

# KERSHAM MANOR.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FAREWELL.

Esther was not allowed time to reconsider her decision. Mrs. La Touche telegraphed to Nina next morning: "Esther is coming to stay with you," and received a single word in answer: "Delighted." And matters were hurried on so fast that, by a fortunate chance, she was able to take her passage in a boat that sailed on the following Friday.

And then Mrs. La Touche requested her not to say to Cecily or to any of her friends that she was leaving the Dower House "for good." "Let them think that you are coming back to us in September, dear," she said—"it will soften the blow to dear Cecily; she will be so grieved at losing you. But of course you will come and stay with us sometimes; we shall not let you go from among us altogether. I have heard of a French governess whom I should like to engage; but at first I shall let Cecily think that it is a merely temporary parting from you. She is so sensitive, poor child, that I do not wish her feelings to be unduly excited."

Thus Mrs. La Touche saved herself any "trying scenes," as she would have called them; for there would have been a tremendous outcry if Cecily had known that her dear Miss Denison was never coming back, and Esther would have had to say good-by to half the village.

Mrs. Stephen Malet did not allow any breach to be visible between herself or her husband and the La Touches. On Tuesday she sent over a blunt good-natured invitation to the children and their governess to come to tea with her. The children went, escorted by Mrs. La Touche, who took that opportunity of making a call, and of explaining that Miss Denison could not come as she was going out to Algeria that very week in order to bring poor dear Nina home. Mrs. Malet did not seem satisfied, however. She insisted that Miss Denison should come to say good-by to her, and, although surprised at the request, Mrs. La Touche furthered Esther's compliance with it.

On Thursday morning, therefore, Esther presented herself at the Manor. She was not surprised to see that the door was opened by a girl who had hitherto been kitchen-maid at the great house. The household was disorganized; butler and housekeeper had departed, not able to endure the queenship of "Martha Pynsent as was"; many of the other servants were gone or going. Esther was shown into the great drawing-room, that dim and silent place so full of memories of an older time.

The kitchen-maid reappeared in the doorway, and asked her, with a broad smile, to "step this way." Esther followed her into the garden, but not to the flower-beds or the lawn. The girl took her to a side of the house which Esther did not know; here, to Esther's surprise, stood Mrs. Malet, dressed in a print gown, sun-bonnet, and large white apron, her sleeves rolled up to her elbows, and her hands stained as if from household toil. Before her, on a deal table, were two or three basins and a pie-dish; and the Squire's wife was rolling out paste with a celerity that argued long practice in the art.

"Here you are," said the mistress of the Manor in a satisfied tone. "Well, if I wasn't beginning to believe that that old cat wouldn't let you come."

To hear the elegant Mrs. La Touche spoken of as an old cat tickled her sense of humor in spite of all the proprieties.

"I am glad you can laugh," said Mrs. Malet critically regarding her. "I've often wondered what made you take service with her, as is enough to worry the life out of a gell. My niece, Maria Higginson, was cook there once; and she said that Mrs. La Touche, in spite of her fine ways, was a regular skinflint, and as hard as a stone."

"Please don't say so to me, Mrs. Malet," said Esther. "Mrs. La Touche has been very kind to me."

"Well, people have their own views about kindness," remarked Mrs. Malet, "and if you're satisfied, my dear, I've no call to say anything. Now you won't mind me calling you 'my dear,' will you? I know it's taking a liberty with your pa's daughter, which I always thought much more highly of him than I did of the Malets and the La Touches and all that stuck-up lot (though, as I've married into the family, I s'pose I musn't say nothing against them now); but I seem to know you a little, and I like the look of you."

Esther had not been able to interrupt till now. "Please call me anything you like. If you cared for my father and mother, I shall care for you too." A rush of tears to her eyes followed the words.

"I can't shake hands w' you for I'm all over flour," said Mrs. Malet; "but if you'll give me a kiss, my dear—"

She thrust forward her honest red face, and Esther kissed it, though with an immediate sense that perhaps she was betraying Sebastian and Nina in thus making friends with the enemy. Seeing her at work in working clothes, and at her ease, Esther began to understand that there was some reason in Stephen Malet's infatuation for the farmer's daughter.

"Let me help you," said Esther, looking at a dish of apples that wanted paring.

