



IX.

Uncle Ambrose.

"Thou must not let thy heart grow cold,
Nor hush each generous tone,
Nor veil the bright love in thine eye,
Thou must not *live alone.*"

"**E**RNEST, Mr. Barnett has come," said Constance, meeting him in the hall the next day as he returned from a morning of skating.

"Well, Connie, what is he like?"

"A funny, little, wizened-up old man, with spectacles and a brown wig."

Ernest laughed, and Connie went on, "He says every instant, 'Yes, yes, yes; to be sure,' and then coughs.

"O Connie, don't, or I shall laugh when I speak to him."