

"I shall get some work to do," said Will.
"So shall I," said Sally.

"Should like to know what a shrimp like you could do?" Tom remarked, scornfully.

"I can draw men and women," said Sally.

"So you can, darling," said Dorothy; "and it is such a blessing to be able to say you can do even one thing. I wonder if Sally could earn anything. Men and women are things we like to see, even in pictures."

"Oh yes, we're mighty fond of ourselves," remarked Tom.

"Tom, how much are you going to give to dad out of your money?" asked Will.

"Mind your own business!" was the polite reply. "Dorothy, when do you begin to teach your brats?"

"You shouldn't call them brats," replied his sister. "I begin on Monday."

"Oh well, Sally and Will, you had better go in. You'll find Blakesley there."

"Mr. Blakesley there?" said Dorothy, almost eagerly.

"Yes; they'll tell him you are out here; so if he wants to see you he'll come."

She was anxious to see him to-night. She wanted to hear what he would say when she told him that she had got work; but she was ashamed to confess it, even to herself, and so she remained behind with Tom. She pulled her warm shawl closer round her, and stood waiting for him to speak; but he said nothing—only stood whistling in an uneasy sort of way to himself. So she sat down on the seat—the dear old rickety seat on which she would never sit again perhaps, and began to day-dream. It was strange how much George Blakesley entered into her thoughts, now that he had, as far as was in his power, withdrawn himself from her life. She was so anxious that he should see that she was not the mere weak girl he had thought, and that she could put some real work and earnestness into her life, when the time came that they were really needed. She did not care for him, but she knew that his praise was a thing worth caring for, because he only gave it when it had been earned; and so she waited, and tried to imagine what he would say to her first real step in a right direction.

"Doll," said Tom, solemnly and slowly breaking in upon her thoughts, "do you know I think I'm a beast."

"Tom!" she almost screamed, in her surprise.

"So I am, Doll."

"Why?" she anxiously inquired.

"Because, dear, the dad's ruined, and we are all on the highway to the workhouse, and you have exerted yourself, and are going to teach brats, and Will talks about grinding, and even Sally wants to help. And I can't do anything, though I have fifty pounds a year."

"But why can't you?"

"Because I kept that boat all the summer, and you know what a lazy lot we were, and how you and all of us used to hang about."

Dorothy winced beneath his words, though there was no thought of reproach in them.

"And so I used to get off easily, and pay another fellow to take some of my work, and he's made a lot of mulls somehow, and now I believe I shall get dismissed—sent off, you know. I owe a lot on the boat score, and here I am. I am a regular beast, Doll! Blakesley told me as much when I began, but I wouldn't take it."

"Oh, Tom, can't you work hard and retrieve?"

"I mean to try. I'm not going to be outdone by a girl. I have got out of the boat business, that's one comfort. Look

here, Doll, I shall let you manage my money in future, and I'll pay off as fast as I can, and get into something else, if I'm kicked out where I am, and make a good start. Oh, here comes Blakesley, so I'd better go. Give us a kiss, Dolly. I'm glad you are not going to be married; we should have missed you awfully."

CHAPTER XXXII.—"ANOTHER GOOD-BYE."

"Well, Dorothy," said George Blakesley, in his usual quiet voice, "are you holding a reception under the branches of your favorite tree?" Then he sat down by her side, and Tom went in-doors, and Dorothy told him about her pupils. He seemed pleased, but he gave her no praise, and she was disappointed. "You can do more than three hours' work a-day," he said, "and I have heard of something that would do for you, I think, but I do not know whether you would have the courage to accept it."

"Yes I should," she said.

"It is this. Aunt Josephine is writing a book, something about the better education of women, and she wants an amanuensis. You write a good hand, and she would only want you in the afternoon or evening."

"But I should be so ashamed to go; they must think so badly of me!" and she turned her face away.

"No, they don't do that," he answered in a low voice. "I know it would be awkward for you at first; the consideration is whether you ought or not to lose the work." She sat considering for a long time, and she answered slowly, "I ought not to lose it."

"Then I will speak to her about it this evening," and he rose to go.

