

with grey eyes fearless and truthful enough, but with none of the fascinations of the soft blue ones that were watching her, and a mouth that was large and yet sweet and expressive, and so formed, perhaps, the best feature of her face.

"We are very different," she said, with a long wistful sigh, as she turned away. Then Sally crept to Dolly's side. The quaint child understood her sister better than any other perhaps.

"You would not like the people in books, and all the trees, if you were like her," she said, for these were their common friends.

"No," answered Dolly, looking back almost pityingly at the sister she had envied a moment or two before.

CHAPTER VII.—HOW DOLLY CHANGED HER NAME.

So George Blakesley, who had met Netta at her grandfather's, and who had been anxious to see Mrs. Woodward, because his mother and she had been schoolfellows, made his call, and saw Mrs. Woodward, and was liked, and was asked to come again and see Mr. Woodward, and did. At last he came to spend an evening, just after the fashion of Adrian Fuller of old, and then it was that he first made acquaintance with Dolly. She had determined that she would not see the possible successor of her old friend until she absolutely could not help herself, and she kept her resolution.

Mr. Woodward came home, and George Blakesley arrived, and still Dolly sat beneath the sycamore tree, with a book in her hand, and with Sally at her feet; and Tom standing behind looking over her shoulder. She always felt in after years that she had sat there waiting almost consciously for something that would happen, and when Will came down the garden pathway to her, with something hidden beneath his coat, and said, "Dolly, you are to come into tea in five minutes; and guess what I've got here!" she answered, without a moment's hesitation, "It's a letter from Mr. Fuller," and it was, and her heart gave a great bound when she saw it was directed to herself, and she was compensated for all the past months of waiting.

She broke the seal, and Tom leant her head forward, and Sally rose to her feet, and Will came round to her other shoulder, and so they read his first letter. He had been ill and lazy, he said, and hated writing, but he had not forgotten them, and in another year he should be home again. "I wonder if I shall find you all much altered," he went on. "You will be quite a woman, Dolly; you must be one already, and I shall call you Dorothy in future. I like the name, and the other is too babyish for you now. I hope I shall find you all the same," he repeated again at the end of the letter, after he had told her about his work and way of living, and the country round about, and said all that people far off invariably do say in letters.

"Why, of course, he'll find us the same," said Tom, when they were going towards the house. "What should we alter for?" and for answer Dolly felt the refrain of a song ringing in her ears, as she heard it for many a long day afterwards:—

"The same, the same, yet not the same;
Oh, never, never more!"

She stopped at the garden door.

"Call me Dorothy in future," she said; "I am too old to be called Dolly any more."

And so the old childish name was dropped for ever.

CHAPTER VIII.—ON TO THE SYCAMORE TREE.

They had tea in Mr. Woodward's study

sometimes, especially in the summer, for it looked on to the garden. It was a cosy room, untidy of course, as all the Woodward rooms were, with books and papers all about, and easy chairs and couches covered with faded grubby chintz. The few who knew it always remembered the room, and the group that gathered there, and loved in after years to linger over the memory.

George Blakesley had wanted to know the Woodwards. Mrs. Woodward had been his mother's friend in girlhood, and he had often heard of Mr. Woodward in his editorial capacity. So, when he went to Colonel Wade's, and met Netta there, it seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should find his way to Hampstead, and he did. Mrs. Woodward had liked him on his first visit, and she liked seeing some one about the place who did not bother her; moreover, she was beginning to feel that Dolly was growing up, and she remembered that Netta had said he was a good match.

He raised his head half curiously when the procession, consisting of Tom, and Will, and Sally, and Dorothy, entered; he had never seen them before, and he was fond of children; but these were bigger than he had expected; and when he saw Dolly he forgot—for he was singularly absent—what was expected of him, and looked at her almost curiously. "That girl has a good face," he thought; "I should like to talk to her."

