

that, once admitted, no member can be expelled, unless for an offence already proved before the school authorities. Be as careful as you like in your admissions, but you must also be cautious not to commit injustice. And, now, boys, my homily is finished, and it is for you to say if you will agree to what I propose."

To the Warden's terms, Cyril and the boys readily consented, the former perhaps a little disappointed in not being able to mould the society more in accordance with his own views. He had hoped for something more like the Church Guides of mediæval and neo-mediæval England.

Just at that moment the tea-bell rang, and at the Warden's invitation both Cyril and the boys accompanied him to the next room, whence came an appetizing odour as of pancakes. And thereupon the boys were regaled physically with much stronger tea than was good for them, and mentally, with a discussion between the Warden and Cyril touching the new edition of Liddell & Scott. Once only was the flow of their conversation turned to matters of ordinary life. It was when the Warden first tasted the pancakes, at which crisis he paused in the middle of a speech, and, as if addressing an invisible cook in the lower regions of the kitchen, he exclaimed. "I asked thee for pancakes, and thou gavest me leather. *ω παγκάσιστε παγκάσιστω*"

When strangers only were present, and she could do so without fear of Major Ellis or his wife's notice, Mrs. Cadgett would speak of Edith, as "our nursery governess." By every little coarseness of look and manner she strove to make the poor girl unhappy: for instance, if Edith ventured to speak at table,—and she rarely did so, except in answer to some question,—she would stare fiercely at her. Mrs. Ellis, kind-hearted as she was, did not often notice Mrs. Cadgett's bearing to Edith. When she did, she would say, "Oh, poor Cadgett is a little too blunt and brusque—but it is only her manner."

But it was otherwise with the boys. To them Mrs. Cadgett's tactics were pretty well apparent. They knew that lady's character from many previous experiences. With most of them she had quarrelled, from time to time, and when at feud with any one, had employed much the same system of offensive warfare which was now waged against Edith. So, hardly a slight was offered to her that the boys did not notice; and if she had made any attempt to retaliate in kind, if she had ever allowed herself to appear ruffled at her adversaries' attacks, it is quite possible that some of the boys might have taken amusement in watching the combatants: as it was, the fighting was all on one side—and as Mrs. Cadgett, whether in her bullying or coaxing aspect had never been a favourite, her conduct to Edith (whom they all respected the more for her gentleness and forbearance) became more and more the subject of animadversion among the boys—every night her proceedings were on trial before a Vehm Gericht in one of the dormitories, and "it's a shame, that it is," was ever the verdict of these jurors.