

THE "GIRL'S OWN" TOUR OF THE COLONIES.

BY EMMA BREWER.

NEW ZEALAND.

WE go on board the "Girl's Own," which has been lying at anchor in the Derwent Harbour, and as she moves slowly out towards the ocean, we look our last on the lovely and peaceful island of Tasmania.

We have no time for idle regrets, and therefore resolutely turn our faces towards New Zealand.

We collect on deck, as is our custom when we want to chat or study, and the questions go round—

"Who among us have friends in New Zealand?"

"Who can give us any definite information about it?"

To which many a cry rings out over the ocean, "I have," "I can;" at the same time hands dive into pockets, and bring out letters from settlers giving interesting descriptions of their new home, or letters to be delivered in the colony if opportunities should occur.

We gather, then, that this colony is composed of three islands—North, South, and a small one called Stewart's. The first of these has a most curious shape, with peninsulas of every form and size jutting out into the ocean, thereby giving an extent of coast line quite disproportionate to its size.

It seems strange to us that these islands, which occupy so large a space in the South

Pacific, should have escaped the observation of the navigators of the fifteenth century.

Some of our girls suggest that it was in consequence of their attention being absorbed in the riches of India and of the New World, while others think it was because New Zealand did not lay in their track as they made the passage to and from these quarters.

It seems to have been first discovered and peopled by the Maori* race, but the exact period of its discovery, and the origin of the Maories, are both alike enveloped in obscurity. The supposition is that they were emigrants from one of the islands in the Pacific about the beginning of the fifteenth century.

The first European who made New Zealand known to the civilised world was Jansen Tasman, the Dutch navigator, who visited it in 1642. He did not land and take possession in the name of his country, otherwise it would have belonged to the Dutch. He merely sailed along the western coast of the north island, and made acquaintance with some of the natives, whom he described as of ordinary stature, great muscular power, yellowish brown complexion, and black hair tied up on the crown of the head, as was the fashion in Java, with a large feather stuck in.

He was not at all successful in his dealings with them, which possibly accounts for the long period which elapsed before Europeans again visited the island; for it was not until 1769 that Captain Cook landed in a bay on the east coast of the northern island, which he called "Poverty Bay," because he could get no provisions there—a name, however, which the present generation object to, as being so very opposed to fact.

Cook's description of the Maories is that they were clothed in material of native manufacture, dwelt in houses, lived happily under fixed laws, and, although cannibals and heathen, they were not idolaters, and that their number, as far as he could gather, was

* Pronounced *Mowri*.



A NOVEL FERRY.

about 100,000 on the two islands, the chiefs forming one-twentieth of the whole.

Most of the troubles in New Zealand have arisen from the error of Europeans in under-rating the power, the intelligence, and the civilisation of these Maories. Intercourse with white men has influenced them greatly for good; they are richer, better educated, better merchants and farmers than in the old days, and they have so far learned to value religion, that they have themselves established a mission to send the blessings of the Gospel to neighbouring islands in the Pacific. We hope to be introduced to some of these interesting people during our stay in the northern island, and will then dot down our opinion of them.

