

most careless and lounging style. Not one sat upright. All leaned to one side or the other, or leaned their elbows on the table in a crouching manner.

"What a strong back you must have," said Miriam Selwyn to me; "you never lie about, or seem to feel bound to rest it."

"I have a bone in it," I said, laughing, and it is quite strong enough to support the weight of my head."

"My back has always been weak," said she. "The Doctor does not approve of my sitting at a desk at all."

"Oh!" said I, with much concern. "Then why do you do it?"

"There are many reasons. In the first place, papa is in Parliament, and he wants his daughters to take an intelligent interest in modern history, and to be well educated women. The women of our house have always been superior, you know, and I found that the only way for me to gain the discipline for my mind that it required was to come to school, so here I am."

"Cannot one gain as much knowledge by private study?" I asked.

"As much knowledge, yes! Discipline, no. Private study is apt to become desultory. Besides which, I find that I learn much that is beneficial to my future career in studying the varied characters of the school-girls."

The master for German had arrived, and we formed in class. As a stranger, I was placed at the foot of the class. Miriam was the head girl. We were to read and translate "Undine." When it came to my turn I read on, utterly absorbed in the beautiful story, and when the master made me translate, I cried out,

"Oh! what a pity to spoil it!"

There was dead silence, and the titter of the girls made my cheeks flame. I began to translate eagerly. When I had finished, the master said calmly:

"You will take your place next to Miss Selwyn."

He then addressed the class in German, endeavoring to draw forth answers

to his questions. Turning to me, he asked me how I gained such a knowledge of the language, and I told him I had studied it with my father. How gratefully I thought now of the careful training my father had given me. I had cause indeed to appreciate it. I found that it was the same in French, and Italian; my well-grounded knowledge carried me to the front.

"Miss Jones has great facility in learning languages," said the Professor of Latin to Miss Major.

"Yes," I replied with pride. "I am Welsh."

There was a general laugh, and I was vexed to hear some very disparaging remarks about my kinsmen of Wales.

I worked very hard, and kept side by side with Miriam Selwyn. There was a great respect for learning in this school, and study was enjoyed rather than considered a task. This was due to the very good influence of the carefully chosen teachers, and to the clever generalship of Miss Major. The girls worked well, but nothing they did was sufficient to injure their health, it is rather a stimulus to health than otherwise, a judicious amount of mental work. Yet one day, Miriam remarked to me. "You are getting to look like the rest of us, pale and overworked."

"That cannot be. I have not overworked myself even in the smallest degree," I rejoined.

"You look very different from your former self," she said.

"I suppose it is the difference in dress which affects me," I said, with a long-drawn sigh. "I am not used to wearing things so tight as Madame de Vaux makes them."

"Oh! that is a mere trifle, not likely to affect your health. I am sure you are working too hard. I wish your father would take you away from school."

A few days after this, she called me into her room, and showed me the martyrdom she daily wore without a murmur.