

trated on the determination to win her to himself forever; but he felt that Estelle was not one to be lightly or easily gained, and that his best chance lay in winning her regard by slow degrees, without attempting to tell her of his hopes too soon. So he contented himself, in the meantime, with enjoying to the uttermost the constant intercourse which he was able to maintain with her, while he silently noted her every word and look with an adoring affection which would have startled her had she been aware of it, but no suspicion of the truth ever entered her mind, simply because, though kind and considerate to Hugh—as it was her gracious nature to be to all—she never bestowed a thought on him when he was not actually present with her; the fullest affection and sympathy of which her being was capable had been unreservedly bestowed on Raymond, and all the world beside was utterly indifferent to her.

To a certain extent Hugh was aware of this; but it annoyed him that even her friendship should be given with so much fervour to any but himself, he naturally felt no jealousy of the man who was to be his cousin's husband.

For the first time, however, two days before Raymond's departure, he experienced a certain uneasiness as to the real nature of Estelle's feelings towards him.

They had all been out together, in the pretty little vessel which Mr. Carlton kept for pleasure excursions round the coast; they had landed, at a late hour, just below Highrock House, and as Estelle took leave of them at her own door, Raymond asked her if she was coming to the Hall next morning.

"No!" she answered, "not at all to-morrow. It is your last day, and Katie has a right to every moment of it—she should not be troubled by any visitors."

"You could never trouble me, Estelle," said Kathleen, "and Raymond would like to see you again before he goes."

Estelle only shook her head, and repeated, softly, "I shall not come to-morrow."

"Then I will come down here in the evening for a few minutes," said Raymond, "while Kathleen is with the ladies in the drawing-room, after dinner. I could not go away without wishing you good-bye."

Estelle merely bent her head, without speaking; but Kathleen, flinging her arms round her friend's neck, exclaimed, half crying, "Oh, it is so wretched for me that he is going away!—do you not pity me, dear?"

"Very much," said Estelle; but as he gently stroked back Kathleen's hair, with a caressing touch, Hugh saw a strange pathetic smile pass over her quivering lips, in which he read, as clear as in a written page, the expression of a hidden knowledge that there was an agony connected with Raymond's departure far deeper and more enduring than any which Kathleen Carlton could know.

Could it be that she loved him? he asked himself, with a sharp and sudden pang. If it were so, although she must know that such an attachment could only be hopeless now, it might, to one of her deep nature, be an effectual barrier against her ever being able to feel the least affection for any other man. The thought made him very uneasy, he felt that he must ascertain the truth; and, although Hugh would have rejected the contemptuous indignation the very idea that he could ever be capable of a dishonourable action, he was yet so completely dominated by his own imperious will, that he cared not by what means he attained its gratification.

He determined, therefore, at once that he would make his way to Highrock House on the following evening, when Raymond was there, in the hope that, if he could witness his parting with Estelle, he might be able, by her manner at such a moment, to detect what she really felt. "It was an unworthy scheme; but when the time came for him to put it in execution, he found that circumstances favoured him in it beyond his hopes."

The autumn day which was to witness the final parting between Raymond and her to whom he was so fatally dear had been brilliant with the brief return to warmth and cloudless skies that is known by the name of the Indian Summer, and it closed in a moonlit evening, clear and bright as

that which had first shown to Hugh Carlton the pure refined face of Estelle Lingard.

Everything reminded him of that momentous hour as he made his way stealthily along the woodland path which led to Highrock House a few minutes before the time when he knew Raymond meant to follow on the same road.

The soft light showed all the surrounding objects with perfect distinctness, just as it had done that night when the bright spiritual eyes first shone upon his life and he felt that a power had entered into his being from which he could never more be free, and now it might be that the same fair moonbeams would reveal to him the existence of an almost fatal enemy to his hopes, if Estelle had really in secret given all her love to Raymond.

Thinking of all this with almost fierce anxiety, Hugh reached the gate of Highrock House, which was divided only by a very short narrow path from the outer door, and as he glanced through the bars, he saw, to his infinite satisfaction, that Estelle was walking to and fro on the gravel path below the verandah, evidently with the intention of waiting to receive her expected visitor in the open air.

The truth was, Estelle dreaded that her own powers of self-control might possibly give way under the wrench of parting with Raymond, for his long sojourn in a disturbed and unhealthy country; and it would have been such a bitter pain and humiliation to her if she had betrayed to him the smallest token of the distress she really felt, that she determined, as the night was so warm and fine, to meet him only under its friendly shadow, where no glaring lamplight could show the unshed tears that dimmed her eyes. She had wrapped a white shawl over her dark dress, and Hugh watched her graceful figure, now coming towards him, now again receding—while he, hidden by the branching trees that overhung the gate, was himself quite unseen. Soon a firm quick step along the path told him that Raymond was at hand.

