

so suddenly alarmed the school-girls. The bull had been half hidden till now in the dry ditch beneath the hedge which separated the two fields. Mary loosed Aimée's hand and ran past in wild terror.

"Come, Ursula, come; she will not move, I tell you."

Mary cried out loud in her frantic fear, and the bull, disturbed by the sound, turned slowly round from the gate and faced Ursula.

Ursula was a great reader: I cannot tell whether stories of people who had faced wild animals came to her mind; or whether the *Help* that dwells in every little Christian child mastered her fear; I can only tell you what she did. She caught up little Aimée in her arms, and moved slowly away. The bull followed, and gave another deep, dull roar.

Ursula looked on towards the unfastened gate,—how far it was, and the bull was not four yards behind her! She knew by instinct that if she ran the bull would run too, and would overtake her in an instant, laden as she was. She took a few more steps, and then she stopped again, for Aimée grew heavier and heavier; the bull stopped too, and, lowering his head, gave another roar.

"Only God can save us now!" burst from Ursula's lips.

Once more she slowly retreated, always keeping one side towards the bull; he followed more quickly, and his eyes looked fierce and red.

Aimée began to cry.

"Hush, darling," Ursula said firmly, "we're quite safe." She stood still, exhausted. This time she felt sure the bull would not spare; his angry, prolonged roar seemed her doom.

Something brushed by her, and then she felt Aimée taken from her arms, and the whole field went round and round.

"Ah, mon Dieu!" was all she heard, and she was lited off the ground by a strong arm.

When Ursula opened her eyes, she found herself in the drawing-room at Mrs. Smith's, lying on a sofa; her mother sat by her; but Monsieur Jeanneton was there too, on his knees, holding one of her hands.

She opened her eyes widely at this sight.

"Ah, Mees Ursule, what must I say to you? You are a brave, heroic little girl, and I owe to you an eternal gratitude;" and the Frenchman bent down and kissed her on both cheeks.

Ursula felt strangely tired; she could not answer, but she looked up gratefully and began to cry.

"That was my child, my little girl—my

only one; and she has no mother now, poor little angel, and you have saved her for me."

"No, monsieur," said Ursula, "you saved us both; I only tried. Monsieur," she said, so simply and earnestly that the tears rose in Monsieur Jeanneton's eyes, "you are giving me more praise than I deserve now; why did not you praise me when I really did deserve it?"

He rose up and looked at her, but he did not answer her at once. Presently he looked at Mrs. Swayne.

"Madame,"—he bowed,—*"in your presence it is not my business to give advice to Mees Ursule, and yet my heart is so full of love for her that I seem to feel a fatherly right in her to-day. My dear child,"* he said, and he took Ursula's little hand in both his, *"to-day you have shown me for the first time your true nature, and I confess that all this while I have been judging you wrongly; but it has not been fault of mine. People are judged by the temper they show; life is not made up of large things, my child; you may perhaps never again have the occasion given you to save another of God's creatures by your own self-denial, but in the little things of which daily life is made you may do this every hour if you will. My good little friend, I cannot believe that your own tongue and your own temper are not as worthy of conquest as the sullen, roaring bull."*

Ursula put her hand over her eyes, as if to shut out the remembrance, and she shivered violently.

"She must sleep, madame, and—" Monsieur Jeanneton bent down and whispered to Mrs. Swayne—"she must not be left alone."

Monsieur Jeanneton was right.

Ursula passed a fevered, delirious night, and some days went by before she was allowed to return to her lessons.

A habit which has grown little by little is only rooted out little by little; and Ursula, though she tried in earnest, had often to repent of cross words and looks and deeds. But never towards Monsieur Jeanneton; he was her friend now as well as her master; he often walked home with her from school, satisfying her ardent thirst for knowledge from his own stores of reading.

"Ah, monsieur," she said one day long afterwards, as she parted from him at her father's door, "how much sunshine would have been hidden from my life if I had not been frightened by the bull!"

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