

Really, Miss Lambert, I wish you could do something with that child. She is insufferable !

'My dear Mrs. Dormer,' responded Miss Lambert, 'I am in despair. I never had such a pupil. She is a born Bohemian.'

A Bohemian ! What did that mean ? I waited to hear more, quite undisturbed by any scruples about eavesdropping. I was but nine years old, and Miss Lambert's automatic administration of religious instruction had not greatly aided my moral development. I do not think it would have crossed my thoughts to listen to a conversation which in no way concerned me personally, but discussions about myself were quite another thing. They generally portended a lecture of some sort from Miss Lambert, were in fact a sort of full-dress rehearsal, my unsuspected attendance at which had more than once enabled me to prepare my defences so as to rout the enemy with ease and rapidity. Besides, my curiosity was much excited by that word 'Bohemian,' and its application to myself, I wanted to hear more about it.

'It is most extraordinary,' I heard my mother say ; I cannot think where she can have learned it.'

'She has not learned it,' replied Miss Lambert, with a slightly fretful intonation, as though her unvarying precision was irritated by my mother's irrelevance of thought, 'she is a born Bohemian. I never was so puzzled how to manage a child. It seems absolutely impossible to instil into her any perception of the proprieties of life. She said the other day that Mrs. Charles Mitchell was a lying hypocrite, because of her conduct to old Mrs. Mitchell, and when I reproved her for using such expressions, she said it was quite true, and everybody knew it, so where was the use of pretending not to know or believe it.'

'Yes,' replied my mother, placidly, 'that is just what she would say. She is very truthful, I must allow. I suppose she will outgrow all this sort of thing, so it is no use worrying about it.' My mother was generally quick to seize upon a conclusion which justified a policy of taking no trouble, and leaving things alone—about the only sort of quickness she ever did manifest.

'I do not feel sure about that,' Miss Lambert said, 'if she is