(To be continued.)

GOOD MANNERS.

We wish to say a few words to the boys and girls about manners. A great many children and young persons think it will be time enough to attend to manners when they are grown up and become young men and women. This is a mistake, and a mistake which does a great deal of mischief. No boy or girl is too young to attend to manners, and this is the reason why we wish to say something to the children on the subject.

By manners we mean conduct or behaviour of every kind, but more particularly in our intercourse with one another. Good or bad manners will show themselves first in our own homes. If we wish really to know what a boy or girl is made of, we must see them in their own homes, and then, not with their company manners on, but in their every-day manners. Many a boy and many a girl would be ashamed to speak and act in other people's houses as they do in their own. They can be respectful and polite when away from home, while to their own parents and to their brothers and sisters they are very disrespectful, unkind and rude. If a boy should speak to his friend's mother as he does to his own mother, or if he should be as surly and unkind to his friend's sisters as he is to his own sisters, we do not think he would be asked to visit that friend's home more than once. It is a shame for any body to behave better away from home than they do at home. Let the boys and girls know that bad manners at home will soon be known to all the neighbors and friends.

The very essence of good manners is to be found in a kind of thoughtfulness of others; while selfishness will always produce bad manners. Either of these traits will be sure to show itself. The boy who is thoughtful and considerate of his mother, and his brothers and sisters, is a gentleman, and everybody who knows him will find it out; while the selfish boy will sooner or later reveal his real character and everybody will dislike him. And again, the boy whose manners are good at home is sure to have good manners everywhere.

—Dr. Johnston used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarked: "For every bad there might be worse; and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck." When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "That it was not the dwelling of some poor man?" Resolve to see this world on the sunny side, and you have almost half won the battle of life at the outset.

AN OLD SAILOR'S REBUKE.

A merchant and shipowner stood at the entrance of his wharf conversing with a gentleman on business. A good old sailor, belonging to one of his vessels, approached the store with the intention of entering it; but observing that the door was occupied, modestly stepped aside, not willing to interrupt the conversation.

As he stood waiting patiently an opportunity to pass, he overheard profane allusions made to Christ, and turning to look he perceived it was his employer who was speaking. Instantly he changed his position, and stood in front of the gentleman with his head uncovered, and his hat under his arm, and addressed his employer in the following language: "Sir, will you forgive me if I speak a word to you?" The gentleman recognizing in the sailor one of the crew of the vessel recently arrived, and supposing he might have something to communicate affecting his interests, kindly encouraged him to speak. Without further hesitation, the sailor proceeded: "You won't be offended then, sir, with a poor ignorant sailor, if he tells you his feelings?" The gentleman again assured him he had nothing to fear. "Well then, sir," said the honest-hearted sailor, with emotion, "will you be kind enough not to take the name of my Jesus in vain. He never did anyone harm, but is always doing poor sinners good." The rebuke was not lost upon him for whom it was intended; a tear suffused his eye, and he replied to his urgent request, "My good fellow, God helping me, I never will again take the name of your Saviour in vain." "Thank you, sir," said this faithful witness for Christ, and putting on his hat, he hastened off to his work.

"Wickedness," says Plutarch, "is a wonderfully diligent architect of misery; of shame, accompanied with terror and commotion, and remorse and endless perturbation." To be redeemed then, in the very lowest sense, is to be released from this degrading solitude. It is deliverance to the captive, health to the diseased, life to the dead. But the righteousness of God's Kingdom is no negative attainment. It is not merely the absence of evil, but the prevalence of good. Religion at the just height, and in its full proportion, is the source of all virtue. It possesses and animates the entire man. In the understanding, it is knowledge; in the life, it is obedience; in the affections, it is charity; in our conversation, it is modesty, calmness, gentleness, quietness, candour; in our scholar concerns, it is uprightness, integrity, generosity. It is the regulation of our desires, the government of our passions, the harmonious union of "whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report." It is a partaking of Divine nature; a conformity to the image of God's Son; a putting on of the Lord Jesus Christ.—Bishop Jebb.

—Astronomers are getting into a tangle concerning the sun's distance from the earth. In 1875 the Astronomical Society awarded its gold medal to Mr. Stone, astronomer royal at the Cape, for researches resulting in an estimate of about 91,500,000 miles for the sun's mean distance. Now, however, he deduces from the British observations during the transit of 1874, a solar distance of nearly 92,000,000 miles. Captain Tufman considers that the observations show the distance to lie between 91,400,000 and 92,500,000 miles; whereas at Greenwich no distance much smaller than 92,790,000 miles is regarded as admissible. Amid these conflicting figures, Mr. Proctor seeks to assure the general public by stating that in all probability the sun's distance does not lie so much as 200,000 on either side of 92,800,000 miles.