"Are you going now?" she asked. She thought he had meant to sit by her side and talk to her, as he used a month since, but he answered almost distantly, if not coldly, "Yes; I promised to be at my aunt's by seven; and, Dorothy"—he turned round and looked at her face for the first time that evening—"I shan't see you again for some time. I am going away for three months."

"Going away?" she said, in dismay. "What for?" He answered as if he resented the question, and she remembered suddenly that she had no right to ask it.

"On business partly," he said, "and partly for health;" and then she, looking at his face, saw for the first time how worn it had grown, and how ill he looked; how all, save the kind blue eyes, seemed changed; she darted forward, and put her hand upon his arm.

"George, have you forgiven—?" but she stopped, and did not know what to do, for he stood and looked at her in surprise, and gently enough drew her hand away from his arm. "I will go and see Miss Josephine to-morrow," she said, meekly; "but shall I not see you again before you go?"

"No; I start for Paris to-morrow week. Good-bye, Dorothy."

"But you will come and see us before you go?"

"No, I shall not have time."

"Good-bye," she said, coldly, turning away to hide the tears in her eyes.

"Good-bye," he said, and went.

She returned to the seat under the sycamore-tree, and sat down. It was a terrible disappointment to her. She thought he would have been pleased, and have praised her. She felt as if half her efforts had been made to gain his approval; "and he could not have loved me very much," she thought; "for he seems to have forgotten all the past, and to have accepted the position of an ordinary friend quite contentedly—I wonder that he ever loved me at all, though." She sighed. "Oh, my dear old sycamore, to think I shall never stand be-

neath you again!" And then she thought of the morning when Venus was buried, and all that had been since, and of the old vexed question. "I have answered that," she thought, "and found something to live for; but I wish life was not such a wearying thing—I am tired of it already." She was so fond of the garden—she felt almost as if she could not leave it—there were so many memories bound up with it. But when she went in-doors at last she forgot the sycamore-tree, and the underwood, and the old seat, and Venus' grave, and everything else; for there, awaiting her, was a letter.

"Mr. Blakesley took it in," said Sally, "and I told him it was from Mr. Fuller, for I know his waiting."

"It is only to wish me good-bye," said Dorothy—"I was out when he came, you know." And she put it into her pocket. She executed all the little household duties, which lately she has taken on herself, and waited till she escaped for the night before she broke the seal of her letter. This was what he said:—

DEAR DOROTHY,—You were out when I came the other day, so we did not say good-bye. I shall only be away for a few months though, and when I come back my first visit will be to Dorothy, and perhaps she may have forgotten the past, or all in it that made her so angry. I think you were quite right to be angry, and I shall never forgive myself for all I said and did; but now—now that you are free, will you try and forgive me? My dear little Dorothy, I often think of the happy days we spent before Netta came and bewitched us all, and what excellent friends we were.

There is such a wild sea down on this rough Cornish coast; you would delight in it so. We are very much alike, Dorothy; I have often thought that, and we should both be content to dream our lives away in a place like this, I believe. I wish you were here. How could you be so foolish, child—I never forgot you—I was only fascinated. Before the spring comes I shall be back at Hampstead with you, and sitting under the sycamore-tree. Good-bye, child.—Yours ever, ADRIAN FULLER.

She looked up when she had finished reading it. It had made her heart beat and her fingers tremble, and the old feeling came rushing back, and Netta's words with it, that perhaps some day she should marry him; but the new feeling conquered it. "No," she said, "life is made for something better than dreams." Then she thought, with a sigh—"And I have no heart. I only love just my home people, and that is natural, but all my other feelings seem just to consist of restless longings and wishes, and something I do not understand."

The next day they left Hampstead, and in the afternoon Dorothy went to Miss Josephine's, and became her amanuensis.

(To be continued.)

"THE Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness"—i.e., strengthen him inwardly, as the outward man decayeth, so that he shall lie easy upon his bed, refreshed with the Lord's inward comforts, while the body is languishing. And when the body grows weak, when heart and flesh fail, when death approacheth, here is a cordial for the drooping spirit, "This God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our guide even unto death. God shall be the strength of our heart, and our portion for ever." Blessed assurance! Oh! treasure it up, and praise the name of Jesus, who died to procure the application of these promises unto thee. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."