

"You have been cruel to torment the little girls, and cowardly to me. Oh! boys, how could you do it?" I choked up, covered my face with my hands, and cried as heartily as ever I did over my childish sorrows at Enbridge. Dear me, how I did cry! My weeping always was a tropical shower.

"Don't cry, Miss Ray, don't cry," said Angus Van, at last. "We have done wrong. We are willing to take the thrashing that you may not break your word."

This breaking down of the culprits only made me cry the harder. At last, I do not know how, I got up, and with Mr. Morrison's stick, of lawful thickness, gave some stripes to each one and sat down. Covering my face with my handkerchief, feeling that I was really the beaten one, I said, "You may go, boys." They lingered awhile, and then, in rustic fashion, said they were sorry, and went away.

This adventure humbled me. I had been pluming myself on my success, and now I felt all weakness, foolishness and failure. Would I ever become sufficient for the place? This failure made me long for the consolation of a sight of my brother's face. I had not seen him since I came to Glenshie. He had promised to come to church at the Corners, but there had been no preaching since I came, and the church was shut up; so, as I could not do without seeing him any longer, I formed the bold determination to walk over to Gledbury. I went home to dinner to Morrison's, contrary to custom, to dress for my little journey and tell them not to expect me after school. It was wearing on to four when Richard Jessop came in.

"I have been to the other end of Glenshie," he said, "and my mother asked me to call coming back and see if you would come over to our place with me."

"I was intending to walk over to Gledbury this evening, I am longing so much to see Walter," I said.

"You could not walk to Gledbury this evening. It is quite a long way. I am glad I happened to come to-day. You will come with me?"

"Yes, I will be happy to go with you. A ride in the right direction is not to be refused. I am very glad to be saved from walking."

As we drove along Richard Jessop said to me in his bantering way, "You have come to be a lady in request, since I discovered you on the other side of the river from the mill. Father wants to settle relationship. He has made a new discovery of probabilities. Mother wants your help to cut a dress, like one of yours, for Amelia. Amelia wants you to teach her a stitch for a sofa pillow like one she saw with Charlotte Ramsay. Robert wants to talk to you,—Father and he will quarrel about that, I'm afraid; and so I, as common servant of all, am sent after you."

I did not get to Gledbury after all. I cut the dress, began the sofa pillow, talked Grey Abbey to the old man's satisfaction, but could get no farther than Jessop's mill, till it was too late to go on to Gledbury. After all, I knew I could not have any companionship with Walter while he was in the store, and Mr. Jessop said they would bring him to the mills on Sunday after sermon. Mr. Jessop had, he thought, really found a clue to a relationship between us, through some maternal relative who was a Henderson. It was in vain that I reminded him that Uncle Tom was only an uncle by marriage and not a blood relation. He drew from me the fact that Uncle Tom reckoned his descent from Henderson, a martyr, in the early days of Scotland's Kirk. His relative did the same, and so he established a shadowy relationship between us that seemed to please him mightily. Sunday morning I went with the Jessops to hear Minister McGillivray preach, and heard the longest sermon I ever heard in my life. I did not see either how it could be shortened,