

EXTRACTS.

NOT DR. FOWLER'S.

I.

My first recollections of Molly are inseparably connected with the old schoolroom.

I didn't care much about her at first. She came from a more up-to-date school than Clandeboye Academy and her ideas savoured of rank liberalism. There was no reverence in her; that was easily seen. She looked rather contemptuously at the sprawling, old-fashioned pattern of the wall paper; the two long, heavy benches, and the little rickety short one filled her with a sort of pity, and the many names carved deep into the ancient table raised in her not the slightest admiration. Had she been questioned on the subject she would probably have maintained that arithmetic and algebra were necessary parts of education, and that French and music—our idea of the fine arts—were secondary considerations. Then, too, she had such a horribly practical way of asking questions and making rude remarks.

For instance, one day I tried to instill into her a little proper respect by posting her in the annals of the school. I told her that one of the pupils had written a book, that Madame Clandeboye had once entertained Lord Somerset at dinner, and that our French master was descended from a Count.

She wanted to know if the book was a good one, said that her father had often told her how bad the hotels were in those days, and hoped the French Count hadn't done anything disreputable that his descendant was reduced to such straits, which last remark struck me as being especially profane, for in Clandeboye Academy Monsieur Bordier was a person of no small distinction. It was vaguely understood among us that he had had a "past"—nowadays we prefer men with "futures"—and in our minds we surrounded him with the halo of romantic interest which belongs to that magic word. We all came up to the French exams.—at which he presided—with fluttering hearts and longed for the day when we should pass into his class as a place where

"The lazy ceased from working
And the indisposed had rest."

By degrees, however, I learned to appreciate her. If there was no reverence in her there was no fear either, and Madame Clandeboye, as she made her imposing entrance for the purpose of instructing us in physical geography, struck no sort of qualm to her heart. She had a true sense of humour and when she first saw Madame Clandeboye taking the mark-book from the "stupid girl" as if she had been a worm and the book a scorned but necessary evil, I heard her mutter that it was good to be reminded from time to time that you were only dirt. I snickered at this; then she snickered, then we both laughed outright and drew down upon our audacious heads an oration, made up largely of epithets rather more abusive than flattering, and an imposition many pages long.

Our friendship thus begun grew quickly. Molly was an invaluable partner in a scrape. She had a deep sense of honour: never lied to clear herself or anybody else, and saw a thing through from beginning to end and many were the dull hours when the rain went drizzling by the window, the schoolroom was oppressive and life waxed dull and very weary, that she cheered by her bright smile and ready wit.

"NORA."

II.

When I first saw Nora, I cannot say I thought much of her. She was sitting in the gloomy old schoolroom with a book open on the table before her, making strange

grimaces, now peering earnestly into the book, now leaning back, screwing up her eyes and muttering, while she drummed her fingers on the table. Her appearance was not prepossessing, in fact she looked absolutely fierce. I afterwards found out the cause, and became quite accustomed to the performance—she was learning her spelling.

I found Clandeboye Academy rather dull at first, after the excitement of a large school. The girls were inclined to be patronizing, and although I didn't mind it from the older girls, I could not stand it from Nora, and I am afraid that I did not duly admire the household gods, nor become sufficiently enthusiastic over the school legends. It was not until after we had been in many a scrape together that I really grew fond of her. She had an unfailing source of audacity and imagination, and was always ready with some mischievous proposal, and always ready to join in any scheme not liable to meet with the governesses' approval.

For instance, one day we were both kept in after school, because we had lost all our conduct marks—glorious achievement! A governess was told off to see that we behaved ourselves, as she informed us. Nora thought her remark too domineering, so she climbed up to the window-sill and dangled her feet outside. I was struck dumb with admiration. The governess protested loudly, ordered her to come in and sit down quietly and properly, threatened to tell Madame Clandeboye, implored her with tears in her eyes to come in, but all of no avail.

"What did you say you were here for?" asked Nora, "To keep us in order? Why don't you do it then? We're here to have some fun, not to keep ourselves in order, that's for you to do. We wouldn't take your duty away from you for a farm, would we, Molly. I say, stick your feet out of that other window."

I wasn't quite used to this kind of thing, but I proceeded to do as I was commanded, when I saw by the entrance of a maid that it was unnecessary, she had come from Madame Clandeboye to tell us we might go home. If we had not known the purport of the message intuitively, we would never have guessed it from the maid. She gasped and then ran from the room. She evidently thought Nora was mad, because immediately on catching sight of her, Nora jumped from the sill to a desk, and began a war dance, which was apparently one of her most practised accomplishments. Then she ran across the room, making faces at the governess, and calling to me to get her hat. When we got safely outside on the street, she called back, "I say! why didn't you keep us in order, Miss Moon?"

From S. Hilda's.

MOLLY.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

A CANADIAN IDYLL.

Naught but the ridged turf, heaped above his breast,
With matted grass and trailing vines o'erspread,
And briar, that sentry-like doth guard his rest,
To memory fond disclose his lowly bed.

Yet sepulchre like this may well suffice
To soothe the martial dust that moulders here,
Since History's page his epitaph supplies,
Nor o'er him falls less oft the mindful tear.

For, born to hardships linked with scanty gains,
Of wealth the soldier's lot small share affords,—
For others' weal he toils—nor much remains
To deck his tomb, from e'en his thrifty hoards.

So, like his comrades whom the Crimean hills
Enwrap in nameless graves their fields beside,
Let him, too, slumber till the last trump thrills
Alike the artless mound and vaults of Pride.