

"Poor man, I am sorry for him. How dull he must be!" she answered, turning to look at him with pitying eyes. He was seated in his arm-chair, looking gravely into the fire. She went up to him, and quietly seated herself on his knee. "Put your arm round me, please. Now, that's very comfortable."

Mr. Johnson submitted without one word of remonstrance to her orders.

She nestled her head on his shoulder and said, "Isn't it very dull all by yourself here? Why don't you have some children? Mother says she doesn't know what she would do without all of us."

Mr. Johnson made no answer, but he pressed Lily nearer to him. As he looked round the room, never before had it looked so cosy and homelike; perhaps that was because the wind was howling so mournfully outside through the leafless trees, that the mere sound of it made one shiver and draw nearer the fire; but it was not on the cheerful blaze in the grate that his eye fell, but on the fair little head nestling so lovingly against his shoulder.

Perhaps the thought may have flashed through his mind, that "these little ones" might have filled his heart more fully even than his beloved books. He sighed as he thought how different the room would look to-morrow night, when he would be alone, and "these little ones" would be with the real Mr. Johnson. He felt quite angry with his namesake for his greed in inviting these small visitors of his, when he had plenty of little ones of his own. Then, as they all sat silent, came the remembrance of One "Who had called a little child unto Him." He had not called for them, but they had been sent to him as New Year gifts, to open his heart and fill it with thoughts of love and tenderness.

His thoughts went back to the far-off days, when he, too, was a little child, and played with brothers and sisters in the old home. Now they were all gone, and he was an old bachelor living for, and to himself alone.

Suddenly he said, speaking his thoughts out loud, "Maynard, Maynard! that name is so familiar to me. Surely that was the name of my chum at school, Frank Maynard."

"That was our papa's name," said Lily, softly; she was nearly asleep, but that name roused her for a moment.

Roy leant forward eagerly as he mentioned the name of the school his father had been at.

"Yes, yes; that must have been he. That was the school; I was at. Then I went to India, and lost sight of him; he was younger than I was, and I left him at school."

"Then he went to the university, and it was there he knew the other Mr. Johnson."

"Roy wants to go there, too, and be a clergyman like papa. He's going to get a something at school," said Lily, raising her head.

"A something?"

"Yes, a something; that means money."

"She means a scholarship," explained Roy. "I am going up for one next year, that's why I must get strong," he added earnestly, his pale face flushing with excitement. "Don't work too hard. Your health before everything."

"Yes, I know," he answered sadly.

"When Roy is a clergyman, we'll all go home to our real home in the country, where we were all born; so he must get strong."

"It's only three years since my father died, so we all remember the dear old home."

"And you shall come and stay with us," and she laid her head back on its resting-place, and closed her eyes again.

Leo had slipped out of the room long before; the quietness did not suit his restless little spirit. He had taken refuge with Rebecca, and from time to time the sound of his merry laugh was heard in the distance.

When Roy spoke again, Mr. Johnson raised his hand in warning.

"Hush! speak low, or you will wake her."

"Much better send her to bed; she'll only tire you."

But he was loth to let her go; this stray little bird that had crept into his home for shelter from the cold and storm of the outside world was, somehow, creeping into his heart as well.

When Rebecca appeared, candle in hand, she stared at the unusual sight. Instead of a book, her master held sleeping Lillie, and on the table lay the neglected book.

"Perhaps I had better carry her up," he began timidly; "it might wake her else."

Without waiting for an answer, he got up and walked out of the room, followed by the astonished Rebecca.

(To be Continued.)

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DIED.

LEACH—On October 13th, at 10 University street, William Turnbull Leach, D.C.L., LL.D., Archdeacon of Montreal, Vice-Principal and Dean of the Faculty of Arts of McGill University, aged 81 yrs.

MOUNTAIN—At Cambridge, England, on 13th October, Catherine Anne Prevost, daughter of the late Right Rev. G. J. Mountain, Bishop of Quebec.

SWEET—On Friday, the 15th inst., at the Rectory, Newcastle, N. B., fell asleep in Jesus, Mary Anne, relict of the Rev. J. H. Sweet, M. A., incumbent of Kilmacrow, County of Kilkenny, Ireland, and the dearly loved mother of the Rector of Newcastle, N. B., aged 60 years.

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