

der if she will care! What a bother it is people have to be so proper! Why can't Jessie come with me, instead of being obliged to have some respectable female to take care of her, and beautifully in the way, if she only knew it."

At length the longed for hour arrived, and Charlie, resplendent in shining boots and snowy cravat, made his way to the Convocation Hall. He was kept in misery for some time, looking anxiously for Jessie, who did not make her appearance till late in the evening, and then she entered leaning on her father's arm. Charlie came very near making some very impolite and disrespectful remarks towards the "old gentleman," as he denominated Mr. Wyndgate, but wisely restrained himself; and as soon as possible made his way to his young lady's side. She received him very graciously, permitting him to hover about her, and take her into the Museum to show her some curiosities. Charlie cast sundry triumphant glances towards Sharpe as he marched proudly out of the room with Jessie on his arm; however, he could not have the pleasure of escorting her home, but when on asking her if she would not come and see him take his degree, she smilingly promised to do so, if she could, and congratulated him so warmly, Charlie forgot his disappointment, and thought himself the happiest fellow that ever lived; he did not even remember to tell her of his proposed departure, but after he had left her with her father, he was in such good spirits that he made himself generally agreeable even to Sharpe, and took Miss Ponsonby into supper, making himself useful as well as ornamental.

The next afternoon, true to her promise, Miss Jessie Wyndgate honored the Convocation Hall with her graceful presence, and looked so lovely that Charlie wished he might kneel before her, instead of on that formidable-looking cushion, and before the stern-looking principal, whom Charlie declared appeared, for all the world, like some fierce executioner. Charlie rushed down after all was over, in his haste nearly

breaking his neck over the tail of his tattered gown, and managed to reach Jessie before she disappeared. Completely out of breath, he could say nothing, and only gazed at her in speechless admiration. She at length remarked:

"Your feelings seem to have overcome you, Mr. Clifford. You look very nervous."

"Oh, not at all," gasped the youth, "I—I was in a hurry."

"Indeed," said his fair enchantress, "why, what occasion was there for your feeling hurried? There was plenty of time after you took your degree for the rest to be capped."

"Oh, I did not mean that," exclaimed the young B.A. "I was in a hurry to get up to you. I have something to say to you."

Now Charlie had intended to broach the subject of his intended departure suddenly, and then, scanning Jessie's face, endeavor to read there what were her feelings in the matter; but now, in "his blundering way," he had given her ample time to prepare herself, and answer him coolly. He was delighted to find that Miss Wyndgate, who had been walking in front with a friend, was to leave her sister at the next corner. When Margaret had thus unconsciously given great satisfaction, by turning her steps in another direction, young Clifford asked Jessie to take a walk, which she did. It was rather a silent one, and they had nearly reached the Rectory, when Charlie said, abruptly:

"Miss Jessie, I think of leaving home before long."

"Do you?" replied the fair girl, quietly.

"But I mean to leave home altogether."

"Yes," said Jessie, in the same tone; "I am very sorry."

"Are you," said Charlie, "very sorry?"

"Yes," replied Jessie, "I am always sorry to say good-bye to any one."

"Humph!" muttered her admirer. "I suppose if that fellow Sharpe was going away, you would feel bad enough; but because it is only I who am leaving, you only say you are *always* sorry to bid people good-