

Never boy had a more tender, thoughtful, appreciative mother. And he had well repaid her care. Through fourteen perilous years of life had he come in safety. Straight as an arrow, morally, as well as physically — a grand, truthful, earnest-hearted boy.

Was there need for tears in connection with such a boy as that?

Let me tell you: There had come to that mother on the very morning of which I write, a sudden, rude awakening.

It chanced that her boy Robert was rapidly approaching the crisis of the disease known in these days as examination fever, and, in his intense desire to "pass," heart and brain were being strained to their utmost tension. He had been tempted to late hours over his books the night before, and had overslept that morning, yet, between the hasty mouthfuls of breakfast which he took, he made dashes into certain studies in which he was to be examined that day.

"Do you really suppose I'll *pass*, mother?" He asked the question for perhaps the thirteenth time as she came through the room, bearing an armful of fresh table linen. Be it recorded that, hurried and preoccupied though he was, he sprang forward and opened the door for his mother.

"Of course you will pass," she answered, regarding him with smiling face and fond, proud eyes.

"I don't know about it; the examination is awful hard this time: the fellows who went through it last year say this is about the toughest one we'll have. History is the worst. Dates, you know; they go and mix themselves up so horridly. I'm *awful* on dates. I wish I had my book here; I don't see how I came to forget it."

So the boy talked on, more to himself than his mother, who passed in and out, intent on household cares, yet wearing always a sympathetic face, and having an answer ready for whatever could be answered.

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