

and brightest pupils, and it was not often that the "roll of honour" failed to contain the name of Frank Kingston. At the midsummer closing of the school it was Mr. Warren's practice to award a number of simple prizes to the pupils whose record throughout the half-year had been highest in the different subjects, and year after year Frank had won a goodly share of these trophies, which were always books, so that now there was a shelf in his room upon which stood in attractive array Livingstone's "Travels," Ballantyne's "Hudson Bay," Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" side by side with "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Tom Brown at Rugby." Frank knew these books almost by heart, yet never wearied of turning to them again and again. He drew inspiration from them. They helped to mould his character, although of this he was hardly conscious, and they filled his soul with a longing for adventure and enterprise that no ordinary everyday career could satisfy. He looked forward eagerly to the time when he would take a man's part in life and attempt and achieve notable deeds. With Amyas Leigh he traversed the tropical wilderness of Southern America, or with the "Young Fur Traders" the hard-frozen wastes of the boundless North, and he burned to