

like every one else, and he seemed quite to intend being married some day. I believe my prophetic mother intended him for me in due course, but he never had the advantage of seeing me, as I was unhappily not out of the schoolroom. Ah! if he had! do you not think it would have affected his whole career?" and Will half closed her merry black eyes with a sentimental air.

Una laughed, but she was too much interested in the strange story she was hearing to encourage an interruption to it. She went on eagerly with her questions. "Was the cause of the quarrel between the uncle and nephew ever known?"

"Yes, that all came out, for there was both an inquest and a trial."

"A trial of Mr. Atherstone?"

"Oh no, of a man of the name of Edwards, concerning whom the dispute arose. I must go back a long way to make you understand it all. You must know that old Maurice Atherstone, the uncle, had in his day, quarrelled with his father, for a passionate temper is the invariable characteristic of all the members of this family, and in his rage he declared he would go abroad, and never come back till the old man was dead, and he kept his word. His only brother, younger than himself, had died just before, but the widow and child he left, the Humphrey of the present day, were living at Atherstone, and the old man in his anger against his eldest son, declared he wished to have no other heir than this grandchild, and always brought him up as the future possessor of Atherstone. In due time this choleric old gentleman also died, and Maurice came back, after an absence of some years, to enter on his inheritance. He brought with him a great many curious animals and birds from the Mauritius, and as part of the live stock a dark-faced, foreign-looking little boy, who talked some strange language, and wore a very picturesque costume. Maurice Atherstone explained that he was a little Malay to whom he had taken a fancy, and he let him run wild about the place, and used to play with him as if he were a tame kitten, or I should rather say a little tame tiger, for as the boy grew older he developed many of the qualities of that interesting beast of prey. Mr. Atherstone took care that Edwards, by which name he said the child had been baptised, should have a good education, and he became thoroughly Europeanised. As he grew up, he proved to be excessively clever, but with a subtle, cunning sort of cleverness which made him really dangerous, for he seemed besides to have the most singularly evil disposition, which no amount of training in good principles could counteract. He was deeply false, cruel to an extent which made him as a child torture every animal that was weaker than himself; and later he seemed to have but one motive in all that he did, and that was to gratify his own vicious inclinations at any cost of suffering to those who might stand in his way. The only person he deceived as to the real depravity of his character was his master, Mr. Atherstone, who showed him from first to last an extraordinary favour, and on whom he was always fawning with a semblance of the most devoted affection. The old man employed him as a sort of secreteary, and besides the high salary he received, Edwards managed to get an immense deal of money out of him, which he squandered in secret transactions on the turf, and in gambling and betting and all sorts of wickedness far beyond mere extravagance. He used to go and spend weeks in London on the plea of transacting business for Mr. Atherstone, and there is not the least doubt that he appropriated to his own use sums of money entrusted to him by his master for other purposes. The only differ-

ence of opinion Maurice Atherstone ever had with his nephew, to whom he was really much attached, was on the subject of this wretched man. I believe Humphrey simply abhorred him, and naturally enough, for he saw through the outward mask of deceit which blinded the old man, and was perfectly aware of all the nefarious proceedings which Edward carried on under it,—in fact, the two men had always been in a collision from the time that they had been children together at the Abbey. As a boy, Humphrey was perpetually interfering between Edwards and his victims, rescuing miserable dogs and cats from his cruel hands; and he used, I believe, to get into continual disgrace with Maurice Atherstone for inflicting summary punishment on the horrible little Malay, who invariably succeeded in persuading his master that he was the sufferer by an unprovoked assault. When Edwards's crimes became more serious, later in life, Humphrey tried in vain to open his uncle's eyes to the real nature of the man in whom he trusted so implicitly, but if he ever succeeded in proving any of his evil deeds so completely that Mr. Atherstone could not deny them, he still always condoned the offence, and persisted in retaining the Malay in his service. At last the climax came, and it proved fatal to Maurice Atherstone. Humphrey suddenly discovered that Edwards had forged his master's name to a cheque, for a very considerable sum, and the whole circumstances were so iniquitous that he did not suppose his uncle could possibly refuse to let the law take its course, and to avoid any attempt at escape on the part of Edwards, he had him taken into custody before he communicated the facts to his uncle. This was the cause of the terrible quarrel which resulted in Mr. Atherstone's death; his fury and indignation against his nephew for this act were so violent that he ruptured a blood-vessel, and lived only one hour afterwards. What passed between Humphrey and the dying man that hour no one knows, but it seems certain that there lies the key to the mystery which surrounds him now. The very few facts that are known as to Mr. Atherstone's last moments were told by Dr. Burton, who was called in when the fatal attack came on, but who found the case so completely hopeless that he plainly told the old man he could do nothing for him, as his life was ebbing away swiftly and surely. Mr. Atherstone at once intimated that he wished to be left alone with his nephew; and Dr. Burton went out of the room, but remained within call. He could hear the low murmur of voices, but distinguished no words, till suddenly after a little time there came a stifled cry from Humphrey. The doctor rushed in, and saw him standing up, rigid, with his hands clenched together, beside the couch on which his uncle was laid, and his face of so ghastly a hue, that he looked almost more death-like than the dying man himself. Maurice Atherstone was looking up at his nephew with a haggard, half-despairing glance, and struggling almost with his last breath to utter some words. By a supreme effort he managed to gasp out, in broken syllables, "Humphrey!—see justice done; promise —" and then sank back and died."