"No, no, my dear, not at all; don't you put a hand to it, if you please," said Mrs. Malet decidedly. "It's no joke to get the stain off your hands afterwards, and you young gells don't like going about with blackened fingers. It don't matter for me. The fact is, Stephen's been complaining sadly about the cookery and to-day I says to him at breakfast, 'Never you mind, you shall have a dinner to-day fit for a king.' And I'm doing it all with my own hands, I am; for them sluts in the kitchen don't take a bit of care, an' one gets pips in the apple pies, an' lumps in the milk puddens, an' eyes in the potatoes, until, as I says to him yesterday, 'It's easy to see that the servants have had high jinks here for the last twenty years; but there's going to be a change now, or I'll know the reason why.'"

"And now, tell me, my dear," said Mrs. Malet, as she busily manipulated her dough, "how it comes about that you're going off to foring lands so sudden-like?"

"Nina wants somebody to come home with her; she is lonely and ill."

"Lonely? Hain't she got a husband?"

"A woman wants another woman with her sometimes," said Esther.

Mrs. Malet replied by a look of intelligence. "When she is better I shall come home again."

"Home again? Here?"

The color rose in Esther's face. "The holidays will not be over when I return. I shall probably go to Miss Meredith's for a little time," she said rather stiffly.

"Oh, don't tell me!" cried Mrs. Malet, in a tone of exasperation. "Don't I know Selina La Touche's little ways? My niece wasn't cook for nothing in that house, Miss Denison. I see the whole story in her eye when she come to tea with me on Tuesday, and tells me how kind you are, and how good, and how she's found a French Mamzelle as can take your place for a time so nicely. Quite a sudden thought, isn't it? Why, I know for a certain fact that she's had her eye on that Mamzelle for the last three months, a-tempting her to leave the Cordwells, where she hasn't much pay. Madam—we always call her Madam up at the farm—Madam offered her five or six pounds more salary, you may depend upon it, and Mamzelle's going to take it."

Esther felt a little pang of humiliation. Was her position so freely canvassed in the neighborhood? Then it was indeed time to be gone. It annoyed her deeply to know that strangers were discussing her affairs.

"You need not say Yes or No," said Mrs. Malet decisively. "It may be a secret with Mrs. La Touche, but if it is, I put you on your guard. Madam does not intend you to go back."

"I was not meaning to do so," said Esther, breaking out of her reserve.

Mrs. Malet gave her a shrewd look. "You've got a better situation, I say? Well, never mind; don't tell me anything about it, then I shan't know when Madam takes me into her confidence. She'll do that before long, you know. Oh, she's an old cat, she is! And if she don't scratch, it isn't her fault."

"I'm afraid I must be going," said Esther, rather alarmed by this vituperative turn to the conversation.

"Going! Nonsense. I haven't said what I wanted to say yet. When I heard that you was off to Nina, I said to myself that I must have a word or two with you before you went, and I want you to tell every word of it to Sebastian. Now, will you?"

"If I can," said Esther.

"I shan't say nothing that you can't repeat, my dear," said Mrs. Malet. "For your dear father's sake, I wouldn't put you into an awkward position. But you were always friends w' Sebastian, weren't you?"

Her shrewd eyes had a meaning in them that brought the color to Esther's face.

"I've seen what I've seen, and I know what I know," said Mrs. Malet. "I know that you and Mr. Sebastian was always pretty friendly. Well now, I want you to tell him this—from me. I know that he has always expected to be master of Kersham Manor some day. He may be yet, there's no saying. But, of course, if there's any that's nearer to the Squire, Sebastian can't expect to get the house and estate. They must go to the Squire's own family, if there is a family. But what I want him to know is that Stephen an' me don't wish him to feel unfriendly. If there's anything we can do for him at any time, we'll do it; but he's got his Uncle Roland's money, and I don't suppose he needs his Uncle Stephen's too. He's got his profession, and I shouldn't think he's badly off. Stephen's made him an allowance, I believe; well, that's to go on for the present. We mayn't be always able to afford it; besides, it's ridiculous—"

"Mrs. Malet, I cannot say all this to—Mr. Sebastian Malet," said Esther.

