

ed Dorothy, a wild hope springing up in her heart.

"I don't know," answered Black-and-White, in the nerveless manner which was her wont. "One never knows anything, my dear; but he was engaged to you once, and he must have liked you then, and he used often to talk to us of you; but he thought you liked Mr. Fuller. I often wondered why you never cared for George," she added, simply.

"I was not in love with him at the time I was engaged to him," Dorothy answered; "I was very different——" and she stopped herself. "But I always admired him more than any one I ever knew. If there is anything good in me, Miss Mildred," she said, earnestly, "I owe it to him; and now I don't suppose I shall ever see him again."

"Perhaps not, dear; one never knows," and Black-and-White turned her eyes towards the dim fields and the fading sunset, and Dorothy's gaze followed her for a moment.

"Let us come in, Miss Mildred; Netta is not well enough to talk much," she said, so they went back to the sitting-room, and found Adrian Fuller there talking to the elder Miss Blakesley and Netta.

"It is very bad taste in him to come, considering all that occurred yesterday," Dorothy thought, and received him stiffly and coldly.

"Do you know," said Black-and-White to her sister, when they were outside the door, "I can't help thinking that perhaps our dear George may not have gone, and that he may marry little Dorothy yet."

But George Blakesley was safe on board the good ship *Syren*, watching the sea and sky, and sailing slowly but surely away from his native land; and it was not till late in the evening that, looking over the packet of letters that had been put into his hand just as he stepped on board, he read Lady Finch's note.

"Probably the Beauty knows nothing about it," he said, after a long pause; "and if she does, well it's too late now," and so he passed on under the evening sky, farther and farther from the old house and the overgrown garden at Hampstead.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE WAY HOME.

"Lady Finch, do you sing still?" Adrian Fuller asked, that evening. They formed such a silent group, for Netta was tired and worn-out, and Mrs. Woodward was sad, and Dorothy was in the far corner, trying to hide her sorrow.

"No," she said, wearily.

"Dorothy, why don't you go and play," Mr. Woodward said.

"I will if you like," she said, and went slowly over to the piano. Then Netta rose.

"No, I want to sing," she said, and took the seat at the piano. "Go and sit in your corner again," she whispered; "I know all about it, dear."

"Oh, Netta," asked Dorothy, "how did you learn to feel and to be so unselfish?"

"I learnt the first long ago in secret," she answered, almost bitterly; "and the latter you taught me to wish to be—not that I ever shall," she added, as she began the prelude to her old song, "Jock o' Hazeldean."

A minute later, and the same song which had charmed her hearers in that same house many a time was heard again; but oh, the difference! There was something in the sound of the broken wheezy voice that once had been so beautiful, that brought the tears into the eyes of those who listened now. Then suddenly she stopped, and would have fallen back but for Adrian Fuller, who caught her and lifted her to the sofa, and Dorothy sprang

forward and saw that the Beauty's favorite white wrap was stained with blood.

They carried her up-stairs, and sent for the doctor, and telegraphed for her husband, who came in hot haste. Not that he had ever been violently in love with his wife, for he had married more from the desire to possess a wife whose beauty and grace would do him credit than for any other reason; but he came, and was kind and tender.

"Do you know, Dorothy," Netta said, faintly, in one of those last days, "I have missed so much in life. I have had perfect sympathy with no one in life but you, and you never knew it till lately, dear. Stoop down and kiss me once more, Dorothy. Things might have been so different for me; but then the 'might have beens' are the saddest things in all our lives." Dorothy read to her, and tried to teach her all that she had learnt herself when Tortoiseshell was dying, and eagerly and gratefully the Beauty tried to learn the lesson ere it was too late. And so all the old worldliness died out of Netta's life, and the beauty of holiness—that beauty which was greater than any other she had ever worn—came into it; and when, a week or two later, Dorothy knelt by her sister's grave—for she never rose again—she was able to say through her tears, "Thank God she knew the way home before she died." The way home! as Dorothy called it. It is the sweetest knowledge we can gain. Our feet learn thankfully, in infancy, first to trace their way to our earthly father's home, and there is no rest, no peace, no joy in this wide world so great as that tranquil happiness which steals over us when our weary hearts first learn the way to God.

