

supposition that no doubt can possibly exist of the fact that I really had a father and a mother, and actually was born, if not at Montreal, at least somewhere else, I dismiss the subject with the old Aberdonian gaid-wife's consolatory remark, "Far better a teem hoose than an ill teenant."

With regard to school-boy days, least said is soonest mended. Kind and contra school-masters have been so often dragged before the public, will he nil he, and shown off with all their various points and qualities, good and bad, as the case might be, that any attempt on my part to delineate the ruling Academicus of my Academia would be, not only presuming, but preposterous. I will therefore give those days, with their well-remembered smile or word of approbation, together with their equally well-treasured scowl of anger, the go bye; promising always that many and many a time, when walking my "lonely round" in the dark and silent hours of night, those days have thrown their ever-living light across my solitary path, and I have in imagination revelled again amid the scenes and joys of boyhood.

Having proceeded thus far, satisfactorily I hope to all parties, I will, with my reader's kind permission, take another step which will bring both him and I to another period of life; the transition state, neither that of man or boy, but partaking of a most delightful mixture of both, when every thing around seems clad in holiday apparel, when we see things through a glass, not "darkly," but too brightly, when we invest the world and the ordinary circumstances of life with a bright and blooming beauty, which, so often, under the stern teachings of reality fades away and leaves the scene in its true and natural state. Not that I mean to say the reality is as forbidding as the ideal was tempting in its aspect. I am not of those who imagine that the path of life is so studded with thorns and briars that there is no spot upon which the foot may rest without feeling their sharp points pricking to the bone. Nor am I one who dreams that that path is strewn with roses, where every step we take but