

bright, energetic, manful, splendid fellow, over thirty, and who had seen a bit of the outside world. Third, Duncan McRae, a young man who had unfortunately lost one of his legs from below the knee, and was trying to fit himself for some other kind of work. And fourth and last, my poor self, getting up towards manhood, but very uncertain as to what my future course of life was to be. I do not suppose that the whole four of us had \$100 of money in our pockets then—I had none at all—but, nevertheless, our prospects seemed as bright as could be wished for, and we were going to do great things by and by. We built all sorts of castles in the air, but forgot to put foundations under them, and what chats and discussions and laughs we had there! And after our lesson in classics was over we would generally end the day by trying who could jump the farthest from a hewed block in front of the door step, and it was often the brave lad with the one leg.

But where are they all now? Two of them are in their graves in the United States, and the other two, though living yet, are more than three thousand miles apart from each other, Andrew Fletcher in California and I in the rocky wilderness of Northern Ontario.

“We are such stuff as dreams are made of.”

#### *School Mastering.*

The following winter I got a school in the Lewis settlement back of us, and was “passing rich” on a salary of \$200 a year. In fact, I have never felt so