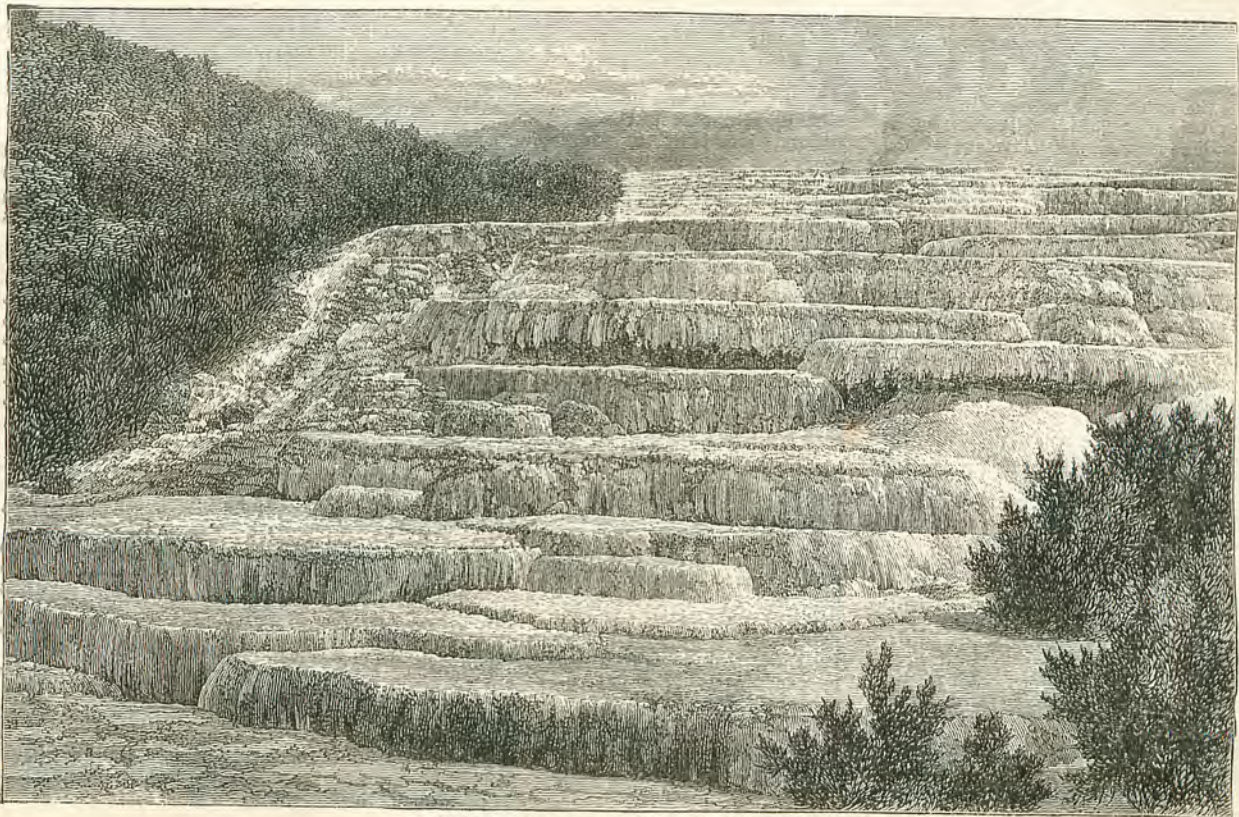
We must now turn to the islands themselves, the two largest of which are separated by Cook's Straits which, at their narrowest point, are thirteen miles across. Our Captain, who has been walking up and down deck, pauses as he hears us upon the subject of Cook's Straits, and sends into his cabin for a small chart, which he opens and gives to two of the girls to hold, while the rest of us gather round. He points out the similarity of the opposite shores, the identity of structure, and the direc-

tion of the headlands, all of which he tells us give rise to the supposition that in former ages the islands were contiguous; he asks the little ones if they can see the benefit of these Straits to the inhabitants, and gets a ready answer, "Oh, yes; they make communication easy between the coasts, and prevent the necessity of going all round the Colony."

The bold rock, which we now see, is Jackson's Head at the entrance of Queen Charlotte's Sound, and gives a good idea of part of the coast line. It is always an exciting scene on deck when we draw near to a new colony; we can neither work nor read, but strain our eyes to catch the first glimpse of the port, and indulge in numberless supposi-



NEW ZEALANDERS AT HOME.



ENCrustING SPRINGS, NEW ZEALAND.

tions as to place and people. The "Girl's Own" is floating now into the magnificent harbour of Auckland, which looks like a large lake; it is crowded with ships and steamers from every part of the globe, and has a cheerful business-like air. We have no occasion to hesitate on landing, as we telegraphed for rooms before leaving Tasmania. We therefore, at once, make our way, each with bag in hand, to the Victoria Hotel, Victoria Street, where we are expected, and find all comfortable and home-like. The very fact of our being passengers in the "Girl's Own" obtains for us respect and welcome everywhere, and we have never had to complain of neglect or rough usage from any class of people; all seem glad to see us and to do what they can for our comfort. This makes us specially careful to keep up the honour of our ship, and never by word or deed to bring discredit upon it, for is it not the *Girl's very Own*?