"Well, you needn't say it all. I only want him to know that I'm friendly disposed, and ready to help him to the tune of a few pounds or so," said Mrs. Malet, somewhat sharply. "If you don't tell him, nobody else will, for I can't persuade Stephen to write, and I ain't a good scribe myself. It was for that reason that I spoke as I did to Madam on Saturday, but she was in such a rage that she wouldn't understand. And it may be of consequence to Sebastian to know what I've said; so I give it you as a message, my dear, and I know you'll deliver it true."

Esther offered to be her amanuensis, but Mrs. Malet refused, as she said "to put anything in writing," and the girl was forced to consent to deliver the message.

"And now," said the Squire's wife, rubbing her hands on a towel, "I've made the paste, and Sarah can take these pies away. I've one thing more to say to you, my dear. Tell Nina to let me be godmother to her next baby. It shan't be the worse for it, I promise you. And look here!—she was fumbling in a capacious pocket under her dress and finally drew out an envelope. "You take her this, from me—for the little girl. She may be glad of it. Don't lose it; sew it into your stays, it'll be safe there. It's fifty pound, and she can take it as a little present from me an' Stephen—for the baby."

Esther shrank back. "Do—do, dear Mrs. Malet, write to her and send her your kind present by post—or through Mrs. La Touche," she urged.

"That I won't," Mrs. Malet answered sturdily. "How do I know what Madam would do with it? And Stephen said I might give it you to take to Nina. He was pleased enough at the notion, I can tell you. And tell her I'll send the baby some more by-and-by. It isn't you see, that I want to be unkind or unfriendly to them; it's only that I want everything fair an' square, and although Sebastian may have his uncle's house and lands in the course of time, still he can't expect it if—if there should be any family."

Esther was obliged to put the envelope into her pocket, and then she declared she must go. Mrs. Malet accompanied her through the house to the front door, and stopped on the way to knock at the gun-room door.

"Squire, are you there?" she said. "Stephen Malet was as much in the gun-room as Sir Roland had been in the study. He came out at her call; a broad, white-whiskered, red-cheeked specimen of an English gentleman, who bore his sixty odd years very lightly, although he stooped a good deal from rheumatism and walked with a stick. "Miss Denison's going" said his wife, with a look at him that he seemed to understand. "You'd like to say good-by to her, wouldn't you?"

"I'm glad to see you once again, my dear," said the Squire benignly, "but sorry to say good-by. I have not mentioned it before, but I must tell you before you go that I have noticed the flowers every Sunday—poor Roland's grave—"

His voice grew husky, and he coughed once or twice. "And I thank you for them. There, there, don't cry, my dear. I want you to take a little remembrance from me—"

ment that you can wear sometimes in memory of Kersham, for Martha tells me that she doesn't think we shall see you back again in a hurry, eh? No, no, you needn't thank me; good-by, give my love to Sebastian and Nina; very much obliged to you for all you have done and are going to do; good-by, good-by!"

Esther's pocket contained a beautiful little brooch of emeralds set in gold.

She had scant leisure to say good-by to her old friends, and Mrs. La Touche insisted on walking with her when she went to see Miss Meredith for the last time. She was sorry to leave her old friends, sorry to feel that her life would henceforth be dissociated from the village where she had dwelt so long, and where she had learned the greater part of the lessons that life had taught her yet; but the greatest wrench of all, the moment when she felt most sore, most desolate, most alone, came when she turned for the last time from her mother's grave.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

NINA'S HOME.

Esther used some hours of her voyage from England to Algiers in stern cross-examination. With what feelings, what motives, was she going? Her conscience acquitted her of everything but a pure desire to help Nina at her need. Her penchant for Sebastian had died a natural death. She could not think of him without pain, without regret. It seemed quite extraordinary to her that she had ever dreamed of being anything but a friend to him.

An air of distinction singled her out from the crowd of waiting passengers who stood upon the deck as the steamer ran into the harbor, and was immediately surrounded by a flock of boats filled with vociferating Arab boatmen. A gentleman who was on the quay looking out for her easily recognized her tall, strong, graceful figure; he had sent a boat manned by Englishmen for her and a clerk in charge of the crew, but had the good sense to wait for her himself on shore, where he could welcome her as his wife's friend should be welcomed, and be ready also to facilitate the passing of her boxes through the custom-house.

Esther saw him from the boat, and a surge of sudden unexpected emotion sent the color to her brow. Yes, he was there to meet her: Sebastian—was it Sebastian? but who else could it be? Sebastian, whom she had last seen on his wedding-day?

