

that these are gathered to be sold. But I never sell any myself."

"And have you no share in the profits of your labour?"

"Well, what you call my labour is a pleasure; but it does bring me some profit. Widow Baikie, who lives in that cottage with the bourtree at the door, sells them, and divides the money with me. It brings something to her, and helps me to buy books."

I was now getting quite well acquainted with the maiden, who was possessed of that natural dignity and self-possession which are characteristic of the Scoto-Scandinavian as well as of the Celtic race.

"Yes," I said; "I see you are fond of books—so fond of them that you make them your companions sometimes when you do not know what they say."

"Oh, you mean the Greek Testament. Well, I don't know a good deal that it says; but I understand some of it."

"What! you mean to say that you can read Greek!"

"Perhaps I should not say that I can read it, but I can spell through some of it. I can read John a little; but my brother Charlie says it is all he can do to master Luke and the Acts."

"But how came you to attempt such a difficult study? What good will Greek do you?"

"Oh," she said, "you have not heard of Captain Macdonald? The captain wants everybody who can to read the New Testament in the language in which it was written, and he gives prizes, which are competed for every year at Wick and Thurso; and a good many girls, as well as boys, try for the prizes. Besides, I want to become a teacher, and to be able to teach everything that people—or at any rate women—have to learn."

"But women are not usually expected either to learn or to teach Greek."

"Not often, perhaps; but Charlie, who is now studying at Edinburgh, sends me all that people are writing and