This town of Auckland is built on the north coast of an isthmus, six miles broad, and on the south bank of the Waitemata*; it stands amid a very network of navigable waters, and the great advantage is that every settler has the sea brought conveniently to his door, or, at least, close to him by one or other of the estuaries which almost insulate the town; its wharf, substantial warehouses, public buildings and churches, together with its 31,000 inhabitants, show it to be of no small repute among the cities of New Zealand. It was formerly the chief town of the colony, and seems well suited to be the capital of a maritime nation. There is a pleasing variety of hill and dale, wood and water, and the distant view of the extinct volcanoes adds to the interest; they are about twelve miles from Auckland. Sheep now graze at their feet, and European habitations are dotted here and there on their slopes, giving signs of progress and industry; a contrast, indeed, to the view that met the eyes of the first Maori emigrants.

To enable us to travel with profit through this northern island we ought to know something of its divisions, and it will be easier for us to abide by the former arrangement of provinces rather than by the present one of counties.

First in order, then, comes Auckland, in which province we find ourselves at present; what is there to see in it? Have our girls any people or places they desire to visit? We are not left in doubt, as one after another come the answers—"Kauri forests; Friends in the Kati-Kati settlement; Hot Lakes district; Maori villages." The consultation now is how to satisfy everybody; the Kauri forests will not prove a difficulty, as there are many within easy distance. The Kauri pine is a magnificent tree, which has been known to reach the height of 180 feet, and to measure fifty-one feet round the stem; it is a most useful and durable timber, of which Auckland exports £20,000 worth annually. This tree yields also a resin or gum which is found under the stem; the greater part, however, is found in swamps, which were formerly covered with these forests; the seeking for and collecting it is a special occupation of the Maories. The name by which our fathers and brothers would know this tree is "*Dammara Australis*."

We can fulfil the three other wishes of our girls in one journey, as Kati-Kati is on the way to the Hot Lakes, where also we shall see the Maories. We take places in the coasting steamer for Taurunga Harbour, in the Bay of Plenty, for which we pay thirty shillings each. We leave Auckland at five o'clock in the evening, and sight Mercury Bay in the early morning. A few hours later we pass between the Shoe and Slipper islands, which amuse us

greatly, for the shape of one is absolutely like a well-made shoe, while the other is that of one ill-made and down at heel. We get a view as we move along of some half-deserted Maori settlements, though not a glimpse of a native; and in the early afternoon we pass the mouth of the Kati-Kati River, but do not pause until, an hour later, we reach Taurunga Harbour. We at once take boats to the north entrance, where lies the district of Kati-Kati. It was to this portion of the island that, in 1876, a body of farmers, with their wives and children, came, under the pilotage of Mr. Vesey Stewart, a gentleman of position in the old country, who also brought out his wife and family. All were people of some little property, and were willing to work. They began well by bringing out a clergyman with them, and they are building schools and a church; a doctor also accompanied them, who says that the place is so horribly healthy he should starve if he could not turn his hand to something besides physic. Of course these immigrants had to rough it for a few months, living in *raupis* or native huts until they could get others built. The account they give of their success in farming is wonderful, as also the effect of the healthy climate upon the delicate members of their families. We go straight to Mr. and Mrs. Vesey Stewart, who have a beautiful house of fifteen rooms, made of wood, and who welcome us with the utmost kindness. We deliver our letter of introduction, and they at once enter into our plans, making all easy and delightful to us. We ask if they are content with their settlement, to which they reply that if people must emigrate, it is far happier for friends and acquaintances to do so in a body, and settle on a special block or district where all can work and keep up a kindly intercourse within easy distance of each other. Our host and hostess have given us the opportunity of speaking with several of the settlers, who all express themselves more than content with their new home. There is a great variety of food, fish and game being good and abundant.

