

company of Mrs. Tupper, he had seen her only on the street. True he had gone to several evening parties of various kinds in the hope of meeting her there, and each time was disappointed: but at this one he felt sure she would be present.

Was he to be disappointed again? Who can tell?

Sometimes as Leonard sat in his study, toying with his pen, he used to write little fanciful tales—full of meaning though—about the one who dwelt, unconsciously to herself, in his fond admiration. This was what he was now doing. Could you have read his day-dream as he sat there writing it you would have seen that it was about a young man—none other than Leonard himself, of course—standing beside a river and looking up at the thousand stars that shone in the night sky. But to this young man one star seemed brighter and more beautiful than any other; and as he stood and watched it, suddenly the star became a queen! And then this queen came and stood beside him, and they talked a long, long while as they walked together by the river. And then, in due time, after the manner of tales, the queen became the young man's bride.

After reading this over and telling himself how foolish he was to write such nonsense, he folded it up, and—

Knock, knock!

"Come in," he answered.

"It is five o'clock, sir," said the servant, "and the door bell has just rung."

"Well, if it is Mr. Granton just ask him to come in here, Tom."

Then Leonard tossed his tale into the grate, and sat watching the flames as he awaited the entrance of his friend.

Punctual to the minute Mr. Granton had come.

Each expressed his joy at seeing the other in that hearty way peculiar to students. Even if one was an eloquent preacher and the other a wealthy merchant, they both felt, for a few minutes at least, that they were boys again.

For a while they laughed and joked about the innocent capers of their college days; and soon six o'clock had come, so they retired to the dining-room.

Here things material and immaterial provided both kinds of refreshment.