To be Continued.

WHITEFIELD was once asked whether a certain man was a Christian. "How should I know?" he replied; "I never lived with him."

In vain do they talk of happiness who never subdued an impulse in obedience to principle. He who never sacrificed a present to a future good, or a personal to a general one, can speak of happiness only as the blind do of colors.—*Horace Mann.*

THE LESSON OF THE LEAVES.

As, one by one, those Autumn leaves descending
To droop and die,
In rustled murmurs, breathe one soft, unending
Sad threnody,
Till branch and bough, whereon no vestige lingers
Of Summer bloom,
Trace out upon the sky, with withered fingers,
Their Wintry doom.
So, one by one, these earthly hopes we cherish—
More dearly prized,
Perchance, than Heaven itself—fall off and perish
Unrealized.
And leave us, with life's Winter o'er us stealing,
And skies o'ercast,
With bared and outstretched arms for help
Appealing to Heaven at last.

We are so little that if God should manifest His greatness without condescension, we should be trampled under His feet: but God, who must stoop to view the skies, and bow to see what angels do, looks to the lowly and contrite, and makes them great.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH one day asking a favor from Queen Elizabeth, the latter said to him, "Raleigh, when will you leave off begging?" To which he replied, "When you majesty leaves off giving." So let us ever be asking from God, who is ever giving and ever willing to give.

THE "DOMINION CHURCHMAN" IS AUTHORIZED AND SUPPORTED BY THE Bishops, Clergy, and Laity OF THE CHURCH.

We publish the following commendations received from the Bishops of Toronto, Ontario, Algoma, and Niagara:

Toronto, April 25th, 1876.

I have much pleasure in recommending the "DOMINION CHURCHMAN" under its present management by Mr. Wootten. It is conducted with much ability; is sound in its principles, expressed with moderation; and calculated to be useful to the Church.

I trust it will receive a cordial support, and obtain an extensive circulation. A. N. TORONTO.

Kingston, 24th June, 1876.

I hereby recommend the "DOMINION CHURCHMAN" as a useful family paper. I wish it much success. J. T. ONTARIO.

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., 4th May, 1876.

DEAR SIR,—In asking me to write a word of commendation in behalf of your journal, you only ask me to do that which I am glad to do, seeing that I can do it heartily.

The "DOMINION CHURCHMAN," under its present form and management, seems to me well calculated to supply a want which has long been felt by the Church in Canada; and you may depend upon me to do all in my power to promote its interests and increase its circulation.

I remain, yours sincerely,

FREDK. D. ALGOMA.

To FRANK WOOTTEN, Esq.

Hamilton, 27th April, 1876.

I have great pleasure in recommending the "DOMINION CHURCHMAN," under the management of Mr. Frank Wootten, whom I have known for several years past, and in whose judgment and devotion to the cause of true religion, I have entire confidence—to the members of the Church in the Diocese of Niagara, and I hope that they will afford it that countenance and support which it deserves. T. B. NIAGARA.

Will our readers kindly ask all their friends to subscribe for the "DOMINION CHURCHMAN?" It is the only paper published in the sole interest of the Church, for the whole of Canada.
Subscription, \$2 per year, payable strictly in advance; \$3 per year when not paid in advance.

SPECIAL OFFER.—New Subscribers sending us \$2.00 for the DOMINION CHURCHMAN for 1877, will receive the paper for the remainder of 1876 without charge.

Address—

FRANK WOOTTEN,

P. O. Box 2530. Publisher and Proprietor,
Over the Synod Rooms, Toronto St., Toronto.