"No necessity," as one of the settlers expressed it, "in this part of New Zealand to live upon damper, tea, and mutton—mutton, damper, and tea."

In passing from one farm to another we came upon a house just built by a couple of labourers, one of whom was hoping soon to marry; he came forward and said—"Won't you come in and rest a bit, ladies, and perhaps you will be so kind as to give us a hint how to make the place more comfortable for women folk. The house has cost us nothing but the timber, as we put it up ourselves in spare time." He was very pleased when we expressed our conviction that the *women folk* would be more than content with the house and garden.

In the quiet of the evening we heard a good deal about the Maories from our host, who has constant communication with them. He says they are quiet, inoffensive, and exceedingly hospitable, and that the chiefs are so truthful he would rather rely upon their promise than many a white man's bond. As illustrative of their home life, he related that one dark, rainy night he and a half-caste were fifty miles from home, and had lost the horse-track; in this dilemma they heard a distant barking of a dog, and at once sang out a "*loé, loé*," which was replied to; in a short time two native women came out in the pouring rain to meet them, and by occasionally striking a light on a dry pitch torch, guided them to the settlement. Wet through and almost starving, they were received in the *raupo wharf*, belonging to the chief. This room was about thirty feet long and twenty broad, and on the clean, new mats round the sides sat between twenty and thirty natives of both sexes and of all ages, chatting and smoking.

As soon as he and the half-caste had replaced their wet clothes by dry ones from their saddle-packs, supper was brought in, consisting of pork chops, lobsters, fried potatoes with onions, bread, and tea with sugar, but no milk. At eleven o'clock all rose, and the visitors went to rest in the same apartment as the old chief, his wife and child, their beds consisting of new mats, pillows of their own saddles turned up, and coverings of new blankets. Our host relates that to his surprise he heard a bell ring at eight o'clock the next morning, and gradually the large room filled with natives, who assembled for morning prayer. The chief read a chapter from one of the Epistles, after which he chanted a Psalm, in which all joined, the whole being done with the utmost reverence. He spent two or three days in this settlement, and every morning and evening the bell rang for prayers, which were attended with regularity and devotion.

Before starting for the Hot Lakes it was suggested that we should be provided with horses, and ride to one of the native settlements on the Stewart district. On arriving we are fortunate enough to find a native parliament sitting upon the land question; the chief speaks with fluency and force, and we gather that the Maories have in their possession still much land, greatly more than they can ever occupy, and they make money by selling and letting to the Government and to colonists. As soon as the consultation was brought to a close, we were introduced to them, much to our mutual delight. The young girls are pretty and attractive, and we soon made friends; they looked at our dress and noted its make; they were delighted with our sketch book, and one and all required some little drawing; they literally pelted us with questions about our dear Queen Victoria. "Had we seen her? Did we wear her likeness? How did she dress? Did she always wear a crown? What was her palace like?" When all these were answered, to our surprise they said, "We must love her better than you English girls. You could not help being her subjects, but we choose her voluntarily for our queen!" Some of us were inclined to be angry, but a look from the older ones prevented any such exhibition, and one said aloud, "We love her too much to be vexed at you for thinking you love her best." And now it is our turn to question, "What is that barn-like building standing on posts in the centre of the settlement?" The answer came with a laugh at our ignorance, "That is our town larder, a larder for the whole community; everything is common. The young men are often absent in the bush digging for gum and providing for us the means of buying groceries; the old men go fishing, and we women and girls plant vegetables, and thus there is always enough in the larder for the entertainment of visitors and strangers." They invited us to partake of food, consisting of game, pork chops, potatoes, bread and tea, beautifully prepared and served on a white table-cloth. They presented us with the photographs of their chiefs, which had lately been taken by the New Zealand Survey Department, in remembrance of our visit to the settlement. On mentioning to them our proposed journey to the Hot Lakes, they promise to meet us at Ohinemutu and go with us to the places of interest. And at the close of this happy day we say "good-bye," and return with Mr. and Mrs. Vesey Stewart to their home.

