

though he is not good to me ; and I hate every one that hates him ; and I will not consent to live as you live here, however good you may pretend to be.'

" ' But, Miss Rhoda,' said I, ' what ails you at the way we live here?'

" ' It is not living at all,' said the poor bairn. ' I never can do anything very well when I try ; but I always want to be something great. I cannot exist and vegetate as you quiet people do. What is the good of your lives to you ? I am sure I cannot tell ; but it will kill me.'

" ' You have never tried it, my dear,' said I ; so whether it will kill you or no, you can very ill ken. But tell me how you would like to be great.'

" ' Why should I speak of such things ? You would not understand me,' said Rhoda. ' I would like to be a great writer, or a great painter, or a great musician,—though I never would be a servant to the common people, and perform upon a stage. I know I could do something,—indeed, indeed, I know it ! And you would have me take prim walks, and do needlework, and talk about schools and stuff, and visit old women. Such things are not for me.'

" ' Such things have been fit work for many a saint in heaven, my dear,' said I ; ' but truly I ken no call that has been made upon you, either for one thing or another. Great folk, so far as I have heard, are mostly very well pleased with the common turns of this life to rest themselves withal ; and truly it is my thought, that the greater a person is, the less he will disdain a quiet life, and kindness, and charity. But it has never been forbidden you, Miss Rhoda, to take your pleasure ; and I wot well it never will be.' "

This surely is powerful writing,—so entirely worthy of Mrs Margaret Maitland, that we know not whether we could quite equal it by any extract of the same length from her former work. There is much quiet power, too, in the sketches given of external nature in the present volumes, and much originality of observation. We know not that we ever before met in books with what we may term the echo of that peculiar sound characteristic of a furzy moor under a hot sun which is so well described as in the following passage. All our readers must remember the incessant " crack, crack, crack," which they have so often heard when the sun was hot and high, mingling, amid the long broom or prickly