

preciously ; and in the hearts of the two younger ones there was this unspoken bond holding them together.

Cheston went to fetch Miss Matheson's wrap ; and as they were alone Mrs. Cheston said to the girl :

"I have asked Mrs. Ambrose to come to tea to-morrow. Do you really think I should do any good, I mean if I should really help her, if I asked her to bring the girl sometimes ? "

"I am sure she would be awfully delighted," Isabel answered ; "but if I may make a suggestion, don't have them together. Let Silvia come by herself. Honestly I am anxious about Silvia. I find her changed lately. She is so restless and so bitter. A little while ago her great fault was that one could never rouse her, she was just a second edition of Dick her brother and you know he's always half asleep, but now Silvia seems to be all excitement. I do wish she would be nicer about Mrs. Ambrose ! She's such a dear. You like her don't you ? "

"I like her better than any woman I have met for many years," Mrs. Cheston said ; and then she smiled faintly. "You know I am not very good at making friendships, Belle ; but I feel drawn to Mrs. Ambrose and if there is any way I can help her I shall ask her to let me know."

Isabel stooped and kissed John Cheston's mother.

"Good night, darling," she said. "It is an old story by this time ; but I do love being here with you."

"Come whenever you will, dear child," said Olivia Mary. "You know you are welcome."

John Cheston insisted on taking his mother upstairs before he escorted Isabel home.