

"Be quiet, Herbert, and don't dare to speak in that fretful tone. I really am shocked to see a little boy who has so much kindness shown towards him, so peevish and irritable," and then she left the room.

Arthur looked after her for one moment when she had closed the door, and then threw himself down by Herbie with a bitter cry.

"Don't, Arthur, don't. I don't mind it. I wish you wouldn't cry so."

"O Herbie, I cannot bear it for you, if it was only me I shouldn't mind, but for mamma's baby-boy as she used to call you. Herbie, I hate that woman."

Herbie put his fingers on his lips.

"I do, I do!" cried Arthur. "I hate every one but you, Herbie."

"No, you don't, you like Miss Matheson, and you like Dr. Johnstone, and old Simon, and that good Mr. Henry Dixon who was so kind to me."