

been saying about her mother, and she knew that he knew of her knowledge of it. And still more it seemed to be "borne in" (as the Methodists say) upon Cyril's mind that she suspected his wish to see Edith, and was hovering about like a malign influence to prevent it. Having left his brother with at least the semblance of a friendly parting, he found the drawing-room held by Julia, who contrived from thence to "occupy" all approaches to other parts of the house, by carrying on a running conversation with her mother, whose room one commanded one staircase, and with Mrs. Ellis, similarly situated at the foot of the other. So that Cyril had retreated to the garden resolving to walk up and down there till the Cadgetts should have gone to their party. It was one of those inexpressibly beautiful Canadian nights when the sky is as clear-blue as in an Italian summer. And Cyril paced the crisp snow with the "certain step" of a young man rejoiced at length to be independent, and hoping at least that he has something to hope for. As he walked, he was startled by the sound of a window lattice opening above his head; before he could look up, it was closed, but something had fallen fluttering at his feet. It was a delicate little pink envelope, how eagerly picked up, and opened,—it contents were his note to Edith; not a word of comment, not a line of consolation or sympathy. Nothing but a silent and therefore final rejection. Tearing up what he considered the evidence of his own folly, he walked hastily away to the Railway Station.

CHAPTER VIII.

WAGER OF BATTLE.

When Edward walked over to the College, at the first sound of the bell he found most of the boys already assembled in the great school room, where the roll was being called by one of the masters, previous to morning chapel. He entered the room with a feeling of defiance, which made him inclined to anticipate that the verdict of public opinion would be given against him. "Now," he thought "is the time to see whose friendship is worth having." He knew that the loss of the bracelet would be the great topic with all the boys; most of them had subscribed to the raffle, and as Mrs. Cadgett had announced with profuse expressions of regret that she had unhappily sent the entire sum subscribed to Ireland, on the morning of the day of the theft, the money was lost beyond recovery. Major Ellis had, it is true, told Ned of his intention of refunding the entire sum (which amounted to £50), and Ned was happy to have this announcement in reserve, still this was not as yet known, and he fancied that there would be at least a strong prejudice against him. Most of us, when we have in any degree contributed to render ourselves liable to misconstruction or false accusation, are apt to imagine every body is "down" on us, and to get into very much the temper of the Irishman, who, being "blue moulded for want of a bating," wished for nothing so much as that some one would step on the tail of his coat. Much

in this
as usual,
many co
This mig
Herbert,
to him,
interest I
which we
reading.
Ned felt
warden, t
the Te D
prayers c
blurred d
pleasant
holiest ai
Achan's t
now it see
comments
badly—w
had a way
and then
with muc
altogether
one passag
person—w
chapel to l
ing at him
moments b
the school
mostly sta
stood Tho
was the so
neglected t
that he co
He was a
looked up
boy. He l
"Knights'
know why,
"Well, S
don't want
the speaker