

able to manage it perfectly to-morrow, for I hear that Mr. Courtney has been sent to bed, and there is no chance of his playing to-morrow. But I am convinced you will do the best you can. Do you think, dear, if you remained behind and went through the anthem four or five times more, it would make you feel surer? Of course, Alice will help you with the stops to-morrow. And voluntaries? What will you give us for voluntaries? They need so much practice, do they not? Some easy bit of Mendelssohn, do you think? There are one or two of the 'Liede ohne Worte' of very devotional tone. I would stop and help you if I could, but I have the Mothers' Meeting at six, and it is close on that now."

Mrs. Ramsden asked these various questions, not as if they required an answer, but as statements to the effect that Eleanor would stop and play the anthem four or five times more through, and practise some of the graver "Songs without Words."

"And, my dear, if you could get a little more expression to it," ventured Mrs. Ramsden. "Of course, we do not expect you to have the touch of Mr. Courtney, but I am sure you will find an hour's practice very helpful. Thank you."

So Eleanor and a small shiny-faced boy at the bellows were left in possession of the church, in states of about equal indignation at the hardness of their lots, for the blower wanted to go to play cricket, the player to read the surreptitious insertion in the Parish Magazine. Instead of which—Eleanor reopened the weariful T. Ferris.

To say that Eleanor hated her life in this semi-urban parish of Bracebridge would be an overstatement of the case, because it belongs of divine right to the heart of a woman to spread tendrils of close affection round so much of that which forms her environment, whatever that environment may be. However uncongenial it may be as a whole, she will always wreath the nooks and angles of it with her love, decking them, making them part of herself, and more especially does she do this while she is still young, and not yet arrived at the blossoming of her womanhood, when the heart is poured out on husband and children. Till then it leaks out in myriad tiny fountains, so that, wherever she is placed, she waters and refreshes her surroundings, making them take on as their own the grace with which she adorns them. It is not so with the ruder gender. A boy in general discontent with his portion and lot will, with masculine impatience, lump the whole together, and be glad to be rid of it; while the girl, in similar