Esther's mind leaped to one conclusion. Nina was ill. So full was she of this conviction that her cheek had turned quite pale before she landed, and her first words expressed her own alarm.

"Nina? how is Nina?"

"She asked the question as he was handing her out of the boat. He looked at her in some surprise.

"Nina? Thank you! she is quite well, only a little oppressed by the heat. It is very good of you to come to us. You will be a great consolation to Nina, because I have to be out so much, and shall not be able to escort her to England."

The cloud was rather dark upon his brow. Something had gone wrong in town; the coachman had disobeyed his directions and was taking the sunniest road; he made one or two remarks upon his grievances in an angry undertone which brought Esther's eyes back from the purple distances of the snow-tipped mountains to his handsome, discontented face. The sight of it was again a shock to her. There were the sour lines at the corners of his mouth which bespoke the disappointed man: there was an habitual line between the fine black brows. Esther felt bewildered. Sebastian Malet was not yet thirty. She had known him as the fortunate youth, the fairy prince, the ideal lover; had three or four years sufficed to turn him into a careworn, dispirited, irritable man? She was shocked at the change.

"These Arab servants are maddening," he said, by way perhaps of excuse for his irritability. "One has to use strong language to them or they will do nothing at all. Ah, you will get used to that in time! . . . This is a fine view, is it not?"

Esther turned to look at the glittering sea and plain, stretched like a panorama below them as they ascended a piece of rising ground. She could not answer for ravishment at the loveliness of the scene; she drew a long breath and was silent.

"You like it?" said Sebastian in a gentler voice. "Yes, it is very beautiful. Nina says it is all too bright."

"I never saw anything like it. But I have seen so little!"

"You have been a long time at Kersham. And how is the old place? How are all our friends?"

"They are very well. Mr. Malet told me to give his love to you."

"I have had letters," he said abruptly. "Pray, how is my new aunt? I remember Martha Pynsent exceedingly well; she used to give me curds and whey and roasted apples when I was a boy. I trust that she makes herself at home at Kersham Manor?"

A shadow dimmed the brightness of the scene for Esther. Again she could not answer; his tone jarred on her ear. He glanced at her pained face.

"What is the matter, Esther? Do you expect me to speak very affectionately of my new aunt?"

"I did not think that you would mind so much," said Esther softly.

Sebastian winced, and answered rather stiffly: "I do not mind at all in one sense. It is of little moment to me what my uncle does; I am not dependent on his bounty, thanks to poor Uncle Roland's care. But I think that Stephen Malet might have known better than to disgrace his family by marrying a designing woman of that class. It is intolerable."

Esther felt guilty, remembering the messages with which Mrs. Malet had charged her, and the kindness which that simple woman had shown to herself. It was with a considerable effort that she made response.

"I do not think that she is a designing woman. She seems to me very straightforward and honest. I have some messages from her to you and Nina; but I will not give them just now, if you do not mind. Some other time—"

"When I am in a better temper, do you mean?" Sebastian asked. "You must forgive me; I have a headache, and have been bothered by affairs in town. I bear no malice against Mrs. Stephen Malet in the very least."

"I shall remember her messages more clearly by-and-by," said Esther. "At present, everything is so new and beautiful that I feel a little confused by it. I am not sure whether I am myself at all, or only dreaming of an enchanted land."

"If this is the enchanted land, she must be the princess, of it," Sebastian said to himself.

The carriage stopped at last before a high, white garden wall, above which the banana-branches waved like tattered flags. The white villa with its broad veranda and shallow stone steps from the garden to the door could only be seen when the gate was opened. Esther was conducted to the front door, although there was a shorter way of entrance to the house by the veranda, but Sebastian wished to treat her, on the first day at least, with some show of punctilious formality. If he did not do it, he knew that nobody else would.

"This way," he said, pushing aside a richly colored curtain, and leading her past a screen of curiously carved wood into a cool, darkened room; "here you will find Nina."

The room seemed very dim to Esther, as all the wooden shutters were closed, but a little familiar cry in Nina's voice told her where to find her friend.

