

terms; Mr. Harford venturing to press Lily's hand, hoping by doing so to make her understand what he had wished to tell her all the day.

But he was determined to have it settled. On the following afternoon he rode over to Roderick's Court to inquire if Alan Lester had returned home, and as he found he had not done so, he left his horse at the Court, and walked through the park, and by chance met Lily in one of the grassy paths beneath the interlacing branches of the great trees, which in summer made this spot a great shade.

The girl blushed when she saw the Squire, and the Squire saw the blush, and did not release the little fluttering hand held out to greet him.

"I am so glad I have met you," said Godfrey Harford, "so very glad—I couldn't get a word with you yesterday for that little rogue."

"He's a fine little fellow, isn't he?" "Yes, in his proper place; but I did not want him yesterday. Lily, can you guess what I wanted to say to you yesterday, and have come to say to you to-day?"

He was still holding her hand, and his kindly smiling eyes were fixed on her sweet face.

"It doesn't take many words to tell," he went on, still smiling, "and yet it's not so easy to say them, but I will say them to-day—Lily, will you be my wife?"

He blurted out the last words more like a school-boy than a man who was certainly supposed to have made some love in his time. And while his ears were hanging for the modest blushing answer he expected, he took her other hand, and would have drawn her towards him, but Lily shrank a little back.

"I—I am sorry you have said this, Mr. Harford."

"Why? What is the matter? Can't you like me?"

"It is not that," and Lily lifted her large serious grey eyes and looked in his face.

"Then why are you sorry, my dear little girl? I have thought of this for some time, Lily. I am sure I shall try to make you happy, very happy."

"I am sure you will always be good and kind to everyone, Mr. Harford; but you must not ask me to marry you, for it cannot be."

"It cannot be!"

"No, it really cannot be. I like you very much, very much indeed; but not like that."

These words were a terrible disappointment to Mr. Harford. He dropped Lily's hands, he stood looking blankly in her face.

"I suppose you think I'm an old man?" he said, presently, with some bitterness.

"Indeed I do not think so; you are not an old man, no, that has nothing to do with it."

"What is it then, Lily? Please do tell me. I have set my heart upon this. I hoped we would be so happy."

But Lily did not speak; she turned away her head, and her lips began to quiver.

"Is there anything about my house, or anything about my life you don't like, dear? If there is, you have only to point it out. Of course I am a good deal older—"

"Oh! Mr. Harford, don't say anything more. It only distresses me to pain you, and I can give no other answer."

Godfrey Harford now walked a few steps away from her, and then came back. Suddenly his cousin's words had flashed into his mind. Could she care for anyone else—for Alan Lester?

"I was to you to tell me one thing," he said, returning to her and again taking her reluctant hand, "and then I won't tease you any more. Will you not marry me, because—there is someone else?"

Lily's breast began to heave, and tears rose in her eyes.

"I have no right, perhaps, to ask you," urged the Squire, "but—but, well, perhaps I'm an old fool, but I love you very much, and if there was no one else I might—hope to win you; so will you tell me, Lily, do you like anyone better than you can ever like me?"

Still Lily did not speak; her hand was trembling in Mr. Harford's, and by her face he saw she was greatly agitated.

"Is there anyone, Lily?"

"Yes," she faltered, in a low, pained tone, but Mr. Harford heard it.

"I understand," he said, dropping her hand, "it is Alan Lester?"

"Oh! Mr. Harford, you must never tell this!" now cried Lily in quick alarm, "there is nothing between us—he does not care for me in the very least, he has never thought of me. But when he lost everything—when everyone was so cruel to him, when Annette was so cruel to him, I felt so sorry, and I—"

"Get to like him, I suppose," said the Squire with a strange gentleness in his voice. "I—I might have known."

"But you must promise never to tell, Mr. Harford," said Lily eagerly; "but I could not bear to give you any more pain. It was best to tell the truth to you, though no one else must ever know it."

"Thank you, Lily."

Then he took hold of her hands, and there was a mist before his eyes, and a great gentleness and tenderness on his harsh features.

"Good-bye, and God bless you, dear. I would have tried to make you happy; but it is not to be. And he stooped down and kissed her hand, and the next moment had left her, feeling that there had come to him the bitterest sorrow of his life.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—RODRIK'S CHANCES.

For two whole days Mr. Harford never went near the Rectory after that interview with Lily in Reden Park. He was very fond of his cousin, but the pain was too fresh, too bitter, and he felt he could not talk of it, even to Elizabeth. But on the third day the Rector went by his wife to inquire if Godfrey were ill.

