

height of manifestation in early life. "Well," he went on, "it's a pity you don't like talking French."

"Why is it a pity?"

"Because you 'll forget it, and it is always useful; and besides, we might have talked together, and it would have got me on famously."

"O, Vaughan! would it really?"

"Of course it would. Nothing would make it so easy as talking to you. We 'd have regular lessons—but never mind."

"We *will* have lessons, if it will help you—if it will do you any good I shall be so glad, so pleased; it will be so nice."

"Really, do you mean it?"

"Indeed I do. We will begin to-morrow; we will begin now."

However, she found that her pupil-elect was not sufficiently advanced to converse in that language; it would be necessary to commence at an earlier stage. Meanwhile, here was the boat to unfasten, the oars to get out.

"Sir, there, Carry—in the middle. Take this oar—not like that!—look—so. Now wait. Remember what I told you before—you must try to 'feather' to-day. Off we go!"

He pushed off, taking one oar, while Caroline had the other. She was a quick little thing, and rapidly improved under the slight tuition he afforded her every now and then. Only, her strength being of course inferior to his, the exertion of all her power could not prevent the boat from progressing in a very one-sided fashion.

"This is very stupid," he observed, at last; "it will never do to go on in this way. Can't you pull out any better?"

"Indeed, no!" as she paused, panting and heated, and her hands feeling very sore. "Don't you think, Vaughan, if *you* didn't pull so hard, we should keep more even, perhaps?"

"But, as it is, I'm not putting out my strength, and then, you see, it's no exercise for me at all. What I want is to practise. Our fellows are going to have a match next term, I'm stroke oar. Go on again, Carry, see what you can do."

She tried with all the strength of her arms, and the far greater strength of her will, to do what he desired; for a little while they got on pretty well, but finally the physical power failed, the oar dropped with great splashes into the water, and the boat began spinning round again.

"I can't do it," she piteously exclaimed, looking round at Vaughan. "I'd rather sit by the rudder and see you row, for a little while."

"O, I dare say," he began, laughing; but even while he laughed, her face grew so pale, her head began to droop so strangely, that he was rather