They found it pleasanter than they had imagined, having tea with the interloping Blakesley, as Tom had christened him, though he directed his conversation chiefly to their father, and the subjects of it were dry enough—mathematics, and so on. It gave them an opportunity of looking at him. He was fair and pale, with a straggling faded-looking beard and dull yellow hair, but he had a wonderful good head, and soft kind blue eyes with dark lashes; he was not very tall, yet well-made and muscular; and with a quiet manner and voice that had withal a certain dignity.

"Well, what do you think of old pale face?" asked Tom, with his usual striking want of respect.

This remark was addressed to Dolly, when, the festival of tea having been completed, the younger branches of the house of Woodwards had betaken themselves to the garden again.

"I don't like him," said Dorothy, with almost a shudder.

"Then we'll serve him out," he answered, consolingly.

"I like him," said Sally, cramming her papers into her pocket.

Sally had a quick eye, and was always drawing crude pictures dictated by her quaint fancy.

"I heard father tell him he would always be welcome, and to come often," said Will.

"It's too bad," said Dolly, almost crying; and she thought, "I will never, never like him, never!"

And George Blakesley, looking out at the straggling garden, thought, "There is something in that girl's face, I like; but what a child she is!" and then he asked if he might go and look at the summer-house, and made his way for the first time to the old sycamore tree.

CHAPTER IX.—THE INTERLOPING BLAKESLEY.

It was six months or more since George Blakesley had first made his way to the sycamore tree, and the children knew him well, and liked him, and he was fonder of them than ever Adrian Fuller had been.

He was well off, as Netta had told them before his first appearance, having an ex-

cellent appointment as actuary to an insurance company, as well as an income from private sources; and he had some position too, besides that given him by birth—he had carried off high honours at the University, and was clever, nay, more than merely clever, for great things were expected from him in the future. Yet his manner, and ways, and tastes, were perfectly simple, and they seeing him at Hampstead quietly spending his evenings there, or content to pass his hours among the merry group in the garden, scarcely thought, or could have realized how great and clever people sought him out, and asked him to their houses in vain. He had his own circle of friends too, who believed in him and made much of him, but thought he liked them, and valued their friendship, he only visited them by fits and starts. He never lost a friend, though he was sometimes long ere he made one, for he took no trouble to do so, and he was unobtrusive and unconventional, dressing badly, never making calls, and wrapt up in his pursuits; but when people once learned to understand him, they learned to like him.

At Hampstead he had won Mr. and Mrs. Woodward completely. He talked science and philosophy with the former, and lent books to the latter. The children liked him; but they were true to Adrian Fuller, for they were loyal children—though they may not be called children longer—and constant to old friends.

They had so altered in these six months, and perhaps George Blakesley had had most to do with this. He was so apt to talk over their heads, and they, trying to reach him, insensibly climbed higher. Not mind, that he ever talked great or grand knowingly. He would discuss the simplest things, but as only a thoughtful and educated mind could discuss them. He was a man who believed in trifles, and thought nothing too small to be considered, knowing how the smallest deeds have altered the whole world's way, and by what narrow paths the greatest cities are sometimes reached.

He had no mother or father, only three maiden aunts (sisters of his father), and these lived together somewhere up at Baywater; but he himself lived not far from the pleasant ways of Hampstead, in a little house standing in its own garden.

"You must come and see my little place some day," he had said to Mrs. Woodward; but somehow the visit had never been effected, for she was indolent, and he careless and forgetful.

(To be continued.)

Have the courage to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

THE annual incomes of the twenty-four Cardinals resident at the Court of the successor of St. Peter the Fisherman, and the Vicar of Him who had not where to lay his head, range from \$6,000 to \$60,000, besides benefices whose yield is not accurately known. Only five or six of them are so poor as to have but \$6,000. The greater number tend to the higher figures.

If there is one scholar in your class who seems never ready to answer a question, it is your duty to frame a question which that scholar will answer—"if it takes all summer." Be so simple, or so pointed, or so practical, or so sympathetic, or so helpful, or so adroit in your questions to him as to bring back his answer. Study him, study your lesson, study your opportunities, to this end. There is a lack in that class so long as you can get no answer from that one scholar. When he will answer your question he will be a better scholar—and you will be a better teacher.