

"Who has taken the red brick house amongst the trees?"

"A Mr. and Mrs. Dixon."

"Do you know them?"

"Very slightly."

"O Ernest! such horrid people," exclaimed his sister, "they look so cross; they come to church, so I see them, there's the Mr. and Mrs. and a tall ugly girl with straight curls, and a little fair-haired boy used to come with a terrible cough, but he doesn't now. Poor little fellow, he used to look so sad, and when the hymns were sung, very often I could see the tears rolling down his cheeks. One day coming out, I smiled at him and he looked so pleased and smiled so brightly and beautifully, and then Mrs. Dixon seized his hand and said, 'Come on, directly, how dare you smile to people you don't know?' and she walked on very quickly before I could say one word."

"Ernest, dear, some more potatoes," said his mother.