

Monsieur Jeanneton started at the rude, abrupt question; it seemed to him that this child was recalling him to his duty. A flush came into his face.

"No, Mademoiselle," he said; "I wish you all to make a translation of this fable instead."

It was La Fontaine's "The Grasshopper and the Ant," and most of the children found it an impossible task; but Ursula, troubled as her mind was with anger, was determined to succeed—and she did.

But though she had finished, she would not hand up her copy-book with the others. She kept her head bent, as if she were still writing.

"Let him find it out," she said to herself; "he will be ashamed of blaming me for an accident when he sees how well I have done the fable."

Monsieur Jeanneton waited patiently, and then looked at his watch.

"You may go, young ladies: I must stay and speak to Mrs. Smith."

The girl who sat next to Ursula had been looking over her shoulder. She was one of the elder pupils, and a favourite with the master.

"Monsieur, Ursula has done it better than any of us——"

A glow of triumph rose on the child's face, but as she glanced up at Monsieur Jeanneton all her anger came back.

He looked so very grave, almost sorrowful.

"Ah, Mees Ursule, if you would study little things as well as large things, how happy you would be!" And he handed back the copy-book.

He bowed round the table, and in a few minutes the girls were all in the playground.

"Little things," thought Ursula; "what does Monsieur Jeanneton mean?"

There was a buzzing cluster of girls in one corner of the playground, and as she passed by them Ursula stood still, spelled by the most intense admiration she had ever felt. She had often seen fairies in her waking and sleeping dreams, for Ursula had a bad habit of dreaming in the daylight, and I believe it was the being roused abruptly from these "blue moons," as her brothers and sisters called them, that often drew out her insolent words. I don't say made her cross. No one can *make* us speak crossly unless our better will gives way, but the sight she now gazed at banished every sore and angry feeling. Ursula dearly loved beautiful things, and she had never seen anything so beautiful as the tiny, fancifully-dressed little girl in the centre of the group.

As she looked more closely, something in

the bright dark eyes and rich complexion reminded Ursula irresistibly of Monsieur Jeanneton.

Till now she had not thought whether her French master was handsome or not. She knew that she liked to look at his white forehead and curling brown hair, and that his eyes were bright and seemed to see into her heart, but it was absurd to think of likeness between a grown-up man and a baby child.

"Come along, little Aimée," said Mary Halket, "come and see the moo-cows."

Mary's wishes were always obeyed. She led the child by the hand towards a large gate on one side of the playground, and the other girls followed,—Ursula among the last. She did not dislike Mary, but she was unwilling to submit to her sway.

She followed in one of her waking dreams, wondering at the secret of Mary's influence. Mary was not clever. She was often really unkind in a light merry way she had of discussing the failings and infirmities of her companions without regard to their feelings.

"It is her pretty face and the way she smiles when she speaks, that's why they are all so fond of her," sighed Ursula. "I can never have the first, and I should feel a hypocrite if I smiled at every one alike."

She had not noticed, as she moved mechanically along, that they had passed across the first field, and had reached the gate of another which was usually left open. It was shut fast now, and a heavy chain was fastened on to the staple and then wound round and round the gatepost. There was a halt and a short discussion, but the little Aimée pointed eagerly forward, and Mary and another of the elder girls succeeded in opening the gate.

Ursula could not tell how it all happened. She was following the rest when a deep sullen roar roused her from her reverie, and, before she could well look round her, her companions were running back as fast as they could towards the gate they had unfastened.

They had some distance to run. The field they were now in was very large, and before they turned they had reached the farther end of it—reached almost to another gate, behind which appeared some pretty cows and calves.

But Ursula did not see the cows and calves. She saw only two things. She saw Mary, left behind the others, try to drag the tiny, fancifully-dressed child along with her; but the child would not stir, it stood paralysed by the other sight, that made Ursula's heart, too, stand still an instant and then beat so fast that it nearly choked her.

A huge white creature much larger than any cow was standing at the farther gate, and again came the deep sullen roar, which had