

only fervour and enthusiasm can kindle. His manners are gentle and polished, partly so by nature, partly as the result of habitual intercourse with polished society; and his voice has the peculiar softness which bespeaks feebleness of lungs, not feebleness of character. He has been from childhood a student, not of the dreamy but of the energetic class. His father, a highly-respected member of the legal profession, intends him for the bar; he has, therefore, enjoyed every educational advantage, and has already carried off University honours in the classes more especially pertaining to his intended profession. In conclusion, he has barely completed his twenty-first year; and, besides himself, his family consists of one sister and three brothers, all his juniors. They have been brought up by their parents in the strict practice of religion, according to the forms and traditions of the Established Kirk of Scotland; an institution, however, for which Philip has never displayed any partiality.

Another half-hour has passed, and Philip is still buried in his volume, when a light step and cheery voice cause him to look up.

"How now, old fellow! Hard at work, as usual? Don't you know all the books by heart yet?"

The speaker was an elegant young man, apparently about nineteen, although really not within a couple years of that age. He was singularly handsome and classically featured, and bore so slight a resemblance to Philip that a stranger would hardly have taken them for brothers.