

the old house, where
of pictures amongst
spirited on the part
of English propriety
ing their beautiful
ne but the rabbits
ose they shoot for
l by all means pro-
ly we must not go
made his acquaint-
went to Northcote
should call upon
ared."
k of him? You
people do spread
as about him."
lly, a strong pre-
county; but I saw
the few minutes
with him. There
ecular reserve in
s proud enough to
er himself; but he
and he was very
to me. You did
was gone before
saw him when I
is history, and a
?"
ill. Do you think
ything wrong as
Northcote said
told him that he
sense guilty of his
d driven the old
which killed him;
ave acted precisely
ard to the forger,
that I should not
lid afterwards. I
more intolerable
therstone was, to
such an unmiti-
fellow Edwards
nole so miserably
ast have been the
on a little quick-
ch the place while
as to get all the
on the grand old
soon reached the
ne Abbey, which
miles from their
found a very ur-
was quite willing
ust as the heavy
d they rode in, a
gallop down the
om they perceiv-
Mr. Atherstone
he powerful black
d heard already,
itors he checked
st to throw him
which movement
g Miss Dysart's
a sort of fancy
oved very incon-
se firm seat than
rted forward as if
ce; but Colonel
ng his daughter,
e her to herself,
he was perfectly
nd knew how to
quiet his excite-
l skill. Her hat
owever, and her
h her long hair
wind, seemed to
s most charming
She completed
patient horse by
arf at the side of

the road, and then brought him quietly back, laughing merrily at the escapade, as she regained her father's side. Atherstone had dismounted to rescue her hat, which had fallen into a bush, and now brought it to her, fixing his dark eyes steadily, as he did so, on the fair smiling face that seemed suddenly to have brightened all the sunshine round him.

Una met his look with one of eager interest. She could not resist the temptation of scanning attentively the features of the man whose strange history had so greatly excited her curiosity, and as his image impressed itself on her mind, never more to be forgotten, the indestructible conviction took possession of her, that it was a noble soul—a soul worthy of all human love and devotion—which lay behind that proud, dark countenance, whatever might be the errors, or mistakes or trials that had distorted his life.

"He is a king among men, let them say what they will," she thought, and when Colonel Dysart introduced him formally to her, she returned his salute with the brightest and most winning of smiles, longing, almost unconsciously, to show him that she at least would never share in the injustice which she felt sure was dealt to him by others.

"I was just setting out for Vale House with the intention of paying my respects to you," said Atherstone, "and I am very glad I have been saved from missing you by meeting you here."

"We came, meaning to profit by your liberal permission to strangers to ride through your beautiful grounds," said Colonel Dysart; "of course, we had no thought of intruding upon you at the house."

"But I hope you will now do me the favour of going there," said Atherstone, "for there is a good deal that is worth seeing in my old place—at least for those who care to examine relics of former days, and in any case I think you will like to look at the pictures—we have rather a fine collection."

"I shall like to look at everything, Mr. Atherstone," said Una, with a frank, merry laugh. "I think it best to tell you at once, that I have been wildly anxious to get the chance of seeing Atherstone Abbey, ever since I caught my first glimpse of it from the side of the hill. It looked from thence as if it might have been the palace of a Saxon king, or even, perhaps, the country residence of the high priest of all the Druids, in the days when those old gentlemen still went about with wreaths of mistletoe on their heads and golden sickles in their hands."

"It is tolerably ancient, certainly," said Atherstone, smiling, "and you shall see it all, Miss Dysart—from the battlements, where the old warders really did keep watch for any possible foe, down to the cave in the rock of the foundations, where it is said they used to put the refractory monks in the days when it was an abbey, though my own impression is that it was simply the abbot's wine-cellar."

"I cannot allow any prosaic explanations while I am here," said Una; "there is not much romance left in this work-a-day world, and you must, at least, let it linger round a grand old place such as this is."

"I am not sure that the romantic element has really died out of the modern world, Miss Dysart, only people do not let their whole career pass under the gaze of their fellow-creatures as they used to do; you may be sure if you would sift the lives of some of those around you, there would be found in them incidents quite as startling and terrible as ever in the rough days of old."

"He is thinking of himself," thought Una, glancing towards the face which

seemed to darken as he spoke; and she was right. Atherstone lived a life of such continual introspection, such ceaseless brooding over one tremendous difficulty, that it seemed to connect itself with everything, however insignificant, and to follow him night and day like a ghastly spectre which no exorcism could lay.

"Wait a moment, Una, and let us enjoy this view, it really is grand," said Colonel Dysart, as a turn in the avenue down which they had been riding brought them right in front of the Abbey; and there for the first time it burst full on her sight—massive, stately, imposing, with its dark-grey walls and its frowning battlements, and its background of sombre pines clothing the steep hills behind it. She looked at it with wide-open eyes and parted lips, half breathless with delight; but if in that hour she could have known under what circumstances she should one day gaze upon that grim old castle, she would have urged her fleet horse to his utmost speed, and flown away from it to some distant spot, where she could never look on it or its master more.

