

kind, however, for Louis was popular, amusing, and sincere. It is affectation which usually excites the ridicule that kills; and is the unforgivable sin most utterly detested by honest youth.

From the time of his first school-going Louis lived but little at the farm; and as he was not infrequently invited to pass a portion of his holidays with one schoolfellow or another, he had many friends of whom his sister knew next to nothing, and lived a life altogether separate from hers. But she enjoyed all his confidence, exulted in his successes, and sympathised passionately with his troubles.

Perhaps she was less impressed with his wisdom than Louis always liked; for her rustic shyness, and ignorance born of utter inexperience, made him appear and feel much older than his twin sister. She thought him careless and extravagant, as indeed he was, and sent him little sermons concerning these tendencies.

Sometimes her advice was more humorous than practical.

"I am so sorry you do not like your C.O. He must be *horrid*. But do try hard, my dearest boy, to please him. For instance, you are so quick and clever, could you not get up early, and do all his work for him sometimes? I feel sure this would be the way to get on; and when they saw how much better you did it than he could, surely they would promote you? And please to send me your socks to mend, I am sure it would pay for the postage to get them properly done."

But if Louis laughed over these and other effusions from the anxious little sister, his laughter was always tender.

Her only *confidante* and the humble sharer of her hopes and her fears for her brother was Granny Morgan, and these letters were often the upshot of their consultations.

"It is so difficult to know how to say enough, and not too much," she would explain to the old woman. "But it frightens me to hear of these subscriptions and things when he has no money."