

on a *casuse*, or Indian pony. A tin can and cup were hung over one arm; and when he had come up with his companions, and proceeded to pour out hot coffee from the corked can, a shout of "Tom, you *are* a brick!" went up heartily from both. Clad in their bright-coloured flannel shirts, their trousers turned up to the knee, they formed a picturesque group as they sat under a clump of maples beginning to assume the rich autumnal red. The sun flickered through the leaves on the impromptu picnic, as the coffee-can passed from hand to hand. Phil even began, in the lightness of his heart, to favour his companions with his one song—

*"For it's my delight,  
On a shiny night,  
In the season of the year."*

"Fo-o-or"—a prolonged roar on the upper F, in a rich though rough tenor—was suddenly cut short, and a deep crimson overspread Phil Hart's face and neck. The others looked at him with surprise, and, following the direction of his eyes, caught sight, on the path at the top of the bank, of a dainty female figure. It was a girl of some nineteen years, with rich brown hair and a clear, healthy complexion, and just now with a merry