

At the sound of voices on the lawn, she sat up and clung to me.

"It is only Mrs. Smith, dear."

"Then I will go to her." Mimi slid down to the ground, and walked away with the most charming little self-possessed air. I followed her. I wanted to see how it would all end.

"Madame," the child curtsied, "if you please I wish to be sent to Mamma to-morrow. I do not wish to learn English."

Mrs. Smith looked at Miss Pearson, the head governess, and smiled; then she stroked Mimi's hair.

"My dear, your mamma would be displeased if you went back to her. What has been happening, Miss Tyrrel?"

I told Mimi's story as well as I could, and I was surprised at Mrs. Smith's troubled face; but probably her experience had taught her what would be the end of Mimi's school life.

It was vain to remonstrate with Rose, and Amy, and the rest. They said it was all nonsense; they were not going to alter ways which had no harm in them, to suit the Frenchified whims of a little doll like Mimi; still for a day or two the child was left in peace, and then Amy's restraint gave way, and she treated Mimi like a baby again. The child seldom resisted, but there was a heart-sick impatience on her face, very painful to see, and I noticed that she grew pale and had little appetite for her meals.

Mrs. Smith wrote to Madame de Champ-Louis, but the answer was, that Mimi must learn English, and that the more she was left to her playfellows the sooner this would be accomplished. Till this letter came I had

encouraged Mimi to spend the play-hours with me, but just at the same time I was summoned home to be bridesmaid to my eldest sister.

I stayed away a week. I shall never forget my first sight of Mimi when I went back to Mrs. Smith's. She stood waiting for me at the gate, so pale and thin, her eyes looked larger than ever, with great hollows under them.

"I am so, so glad you are come," she put both arms round my neck when I kissed her little white face, "but I am going home." I looked surprised. "Come in," she said in her little old-fashioned courteous way; "sit down, Mademoiselle, and I will tell you. Yes, I am going; the doctor says I am to go, and he says I have a hard heart not to love my schoolfellows. Mademoiselle, do you think I have a so hard heart? I love you, and I love them too, if they would leave me; but I cannot love to be their plaything, and to make them always laugh."

The little creature quivered from head to foot. There was no use in reasoning with Mimi, in endeavouring to show her that if she would try to learn endurance, Rose and Amy, and the rest, might in turn learn forbearance. She was too ill to be lectured. It was as impossible for her highly-wrought nature to understand that real feeling and tenderness may lie hidden under a rough manner, as it was for Rose and Amy to understand her sensitiveness.

She went home next day, and when the girls saw how she cried and clung to me at parting, I think they believed that Mimi was not quite the doll they had so persistently called her.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

A NIGHT IN AN AFRICAN CRUISER.

"SAIL ho!" The cheering cry from the masthead aroused the slumbering watch of Her Majesty's brig *Pantaloon*, and dispelled the waking dreams in which I, the officer of the watch, was indulging.

We were cruising—looking out for slavers—off the mouth of the Congo; and as a pleasant change in the middle of the rainy season, the night was starlight. Sending word to the captain, I made all sail on the ship, and in a few minutes our spars were covered with canvas, and the brig gliding through the smooth water under the influence of a land wind which had just sprung up.

Our men clustered forward in the bows,

eagerly trying to discover the chase, which was as yet visible to no eyes except those of the Krooman at the masthead who had first reported the strange sail. As a coloured man's power of vision in the night-time is generally superior to that of a white person, the suspense was endured for nearly a quarter of an hour, but at length the captain, fearing lest the anticipated prize should prove a myth, hailed in dialect suited to the Krooman, "King Tom! You sure you see him?"

"Yes, captain, him live out *dere*," replied the individual bearing the regal cognomen, pointing right ahead. In a few more minutes the good faith of King Tom was verified,