

"It's a horrid shame, and you just do it to provoke me," cried Ernest, and he ran out of the room banging the door behind him.

Mr. Leslie put his hand over his face, and stood leaning against the mantle-piece in deep thought. Constance brushed away the tears which were running down her cheeks, and tried to keep down the disappointment which swelled in her heart. At last Mr. Leslie spoke, holding out his hand, and drawing her close to him as he did so—

"Do you also think me so unkind, my little Connie?"

"No, papa, Ernest was disappointed, he did not mean what he said."

"Don't you believe that I love you too well, to deny you anything that might be good for you?"

"Yes, papa," said Constance, with a great effort.

"I want you to learn, dearest child,