The next morning we set off, as proposed, by coach from Taurunga to Ohinemutu, a distance of some forty miles; it is thought on the whole to be a good road, but the eighteen miles through the Oropi bush nearly shook us to pieces. We quite sympathised with a lady who said, "It is a good thing I have neither false teeth nor false hair, for surely this jolting

* *Wai* signifies "waters," and is constantly met with in names of places and rivers in New Zealand.

would scatter them all to the winds." We arrive safely at our journey's end, where we find our Maori friends with several others—such bright, handsome girls, who wish us to be their guests for the short time we are able to stay. This, perhaps, is the most wonderful of all the places we have visited. It is a famous old Maori settlement, on the shores of Lake Rotorua, and is the centre of hot springs; indeed, the whole district seems to be steaming, and requires the greatest caution to move about. One of us thrust accidentally an umbrella into the ground, and out came a jet of steam immediately, which greatly startled us. It seems scarcely credible, yet so it is, that this village, in which the Maories have lived for so many generations, is built upon a mere crust of soil and rock roofing over an immense boiler. The boiling springs and hot mud baths, which are very numerous, have a wide reputation for their healing virtues, and the Government analyst says, "It is hardly possible to overestimate their valuable curative properties, and the wide range in their character." Our Maori friends ask us if we should like to go with them, and help to prepare the dinner, to which we reply that nothing would please us better. So off we go to the common larder, and take out fish, potatoes, and the never-failing pork chops, and with these walk on, as we suppose, to the kitchen, but we find that there is neither kitchen nor kitchen fire in the community. The Maori girls laugh, but will not tell us how we are to cook the food, until at length they pause before a boiling spring, and say, "*Here is our kitchen.*" We watch them while they place the fish in one flax basket, and the potatoes in another, and hang them up in the boiling spring. They next make a shallow hole in the ground, in which they place the pork chops, and beg us to cover them with fern and earth to keep the steam in, our ejaculations during the whole process greatly amusing them, and it is in a bright cheery way they say, "*While these are cooking, will you come and see our laundry?*" Of course it is to another spring we are taken, the water of which is soft and warm, and alkaline; no soap nor soda is therefore required. We could not resist taking out our pocket-handkerchiefs, and washing them, just to try the effect. A lather was produced at once, and the sensation of washing in the spring most agreeable.

We now hurry back to the kitchen, and find everything cooked to perfection. In setting forth the advantages of Olinemutu as a place for immigrants, it would not be amiss to mention that here *washing and cooking are made easy.*

Our next step is a paddle of six miles in a native canoe and a walk of two, just to get a view of the white and pink terraces. We never thought to see anything so exquisite; words fail us when we try to convey to our friends at home what the sight is, and if Miss Gordon Cumming will allow us to use her words we shall be thankful to her. She says: "It is a fairy city of lace carved in pure white marble; a hundred waterfalls suddenly frozen and fringed with icicles. On every side lay craters in which masses of thick, boiling mud are slowly upheaved, rising and falling with a dull, muffled gurgle." The native girls amused us on the return journey by telling us exquisite fairy tales in connection with the lake over which we were sailing.

The time has come when we must take our farewell of these kind and hospitable natives, and make arrangements for returning to Auckland City. We are to go to the National Hotel, Cambridge, a distance of seventy miles, with horses and guides; from thence to Hamilton by coach, and then by train to Auckland.

At present the North Island Railways are in half a dozen sections, which will, however,

in a short time be connected. Fellow-travellers tell us that a main trunk railway is greatly wanted from Wellington to Taranaki, Napier, and Auckland, which would open up some of the finest land in the whole colony.

