

who had outgrown her gracefulness, and whose talk was of her music lessons and her geography. So they parted, and Ned Hume went on his way, as John Bunyan hath it, and Edith saw him no more.

And then began the dreariest years of school life, without an object, without a friend, or even the wish for friendship. Edith's intellect and her imagination had been early developed. She had enjoyed glimpses of a world which prevented her from being 'able to take her part in school gossip or school-girl flirtation. The girls at Miss Magnal's were, some of them, good-natured, some of them mischievous, and, in their way, disposed to snub the friendless little pupil teacher, who so seldom wore a respectable dress, and who never went home for the holidays; but none of them showed any sympathy, or seemed to share in her tastes. So as she grew older, Edith lived more and more alone. She had, it is true, friends who supplied their place. Among what remained of the wreck of her father's books, Edith had kept a few volumes, which held their place on a little book-case in her room. And when the day's work was over, and the "exercises"—those dreary anatomical preparations of music—had been all got through, Edith would light her lamp and forget red-haired Jane Short's sneers, or magnificent Julia O'Hare's arrogance. Julia was the daughter of the Rev. Julius O'Hare, a divine whose popular work in "Soon-to-be-fulfilled Prophecy," wherein he had fixed the end of the world for the August of that year, had made him incumbent of Ebenezer chapel, Clapham. Edith, we say, would forget all about the unpleasant manners of these young ladies as the evening went by, and she read of Jeanie Dean's pilgrimage into the strange land where her sister's life was to be pleaded for; or of the champion whom Rebecca armed, and prayed for, and saved, though his faith was an alien's and his love belonged to another; or of Rosalind in the Ardennes forest; or of Ellen in her exile among the mountain lakes. For Edith was not at all above feeling a healthy love for poetry; and the poetry that fell into her hands was mostly that of Scott; metaphysical blank verse of the wasted affection kind not being then common. And there was another book which Edith learned to love at this time, which was, perhaps, of more comfort to her than any other of mere verse could be, and which, by reading it every Sunday and Saint's Day, she began to understand and to get help from more and more—the Christian Year of John Keble. She had now learned to bear her loneliness with patience, if not with a kind of pleasure. Never, since her character as woman began to form, had she known the charm of another's sympathy. That dangerous draught was as yet untasted, and, therefore, unwished for.

Such was Edith Sorrel when the long expected summons to Canada came. She was to do the duty of governess to two little girls, the daughters of a relation of her father's, who had married a Canadian gentleman, Major Ellis. This lady had died a few years after her marriage, and the widower had married again. This was all Edith knew—there was she believed a boy cousin by this first marriage, whom she might meet in the strange land beyond the sea where she had some vague idea that people lived in wigwags, but had left off their