

enough to say you wished to be friends with me—is it so?" "Yes, I like you—you are not a humbug like—" "Like whom?" "Like most other people in general, and never mind whom in particular." "Well Edward, I happen to know that some one has been advising you to get out of your scrape about keeping in, by saying what is untrue. Promise me that whatever happens you will not do this." "I promise, cousin Edith, and thank you," he said as he looked into the girl's truthful eyes, "and I like you ever so much more because I see that you hate what is unmanly: and story-telling is unmanly, that it is!" "I think everything that is wicked is unmanly," said Edith.

"That is like what our Warden told us, he says, 'virtus' that is 'virtue' you know, means 'manliness.' And he said in his sermon last Sunday that there can be no true godliness without manliness."

"You seem to think very highly of manliness, Edward."

"And do not you, cousin Edith?"

"Does not 'manly' mean 'like man,' and may there not be very different types of man whom one may wish to be like. It depends on which of these you select for your model, whether I shall agree with you or not. But many things are called 'manly' which I do not approve of."

"My notion of manliness in its highest form, is that of the old knights, who, as Kingsley says:

"Fought and died for God, and not for gold."

"Well, I so far agree with you, that I think the fairest ideal of a life ever presented to man or woman, is to be found in their rule 'faire son devoir.' Yes! they were manly; unconsciously and genuinely so. I think your favorite Kingsley and his muscular Christians, talk too much. They are always saying, 'See how manly we are! we actually like cricket and boating!' Nothing really great is ever self-conscious in this kind of way."

"Then I suppose you will tell me that there is nothing genuine in a plan of mine, which I have been dreaming about for ever so long. But you will let me tell you about it." Edith nodded demurely. She was both amused and pleased at the boy's confidence.

"You know I have no sister, and mamma is always delicate, or fancying that she is; so I never have any one to advise me—I don't mean that exactly, for I get plenty of 'advice'—but to talk as you do, seeming really to care about me."

"I should like to do you good, if I can, and if you like to look on me as your sister, and to ask my advice whenever you think I can help you, I shall be very glad. Shall it be a bargain between us?" said Edith, as the boy took her hand and pressed it. And thereupon as they walked under the long aisle of maple arches, Edward proceeded to explain that he had long been cherishing a plan by which every evil and misfortune incident to a school-boy's life was to be brought to an end. This was nothing else than a sort of a puerile Don Quixotism, a society among the boys, founded on the old chivalric rules. No one was to be admitted until after probation. Courage, truth, protection of the weak were to be the duties of