

have seen Miss Sorrel comfortable. This is one of our happy family, Miss Sorrel, over whom you are to reign, as he says, if it so please you—let me introduce Jack Ross, better known as the Otter."

"I am sure we shall be good friends," said Edith as she shook hands with each of the boys; "but if I understand you right, you have some engagement just now from which I ought not to keep you. Is that great building your school?"

"The unhappy facts of the case are, Miss Sorrel," said Jack Ross, "that it having 'pleased Heaven to form poor Ned a thing of idiot mind,' he was yesterday moved to imitate the deeds in arms of the warrior, Major Ellis, his father, who was a great brave, and in whose wigwam are the scalps of many enemies; Ned was trying to imitate the paternal achievements by discharging bread pills through a pea-shooter at his enemies the 6th form. Now being caught ignominiously as he always is, he was sentenced to repeat fifty lines—and Saturday afternoon you know is our keeping-in day, our 'dies nefandus et tempus non mirabile.' But I beg your pardon for quoting Latin. I am sure, I hope, having a young lady living in the house with us, will make us all brush up in manners."

"And you—are you too kept in?" said Edith smiling. "I have to say the fifth proposition of Euclid in French, German, and Greek—I suppose next they'll tell me to set it to music or to put it into Latin hexameters" said the young gentleman ruefully.

"Come, come, Otter, you be off—I will only stay a moment to see after my cousin," Ned Ellis urged.

So the cousins passed into the house and into a large hall hung with guns, fishing rods, snowshoes, models of canoes, and stuffed animals of various kinds unknown to Edith. But there is not room in this chapter to tell the rest of Edith's reception, or to describe as we would wish the warm welcome which is ever bestowed upon a stranger in the house of a Canadian gentleman. Reader, fair reader, and O loveliest of all readers who hast subscribed to this magazine, we must only try again in chapter No. 2, in the February number. Suffice it to say, that the last sound Edith heard as she entered the house was the voice of Jack Ross chanting to a strange kind of air some unintelligible song which sounded like the following :

"In an  
Sosceles tri-  
Angle, as B. C. A.,  
The angles that face  
Each other at the base  
Are equal in every way.

(To be continued.)