

Long afterwards, in the very crisis of his fate when almost beaten down by the tempestuous fury of life's worst storms Raymond remembered how on that fair summer evening she had symbolized for him the light-bearer in its spiritual sense, and felt that the omen had strangely been fulfilled; but now as she advanced and placed the lamp on the table beside her uncle, the fancy passed away and was forgotten, while the conversation he had just been holding concerning her led him to scan her appearance with more critical interest than he had felt during the past weeks, when she had been to him only a pleasant acquaintance.

That which struck him now, as he looked up into her bright countenance, with its clear cut features and pure complexion, was not so much its outward charm of form and colouring as the strong evidence it gave of mental power, and the singular beauty of her expression. There was a look in her eyes—which though very dark, were large and clear—that seemed to tell of a candid, truth-loving spirit; and the thoughtfulness of her broad forehead was relieved by the frank sweetness of her smile. The dusky hue of her soft abundant hair was almost black, and made her look paler than she really was; but in spite of all the tokens of intellect and spiritual strength which might be read in her face, there was not the least trace on it of sadness or gloom, and she seemed fully possessed of the joyous animation which befitted her youth; her figure was tall and slight, and her movements full of natural grace; and as Raymond completed his survey, the thought involuntary rose in his mind, that had he been fancy free—which, most emphatically, he was not—he might have very easily lost his heart to Estelle Lingard. There was no possibility of such a contingency now; and if he had been more worldly-wise—or, perhaps more vain—it might have occurred to him that it was hardly well to remain for any length of time in continual intercourse with a young girl who was completely ignorant of his position, for Raymond was himself, both in appearance and in character, undeniably attractive and no one could have known him intimately without learning to love him. He was unselfish and generous, with brilliant talents and a vigorous mind; and although brave and strong in every sense of the word, full also of tenderness to all who in any way touched his heart; as yet however, those two knew nothing of each other beyond what might be gained in the friendly intercourse of mere acquaintanceship, and, but for very unexpected events, it would not have been likely, under Raymond's present circumstance, to have gone any further.

"It is later than usual, uncle," said Estelle in a sweet clear voice, "so I brought your lamp, though you have not called for it; I thought you might require it."

"So I do; I ought to have been at my work half an hour ago, but Raymond here beguiled me into wasting my time in a manner that is a great deal worse than useless; dragging up to the light the dead and buried memories which have long since been righteously consigned to the tomb."

"Is not that just what you are doing in your great work?" said Raymond, with a rather malicious smile.

"Perhaps it is," answered Dr. Lingard, wearily "but I have put all my life, my mind, my soul into these pages, and it is in them only that my name will ever live. Let me go," he continued, rising hastily, "I have no time to spare."

"But what are your plans for to-morrow?" asked Raymond, as he also rose to take leave; "did you not say you were going to visit an ancient burial-mound?"

"Yes, I am going down the river in a boat to the spot where it lies, some twelve miles off—it is the only way of reaching it. You can go with me if you like. I have hired a large boat, and stout men to row it, who will help me with the excavations; those strong arms of yours may take a share too, in the work, if you will."

"With all my heart!" said Raymond; "It will be something like work in the trenches, of which I have had my share in Canada, and I should much enjoy a day on your fine river. I imagine it is very picturesque; and at present I only know it by its excellent fishing."

"Oh, it is lovely," said Estelle, "on a sunshiny day such as this has been; it is charming to glide

down between its soft wooded banks, turning and winding, with the scene changing every moment.

I only once went on it in a sailing-boat a little way, and I have remembered the pleasure of that excursion ever since."

"Why should you not go with us, then, to-morrow, Miss Lingard? the sky to-night gives promise of a beautiful day, and I am sure it will be a very pleasant expedition," said Raymond.

"I should like exceedingly to go," replied Estelle, hesitatingly, "if my uncle does not dislike it; but he does not generally take me with him when he is going out for any purpose connected with his work."

"Because I have no time to attend to you, child; but, to-morrow when Raymond will be there to take care of you, there is no reason why you should not accompany us; I shall be glad if it gives you any pleasure."

Dr. Lingard spoke with greater kindness than he had ever manifested to his niece before, moved partly by the softening influences of the memories which had been awakened by that evening's conversation, and partly by the compassion Raymond had so evidently felt for the young girl's lonely life.

"Oh, thank you, dear uncle, so much! exclaimed Estelle, her eyes brightening with a happy surprise, which was due far more to the touch of tenderness in the old man's tone than to the prospect of the excursion, much as she enjoyed the thought of it.

"Then remember you must be up with the sun, and you too, Mr. Raymond, for we must start exceedingly early, or we shall not get home again by to-morrow evening, and that would not suit me at all, as I do my work best after dark," said Dr. Lingard.

"I shall sure to be in time," exclaimed Estelle.