He found the Squire certainly looking anything but well. His marked features were haggard, and there was a worn look about his eyes. He was sitting in his library, with his old dog lying on the rug at his feet, and he was reading a French novel, though it was a fine morning, and the sun was shining and the birds singing outside.

This was so unlike the active, genial Squire, who loved to be about his place, planting and superintending; who kept his own account of every penny spent on the estate, and who, though a very kind master, was also one who would not be imposed on, that Mr. Olaxton looked at him rather anxiously.

"Are you not well, Harford? Elizabeth sends me up to see after you."

"Oh, I'm very well; I've a bit of a cold, I think. Where will you sit, Olaxton? Well, and how are all your parishioners getting?"

"Now you think I've come to beg," smiled the Rector. "Elizabeth told me in wifely confidence that you say I never call upon you unless I come to attack your purse-string. But I'm going to disappoint you to-day. I really came to see how you were, as you have not been down to our place for three or four days, and that seems a tremendous time. I assure you, to Elizabeth and the children."

"Elizabeth is very good," and the Squire suppressed a sigh. "I don't know what I would do without you all."

"Wait until we have a lovely young Mrs. Harford!"

"There's no likelihood of a lovely young Mrs. Harford. I'm too old for a young wife."

Then Mr. Olaxton guessed what had happened to his wife's cousin, but of course he made no allusion to it. He talked for a quarter of an hour more in his quiet pleasant way, and then he asked the Squire if he would come down and dine with them in the evening.

But Mr. Harford declined.

"No," he said, "not to-day. I'll look in during the afternoon and have a chat with Elizabeth. I'm thinking of going up to town for a week or two; you had better come with me, Olaxton!"

The Rector gently shook his head.

"I can't leave my parish," he said.

"Nonsense. I'll tell Elizabeth about it. I open the purse-strings if you'll come, and I think it will do both good. I know I want a change."

"A change does everyone good—well then, we'll see you this afternoon." And the Rector rose, smiled nodded and went away, and Godfrey Harford was left alone in his gloomy thoughts.

When Mr. Olaxton reached the Rectory he found his wife walking up and down before the house, evidently watching for him. She went forward to meet her husband and put her arm through his and looked up inquiringly in his face.

"Well," she said, "and how did you find Godfrey?"

"Not very bright. I fancy. Elizabeth,

that the little love-lyl that you and he indulged in has been a failure."

"What! do you mean?"

"I mean," smiled the Rector, "that the fair maiden has refused Godfrey."

"What makes you think so, Roderick?" said Lady Elizabeth eagerly.

"Well, for one thing he seems very low, for another he said he was too old to marry a young wife, and for a third he proposed to leave Kimmel for a while."

"It looks very like it then. Oh! poor, poor Godfrey!"

Lady Elizabeth could scarcely retain her excitement. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes began to sparkle, and yet all the while she was sorry for Godfrey's pain. Yes, sorry and yet glad, if this stupid, this unsuitable idea of his, were at an end.

"It was a mistake," she said. "I told him it was a mistake, and yet I scarcely thought she would have refused him. Perhaps she has not done so, Roderick?"

"The symptoms looked very suspicious; he was reading a cynical French novel in addition to those I mentioned. Yes, my dear, I believe Miss Lily Doyne has refused your cousin."

"And is he coming? Did you ask him to come?"

"He is coming to see you this afternoon, and, I doubt, will then tell you all about it."

Lady Elizabeth was most impatient after this until her cousin arrived. She dressed herself in her prettiest gown to receive him—the gown Godfrey always admired when he saw it—a brocade green plush, and she looked, no doubt, a very handsome woman as she kept packing up and down her dressing-room, waiting for him. At last he came, and Lady Elizabeth went forward holding out her warm trembling hand.

"I thought you must be ill, Godfrey!"

"No, my dear, I'm out of sorts a bit, that is all. Well, it's all up Elizabeth. The truth is, I hadn't the heart to come and tell you until to-day."

He said this still holding her hand, and looking sadly enough in her eager sympathetic face.

"You mean—"

"I mean I've been a fool; that's all. I fancied a young girl might get to like me, and I've found out my mistake; like other fools before me, I dare say!" added the Squire with a sorry laugh.

"Oh, Godfrey, I'm so sorry!"

She felt so at the moment; she saw he was suffering, and it pained and grieved her, though she knew in her inmost heart she was glad—glad. She had hated the thought of this marriage with Lily Doyne. She had tried to reconcile herself to the idea, and she would have tried to be kind to Godfrey's young wife; but she was thankful her good intentions were not called upon to be realised.

"After all, my dear," she said very tenderly, "I am sure you will marry some one much more suitable. I do not like the family, and families have great influence."