Besides Auckland, which is the northern province, there is that of Hawke's Bay, in the east, well suited for agricultural and pastoral purposes; Taranaki, in the east, with so fine a soil, scenery, and climate that it is called the Garden of New Zealand; and Wellington, in the south, a grazing province, its chief town being the seat of Government, whither our good ship is about to convey us. After a short and pleasant trip, we arrive at the spacious and land-locked harbour of Wellington, which forms a safe retreat from the heavy gales frequent in the Straits. This city was founded in 1840, and lies on the west of the harbour; it is a place of considerable commercial importance, as its shipping, wharves, shops, hotels, and public buildings prove.

The demand here is very great for skilled labour, trade being retarded by the scarcity of capable hands. The Wellingtonian settlers are earnestly desiring that Government immigration may be re-inaugurated, and the labour market supplemented by supplies from home. We have but a short time to look about us, but we go to the Government House to leave cards, and are greatly pleased with it. It is a most imposing building, but it is only of wood, in which it agrees with most of the other buildings in the city. The reason of this mode of construction is the liability of the district to earthquakes. The prospect from Government House embracing sea, forest, and mountain, is extremely picturesque. We hurry down to the harbour, and again go on board the "Girl's Own," which is to convey us to Lyttelton, the port of the Province of Canterbury. Its harbour is surrounded by picturesque hills, and the neat, well-built town stands on the sloping side of one of them. On landing we go to the station, and take tickets for Christchurch, which is seven miles distant on the other side of an almost perpendicular hill. Trains run every hour in about twenty-five minutes; second-class fare one shilling and twopence. We are greatly pleased with Christchurch, which is one of the prettiest and most agreeable townships in New Zealand. It is a model of neatness; its streets are broad, its churches and houses are, as a rule, built of wood, which to us always look quaint and colonial like. It is built in the centre of an extensive plain, hemmed in almost entirely by mountains; near by runs the Avon, and for miles round one sees the most beautiful pasture land divided into well kept farms. The schools here are so good as to have gained quite a colonial reputation. We have made inquiries as to the need of girls' work in Christchurch, and we find that if girls and women will take domestic service instead of seeking for what is called ladylike occupation, they must prosper, for good domestic servants are greatly wanted, are highly prized, and well paid. In addition to a good home, a girl receives from £30 to £40 a year. Surely this is worth considering. Land in this province is dear; that is to say, never less than £12 per acre, which accounts for the Government still having much in their hands. In order to economise time, we go to the Christchurch railway station, which is well built and elegant, and take return second-class tickets for Dunedin,* the distance between the two towns being 230 miles. Our tickets cost £2 17s. 6d. each. This town is the capital of Otago, the richest province in New Zealand, the chief products of which are gold and wool.

Thirty years ago Dunedin contained only 150 houses, constructed of wood and clay, and

roofed with shingle; the streets were neither gravelled, drained, nor lighted. There was a Scotch kirk, a manse, and a school-house, for the settlers were most of them from Scotland. It has now the reputation of being the handsomest and best built town in the colony. Its position is very good; it stands at the head of the harbour, and stretches for some distance inland. Lofty hills form the background of town and harbour, and are wooded to the summits; the soil is rich, dark, vegetable mould, several feet deep. There seems to be no poverty here; everybody lives well. There is the same earnest desire for good women servants here as elsewhere; the complaint is that just as a household is well suited with a good girl, she leaves it to take a home of her own. We should like to have gone to the goldfields, which lie 345 miles west of Dunedin, but time will not permit.

We shall have many an interesting tale to tell on our return of the lives and homes of the settlers; how by persistent labour, temperate habits, and the blessing of God, they have been raised from pauperism to independence and self-respect. We are compelled to hurry back to Christchurch, as we greatly desire to cross the island to Hokitika,* the distance between the two towns of 150 miles being traversed by coach daily. The first thing we do is to secure places and hear something about the journey. We shall have to pass over what are known as the Southern Alps, which contain some of the wildest and grandest mountain scenery in the world. Between the fertile plains of Canterbury, which reach to the foot of the Alps, and Hokitika, is a distance of seventy miles, and it is about midway that the coach winds twelve miles through the Oira Valley, overshadowed by *Arthur's Pass*. The road round the sides of the cliffs was formed by the New Zealand Government. We were told before starting to keep our nerves under control, and we laughed at the advice; but when we saw the coach winding at acute angles through the defile, which is neither fenced nor otherwise protected, we held our breath for fear. A false step on the part of the driver would have been sufficient to send both coach and passengers down a precipice of 500 feet. We were all thankful when the journey was over, although the wild beauty of the scenery and the Alpine flowers would, we think, be sufficient inducement to take it again.

