

the University for several years—which by the way, he occupied to the extreme limits of a very long life. He was seated in his study one evening, when a gentleman on urgent business was announced, and the stranger without ceremony followed the servant into the apartment.

“You are Doctor —, sir, I believe,” said the stranger.

“I am.”

“Then, sir, I am *Doctor Black*,” observed his visitor emphatically.

“Pray, sir,” asked the professor, after a considerable pause of surprise at his tone and manner, “is this a professional visit?—for—excuse me—I am sure—that is, I do not recollect of our having met before, Dr. Black.

“We *have* met, sir; but it was when we were differently situated towards each other. Do you not remember a Mr. Henry Black, a pupil of yours some fourteen years ago, whom you wantonly exposed to shame, and treated with insult before your whole class, and afterwards refused the slightest satisfaction to his wounded feelings?”

“Really, sir, such a circumstance has altogether escaped me.”

“Perhaps, sir,” said Black, handing him a slip of paper, “this document may recall it to your recollection.” The other took it and read the contents, and then replied, musingly,—

“I think I do recollect some of the circumstances connected with this writing, and that the individual who wished to provoke me to fight was an idle young man, who, because he had the prospect of succeeding to the fortune of some rich relation, thought it unnecessary to apply himself to his studies.—But may I ask your purpose in recurring to an affair of this nature after such a length of time?”

“Because it is only now that he could speak to you upon an equal footing. I am the individual, sir—I have been prosecuting my professions abroad almost ever since the date of that paper, until within the last few months—I have

earned a fortune by my own exertions—the difference of our rank is now removed—there, sir, are the certificates of my degrees. And now, sir, I am come to claim that satisfaction as a physician which you refused to grant me as a student.”

“This is most singular,” said the professor in astonishment. “Is it possible, sir, that you have brooded over this matter for the space of fourteen years? Excuse me if I say, sir, that such a disposition is little consistent with the principles of a Christian.”

“That is nothing to the purpose now, sir. To obtain my present privilege has been the grand aim of my life; and but for that, I would not have been the independent and professional man I now am.”

“In that case,” replied the professor, kindling with a pleasant emotion, “it would ill become me to refuse such a boon to a man whom I have caused to labor so hard for it. Let me hope, however, that you will agree to pacific terms. I must certainly have been guilty of something unduly and undeservedly severe towards a man capable of exerting such remarkable determination of purpose. Dr. Black, I beg you will accept of my apology, and along with it—if it seems worth your while—my friendship.”

“I accept of both,” returned his visitor, “with pleasure and gratitude.—And now, allow me to say, that, from the bottom of my heart, I thank you for the lessons you read me. I knew not myself till then; it is you I have to thank for awakening me to a sense of the sacred duties of existence; and let me add should you ever again find a pupil surrendering himself, as I did, to habits of idleness and indolence, I hope you will administer a dose that will operate as salutarily as that which has proved my own salvation. In the meantime, however, be pleased to look at the back of that paper, and observe what were the first violent effects of your prescription. That a resolution formed in the spirit