"You darling!" was Mrs. Sebastian Malet's greeting. She was lying on a couch, waving a fan backward and forward with a quick, petulant motion, which seemed likely rather to increase the heat than to lessen it. As Esther's eyes grew accustomed to the light, she saw that Nina was dressed in loose flowing white draperies, edged everywhere with lace, and that her hair was carelessly knotted behind and tied with a ribbon. The air of dainty luxuriousness which had always belonged to her was as evident as it had ever been; but there was a touch of abandon, of unrestraint, in her dress and manner and attitude, which Esther did not like. "Excuse my not getting up to receive you, dear," said Nina. "I have not been very strong lately, and the doctor tells me to lie down every afternoon. Hasn't it been a hot day? I hope that you did not come by the lower road. It's the hottest."

"Yes, we did," said Sebastian, in rather an apologetic tone. "Selim took it before I noticed, and it would have been useless to turn back."

"Oh, how stupid of you. I can't think how it is that you do these silly things," says Nina lightly, but crossly. "Poor Esther! how hot and tired she must be."

"Not at all," said Esther. "I enjoyed the drive very much. I never saw such loveliness before."

"It is rather a pretty view, isn't it? Good gracious, Sebastian, what are you doing now? Opening the shutter and letting a flood of light into the room! Do shut it up this moment: oh dear, Esther, aren't men stupid creatures? Who wants more light or heat in this country than one can help, I wonder! But Sebastian professes to like it!"

"There is a breeze from the sea now," said Sebastian quietly.

"I don't care; I won't have the shutter opened. Go away and leave me to talk to Esther: you forget that I have not seen her for four years. And tell Zephine to bring la petite to me."

Sebastian retired with a shrug of his shoulders. As soon as he was gone, Nina turned and addressed Esther in a completely altered and very confidential tone.

"What a bore men are! My dear just open that shutter—yes, the one that I would not let him touch—and let me see your dear delightful face! What a sweet gown you've got on! But what's the matter?"

"Do you mean me to open this shutter?"

"Yes, that's right. Oh, you mean that I wouldn't let Sebastian do it! But he is so stupid; I could never have got him to open it enough and not more than enough: He says I sit in the dark too much; that it makes me low-spirited. You dear old goose, you look quite grave! But how you have kept your youth, Esther! Look at me; I am quite an old woman. They used to call me pretty once!" she said, with a sound that was half of laughter and half of tears in her bird-like voice.

Esther looked at her in the new light that poured into the room, and was silent. Nina was still pretty, exquisitely, even painfully pretty, with the beauty of extreme fragility, bordering upon ill-health; but the fair look of innocent bloom and freshness had passed away. She looked older than her years, and her face was worn and thin, but the delicate features, the lovely eyes and hair, the pretty hands and feet, the winning ways—these were unchanged, or even more remarkable than ever.

"Well," Nina asked at last, half sharply, half nervously, "what do you think? Have I gone off dreadfully?"

"No, not at all. You are thinner; you do not look very strong; but you have gained in expression—"

Esther paused, not able to say all she thought.

"Expression is all nonsense," said Nina disdainfully, but not ill-pleased. "And how are they all at home? Very well? That's right. You will tell me about them by-and-by. Ah, here comes baby!"—and the door opened to admit a French nurse in elaborate peasant costume, carrying what seemed to be a mere mass of white draperies, with a little pink baby face resting on her arm. Behind the nurse came a fine little fellow of three years old, dark-skinned and dark-eyed, like his father.

The inevitable question of a young mother followed. "Do you like babies?" But Nina did not wait for a reply; she seldom did. "We called her Muriel. Don't you think it a pretty name? She's a good little thing, scarcely ever cries; at least so Zephine tells me. Of course I don't have much to do with her myself. Roland was a dreadful child; he used to howl for hours together. Oh, children are a great bother, I can tell you; but baby is rather pretty—for a baby—don't you think?"

"Was Nina proud to stoop for her children's sake?" Esther looked at her with a sort of saddened wonder. There she sat, pretty—oh, so much prettier and brighter and gayer than Esther!—beloved and honored, secure of home and husband, rich above all in that which makes the wealth of women, children to sit upon her knees and clasp their little arms about her neck; what more could she desire? Yet she sat there, with that little live warm creature sleeping placidly upon her knee, discontent brooding on her brow, discontent and irritation breathing in every accent of her voice, as she poured forth long stories of her necessities, her grievances, her privations. Esther sat still, and wondered at what she saw and heard. She remembered one of Sir Roland's half-sad, half-humorous sayings, once quoted to her by Sebastian—"To have one's wishes fulfilled is life's bitterest disappointment." Had Nina and Sebastian proved its truth?

