

"Good-night, Ursula;" her father held her hand a minute when she went to kiss him—"but if you don't keep your tongue in better order, you must go to boarding-school. I can't allow disrespect."

Little Fanny slept in the same bed with Ursula, but Fanny went up-stairs first, and was sound asleep before her sister reached her bedroom.

Her father's words had frightened Ursula, but they had not softened her pride.

She was too full of restless troubled thoughts to go to sleep.

"It doesn't matter what I do," she said to herself, nestling her dark brown curls into the pillow; "I'm sure to be scolded. I wonder if I shall always be scolded and found fault with even when I'm a woman like mamma; but then, grown-up people don't say insolent things, and they are always right; so I suppose the rightness comes of its own accord." There was some comfort in this reflection, but it did not last. Her thoughts soon went on again. "I used to think it was only at home I got scolded, because the boys make me cross. I know I'm cross, and then the words slip out without my knowing. Oh, I wish I wasn't cross!" and then came a deep sigh. But it was not a pleasant reflection to stop at, so the little agile brain travelled on. "But I never get scolded at home lessons, unless I ask Miss Grey too many questions. Mamma always looks pleased if she comes in the room when I'm saying my lessons. I'm so glad when she comes. Then why does Monsieur Jeannoton dislike me? At first he seemed to me to be a genius—a hero of cleverness; and I care for cleverness more than anything. If Willie and Fred cared more for cleverness, we should not quarrel, and they wouldn't call me 'Minerva' and 'a walking dictionary.' It's shameful of them; just because I like lessons. Boys are so idle; they don't stick to things as girls do. Perhaps Monsieur Jeannoton's like them? Doesn't he like cleverness? and is that why he praises Mary, and excuses her faults? Perhaps if I were always mumchance when he speaks to me, and never asked questions, he would praise me too. Oh, if he would only praise——"

Here she fell asleep, but broken sobs told her mother when she came to give a last look at her little girls that Ursula's trouble had not left her. She kissed her, and then, kneeling down beside the bed, prayed for help and guidance for herself and Ursula.

But Ursula's was an elastic nature, and when she came down-stairs next morning, she looked so bright that no one could have remembered yesterday's trouble. Plainly the

Swaynes did not; they were very loving people, and but for Ursula's provoking tongue the peace of the household would probably have been unruffled. Besides, next day was Sunday, and Mr. and Mrs. Swayne made Sunday a very happy day with their children. It was a holyday in the true sense of the word; a day of joy and gladness, not of sad restraint. The children gathered nose-gays from their little gardens for their mother; then came church, and after dinner amusing story-books or a walk with papa; or else, perhaps, they played in the garden, or sat quietly there while their mother read aloud. Then came tea, and papa never was so amusing as at Sunday tea-time; and then the great treat of the day, when all who were old enough went to evening church.

Monday, too, went smoothly with Ursula, but on Tuesday Mrs. Swayne met Mrs. Smith, and asked how her little girl got on with Monsieur Jeannoton.

On Wednesday, just as Ursula was starting off for her French lesson, her mother called her into the dining-room.

"Lully, I want you to be very respectful to your French master."

"Respectful! Mamma, who says I'm not respectful?"

Mrs. Swayne only looked gravely at her little daughter.

Ursula's head drooped; her heart was telling her already that it was worse to be rude to her mother than to Monsieur Jeannoton, and it was rude to answer in that way; but she was not going to own her fault. She waited a minute, and then, as her mother continued silent, she hurried off to Mrs. Smith's.

There were two faults in her exercise, and three in her dictation. Ursula's cheeks burned, and as she looked up she saw Mary smile at one of the other girls. She stretched out her hand impatiently for the dictionary to correct her misspelt words, and upset the inkstand.

"Ah, Mees Ursule," said the Professor, in his suave polite voice, "it is pity you are *maladroite*. Why do you not help?" for Ursula stood with wide eyes and mouth gazing at the black stream on the table. "Thank you, Mees Mary," he said, as the self-possessed, neat-handed Mary Halket wiped up the ink and set the books in their places; "a young lady should always be careful and graceful. Awkwardness is not pardonable in a woman."

Ursula shrugged her shoulders. She was deeply mortified, and the effort to hide it made her manner still more harsh.

"Am I to read now?"