

love,' says the master, 'Edward is a heedless self-loving, self-willed boy, I rather pity Miss Lanphier in her endeavors to drill learning into him, I think she deserves a place in the Book of Martyrs.' 'I am sure you need not be unjust to Edward in your sympathy for Miss Lanphier, which is entirely needless; she has little to do and a large salary. I cannot, for my part, see the martyrdom.' 'Do you see any martyrdom in her knowing that her plain face appears daily in contrast to the beautiful Eleanor, Queen of The Hazels?' says the master, flattering her up; that's the way he manages her. 'Nonsense,' says she, 'I do not care for remarks of that kind. Perhaps it would be better to dismiss Miss Lanphier—he is rather too old for her control anyway—and send Edward to a good school, where he would mingle with his equals and have the stimulus of emulation.' Them's her very words.

"Well, my love,' the master says, 'when you have selected the school we will talk about it.' It was not long after that when Miss Lanphier was sent away, and Master Edward went to school, and it was all to keep you two apart."

"I would not so much mind Mrs Russell wanting to keep us apart,—I suppose it is but natural to such a proud lady," I said sadly, "but I cannot bear the thought that Master Edward does

not care for me after all the time we have been together."

"Don't make an idol of the young master, my boy," said Mrs. Gibson; "I daresay he likes you well enough, considering the difference between you, but you might follow him like a dog, and serve him as faithfully as one of the Highland clansmen, you and he are so fond of talking about, and he would still prefer Bruno to you. If you love him so very much, you must be content to take a pattern out of the Bible, and hope for nothing again. But my advice to you is to serve faithfully, but keep your love, my boy, for people on your own level who will pay love with love. There is no true friendship between gentry and commonality,—they are too far apart. We amuse them, we serve them—nothing more."

I lay awake after I went to bed, feeling more lonely than I did the first night I slept at The Hazels.

I determined that I would try to get taken on at the works, and relieve the haughty lady of my presence.

I only saw Master Edward by himself, once for a few minutes before he left home again.

He came to tell me that his father had promised to purchase for him bagpipes as splendid as Mr. Bell's, on condition of his winning certain prizes at school. His mother came to the back door as he was speaking to me, and he immediately left me and went into the house.

(To be continued.)

