

something very foolish, he coloured more furiously than ever. But Reginald said directly—

“Oh, no, I have plenty to do. I read a great deal, and sometimes I write.”

Then there ensued a long and pleasant conversation on books and lessons, in the course of which Reginald made out a great deal of Arthur's mind, which was no ordinary one, and after a while he skilfully turned the subject back to Arthur himself, and his little brother.

“I am afraid from what my sister tells me, that your brother is ill.”

“Indeed he is,” said Arthur, “so ill that it frightens me to see him. I think the house we are living in is too damp and cold for him.”

“Very likely,” replied Reginald; “could you not write to some of your other friends or relations and tell them so.”

“We have no others,” said Arthur mournfully, “we are quite alone in the