

"You really wish me to say?"

"I do. I have faced all her faults myself, and I am quite prepared to hear it."

"Well, I think she lacks in those finer qualities which keep the balance between the higher nature and the lower. Nothing will teach her but hard experience."

Mrs. Brand sighed, and her troubled look vexed me very much.

"How does she get on with her lessons?"

"She is idle, but she has a certain aptitude, and has advanced a good deal. She has a talent for languages, and is quite proficient in French and Italian. Music she abhors, and has made very little progress in it."

"Well, what do you think I should do with her? She is almost sixteen. I should like to leave her another year with you if you don't mind."

I did mind very much, but I did not like to say to the mother that I wished her to leave.

"I don't think she would benefit by it," I said, a little evasively. "Perhaps a little foreign travel soon might be good for her."

Mrs. Brand rose, and her colour had heightened a little.