

deserves,—nature takes every opportunity of showing the way. It is *so hard* for a woman to distinguish herself!"

The listener made a series of faces expressive of mock-heroic patience under exaggerated suffering.

"I will not miss my lecture," pursued the other in the same even tones. "It would be my first breach in the regulations I have made for myself. I've planned it all out, and written down seventeen rules, and I won't begin breaking them." She ended with a despondent sigh.

Miss Turner mused over the intensity of such devotion. "Oh," she cried quickly, "how good you are,—how I wish I were as good! Why, you're like somebody in George Eliot? Oh, you poor, unhappy thing?" And the brunette was prettily affectionate.

The heroine from George Eliot sighed again. "Even for men," she lamented pathetically, "who are strong, talent is often unhappiness; but for women it can be nothing but misery." She had read it somewhere.

"Oh, how noble you are, dear! We will be true friends, won't we?" pleaded Miss Turner, "and tell each other everything? We will—you must join our Greek letter society—you will, won't you, dear? I will propose you at the next meeting. Oh, it's just splendid,—you can't imagine! You must be as secret as—as the grave! When I was initiated, I felt awfully solemn, as solemn"—and her voice became sober with recollected awe—"as if I were being married!"

"I—I don't know," faltered Miss Easton, in a voice as faint as the blush on her cheek, at the other's audacity.

"Why, Miss Prim!" cooed the brunette, and her laughter rippled over the silence. She patted Miss Easton's cheek and pressed the pale face against her breast. "How pretty you are, dear," she murmured, "with your hair brushed down like that in front! I wonder how I should look!" She started up and went into the adjoining room, leaving the door open, and, taking up a brush, she smoothed down the loose hair above her forehead. Then, holding it on either side with her hands to keep it down, she glanced into the mirror.

"Oh! oh! oh!" she laughed; "I look slyer than anything in the world! That would never do."

The sound of the bell from the tower invaded the room while she still stood scrutinizing her mirrored demureness. Immediately she began to arrange her dress for walking, looking first over one shoulder and then over the other, at her skirt behind. Then she caught up her mouse coloured notebook, with the red edges, and went out into the corridor.

II.

It was rarely beautiful weather, that afternoon; the lingering sunshine was pensive with autumn's melancholy. September was past, but the maples and beeches in the fields back of the College had kindled day by day, and stood a flame of red and gold against the sky; and the air that rustled the luminous boughs was warm and moist with woodland odours.

Miss Turner strolled along the path that passes Convocation Hall and leads the wanderer by pleasant ways on to McMaster Hall and out on Bloor Street. Jack French strolled by her side; they were in the same year, and had many things in common to talk of, doubtless. The Senate has deemed it not unfitting that youths and maidens should tread alike the same road to knowledge; why should their footsteps, on departing, seek diverse paths?

The two crossed the narrow plank that spans the dry channel of the brook that flowed of old down to the ravine, and they passed on under the maples. Somewhere in the distance there were bands of school children in noisy quest of beech-

nuts; and a far-voiced crow cawed faintly at times from the soft blue of the sky.

"I was thinking," said French, in his careless, laughing voice, "I was thinking—"

"Yes, yes!" eagerly prompted Miss Turner, "thinking,—(of course you can't have been doing it long!)—really thinking—"

French laughed at her light mockeries and made no answer. "Oh, let us get those asters!" she cried suddenly, as her eye caught the blue glimpse of wildflowers among the tangled grasses at the edge of the ravine. There the shade was denser; earlier in the season, when the sun could look through the maple-boughs, it saw a host of flowers among the ground vines that tangled round mouldering stumps. The asters and the white ox-eyed daisies lingered latest.

She led the way to a granite boulder, where she sat for some moments in smiling silence, while French gathered the flowers. "Do you know," she said, arranging them and holding them out critically before her, to get the effect, "I wonder how they would look in my hat!"

She began to undo the elastic from her hair; but there were hair-pins upon which it was entangled, and she dropped her arms and tried to unloose her glove. It was fastened by one of those little clasps which are so hard to undo, and after many attempts she was obliged to look up at French in despair.

"May I?" he ventured.

"Why, if you will be so very kind," she answered, and held out her hand. It was a task of some moments, and the young man wrought at it in silence. "Oh, is it really finished?" she asked when it was done, and took her hand from him. She pulled off her glove, and put her hand to her hair again, feeling about with quick feminine fingers. "I'm afraid, Mr. French," she appealed at last with an embarrassed little laugh, "that I must tax your kindness once more. Would you be so very good as to look what can be the matter?" And she bent round her slim, lithe shape, that he might see.

"It's caught," he answered gravely, "on a hair-pin."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Miss Turner.

"May I—," asked French, after a pause.

"Why—yes—please," she answered faintly.

He knelt down on the rock beside her, and his hand scarcely touched the warm, fragrant, silken mass, as he lightly disengaged the string. When he handed her the hat, she thanked him for it very sweetly, and laid it in her lap. But she let the flowers lie as they had fallen, and sat with a downcast, absent gaze at her hat; and French would not change the delight of her silence for the delight of her speech.

"How still and beautiful it is here," she said gently, lifting her eyes at last. "Do you know, I sometimes think the invisible wall between the two worlds is nowhere so thin as in places like this." Miss Turner looked up at French with the eyes of a nun. "It seems as if one could draw nearer better influences here than anywhere else. Of course, I suppose you should be good, no matter where you are, but then you don't always want to be good, do you? You won't laugh at me for moralizing, will you? Oh, I wish you knew Miss Easton better! She is noble,—she has more talent and character than all the rest of us girls put together."

She bent over a spray of aster, making it tilt on its stem, and was silent for some moments. Then she began, as if unconsciously, to whistle in a soft, low note. Catching her breath, she drew up her eyebrows and exclaimed, "Why, excuse me, excuse me! What shocking behaviour in company!"