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MAGGIE LEE.

The usually quiet little village of Ellerton was, one June morning, thrown into a state of great excitement by the news that the large stone building on the hill, which, for several years had been shut up, was at last to have an occupant, and that said occupant was no less a personage than its owner, Graham Thornton, who, at the early age of twenty-eight, had been chosen to fill the responsible office of judge of the county. Weary of city life, and knowing that a home in the country would not materially interfere with the discharge of his new duties, particularly as Ellerton was within half an hour's ride of the city, young Thornton had conceived the idea of fitting up the old stone house, bequeathed to him by his grandfather in a style suited to his abundant means and luxurious tastes. Accordingly, for several weeks, the people of Ellerton were kept in a constant state of anxiety, watching, wondering and guessing, especially Miss Olivia Macey, who kept a small store in the outskirts of the village, and whose fertile imagination supplied whatever her neighbours lacked in actual knowledge of the proceedings at "Greystone Hall," as Judge Thornton called his place of residence.

At last, every thing was completed, and the day appointed for the arrival of the Judge, who, disliking confusion, had never once been near his house, but after a few general directions, had left the entire arrangement of the building and grounds to the management of one whom he knew to be a connoisseur in such matters. As was very natural, a great deal of curiosity was felt concerning the arrival of the distinguished stranger, and as his mother, a proud, stately woman, was to accompany him, Miss Olivia Macey, who boasted of having once been a school mate of the haughty lady, resolved upon meeting them at the depot, thinking she should thereby show them proper respect.

'So Maggie,' said she to her niece, a dark-haired, white-browed girl of fifteen, who, at noon, came bounding in from school, 'so

Maggie, you must watch the store, for there's no knowing how long I shall be gone. Miss Thornton may ask me home with her, and it would not be polite to refuse.'

For an instant Maggie's dark brown eyes danced with mischief as she thought how improbable it was that the lofty Mrs. Thornton would seek to renew her acquaintance with one in Miss Macey's humble position, but the next moment they filled with tears, and she said, 'Oh, aunt, must I stay from school again? It is the third time within a week. I never shall know anything!'

'Never mind, Mag,' shouted little Ben, tossing his cap across the room and helping himself to the largest piece of pie upon the dinner-table. 'Never mind. I'll stay with you, for I don't like to go to school anyway. And we'll get our lessons at home.'

Maggie knew how useless it would be to argue the point, so with a dejected air she seated herself at the open window and silently watched her aunt until she disappeared in the distance—then taking up her book, she tried to study, but could not, for the heavy pain at her heart which kept whispering of injustice done to her, unconsciously, perhaps, by the only mother she had ever known. Very dear to Miss Macey were the orphan children of her only sister, and faithfully did she strive to fulfil her trust, but she could not conceal the partiality for fun-loving curly-haired Ben, nor the fact that the sensitive and ambitious Maggie, who thirsted for knowledge, was wholly unappreciated and misunderstood. Learning—learning was what Maggie craved, and she sat there alone that bright June afternoon, holding upon her lap the head of her sleeping brother, and watching the summer shadows as they chased each other over the velvety grass in the meadow beyond, she wondered if it would be ever thus with her—would there never come a time when she could pursue her studies undisturbed, and then, as she thought that this day made her fifteen years of age, her mind went forward to the future, and she said aloud—'Yes—three years from to-day