

prim, and stately as herself. Judy, in her way, was stately to; a curiously-fine lace cap on her head, which had not been allowed to see the light since Charley's christening, with a big white satin bow in front of it, twice as large as the cap itself. And that was no despicable size.

The only one who did not behave with a due regard to what might be expected of him, was Hamish—grievous as it is to record it. It has been duly impressed upon Hamish that he was to conduct Miss Huntley in to breakfast, etiquette and society consigning that lady to his share Mr. Hamish, however, chose to misconstrue instructions in the most deplorable manner. He left Miss Huntley, a prey to whoever might pick her up, and took in Miss Ellen. It might have passed muster, possibly, but for Annabel's tongue, which appeared to be under no more stringent rule that important morning than it was at other times.

'Hamish, that's wrong! It is Miss Huntley you are to take in: not Ellen.'

Hamish had grown suddenly deaf. He walked on with Ellen, leaving the confusion to right itself. Arthur stepped up in the dilemma, and the tips of Miss Huntley's white-gloved fingers were laid upon his arm. It would take her some time to forgive Hamish, favorite though he was. Later, Hamish took the opportunity of reading Miss Annabel a private lecture on the expediency of minding her own business.

Hamish was in his new post now, at the bank: thoroughly well-established. He had not yet taken up his abode in the house. It was too large, he laughingly said, for a single man.

The breakfast came to an end, as other breakfasts do; and next, Constance came down in her travelling dress. Now that the moment of parting was come, Constance in her agitation longed for it to be over. She hurriedly wished them adieu, and lifted her tearful face last to her father.

Mr. Channing laid his hands upon her. 'May God bless my dear child, and be her guide and refuge for ever! William Yorke, it is a treasure of great price that I have given you this day. May she be as good a wife as she has been a daughter!'

Mr. Yorke, murmuring a few heartfelt words, put Constance into the carriage, and they drove away.

'It will be your turn next,' whispered Hamish to Ellen Huntley, who stood watching the departure from one of the windows.

What Ellen would have said—whether she would have given any other answer than that accorded by her blushing cheeks, cannot be told. The whisper had not been

quite so low as Hamish deemed it, and it was overheard by Mr. Huntley.

'There may be two words to that bargain, Mr. Hamish.'

'Twenty, if you like, sir,' responded Hamish, promptly, 'so that they may be affirmative ones.'

'Ellen,' whispered Mr. Huntley, 'would you have him, with all his gracelessness?'

Ellen looked ready to drop, and her eyes filled. 'Do not joke now, papa,' was all she said.

Hamish caught her hand, and took upon himself the office of soothing her. And Mr. Huntley relapsed into a smile, and did not hinder him.

But somebody else was bursting into tears: as the sounds testified. It proved to be Lady Augusta Yorke. A few tears might well be excused to Mrs. Channing, on the occasion of parting with her ever-loving, ever-dutiful child, but what could Lady Augusta have to cry about?

Lady Augusta was excessively impulsive: as you long ago have learnt. The happiness of the Channing family, in their social relations to each other; the loving gentleness of Mr. and Mrs. Channing with their children; the thorough respect, affection, duty rendered to them by the children in return—had struck her more than ever on this morning. She was contrasting the young Channings with her boys and girls, and the contrast made her feel low-spirited. Thus she was just primed to go off, when the parting came with Constance, and the burst took place as she watched the carriage from the door. Had any one asked Lady Augusta why she cried, she would have been puzzled to state.

'Tell me!' she suddenly uttered, turning and seizing Mrs. Channing's hands—'what makes the difference between your children and mine?' My children were not born bad, any more than yours were; and yet, look at the trouble they give me! In what does it lie?'

'I think,' said Mrs. Channing, quietly, and with some hesitation—for it was not a pleasant thing to say what might tacitly reflect on the Lady Augusta—'that the difference in most children lies in the bringing up. Children turn out well or ill, as they are trained; they will become our blessing or our grief.'

'Ah, yes, that must be it,' acquiesced Lady Augusta. 'And yet—I don't know,' she rejoined, doubtfully. 'Do you believe that so very much lies in the training?'

'It does, indeed, Lady Augusta. God's laws everywhere proclaim it. Look at the productions of the earth. Dig out a rough diamond from a mine—what is it, unless you polish it, and cut it. Look at the trees of our fields, the flowers of our parterres,