

I am perfectly convinced that it is mainly because I have kept myself clear of any misunderstanding of her noble frankness, or presumption founded upon it. Her love for me is honest comradeship, just such as I might have from a college mate, and there is not the least danger of its sliding into anything else. There may be an Endymion to this Diana, but it certainly won't be Harry Henderson."

"H'm!" said my uncle. "Well, I'm afraid then that she never will marry, and I should be sorry to see a fine woman like Caroline withering into an old maid."

"She certainly will," said I, "unless you and mother stretch forth your hands and give her liberty to seek her destiny in the mode in which nature inclines her. You will never get *her* to go husband-hunting. The mere idea suggested to her of exhibiting her charms in places of resort, in the vague hope of being chosen, would be sufficient to keep her out of society. She has one of those independent natures to which it is just as necessary to happiness that she

should make her own way, and just as irksome to depend on others, as it is for most young men. She has a fine philosophic mind, great powers of acquisition, a curiosity for scientific research; and her desire is to fit herself for a physician.—a sphere perfectly womanly, and in which the motherly nature of woman can be most beautifully developed. Now, help her with your knowledge through the introductory stages of study, and use your influence afterward to get her father to give her wider advantages."

"Well, the fact is," said my uncle, "Caroline is a splendid nurse; she has great physical strength and endurance, great courage and presence of mind, and a wonderful power of consoling and comforting sick people. She has borrowed some of my books, and seemed to show a considerable acuteness in her remarks on them. But somehow the idea that a lovely young woman should devote herself to medicine, has seemed to me a great waste, and I never seriously encouraged it."

Notices.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

Next month we commence a serial story of great interest, entitled "That Winter." The scene is laid in Canada, and it illustrates the foibles of society in our smaller cities and towns.

Our next number will have, besides the story already mentioned, several special attractions. There will be a Christmas story, by the author of the lively sketch "How we Received Prince Arthur;" an account of a thrilling Skating Adventure, by J. G. Bourinot; and a second paper on Miss Macpherson's work, which is such an important one for Canada, as well as for the children she rescues from misery.

We had hoped to place before our readers

this month a sketch of the life of Louis Joseph Papineau, prepared especially for us by a gentleman fully competent for the work, with a portrait; but this is unavoidably postponed to a future number.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The NEW DOMINION MONTHLY is to great extent dependent on the good-will of subscribers for its ultimate success. It is a very little matter for each subscriber to obtain one new name and remit the money for both, and yet this would at once double our subscription list. We hope our friends will recommend the magazine as widely as possible.