

"You find, no doubt, young gentleman, that all was just as I told you at the University?"

"What, with respect to the vice and the virtue," replied our hero, who had not yet forgotten Mr. Pope's elaborate opinions on that head.

"Why yes, young man; I informed you, that the University was a place where vice is shewn in its utmost deformity, and where virtue, in like manner, shines forth in its loveliest array. So true is it, that nature (and he looked round him with gratified vanity,) appears ever extreme in youth; for all that delightful age, the passions—"

"Mr. Pope—Mr. Pope," interrupted Her Majesty, "if I never speak again, I heard that very sentence in your sermon upon time."

A smile from Mr. Daubigny, a downright laugh from his son, and an indignant glance from Mr. Pope, were the sole replies made to this second interruption of Mrs. Sarah.

Edward had now been three days returned, and having paid the customary visits to his neighbors, and received the congratulations of all Caversham, he resolved to devote one morning to a ramble among his old school haunts; for it was there among the ruins of Reading Abbey, that his love for nature had been first elicited; it was there, too, under the auspices of a master, the only one perhaps in England who knew how to sweeten the bitters of learning, and make a lesson of Horace as interesting as a fairy tale; that he had been first taught how to appreciate the value of education. His time indeed, of late, had been far otherwise employed, but the germ was still within him, and nothing but the sun of prudence was wanting to mature it into fruit.

While our Cantab stood gazing with thoughtful eye upon scenes so dear to his youth, the shouts of some hundred little urchins were heard, and presently the whole play-ground was alive. How happy they all looked! The clouds that a few minutes before had saddened their playful faces, had now all passed away; and they ran off, some to cricket, some to trap ball, and some—the more dignified and commanding—to a solitary bookish ramble, he felt that, though not very venerable himself, he could nevertheless quit his tandom, his dinners, his gaieties, and his follies at Cambridge, and return once again to be a thoughtless schoolboy at Reading. Time, indeed, in itself, is nothing; it is the mind alone that gives shape, substance and duration. When, therefore, he returned to Reading, and his mind shutting out the tumult of the present, fairly carried itself back towards the past, he had so many stirring contrasts to forget, and so much healthful tranquillity of mind to recover, that the space between then