

the smoking bread from the fire, and filled the room with incense !

" You take milk and sugar, I suppose, sir ?" inquired Mrs. Grey, diffidently.

" Both ! thank you," replied Richard.

The tea was poured out, and the toast well scraped, buttered, and laid before Richard. Mr. Grey watched that toast with anxiety ! It pained the good man to see that it was untouched—that no pressing, no reproaches heaped by Mr. Grey upon himself for having burned it,—could induce Richard to eat as became a visitor ! The tea, too, went but slowly ; Richard merely sipped it ; and even Mrs. Grey's statement, that there was a better cup in the pot, failed to persuade him to do more.

This was agony to Mr. Grey. He could not sit quiet under it ! He had no remedy but to poke the fire, and look round to see if the cat had re-entered ! At last he spoke :

" You've seen Gerald lately, have you, sir ?"