

ed Lawrence. The two assistants seldom met without the respective merits of the lads becoming a theme for warm discussion; and the young friends were opposed as rivals to each other.

But the spirit of animosity that influenced the parents, did not extend to their children. The generous youths stood firmly together—sharing the same purse, and entering with avidity into the same plans, and every effort to break their affectionate league proved ineffectual; but what the interference of their mis-judging friends could not bring about, envy accomplished.

Mr. Wilson, the head builder, was greatly interested in the mechanical studies of the two young men, and often invited them to spend the day together at his house. On one of these occasions, he promised a valuable chest of tools to the one who could produce the best model of a frigate.

Full of hope, the friends set to work, and each produced a draught, which gave the artist great promise of success when the models were completed: Crawford's did not display the bold and masterly genius which characterized Lockhart, yet the little vessel itself, was so neatly and exquisitely finished, and looked so pretty, that Lawrence deemed the tools already his own.

Great was his mortification and disappointment, when he found that, in spite of the rude workmanship, Lockhart's model gained the prize, while his own was not regarded with the attention which he thought its merits deserved. His chagrin increased, when Mr. Wilson proceeded to point out the defects concealed beneath the polished exterior of his little vessel.

Crawford's friendship could not stand this severe test—Lockhart was deeply grieved at the chagrin manifested by him, on this occasion; and, with his usual generosity, offered to divide the tools. Lawrence coldly rejected the offer; and for the first time in his life, he beheld in his kind warm hearted friend a formidable rival.

At this period, Crawford's uncle invited him to spend a few weeks in the country. Archibald, parted with his beloved companion with unfeigned regret. Crawford's visit, owing to indisposition, was protracted for many months.

Lockhart was restless and unhappy during his absence, and wrote many affectionate letters, expressing the deep concern he felt for his illness, and his impatience to behold him again. Lawrence was not insensible to these demonstrations of kindness, and a few hours after his return to ———, he paid Lockhart a visit.

He found the youth in his workshop, half buried in chips, and his dress and implements in great disorder. He raised his handsome face as Lawrence entered, and uttered a cry of joyful surprise. He threw down the plane he had in his hand, and cast himself into his friend's arms, while the moisture that

gathered on his dark silken bushes, added a softened brilliancy to his fine hazel eyes.

"You are very busy, Archy," said Crawford after returning Lockhart's cordial embrace and affectionate enquiries after his health, "what new whim have you taken into that speculative brain of yours?"

A glow of pleasure flushed Lockhart's cheek, and thrusting his fingers hastily through his neglected curls, he replied.

"Now laugh at me Larry, for an ambitious fool. I am going to send a model to the Society for the Encouragement of the Arts, and my father flatters me with the hope of gaining a medal."

"Indeed!" said Lawrence—his cheek blanching as Lockhart's brightened—"what improvement have you made in the arts?"

"No inconsiderable one I hope," said Archibald, with all the pride of art, he drew forth his model, which was in a great state of forwardness; it is an improved life-boat. Examine it well—and give me your opinion of its merits—and what chance I have of success?"

"Both appear great," said Crawford, scarcely able to conceal his envy. But how, Archy, can you bestow such rough work upon a model which displays such genius?"

"Don't be so precise, my dear fellow," exclaimed the enthusiastic Lockhart. It is the first thought,—the original plan, that proves the abilities of the artist—any drudge may make a smooth surface.

"Neatness and elegance would greatly improve your model though."

"Not a bit! not a bit! Have you forgotten our frigates?"

Lockhart meant to give no offence, but Crawford reddened with indignation. He considered the unlucky allusion as a personal insult, and taking up his hat, left the workshop.

During his walk home, he indulged in a thousand bitter reflections. "Lockhart's model is excellent. He will in all probability win the medal. How little I shall then appear—how angry my father will be at the fuss Mr. Lockhart will make about his son's genius. Had I been lucky enough to make the same discovery—my model should have lost nothing for the want of neat and elegant workmanship. Besides—I perceive that the original plan is capable of a very great and important improvement."

Archibald was so deeply absorbed with his model that he paid little attention to his friends' criticisms, or to the length and frequency of his visits to his workshop, and the minute manner in which he examined his little vessel.

The model was at length completed, Archibald's name was entered among the list of competitors, and the boat submitted to the inspection of the committee. The important day arrived, when the candidates were to appear in person, and answer the questions proposed to them by the honourable mem-