"Dorothy, your sister made no will," Sir George Finch said, a few weeks later; "but there was a thousand pounds her grandfather left, which she asked me to settle on you. She wished it, or part of it, invested in the purchase of this house. Who is the owner?"

"I do not know; a friend of Mr. Blakesley's."

"Could you write and ask him?" She hesitated; but eager and glad of the excuse, she wrote, only a formal little note, making the necessary inquiries; and then she waited days, and weeks, and months for the answer, but none came, and at last Dorothy got tired of waiting, and angry and impatient. At length a message came to her through his aunts, "Tell Miss Woodward I will write soon." That was all; but still no letter came, and Adrian Fuller was always with her; and she could see, though he was silent, all he felt; and so the winter passed, and spring went by, and summer came again.

(To be continued.)

THE AVERAGE BOY.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

I own to a feeling of profound sympathy with and respect for the average boy. He rarely figures in Sunday school books—never in dime novels; is the hero of no hairbreadth escapes, or romantic adventures, and is not likely to create any demand for photographs of his early home, or a minute biography of his deeds or misdeeds.

The average boy is bent on having a good time without regard to being sensational or melodramatic. If he is reproved by his parents he does not immediately concoct some plan for running away, rehearse the prodigal son, or fire off a pistol to terrify those who have dared to call him to account. He has no fancy for sleeping out of doors, under fences, and in carts,

just for the fun of the thing; and although he has a taste for the sea, and is fond of boats, he prefers to set sail in a legitimate way, that he may never have to regret his youthful folly.

The average boy escapes a great deal of unwholesome flattery and vicious encouragement, and early learns to know the chink of the true metal. He is not unreasonable in his desires, and so has a greater capacity for enjoyment, and is not *blase* before he is out of his teens. He has good sense enough to see that everything has boundaries; that he cannot expect to occupy a larger estate than he has inherited or purchased; and so learns to respect both law and liberty. He has boyish tricks, of course, and is full of mischief, but he avoids "ways that are dark," and is careful of the Commandments.

The average boy looks at a prison with a feeling of horror, and while he has a curiosity to enter its doors he has no disposition to become familiar with the steps of crime. He grows, but grows naturally and symmetrically, preferring to be a stately oak rather than a sprawling deformity, if there is any preference about it. It isn't his nature to be erratic, and he never works against nature.

The other boys plan to go to the Centennial, collect money in some mysterious way, and start off on foot with all the energy and enthusiasm of "young Crusaders." Without a sigh he sees them depart, fully assured that he will be able to do the Centennial in a more respectable manner by going with father, or mother, or friends who look after his interests because he is modest about looking after them himself, and because they are willing and anxious to gratify the natural desires of a boy who seldom grumbles, and is never exacting.

The average boy is unconsciously fitting himself for an important place in society. The forces that keep him from going up like a rocket, or flying off at a tangent, are training him to habits of steadfastness and consistency, and strengthening the balance-wheel of mental and moral activity. Commonplace people are not necessarily dull and stupid; and the average boy is more likely to turn out a solid man than is the harumscarum fellow who early becomes familiar with vice, and being always "without fear" is never "without reproach."

It is cruel to slight and snub the average boy who may be slow to learn but has a most retentive memory. Remember the fable of the hare and the tortoise, and keep your eye on the boy who, if he fail to astonish the world with any unusual display of brilliancy, will very likely give more comfort to his friends, and establish a reputation for himself that will be more substantial than that of many a rival.

THE death of prayer is to deal in generalities.

NEVER yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word, by whom light as well as immortality was brought into the world, which did not expand the intellect while it purified the heart; which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and passions.—Coleridge.

THE Irish Church Commissioners have handed over to the Board of Works nearly £30,000, to place certain ancient buildings, churches, and round towers, in a condition to resist the action of the weather. There is a very strong feeling in favour of the preservation of these monuments, and applications are made from every part of Ireland, recommending certain ruins, particularly the round towers on the Shannon and the ancient churches of the Isles of Arran.