

jects. In fact, the grave, silent man and the quiet little boy are the closest of friends, even though Robin does not tell Mr. Trenman his secrets, and has never found courage to ask the explanation of some secrets of his guardian which he would love to know.

It is a strange life for a boy, and perhaps it has made Robin unlike other boys; he is too fond of dreaming. Yet there is nothing he loves better than sport of all kinds. He rides, fishes, and swims, and hopes when he is fourteen that he will be allowed to shoot; for the rest, he thinks there is no place in the world like his beloved Manor, every nook and corner of which is dear to him. He is very fond of coming to this old picture-gallery, and wonders, as he looks at them, what all those dead-and-gone Garatons in their splendid dress and beauty felt like, and if they cared for their dear old home as he, little Robin Beldale, does.

There is only one part of the day Robin