

For months the evening study was continued, and it, aided by Jack's extensive reading, soon helped him to enter the university. There his career as no less distinguished, as he cared at his graduation all the honours of the day.

Now he is no longer Jack, the servant boy, but Dr. —, of P—, where he has a large practice. His works are used as text-books in the universities, and his opinion in consultation is highly valued. But to Eleanor and Will he is still Jack; and it is with joy that they look back upon evenings so well spent and the Lenten resolution.

Hope Hastings.

HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.

"You don't know anything about it, Letty. You sit in the house and do fancy-work, and so that you keep your hands white, and don't crush your frills, you're all right. Mother shields you, and father pets you, and folks call you an angel—and maybe you are; but if being an angel of that kind was all that was required of us boys, why, it would be quite another thing"; and Hal Downing looked down a little contemptuously upon the girlish figure sitting listlessly in the skiff from which he had just jumped. What a baby face it was, anyway! And he crammed his hands farther into his pocket.

But in an instant the whole expression of the one before him changed, and as she rose, and throwing away the ropes with which she had been steering, sprang out on to the soft, green grass, a rosy flush swept over her face, fairly transforming it.

"Hal Downing! that's just because you've done something you're ashamed of, and you are trying to find excuses for yourself! If I were a boy, I'd be honest enough, and brave enough, and manly enough, to own up to what I had done—I'm sure of that!" And straight towards the house walked Letty, with never one turn of her head to see how her words hit.

Hal stood and looked after her, and then mechanically stooping and fastening the boat, he turned towards the house, but made no move to go to it; instead, he stood thoughtfully pulling at the leaves of the elm sweeping near.

"I wonder if she can know anything? Of course she can't! But who would have thought she'd been smart enough to hit so near at a mere guess?" And then, after picking up a few bits of bark, and throwing them idly into the water, watching them float on the surface of the smooth stream, he turned and walked briskly towards the white house showing through the trees.

Hal was in trouble. In more now, even, than he had been before; for, added to other anxieties, was the one: "How much does Let know, anyway?"

When Hal at last appeared at home, the house was deserted, save by the maid in the kitchen, whom he could hear singing at the top of her voice, and not in the most artistic way:

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from tran-si-to-ry things"—
Hal waited to hear no more, but



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slamming the door, passed out into the side yard, and stood looking aimlessly down the lane.

"You'd better come into the shade."

Hal turned and saw Letty sitting under a maple, her form resting on a light camp chair, her feet on a bamboo stool, and a piece of lace-like embroidery in her lap.

"How deliciously cool you do look!" he said, going over to her and throwing himself down on the short grass, but at the same time looking at as though the fact did not please him any too well.

Letty said nothing, but worked industriously.

"How can you bear to work on that rag such a day as this?"

"What can girls do better? If I were a boy, now—"

"Well, what if you were a boy—what would you do then?" Hal asked, a trifle impatiently.

"Oh, hang around with my hands in my pocket and fret!" And Letty laughed good-naturedly.

Hal stretched himself out a little more, and began pulling up the grass and making little heaps of it.

"Father's very proud of this lawn," said Letty, by way of reminder, for Hal was making sad ravages upon its smoothness.

Hal took no notice.

"I say, Letty, what's a fellow to do, anyway, when he gets to going wrong?"

"Get right as soon as possible!" Letty answered, without a moment's hesitation.

"But supposing you can't?"

"Letty shook her head. "It may be possible that boys"—and there was a slight inflection on "boys"—"are so constituted that they can't right their wrongs; but girls can. Miss Don says so!"

"Miss Don!" exclaimed Hal. "If I couldn't live or breathe or speak without the help of 'Miss Don' I'd be sorry!"

"I don't like cross company," said Letty, taking up her work and chair, and stooping for her stool.

Hal tossed that, with the toe of his boot, out of her reach.

Letty turned to the house without it.

"I say, Let, come back—I'm not through."

"I am," she said, keeping on her way.

"I do say she can be the most provoking when she's a mind to, of anybody I ever saw!" And reaching for the stool, Hal placed it under his head, and tilting his hat over his eyes, folded his arms above his head as though for a nap.

But there was no napping for Hal Downing that day. Around him buzzed, like merciless gnats, the words his sister had thrown out, until at last, giving a second kick to the stool, that sent it farther than did the first, he rose and went to his room.

Hardly had he gained it and closed the door, ere there was a rustle outside, and under the door was wedged a little note. As he went to pick it up he heard retreating footsteps. Hal broke the freshly-sealed envelope, and there, in Let's school-girl hand-writing, that he always made so much fun of, was:

"Dear Hal.—I didn't mean to make fun of you, or to be hateful, for I can see plainly enough you are in some sort of trouble. I know girls' ways aren't boys', but still I do wish you would get things straightened up again; and if I were you I would make a clean thing of it to father. He's just as good as he can be, and Miss D—that is, our Sunday School teacher—said only yesterday, when we were talking over the text, 'I will arise and go to my father,' that half the trouble of the world would be saved if only young folks, and especially boys, would go to their father when in trouble, and not try every way to flounder out alone. Do please think about it, Hal, and see if you can't get your courage up. I'm awfully sorry I was cross.

Letty."

Hal read this through two or three times, and then he took out his pen from the little desk back of him, and after writing two or three "L's" that did not suit him, at last, with considerable flourish, managed to express himself to his satisfaction. This is what Letty found put under her door:

"Dear Let.—You're a treasure, and I was awfully mean to flare at you as I did, just because you weren't in as bad a fix as I. I don't know yet what I shall do, but I'm obliged to you all the same.

Hal."

"I know what he'll do," exclaimed Letty, tossing down the note, "he'll go straight to father as soon as he gets into the house, see if he don't."

And surely enough. No sooner was the tall form of Mr. Downing seen passing through the little side gate than Hal's door opened, and with steps that would make themselves audible, in spite of care to the contrary, he passed down to the library, and the door closed after him.

Letty did not seek her parent, as was usual upon his home-coming, to glean little bits of city news, but

waited until the sharp ringing of the supper bell called her. Even then she hesitated. But she need not, for her mother and she had the table to themselves, Mr. Downing having sent in word that they need not wait for himself and Hal.

It was an hour later when Letty, from her place at the front window, heard the library door open. She did not go to the dining-room, as she might on another occasion, to flutter around her father at his late meal. She hoped Hal would seek her after he was through eating, but he went directly to his room, and not till the next morning at breakfast did Letty again see him; and then his face told nothing, save, perhaps, that the worst was over. Yes, from the side glance she now and then took, as the meal went on, Letty was quite sure that Hal looked happier than he had for many a day. And his voice, when he did speak, though subdued, was certainly not impatient, as it had been too often of late.

An hour later, when they were out for ferns for the mother's fern-case, down in a mossy retreat, Hal made a confidante of Letty, not only telling

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