

muscles of the face, Greek sculptors expressed their most refined type of loveliness. Had it not been for this fact of which he had had many opportunities of judging, we question whether Cyril's sympathy would have led him to bestow so much thought on Mrs. Cadgett's victim, nor do we hold that in that case Edith would have deserved such sympathy. Our theory is, that all plain girls are ill-tempered, and contrariwise that all pretty girls are by nature kindly and good-humoured. There may be exceptions, but they only prove the general rule. Again it tended to increase the amount of thought which Cyril devoted to this interesting subject, that he and Edith though living in the same house did not often meet for free and unrestrained conversation. The free intercourse of ordinary life is not favourable to romance, and constant meeting over the daily tea and bread and butter may make even a young lady too real to be easily idealized.

In the presence of the Cadgetts, Cyril felt instructively that his every word was watched; in fact on those occasions, Mrs. Cadgett launched her sneers at Edith more than usual, as if for Cyril's special benefit. So, we read in Macrobius that the Roman ladies used, on occasions of state, to be attended by slave girls with bare bosoms, into which they used to amuse themselves by sticking pins, pin-cushions of the modern inanimate sort not being then in vogue.

But it came to pass mostly on a Sunday that Ned and he would meet Edith on her return from Sunday-school sometime before church: on these occasions it fell out so naturally that Edward would propose a walk by the river bank. He was equally anxious to have Edith and his favorite Cyril as a companion.

This had been so pleasant the first time that the boy contrived to bring it about on every succeeding Sunday. Neither Edith nor Cyril could help feeling the charm of that pleasant walk; on one side the hill with pines and maples, rank after rank of the forest battalions up the steep sides to the summit, at the bottom of the hill wound their pathway, beside the river cool and stirless, as it mirrored the trees and the sky. On the other the far away village, whence, calm and pleasant through the Sunday morning air, came the sound of the sweet church bells. Both liked to be at church early—Cyril, who had a conscientious objection to paid pews, sat in a free seat in the aisle, in which part of the church a few benches, of the roughest and least comfortable kind, were provided for the poor. Edith sought Major Ellis' pew a little in advance of Cyril's seat, and further toward the east end of the church. They were usually the first to enter: presently arrived the magnate, and chief potentates of the village; presently, with the sound of many feet, the boys to their seats in the chancel; presently Major Ellis and his wife and Mrs. Cadgett in black velvet, and bugles with nodding plumes to her bonnet like a hearse, funereal, gorgeous to behold; with her, her daughter, kaleidoscopic in ever changing sheen of new dresses.

Then came the church Service. To this we hope we may say that Cyril attended to the best of his power; and when the collection, that most universal of all rites which no anti-ritualist has yet objected to, had tinkled itself away with a sharp patter of pennies and five cent pieces, and when a voluntary, played by one of the