

worshipping romantically at a distance, but the time was past for that kind of thing, and I had now either to school myself into prosaically regarding Miss Erle as a lady about whom I knew nothing, or to manage somehow to get an introduction to her, and embark on the somewhat desperate enterprise of supplanting her present admirer.

I was still brooding over this question, one day elaborating complicated plans for becoming acquainted with Miss Erle, the next abandoning them all, and resolving to choose the more discreet course of forgetting my fanciful regard for her, when what was my surprise one morning to see my rival, as I theatrically dubbed him, walking along the corridors of the college as if he were quite at home there. Upon enquiring, I learned that he was a student of Modern Languages in his third year, having stayed out the previous year on account of ill health. I at once resolved to make his acquaintance, and took advantage of the next meeting of the Literary Society to get a mutual friend to introduce me to him, and a very pleasant fellow he seemed.

It did not take long for Graham (that was his name) and myself to become great friends. Being in the same course, we had a common interest in our university work, and besides he was exceedingly well versed in miscellaneous literature; indeed, to my imagination, familiar with very few authors outside of Tennyson, Scott and Dickens, he opened a whole world of literary thought. We used frequently to take long walks together, and I would listen with the deepest interest while he perhaps sketched the last book he had been reading, after which we would discuss the ideas contained or criticize the artistic merit of the work with all conceivable complacency. Or we would go together on Sunday evenings to the Lutheran Church or to the little French Canadian Chapel on King St. to practise our ear in pronunciation. It may be imagined that in the unsettled state in which my feelings towards Miss Erle still were, I frequently tried to give a personal bias to my conversation with Graham, but though he always listened with attention and interest when I spoke of my relations and friends I could never induce him to volunteer any information about his own. Never did he refer even distantly to Miss Erle, and only once he mentioned his parents, and that was when he invited me to have a drink on the strength of his father's having increased his allowance. He never invited me to his house, and for some time refused to accept my hospitality, but at length one night after church I persuaded him to come in and have a glass of ale. We sat till well on towards morning smoking and drinking, and when he was leaving I said, with a scarcely suppressed smile, that I hoped he would drop in any time he happened to be in the neighbourhood. He did not notice anything peculiar in my manner, but answered quite simply that he was in the habit of frequently visiting the house across the way, as I very probably had noticed, and that he would be most happy to call and smoke with me.

This speech puzzled me strangely. It was delivered with such unconscious naturalness that it made me almost doubt the evidence of the events of the past year, and opened up the old question of my relations with Miss Erle. Perhaps Graham was merely an old friend of hers, and if so, here was the problem solved at once. He should introduce me, I would be certain of his support, for I knew he liked me, and I had nothing to do but go in and win,—if I could. But then, who ever heard of a man visiting a woman three times a week unless she was something more than merely an old friend. And besides, how was I to broach the subject with Graham? All the next day I wrestled with this tormenting doubt and in the evening was no nearer its solution. After tea I could settle

down to nothing, but went for a long walk by myself, determined to arrive at a conclusion; but with no result. I arrived at my house, sure only of one thing, that I felt very tired and lonely. I sat for some time in the dark, and then arose to pull down the window-blind preparatory to lighting my lamp, when I saw Graham and Miss Erle appear on the steps opposite. I stood watching them as they talked together. It was an exquisite pleasure to watch Miss Erle with the silver moonlight streaming over her golden hair and her lovely face, and I forgot all my recent mental struggles, and feasted on her presence with the same simple delight as when I first saw her, but when I saw Graham bend over and kiss her good-night, I pulled down the blind with a jerk, and started forth with the single idea of walking, walking, till I could control my thoughts. As I became more calm, I realized that the one thing I had to do was to kill my dream that I might keep my friend.

When I returned to my room and to bed, I had decided that I would speak to Graham, congratulate him as sincerely as I could, and I had sufficient confidence in my ability to conceal my own sentiments.

Accordingly, the next day I made a point of asking him to drop in, and as soon as he was comfortably settled, and a fitting opportunity occurred, I began:

"I trust you won't think me impertinent, but you know, living where I do, I could not help noticing your frequent visits to Miss Erle, and, indeed, you as much as acknowledged them to me your-elf. I think it only friendly to congratulate you. I'm sure she seems a lovely girl, and you ought to be the happiest fellow in the world."

I sat watching him, hoping that my face did not betray any unusual emotion. He looked at me in a puzzled way for a few minutes, then gave a low whistle, and said thoughtfully:

"So, you are the unknown friend who sent the roses to Miss Erle last winter"

This was too much. After all my efforts at self-control, to be taunted thus was unbearable. I sprang up, crimson with anger and confusion, and blurted out:

"Well, if I am Miss Erle's unknown friend, I suppose there's no particular reason why you should be the only person with sufficient good taste to admire her?"

Then I walked to the window and stood with my back towards him.

After a pause he said slowly: "Oh, there's no reason in the world, old fellow, only Miss Erle, as you call her, is my cousin, has been married for two years to a captain in Her Majesty's navy, and I go to the house three times a week to teach her German." Then he whistled again, said, with a laugh, "We are such stuff as dreams are made of, etc.; I am going home to bed. Good-night, old man."

I did not look round, but he gave my hand a warm squeeze, I heard his footsteps on the stairs, the street-door banged, and I was left alone gazing forth from my boarding-house window.

HENRI.

THE BROOKLET.

"Thou Brooklet, clear and sparkling,
Oh whither dost thou run?
And where amid the mountains
Hast thou thy course begun?"

"Nay, I keep flowing, flowing,
I know not where nor why;
The rain drops sometimes prattle,
'Thou camest from the blue sky.'

"And as they stroke my bosom,
The breezes whisper me,
That all we little brooklets
Shall rest in one wide sea."

J.

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

"Have you ever been in the woods?"

As may another Canadian would have been, I was fired with indignation at the mere insinuation that I, who had from earliest days wandered through the maple groves and tall pines,