"And I have had a great deal of unwilling experience in acting the early bird," said Raymond, "so you may be quite sure we shall bring you back safe to-morrow evening, Dr. Lingard, if rising at some unearthly hour will suffice to do it."

Words lightly spoken, as those uttered by human lips so often are when the unseen future is destined to give them a terrible significance. They were the last Raymond uttered that night, however, as he forthwith took his leave, and went to get what sleep he could before his unprecedented early rising.

With the dawn next morning he was at Dr. Lingard's door, where he was speedily joined by his friends; and before the sun had fully risen they had embarked on their brief summer day's voyage. What a dawn it was! belying all the evil reputation of the English climate; and what a lovely scene on which its roseate light was shed! The stream was one of the fairest of our midland streams, winding with broad majestic sweep, through a luxuriant richly wooded country, and for many miles after it left the cathedral city its course traversed a purely pastoral district, where an occasional farm-house in the distance, or a few cottages perched above the bank, were the only habitations visible; but the trees that shaded the smoothly gliding waters were peopled with birds, that filled the air with music, in their joyous welcome of the new-born day; and soon the first sunbeams turned to diamonds every drop of dew, and touched each ripple on the broad breast of the stream with sparkling glory.

"Oh, is not this perfect!" said Estelle, as she took off her hat to feel the delicious freshness of the morning breeze, which swept back the dark hair from her animated face. "I hardly knew the world could be so beautiful as this exquisite sunrise makes it."

"You do not often go out so early, then?" said Raymond by whose side she sat, as he steered the boat, while Dr. Lingard at some little distance from them, was busily engaged writing in his notebook.

"I go out every morning; but only in the garden which is small and confined; I cannot very well go alone elsewhere; and all the beauties of this river scenery, with the wonderful play of light and shade at this hour is completely new to me. Oh, look at those water lilies!" she continued enthusiastically; "are they not lovely!" I have so often read of them, but I never saw them before."

"You never saw them before! that seems almost

incredible," said Raymond. "How is it possible you have never come across so common a sight?"

"Because there are no English water-lilies in Australia; we have a different variety there."

"But you have been in this country more than a year, have you not?"

"Yes; but since I have lived with my uncle I have been obliged to reverse the experience of the poet, who found 'sermons in stones' and I have had to find my 'running brooks,' and every other beauty of natural scenery, in books."

"Is reading your chief amusement then?"

"It is my life," she answered. "I never go out excepting into the garden' and I never see any one but Uncle Lingard, and so I go on reading and thinking, thinking and reading, all day long; and I believe I should do the same all night too if I were not sleepy," she added laughing.

"It must be a most wearisome, depressing life for one so young as you are. Do you never long for pleasure or excitement?" asked Raymond.

"I might, perhaps," she answered, thoughtfully "if it were not that when I first came home from Australia there was so much I wanted to know and to learn, I was only too glad to plunge into such reading as uncle Lingard's library afforded me; besides I am not so young as to be always requiring amusement, and what I do long for most—the sight of all that is beautiful in earth and sky—I can find to some extent, in well-written descriptions of scenery. Do you know that I have reached the mature age of twenty-two?"

"Really! Well, I can only say that when I was twenty-two I was the most careless, pleasure-loving fellow in the world; perhaps," continued Raymond laughing, "I am not much better now, though I am actually thirty."

Involuntary Estelle raised her clear dark eyes, and scanned Raymond's face as if she was striving to read his inmost soul, till she became aware that his own smiling gaze was meeting her steadfast look, and then she turned away with a rather embarrassed laugh.

(To be continued.)

SUN OF MY SOUL, THOU SAVIOUR DEAR.

Latin version,—written for the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

I.
Sol et Salvator animæ!
Non nox erit præsentē Te;
Nec condet vis caliginis
Te a Tuorum oculis!

II.
Et me dum dulcent somnia
Tuo dono dulcissima,
Sim memor, quanta, qualia
Tecum Tuorum gaudia;

III.
Adsis mihi, precor, die
Vix vita valet sine Te,
Adsis sub noctem, nam Tuis
Tecum vix mors terribilis.

IV.
Si erret exul quis a Te
Contempta voce venia,
Huic lux Tua nunc luceat,
In Patris sinum redeat.

V.
Infirmos, ægros, anima
Panperibus da munera,
Et oculis lugentium
Infantis dulces somnium.

VI.
Surgentes Tu nos suscipe
Vitæque viam dirige
Mox in Tua dulcedine
Æterna simus requie.

Carrying Place, Aug. 15, 1878. C. P. M.

THE CHRISTIAN OLD MAN.—I think the most beautiful object on earth is an old Christian—the hair white, not with the frosts of winter, but with the blossoms of the tree of life. I never feel sorry for a Christian old man. Why feel sorry for those upon whom the glories of the eternal world are about to burst?