The traffic on this mountain pass, dangerous as it is, is very great, for nearly all the west coast towns are supplied with live stock from Canterbury, and they are driven along this road without much loss or inconvenience.

In moving northward from Hokitika, we reach the Teramakau River, which is not large in summer months; but in winter, or after heavy rains, the neighbouring country is flooded, and in order to cross it a wire train has been constructed.

It will be seen how we passed over by the sketch one of the girls has taken. It is worked by means of wire ropes, and is said to be much safer than a ferry-boat.

From here we move northward to *Nelson*, where the "Girl's Own" is waiting for us, and as we pass through the hop gardens, it reminds us of Kent and home. The district has many coal mines, besides being rich in other minerals, and the town itself, which is famous for the beauty of its surroundings, pleases us greatly. The hill sides are dotted about with villas and gardens, and there is an air of industry and success about the place.

In taking leave of New Zealand, one of our most valuable colonies and a standing record of the benefit of missionary labour, we are naturally sad, for we cannot tell whether the

* Dunedin is the Celtic name for Edinburgh.

* The chief town of the Province of Westland.

"Girl's Own" is to take us direct to London, or whether it will touch at other possessions on our way home, and so we sit down on this our last evening in Nelson, and occupy ourselves by gathering up the threads of knowledge and experience and arrange them into something like order.

The blessings of civil and religious liberty, the absence of persecution and slavery, the abundant means of education, the numerous and beautiful places of worship, the many hospitals and charitable institutions in our colonies prove them to be real children of the home country; and if any desire to know how intense is the love of home, country, and kindred in the hearts of our colonists, let

them visit them as we have done, and watch how it animates them to acts of constant self-denial and in their daily struggles for independence.

We have put the question to many, How, with this love so strong in their hearts, they could have left the old home? The answers have varied. In some the motive-power was the longing to avoid pauperism and obtain independence for themselves and families; in others it was the desire to be rich; in many the love of adventure; but whatever the motives, the results have been beneficial not only to those who went out from among us, but to those also who stayed at home. We are no longer mere islanders, with limited views

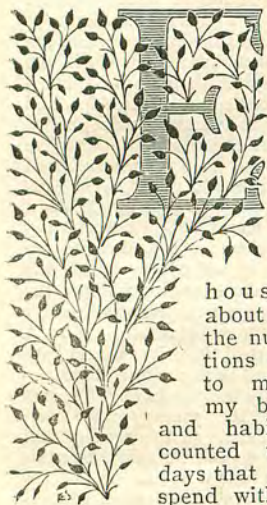
and thoughts, and contracted ideas, but subjects of a great Empire, "whose branches and roots extend to the uttermost parts of the earth."

The colonies are a glory and a blessing to Great Britain; they add to her wealth and strength; they maintain her Empire on the seas, and they raise up for our Queen stalwart, courageous, and loving sons and daughters, on whom she may safely rely. And this is not all; with God's blessing on our colonies, they will prove the instruments of establishing peace, extending civilisation, and spreading the knowledge of the Gospel throughout the length and breadth of the earth.

MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.

CHAPTER XI. AT BEECHWOOD.



EARLY in August Edmund came to Weylea. A gentleman visitor had become quite a rarity at Mrs. Lyell's, and I was amused at the fuss which all the

household made about his coming and the number of questions that were put to me concerning my brother's tastes and habits. How I counted upon the few days that Edmund would spend with me! There was a little difficulty in

fixing the date, for Ralph Dugdale wanted my brother to pass from Weylea to Beechwood. Beechwood Hall was always full of visitors in the summer, so Edmund had to study the Dugdales' convenience in arranging the time of his visit.

