Immediately after the opening exercises, Miss Marsden produced from an envelope in her hand, a large blue paper, and announced that she had that morning received the result of the examination, and would now read it to the school, as it was probably a matter of interest to all, though only two of their number had taken part in it, and might possibly act as a stimulus to others to follow their example.

She then proceeded to read the list at the head of which stood Mona Cameron, followed by Minnie Kimberly—a circumstance which was simply the fulfilment of the general expectation; but the announcement of Mona’s name as the taker of the Latin prize was a matter of astonishment to all, and rather a blow to most of them, as it had been confidently expected that Minnie would take it, and to no one did it afford greater surprise than to Mona herself. The flush of triumph on her face deepened for a moment on hearing this second piece of news, but it faded quickly as she remembered Minnie’s translation.

“Prize-taker or no prize-taker,” she muttered to herself, “Minnie’s translation was worth a dozen of mine.” And her sense of justice revolted against the decision, whosoever it might be; moreover, Mona did not care much about the prize she did not care to have the name of being first merely, her ambition was to be first, and feel herself first. She knew in her own heart that in this matter she was far behind Minnie, and was therefore far from being satisfied, although any of the girls would have said she certainly ought to be.

She received her music lesson from Miss Marsden herself