

It is terrible, for it sometimes makes people deaf, and their eyes are never so bright after. Come away, Valérie."

A sore feeling crept over Ursula's heart, but she felt too sick and giddy to think. When the bell rang, and they all flocked indoors, she was quite thankful to obey Mademoiselle Prage's advice that she should go at once to the sick-room and lie down.

Ursula had been very ill. There had been much delirium in her illness, and the doctor told Madame Henry that the girl's brain had been overtaxed, and that this, added to her very nervous temperament, must make her recovery tedious.

"Let her have as much indulgence and amusement as possible," he said.

She had been moved from the sick-room into a bright, cheerful little bed-chamber. Angélique her nurse, a broad, red-cheeked, black-eyed Picarde, came up to her sofa with a smile that seemed made up of sunshine.

"Ah ça, Mees. Will you like to see a visitor? Not Madame, or Mademoiselle Prage, or one of the professor ladies; no, no, this is quite another affair."

Angélique put both thumbs against her waist, and spread her broad hands out over her hips; then she winked her black eyes at the sick girl.

"A visitor!"—the colour flew into Ursula's pale face—"It is not any one from home, Angélique?"

"Dame!—no, no, Mees. There now, you have got as red as the sofa, and on no account are you to be excited. I thought to amuse you; and see, like an old ninny, I have made mischief instead. I will say to my visitor, she can depart without seeing you—it is only one of these young ladies."

"You will do no such thing."

Ursula had soon found out that Angélique, independent as she seemed, would submit to any amount of authority so long as she was humoured.

"Go and open the door and bring her in."

It was her dear Léonie, she was sure it was. She had so often longed to see her. She felt excited with delight.

Angélique laughed, but she rolled off to the door on her wide short feet, and admitted Sophie de Visme.

Ursula was so sadly disappointed that she could hardly keep from crying. She saw the look of eager delight in Sophie's eyes, but she felt utterly unable to return it. Illness had made her irritable, and she could not help shrinking from Sophie's kisses on each cheek.

But her visitor did not seem rebuffed.

"I am so very glad to see you once more, Ursule. I have so missed your face. The class has not been the same, and I so feared you were very ill."

Her voice softened, and Ursula fancied tears sprang into her eyes.

"Oh dear!" thought the English girl, "if she's going to be sentimental, I wish she'd go. I hate scenes, and I can't sham friendship all in a hurry. Oh! if she were only Léonie!"

"You knew I was ill, then?" Ursula spoke coldly.

Sophie blushed. "Yes," she said, gently

"Ah ça, Mamzelle." Angélique had been looking out of window resting her stout arms on the deep ledge. She turned her broad face over her shoulder, and looked at Sophie. "Dame, but I forgot. You must make excuse, Mamzelle Sophie. Tenez, Mamzelle Ursule Mees, I have three, four, five, messages to give you from Mamzelle there." She pointed to Sophie, who sat shrank up into herself at the foot of the invalid's sofa. "And I always forget. Ciel! there is so much to remember in illness besides messages."

A vague, uneasy doubt stirred in Ursula's heart. She had so longed for any little token of remembrance from Léonie, but none had reached her, and she had comforted herself by thinking that all her schoolfellows had been forbidden to approach the sick-room for fear of infection, and that Léonie had been forbidden to seek her.

"Thank you, Sophie."

She tried to speak graciously, and she held out her hand, but she longed to draw it away again, when Sophie pressed it to her lips.

Angélique saw the weary look that came into the invalid's face.

"Allons, Mamzellè Sophie, you must not stay long. You may come again if you like, and you must be more amusing next time. I can look at Mees, she expects you to do something better. Allons."

Sophie got up unwillingly. The wistful look over her shoulder as she went out, touched Ursula through her dislike.

"Angélique!" she had sat silent for some minutes, "did any of the others?—did Mademoiselle Rendu come and inquire for me?"

"Is it Mamzelle Léonie? Ah ça, Mees, Mamzelle Léonie only thinks of people she sees. For those who go out of her sight," Angélique snapped her fingers contemptuously by way of expressing the place held by the absent in Léonie's regard. "And,