

pleasure to see a boy possessing such gentle manners, and firmness of purpose, as are written in that lad's face. He is a boy that later on in life becomes a leader."

A companion who remained at the door of the compartment till the train moved on, and to whom the last speaker had been talking, replied, that they all liked L. . . .—"he is such a good fellow, never in cranky humour like some of us," "Whoo! whoo!" came from the laughing faced boy, "you should know Tom Smith, he can not enter or leave a room without taking the door from its hinges, and Jim Smith, Tom's cousin, he blushes and giggles like a girl when asked if the moon is made of green cheese, and says 'Oh! I don't know, had no time to study that,' and Frank Brown who shuffles his feet, and knocks his knees, and dares any one (not his own size), to knock the chip from his shoulder, and sleepy Joe Leblanch, who dreams away his brains, except while in the dining-hall, and then there is no mistaking, he is fully wide awake, especially when the first course is served, as Joe, poor chap, is very fond of soup. Ye gods, what a noise! Niagara sounds in the distance, but soups are so nourishing. Then there is little Henry Brenot, the smallest boy on the football team, a good worker in many ways and always I, I, I; inside and outside I, I, I; but sir, in college, there are always all sorts of boys." "Yes" said his companion, "and this group may never all come together again, as holidays usually bring changes, and college roll-calls are among them."

Some years later I was again in Eastern Canada, and, strange to say, laid off at the same little way-station. In the lapse of time, the little old waiting place had undergone few changes, but this day it was gaily decorated with flags and evergreens, and on enquiring I learned that the village was *en fête* in honor of their member who was leaving that day for the Capital. Looking around, my eyes caught sight of a merry party of young men and women coming towards the station, and on closer observation I saw a young man of some thirty odd summers, tall, slightly built, holding himself with the ease of a Chesterfield, talking to a very pretty girl who was walking with him, and as the group approached the couple were the centre of all attraction. After many hearty