

three of us take a walk round the mountain. To be obliged to spend Sunday in a boarding-house, especially in the City of Montreal, is about the most miserable thing which can be imagined. I am a kind of fellow who never makes friends, and can get along pretty well without them. At that time I knew no one, I may say, in Montreal, and consequently did not receive invitations to dinner or tea on Sundays, as a great many other men did. Neither did Blake know anyone, so that we spent Sunday together. I made a rule of rising between eleven and twelve, and very often went without my breakfast lest I should have no appetite for my dinner, which came on punctually at one. Blake religiously went to church morning and evening, as all respectable and well-brought-up youths should. I went in the evening, as a rule, more because it was a change of scene, and helped to pass away the time, than for any other reason. Like a certain famous lawyer, "I belonged to no church, but was an honorary member of them all." Sunday was the great day with us for reading novels and writing letters, and also for paying and receiving calls. I am afraid the respectable reader who spends his Sunday in the bosom of his happy family, will be very much shocked at this confession. He thinks, probably, that this was a terrible way of spending the first day of the week. He will be more shocked to know that students have even been known to play cards on Sunday, and worse still, to play for money. Some, of course, attend Sunday school, and some take part in religious exercises at the Young Men's Christian Association, but the great majority do nothing of the kind. When I get a wife and a comfortable house I intend to inaugurate a new mission in Montreal. There are at present missions of all kinds for girls; there is the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Servant Girls, there is the Young Women's Association, there is the W. C. Temperance Union, there are evening schools where dancing and cookery are taught, there are homes and refuges of all sorts superintended by good and kind people. I think it is now time that some attention were given to the young men of the city, and I accordingly propose to found an association for asking students who are strangers in the city out to dine on Sundays, and, in fact, for doing the good Samaritan to them generally. How even I should have appreciated in those days an invitation to dinner on Sundays and a walk with the young ladies in the afternoon. It wasn't that Mrs. Slitherum didn't feed us well enough, but it was just that it would have done one good to partake for one day in the week of the feeling of being in a home.

I said that I noticed that Blake was beginning to feel lonely, and so he was. Especially of a Sunday afternoon, as the shadows deepened, and the stillness of the day of rest increased, his heart longed with an inexpressible want; he became subject to day-dreams, and I have even seen his eyes suffused with tears. I relieved him as much as possible, and had great fear that he was in for a fit of sickness. And sure enough he was, although it was only love sickness—he was in a state of predisposition to that fatal malady. He was not then in love, but he was on the very verge

of that state, gradually sinking, as it were, into the pond. I have a theory that the fact of one's falling in love depends little or nothing upon the object who is supposed to give rise to the sacred passion; I believe it depends to the greatest extent upon the condition in which the subject happens to be at the particular epoch, and, though one is more naturally attracted towards a young and handsome or pretty person than towards an old and decrepit one, still, if the former were not present, I have not the slightest doubt but that we should be equally infatuated with the latter. Well, then, I consider that Blake's mental and physical system was at that period in a state predisposed to love, and that was the reason that he was thus smitten down at such an early age. I first found the secret out one evening that Brown, himself, and myself were at a concert together in the Queen's Hall. Shortly after we were seated a young lady, accompanied by an elderly person, evidently her mother, entered and took her seat immediately behind us. Blake did not seem to notice them particularly when they came in, but after a short time the young lady said something to her mother, and when he heard her voice he blushed slightly and gave a perceptible start. This made me suspicious, and by a little manoeuvring I looked behind to see if I knew who the people were, when I recognized our friend who drove the nice horses, and who had excited Clooney's curiosity on Sherbrooke street. Leaning over, I whispered in Brown's ear, and asked him if he knew who they were, and he told me that it was Mrs. Mayflower and her daughter, Miss Edith Josephine Mayflower. That night, when we went home, I chaffed Blake about the young lady, and he there and then confessed to me that he was in love with her, and would give worlds to have an introduction. He had never spoken to her, and had never heard her speak until that evening, when her voice seemed to send a thrill of pleasure through his veins and to overpower his whole nature. He told me that when she came into the hall that evening he had not noticed her, but that the minute she spoke he knew she was there, although he had never heard her voice before. This was somewhat of an hallucination on his part, I feel sure, although he sticks persistently to his statement. I told him the young lady's name, and gave him some sound advice about sticking to his work and not minding the girls, because I knew that nothing would prove so ruinous to his career at college as a love affair. To read for honours in mathematics and at the same time be over head and ears in love is, perhaps, the most impossible task which any young man could have cut out for him. The society man never was and never will be a success at college. Blake took my warning in good part, but I imagine the only effect it had was to make him a little more reticent with me about his feelings.

We had now settled down to work, and were even beginning to think a little about the Christmas examinations. The Sports day had come and gone, and all the fellows were sticking closer to their books. Neither of us had taken any part in the Sports, but Cutler, a medical, who boarded in the same house, had, and I blessed him for it. He took it into his