

BEGINNING LIFE.

I began life by running away from home, Bolieau, we are told, was driven into his career by the hand of fate and the peck of a turkey. Attila started in life with no other cause and capital than an old sword, and which he palmed off for the divine weapon of Mars; and Robespierre owed his political career to wetting his stockings, and there heard "words which burn," which fired his soul, and determined his course in life. My running from home arose from a minor mortification, caused by carrying a pretty girl over the brook.

Donald Lean and myself were good friends at fourteen years of age, and we both regarded, with little more than friendship, Helen Graham, "our oldest girl at school." We romped and danced together, and this lasted such a length of time, that it is with feelings of bewilderment that I look back upon the mystery of two lovers continuing friends. But the time was to come when jealousy lit her spark in my boyish bosom, and blew it into a consuming flame.

Well do I remember how and when the "greeneyed" perpetrated this incendiary deed. It was on a cold October evening, when Helen, Donald and myself were returning with our parents from a neighbouring hamlet. As we approached a ford where the water ran somewhat higher than ankle deep, we proposed to carry Helen across as we were accustomed to with hands interwoven "chair fashion," and thus carried our pretty passenger over the brook. Just as we were in the middle of the water—which was cold enough to have frozen anything like feeling out of boys less hardy than ourselves—a faint pang of jealousy nipped my heart. Why it was I knew not for we had carried Helen across the brook

ere now, without emotion, but this evening I thought or fancied that Helen gave Donald an undue preference by casting her arm around his neck, while she steadied herself on my side by holding the cuff of my jacket.

No flame can burn so quick, or with so little fuel as jealousy. Before we had reached the opposite bank I wished Donald at the "bottom of the sea." Being naturally impetuous I burst out with—

"You need na haud sae gingerly, Helen, as if ye feared a fa.' I can aye carry ye lighter than Donald can carry half of ye."

Surprised at the vehemance of my tone, our qucen interposed with an admission that we were both strong, and that she had no idea of sparing my power. But Donald's ire was kindled, and he utterly denied that I was at all qualified to compete with him in feats of moral courage. On such topics boys are generally emulous, and by the time we reached the opposite bank, it was settled that the point should be determined by our singly bearing Helen across the ford in our arms.

Helen was to determine who had carried her most essily, and I settled with myself privately in advance that the one who had obtained the preference would really be the person who stood highest in her affections. The reflection stimulated me to exert every effort, and I verily believe to this day, that I could have carried Donald and Helen on either arm like feathers. But I must not anticipate.

We suffered all the rest of the party to pass quietly along, and then returned with Helen, with the utmost care I carried her like an infant to the middle of the water. Jealousy had inspired a warmer love, and it was