

JEAN INGELOW'S BEST POEM.

An empty sky, a world of heather, Purple foxglove, yellow of bloom; We two among them wading together, Shaking out perfume, treading perfume.

DORA

By JULIA KAVANAGH,

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CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

"What a pity Doctor Richard is not a friend of ours," she sometimes thought, "it used to do me good when he came. His fancies are rather wild sometimes, and one does not exactly know when he is in jest or in earnest; but he used to set me thinking, and I feel the want of it now that he is gone. It is wonderful all I learned from him when he came and stood behind my chair and advised me. Some of his criticisms were so many rays of light. I know I want a critic, and mamma and aunt admire all I do."

humor. The vision brought no blush to Dora's cheek, no emotion to her heart; but it was pleasant, though brief. "What a pity he does not like our society as much as we like his!" she thought, honestly; "but it is no great wonder. It must be dull to come and sit here with us, and yet I am selfish enough to wish that he would come again!"

As she confessed thus much to herself, her mother pushed the cards away, and exclaimed a little pettishly: "How dull you both are! I wish Doctor Richard would come in," she added. Dora could not help smiling at this coincidence in their wishes.

giveness, Dora tried to laugh it off by saying: "Your verdict is so favorable, Doctor Richard, that I will believe every word of it, and seek to know no more. And now, do tell us something about your little patient?"

is one of the many forms of action, whatever matter of fact may say. So I keep to my creed, and venture to blame yours." "Oh! but I do read," said Dora blushing; "but I have little time and few books."

as soon as the painted Griseldis on her bed-room curtains, as sit and purr." "But Miss Courtenay sits long and patiently at the Gallery," said Doctor Richard.