

THE LENNOXVILLE MAGAZINE.

A LORD OF THE CREATION.

PART I.

CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*

"People ought to love dearest what is best," pronounced the legislator of seventeen.

"That ends the question," said Mr. Farquhar, laughing.

Caroline felt her old displeasure revive when he laughed. But he looked serious and earnest enough when he again spoke.

"I suppose, in your estimation, *home* is one of the things best worth having—one of the things that never grow old?"

"Yes: it never grows old. One would never tire of *that*."

"A happy thing, indeed, for those who have a home. But for *nous autres* who have not, is not our case a pitiable one?"

"But you have a home, for Vaughan has been staying with you there," cried Caroline, quickly.

"I have a home," said Mr. Farquhar, with a peculiar expression at the mention of Vaughan's name; "and I have what is called 'chambers' in London. But neither of these is what you mean by home; I never had that. Are you sorry for me?"

"Very sorry," said Caroline, expressing, because she felt, much cordiality, as she spoke.

"You, who are so rich in 'things worth having'—love and care, friends, all that make a home dear and beautiful—should have very great indulgence for your poorer brethren," Mr. Farquhar went on: "and must not quarrel with them, if occasionally they do not 'love dearest what is best.' Happy people are apt to be great tyrants; don't be a tyrant, Miss Maturin."

She was puzzled to make out his meaning, and she was about to ask him, when Mr. Bracebridge approached to claim her for the next dance.

There were no more philosophical conversations that evening. The