

Hereupon she produced the bracelet for their inspection. It was a handsome one, not only for the number of the brilliants, but from the beauty of the gold work; the shape was that of a serpent, the eyes of which were two fine rubies. With it in its case was a gold cross to be worn round the neck—it was formed on the antique Irish ring cross model—that beautiful crucifix which was carved long ere Christianity existed, and the figure inscribed on which was certainly not meant for Christ but for the Aryan Buddha. Edith was struck with the design, which she had never seen before, and looked at it with some interest. Observing this, Mrs. Cadgett, with a courtesy which she had not shewn to Edith for a long time, begged that Miss Sorrel would do her the favour to examine it. This courtesy perhaps disposed the boys more in favour of the raffle than they would otherwise have been. Ross and Edward took tickets; Figgs Minimus took a ticket; it cost him nothing, as his father was to pay for it through Major Ellis, and it might lead to more taffy and seed cake in that delightful region, Mrs. Cadgett's room.

The raffle was to take place on Monday—it was very successful hitherto, a very large number of names having been given in. Edith had taken a ticket, more tempted by the cross than even the bracelet, or Mrs. Cadgett's stories about the nobility of the owners, in which she did not much believe.

The coming raffle was the great event of the day in Douglassville, and among the boys nothing else was talked of. In the afternoon of this day Edith had gone to the Library, to find another volume of the Heir of Redcliffe, which she wished Ned to read. She was surprised to find Cyril there—it was the hour during which he was usually engaged in college. They had not spoken for some time, the weather having been too cold for the usual Sunday walks; and Edith, she did not know why, coloured and felt embarrassed as she met him. In his manner too there appeared a degree of embarrassment, as if their intercourse, having been broken by an interval of separation, could not be at once resumed with the old frankness.

Edith recovered herself the first, took down her book, and was going away when Cyril stopped her. "Miss Sorrel, I am going to leave this place very soon." Edith looked up—was she sorry that one true friend was to be lost to her? "I have resolved on accepting a mission that has been offered me, not very far from Montreal. At once, after my ordination I leave this. I shall be sorry to go, Miss Sorrel." "Your old home and the college; yes, no doubt you will feel it." "Miss Sorrel, there is one matter on which I wish to speak, if you will let me before I go. May I say a few words to you?" "Yes;" the reply was very softly spoken, and the earnest eyes were bent to the ground. "I see you are unhappy here; you do not know much of me, but I think you know enough to believe me true and honest hearted. Will you be my wife?"

"I am only a poor little girl; I do not think I am good enough for you."

This was the girl's first thought, but second to it came with its full force her sense of propriety and of its obligations. "Besides I must not let you speak so to