When at last Nina had taken the visitor

to her room and left her alone, was perhaps no wonder that Esther should first of all sit down with her face hidden in her hands and let the slow tears gather and fall, and gather yet again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE WORLD'S WEALTH.

Some Very Interesting Figures as to the Wealth of Different Countries of the World.

Austria is worth £4,000,000,000.  
Russia is valued at £5,000,000,000.  
The bank capital of France is £268,000,000.

The bank capital of Great Britain is £910,000,000.  
The Spanish railroads are valued at £94,000,000.

Of the Russian city houses, six-sevenths are of wood.  
In 1885 Great Britain had £527,000,000 loaned abroad.

France is worth, all property considered, £8,000,000,000.  
The property of Germany is assessed at £5,500,000,000.

All the property of Italy is assessed at £3,000,000,000.  
The public buildings of England are valued at £240,000,000.

Germany has £231,000,000 invested in the banking business.  
French capital invested in trade is estimated at £311,000,000.

The British mercantile navy has cost in building £133,670,000.  
The average cost of rural dwellings in Russia is estimated at £135.

The houses of Rome are valued at \$225 per inhabitant or £14,000,000.  
Of the houses of Great Britain, 2,700,000 have been built since 1840.

The savings banks of Russia have only 50c. to the inhabitant on deposit.  
Over 41 per cent. of all the property in the German Empire is mortgaged.

England has 360,000 shops which pay an annual rental of £18,900,000.  
The world annually manufactures \$3,200,000,000 worth of textile fabric.

The rented houses of London annually bring their owners £37,400,000.  
The rented houses of Great Britain bring in their owners £133,300,000 a year.

The house property of Philadelphia annually increases \$30,000,000 in value.  
The German export and import trade is annually estimated at £367,000,000.

The total annual value of the world's minerals is estimated at \$1,000,000,000.  
The house property of London is annually increased by the sum of £10,000,000.

Great Britain is first in ships, the United States being second and France third.  
In 1789 the official estimate of the rental of all the houses in France was £74,000,000.

Great Britain's savings banks have 3,715,000 depositors and \$536,000,000 deposits.  
The people of the United States have over \$350,000,000 invested in church property.

The average value of cultivated land in Germany is \$105 per acre; in France \$165.  
The assessed valuation of the property and wealth of Great Britain is £9,000,000,000.

That portion of the world's capital invested in banking is estimated at \$15,985,000,000.  
The Austro-Hungarian Empire has 4,996,000 houses, of which 2,996,000 are in Austria.

The house property of Australia is more valuable compared with population than in Europe.  
The assessed valuation of Prussia is £3,425,000,000; of the whole empire, £5,681,000,000.

The annual value of hardware manufactured in the world is estimated at \$2,815,000,000.  
The banking capital of the United States is estimated at \$5,150,000,000, the greatest in the world.

Denmark has the greatest amount to the inhabitant in the savings banks, being about \$50 to each.  
The Italians own 4,420,000 houses of which 650,000 are in the cities and 3,770,000 are in the country.

The world has a large part of its wealth invested in 325,690 fixed and 107,150 locomotive engines.  
Softbeer says that the earnings of the Prussian people increased 25 per cent. from 1872 to 1885.

Since the beginning of the present century the land of Great Britain has doubled in assessed value.  
The merchant marine of Great Britain is equal in value to that of all the rest of the world's ships.

The people of Great Britain devote £5,803,000, of their wealth every year to the support of their clergy.  
The annual value of the clothing made in the United States and Europe is estimated at \$2,205,000,000.

The estimated value of the beer and spirits made in this country and Europe is stated at \$2,055,000,000.  
All the Australian colonies are assessed at £1,500,000,000, most of which is mortgaged in Great Britain.

In 1720 the world's commerce was estimated at £38,000,000; in 1889 it was estimated at £3,377,000,000.

Do not lose the present in vain perplexities about the future. If fortune frowns today, she may smile to-morrow.

He that does not know those things which are of use for him to know is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.

The child's first experiences remain with him permanently. The first color, the first music, the first flower, make up the foreground of his life.

Little things often change the current of life. A moment's temper has often severed a friendship which might have lasted a lifetime. An unkind and hasty word has left a mark which death seems scarcely to have erased.