"I don't think I'll marry at all, Elizabeth, I've had about enough of it."

"And what did she say? Did she give any reason?"

"She said she could not like me in that way."

"And does she think there is any one else?"

"My dear, how can I tell; I suppose she thinks I am too old, and I suppose I am."

And the Squire sat down with a weary sigh. "For once," was the true a gentleman to give his cousin even a hint of Lily's secret. The child had trusted him, he told himself, to spare him pain, and it was quite a sufficient explanation to give to Elizabeth for Lily's refusal, that she had thought him too old, however much this explanation pained the Squire.

"She is really only a child. Dear Godfrey, you must forget it!" And Lady Elizabeth went up to the Squire's chair and again took his hand.

"It's easy talking, Elizabeth," he answered, looking up in her face so sadly and yet so kindly that Lady Elizabeth felt ashamed that she had been glad a minute before that this disappointment had come to him.

"Why, my dear," he added with a smile, looking at her plush gown, "what a swell you are! Do you expect some people; because if you do, I'll be off!"

"I expect no one. I put on this gown because you liked the color; because I want you to think—"

"What dear?"

"That you have someone who thinks of your taste; who—who has always thought

of them, Godfrey. You must not make your old friend, your cousin—almost your sister—unhappy by seeing you unhappy, because a silly little girl has said you nay!"

There were tears in her eyes; genuine tears of emotion and affection, and Godfrey Harford's kindly heart was deeply touched.

"You are a good woman," he said, "a good, kind woman. No, I won't make you unhappy, my dear, or bother you with my folly. We won't talk about it any more; it's been a lesson to me, a sharp lesson, and I dare say I'll be all the better for it, and I have myself in a more sensible fashion in future. And now I've got another little proposal to make, and I expect you won't refuse me, too?"

"What is it, Godfrey?"

"It is that you and Olaxton go up to town with me, for a few days. It will do us all good—give us something fresh to talk about and think about; and I expect you will be my guests?"

"How kind you are. I would like it very much. I wonder if Roderick would go?"

"Of course he will, if you tell him he must."

Lady Elizabeth smilingly shook her head.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XIX.

1. That which the fowls of the air never do.
2. That which we are to redeem.
3. One who opened not the gate for gladness.
4. The first well dug by Isaac's servants.
5. A chain of the host of Syria, a looper.
6. That which we are to do freely.
7. That which we are to forgive men.
8. That which shall be rolled together as a scroll.

The initials give that which we are to ascribe unto God. The finale give that in which God's strength is made perfect.

ANSWER TO No. XVI.

ISRAELITES—GANAANITES.

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| 1. Isaac | Gen. xvii. 19. |
| 2. Sabea | 1 Kings x. 1. |
| 3. Ebenezer | Gen. xxix. 32. |
| 4. Asa | 1 Kings xv. 23. |
| 5. Eliah | 1 Kings xix. 19. |
| 6. Laban | Gen. xxx. 10. |
| 7. Itham | 2 Sam. xxiii. 29. |
| 8. Tem | Gen. xii. 8. |
| 9. Eve | Gen. iv. 1, 2. |
| 10. Sacrifice | Deut. xxxiii. 19. |

Correct answers to No. xvi. have been received as follows:—Miss Jeanette Robertson, Orangeville, who is awarded the prize;—M. Maclellan, John Waddell, Miss L. Shankland, Louisa Hodgson, J. McMonies, Mr. B. F. Bush, Mrs. J. Laker, Cora McDermid, James McGregor, E. A. Loyd, Mrs. M. Hollis, Helen Crawford, Lizzie Woodroffe, Dolly Downey, K. H. Barnett, Margaret Lantjan, Samuel Coyne, Hannah Chapman, Mrs. R. Stokoe, Maggie Rogers, Annie J. Molton.

By a typographical error last week it was stated that the prize would be awarded to the person first correctly answering both No. xi. and Mr. Waddell's Enigma. It should have read "both No. xviii., &c."

Facts Concerning Human Life.

The total number of human beings on the earth is computed at over 3,000,000,000, and they speak 3,064 known tongues. The average duration of life is 33½ years. One-fourth of those born, die before they are seven years old, and one-half before the age of 17. Out of 100 persons only six reach the age of 60 years. Out of 50 only one attains the age of 80 years. Sixty persons die every minute. Tall men live longer than short ones. Married men live longer than the single. Men live, on an average, 42 years. A poor man only 30 years. A drunkard to every 74.

The women of the Salvation Army, Bristol, have armed themselves with Cayenne pepper, to throw in the faces of the ruffians who are accustomed to molest them in their street.