

what I have lost. I have decided upon going to Canada."

"Are you again really determined to leave us, Fred?"

"Yes, mother, I am more than determined. I am ready to leave to-morrow if I choose to go."

"If you go, my son, you will go against the wishes of your parents and every relative you have; and if you go in such a manner and under the present circumstances you cannot carry along with you '*a mother's blessing*.'"

"I don't care!" replied Fred haughtily. "Mother, you have no love for me. You have vindicated the guilty actions of Clara in opposition to my opinions. You have tantalised my soul by so doing. I shall no longer bear the insults you heap upon me,"—and therewith Fred arose and made his exit abruptly from the room.

It appears that for several weeks past Fred had been ruminating upon going to Canada, reviving as it were his former intentions. His sore throat had originated from sudden exposure to the raw air of night on coming out from a crowded hall where he had been listening to a highly-colored lecture upon Canada and the Clerkenwell-Emigration-Scheme. The recent occurrence had made him still more determined, and also, afforded, as he considered, a sufficient plea to justify his purpose. That same evening, immediately after tea, his father being made