

envelop in its folds the roofs of Aldborough and the spire of its venerable cathedral.

They were fair specimens of the young womanhood of England—pleasant of face, lithe of figure, and glib of tongue, as was evidenced by the incessant hum of talk which had resounded through the room for an hour and more.

"Well, I wonder when we four shall meet again?" said Ursula Vivian, from her perch on the dressing-table.

"In thunder, lightning and in rain," quoted Mary Dunscombe, in her merry way, and her mischievous grey eyes glanced up into the grave face of the friend she loved above all others.

In a moment Ursula's hand was laid on Mary's lips.

"I will have no nonsense, Mary," she said threateningly. "We must have some serious talk to-night, for after to-day we are women, remember, and all the frolics of school are done with."

"Suppose you prove that you are serious by getting down off that table," said Mary, demurely. "I think it is not quite customary for women to sit on tables, is it, Isabel?"

The young lady appealed to turned from her