"Oh! Mr. Atherstone, you have indeed something to be proud of," said Una at last. "I should think the possession of such a place would compensate for many of the troubles of life."

"It has need to do so," he muttered to himself. "Come, Miss Dysart," he added more lightly, "let me do the honours in proper style. This was once the draw-bridge; but I hope you will agree with me that we have done well to make it a somewhat more safe and convenient entrance;" and their horses' hoofs clattered noisily over an iron bridge which led to a huge arched doorway.

"Yes; but I am rather bewildered about the moat—if we are passing over it now: I thought it ought to be filled with water."

"I am afraid that has long since been drained away; but I hope you will think we have turned it to good account." Which they certainly had, for the channel, which had once been deep enough to drown a man, was entirely filled with blossoming plants, so that the stern old fortress seemed to encircle with a garland of flowers.

"I think it has a most charming effect," said Una; "but that ponderous door seems to be opening by magic, for you have given no summons."

"Very easy magic," said Atherstone, laughing, "as the butler has simply seen our approach through the loophole at the side," and laying his strong hand on Una's bridle-rein, lest the grating sound of the massive hinges should startle her horse, he led her through the great entrance of Atherstone Abbey, and rode on with her to the centre of a stone courtyard, where they stopped to dismount. As he did so a sudden strange recollection came over him, that just in this fashion the Atherstones of old had been wont to bring in their brides, and lead them with triumph and joy across the threshold of that ancestral home, when by deeds of prowess they had won the lady of their love, to share with them its grandeur and its power, and his brows contracted with a dark heavy frown as he thought of it, for it would have been impossible for any man to be more deeply, more sternly resolved than was Humphrey Atherstone, that no bride of his should ever pass through the entrance to the Abbey.

(To be continued.)

ALAS! how defiled in Thy most holy sight are my garments and walk! No doubt from day to day I brush away the dust, but ah! how little good it does! Forgive me, O my Father, and cleanse me, granting me so to walk that I may at last enter, pure and unsoiled, Thy holy city!—*Goldthold.*

MAKE ME LOVING.

Saviour who, in love divine,
Came to bless a heart like mine.
Make my spirit now thy shrine—
Make me loving,
Make me mild,
Let me be Thine own dear child.

Very frail and weak am I,
Oft forgetting Thou art nigh;
Hear my prayer, and swift reply—
Make me loving,
Make me mild,
Let me be Thine own dear child.

Ever watch about my home,
Never let its dear ones roam
Where the Tempter's voices come.
Make me loving,
Tender, mild,
Let me be Thine own dear child.

Through the hours of the day,
When I study, work, or play,
Close to Thee I fain would stay.
Make me loving,
Tender, mild,
Let me be Thine own dear child.

HEROISM.

"Oh, dear," said Willie Grey, as he sat down on the saw-horse, and looked at the kindling-wood which he ought to have been splitting for his mother, "I do wish I could do something for the world. Some great action that every one could admire, and that would make the country and the whole world better and happier. I wish I could be a hero, like Wellington, or a famous missionary, like Martyn, but I can't do anything, nor be anything."

"Why do you want to be a hero?" asked his cousin, John Maynard, who, coming up just then, happened to overhear his soliloquy.

"Oh," said Willie, coloring, "every one admires a hero, and talks about him, and praises him after he is dead?"

"That's the idea, is it?" said John. "You want to be a hero for the sake of being talked about."

Willie did not exactly like this way of putting it.

"Not only that, but I want to do good to people—convert the heathen—or—save a sinking ship, or save the country, or something like that."

"That sounds better; but believe me, Willie, the greatest heroes have been men that thought least about themselves and more about their work, and so far as I can recollect now, the great—I mean according to the Christian standard—have always begun by doing the nearest duty, however small." And here John took up the axe and began to split the kindling-wood.

Willie jumped off the saw-horse, and began to pick up the sticks without saying a word; but though he said nothing, he thought the more.

"I've wasted lots of time thinking what great things I might do, if I only had the chance," he thought; "and I've neglected the things I could and ought to do, and made a lot of trouble for mother. I guess I'd better begin my heroism by fighting my own laziness."

Will every boy adopt Willie's resolution, and carry it out in his daily life?

PRESIDENT ELIOT says: "The employment of women in the schools in the enormous proportion in which they are now employed in many towns and cities is an unwise economy, because it inevitably tends, first, to make the body of teachers a changing, fluctuating body, fast thinned and fast recruited; and, secondly, to make teaching, not a life work, as it ought to be, but a temporary resort on the way to another mode of life."