Nothing had given me more pleasure in looking forward to Edmund's coming than the thought that I should be able to make him acquainted with Leonard Glynne; but, to my vexation, circumstances decreed otherwise. The days Edmund finally fixed for his visit were just those during which Leonard would be absent from Weylea, having promised to go to Bournemouth at that time to attend the wedding of a cousin. He seemed no less vexed than I when we found that he would miss Edmund. Leonard had been very kind to me during the weeks that had passed. He had helped me through many arithmetical difficulties since the evening when he discovered me hopelessly crying over my hard sum, and, thanks to his assistance, I had taken a good place in the examination to which Mr. Oesten

subjected his pupils at the close of the term. It used to amuse Mrs. Lyell to see us sitting side by side and working away at our sums. I fancied she was glad we were such good friends. Sweet to me were the hours thus spent. Though subject to fluctuations, the happiness I had gained on that Friday evening remained with me.

It made my heart ache to see how pale and haggard Edmund looked. My anxiety was ever on the look out for signs of ill-health in him, and it needed not Mrs. Lyell's gentle, "My dear, your brother looks far from strong," to set it on the alert. There was another change I noted in Edmund; he seemed scarcely in his usual spirits. The cheerfulness with which he greeted me had rather a forced appearance.

"Edmund," I said to him, as soon as we were alone, walking round the garden together, "how about the scholarship? Do you think you have a good chance of it?"

"Oh, that is all over," he said, rather impatiently.

"Of course the examination is over," I said, "but you do not yet know the result?"

"Yes, it is known," he said, shortly. "Shrimpton has the scholarship."

"Oh, Edmund! then you have lost it?" I cried, in dismay.

"Naturally I have lost it since he has gained it. Don't look so amazed, Dorothy; I always told you it was very doubtful if I got it."

"But I had made up my mind that you would; I did not think anyone could beat you. Was it because of the time you lost in the spring?"

"Perhaps; I don't know. Anyhow, I came out below Shrimpton."

"What a pity, to be sure! And after your working so hard!"

"Pooh! I did not work so very hard."

"You worked hard enough to make yourself look very thin and worn. I am distressed to see you looking so."

"Oh, nonsense! Don't bother me about my looks, Dorothy, for goodness' sake!"

I was wounded by the impatience with which he spoke. I had expected my brother to make much of me under the circumstances in which we met, but it was not Edmund's way to be demonstrative. Moreover, I could see that he was out of spirits and absorbed in his own affairs. Alas! mine was not the self-forgetful love that can give true sympathy. I was annoyed that Edmund asked me no question about my own studies. I wanted to tell him the story of my troubles with my sums and the help Leonard Glynne had given me, but somehow I found it difficult to talk about Leonard. Presently Edmund said, carelessly—

"What sort of a fellow is that nephew of Mrs. Lyell's?"

"He is very nice," I said, in an indifferent tone; but my heart beat so quickly as I spoke. Edmund was satisfied with my vague reply. He asked no more about Leonard Glynne.

After a minute, he said, "I tell you what, Dottie, I think I shall walk over to Beechwood to-morrow morning, if you don't mind; I want to see Ralph."

"Very well," I said, rather coldly, for in truth I did mind.

I did not like to lose Edmund's company on the first morning after his arrival. I had thought to have him to myself on the whole of the following day. Happily, I had sufficient good sense to keep my disappointment to myself.

The next morning Edmund asked me if I would not accompany him to Beechwood Hall; but my foolish shyness made me shrink from visiting the Dugdales. I agreed, however, to walk as far as the gates with Edmund. On the way I told him of my previous walk to Beechwood and my undignified encounter with the little lady in widow's mourning. Edmund seemed much interested in my account.

"That must have been Mrs. West, Ralph's only sister," he said. "Did you notice her particularly? She is a charming little woman, and so good."

"Little she certainly is," I said; "I never saw a smaller, more compact little