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former practices of wearing wampum and hunting for scalps. At all events it was a change; and when one is young, the word "new" does not, as in Greek plays, always mean "evil."

And when we met Edith Sorrel walking along the avenue of Maple Wood, the few years that had passed had made her already outgrow the awkwardness of school girlhood, though her face was not one of the regular featured fashionable style of beauty. The clear Canadian air had flushed it with a colour that was certainly attractive, and as one watched the slight figure, there was a grace of movement, and through the thick carpet of maple leaves, a glimpse of very pretty ankles.

The house that lay before her at the end of the avenue was a comfortable looking building of the English style, except for a low wooden verandah which ran round it, and the Virginia creeper vines whose scarlet dyed leaves almost hid the cold gray of the granite walls. On one side was a large kitchen garden or orchard, on the other a lawn sloping down to the road. Edith had almost reached the house when the hall door opened, and disclosed a couple of young gentlemen, who, after looking round to the right and left as if to see whether they were observed, shut the door with what was perhaps meant to be a gentle closing, but was in reality a bang, and were hastening down the avenue, when the younger of the two was stopped by Edith's attendant railway porter, who addressed him as "Master Edward" and informed him that there was a lady wanting to see Major Ellis. "Papa's gone to Matchbrooke for the assizes," said the boy; then turning to Edith with more self-possession than most English school boys shew to that terrible phenomenon, an unknown young lady, yet with the deference which marked him at once as a gentleman's son, he asked if she was Miss Sorrel.

"That is my name," said Edith.

"Then allow me to introduce myself as your cousin, Ned Ellis—my father will be very sorry to have missed you; but we did not expect you so soon. Meanwhile you must be very tired, and I had best take you at once to Mrs. Ellis—my step-mother that is, you know. Jack," he said, turning to his companion, a fresh complexioned boy of about sixteen, "will you see after Miss Sorrel's luggage?"

"With pleasure," said the other, "and allow me, Miss Sorrel to commiserate with you on your relationship to Ned Ellis, Esquire, otherwise known as the 'Belle's Speaker,' and at the same time to congratulate you on your happy arrival to reign over us your Canadian subjects, whom you will find not inferior in loyalty to any others in England, Scotland, or Ireland. "But hark"—and he pointed to the tower of a large Gothic building, half hidden by woods, whence the tolling of a bell was now heard—"the hour is almost come when we, that is Ned, and I, his innocent but unfortunate friend, must—"

"Hark!" said the other, whose face flushed as if he was a little annoyed, "my cousin must be tired—you can go on, Jack, and I will follow you as soon as I