and the families of several of the better class of farmers, amongst whom were the Lauries, were regarded as the cream of Eastville society. But somehow there was not much social intercourse amongst the Eastvillites. The friendliness, the free and easy interchange of little civilities and visits were wanting in the prim, well-ordered town. Therefore considering that Bonny Dale was more than a mile from the village, it was hardly surprising that weeks often passed without bringing any visitors to the ladies at the farm.

There was one person however, who naturally often turned his steps in the direction of Bonny Dale. This was Clarence Thorpe, Augusta's lover. Mr. Thorpe was the Eastville lawyer; a heavy, rather stupid looking young man of twenty-eight or so, with a rather sensuous mouth and a deep dimple in his chin, which last, by the way seemed to be the first cause of Judith's dislike for him; certainly Mr. Thorpe was her pet aversion from the very first. Whenever he came to the house she would steal quietly away and not appear again till tea-time. Mr. Thorpe generally remained