

tions you will encounter. But I will say, take care whom you make your friends at college. Colleges are little worlds, with good, bad, and indifferent people in them. You may fall into a good set, and leave college almost entirely ignorant of the fact that there was a volcano near you. Or you may fall in with a bad set, and be swallowed up. Never wait till examination time to study. Work thoroughly throughout the year, and you will not only have received, but digested, a great mass of information. Finally, I know you are not rich, but stint yourself a little rather than refuse subscriptions that you have satisfied yourself are *bona fide* institutions of the college. I have packed up a number of my books for you, which you shall have to-morrow, and if there is anything in which I can advise you, either as an old McGill man, or as a fellow-mortal, be sure you tell me, and you shall have my help and advice. You have been my most brilliant pupil; you are going where there are many better than you, partly on account of training, partly because nature was even more generous with them; and you will, doubtless, suffer defeat and feel shame. But study yourself. There is always one department in which you will be master. You may not know it for some time, but you will learn it in time, and then make that your life-work. Now for my own matter. I want you to hunt up Mr. James, in the city, he is an architect, I think, and give him this letter. You will do so, will you not?"

So saying, Mr. Forbes arose, and, lighting his pipe, buttoned up his coat to face the journey home. He was a character in the village of Frankville, a man of brilliant parts, whose ambition had burned itself out in youth, and who was now content to teach school in a clap-board house in a bosky dell, with a frail clematis climbing into the window. He had chosen the site of the school himself. The board wanted it in the heart of the village, but he had peculiar ideas on teaching, and bluntly said they would have to get another teacher if he was not allowed his own way.

"Children," he said, "learn a hundred times more from Nature than from books. Books are only substitutes for eyes, crutches for those who cannot travel alone. I want to let my pupils see the glory of nature and study her. I will not teach them to tear flowers to pieces to get at their fragrance, though some one must. But I want them to see the bee carry pollen from one plant to another on its body, to watch the habits of the birds, to mark how the stream sculpts the landscape. I want them to know every tree by its wood and its leaves, to know its haunts and its companions. Then I am ready to teach them fractions and Latin."

The people shook their heads at this, but the salary was small, and the man so well recommended, that they determined to try him.

This was six years before the commencement of this story. Mr. Forbes had had plenty of time to try his experiment, and had succeeded. His pupils did not cease their studies after school was out. They had had eyes before, now they knew how to use them. They had had ears, but they were deaf. Now they heard and understood. Self-reliant, robust, observ-

ant, this is what he had made them; and though some old fogies still shook their heads—that they might say, "I told you so," should anything go wrong—the village as a whole was well satisfied.

The moon had been rising since sunset, and was now well up in the sky; not very brilliant, however, but bright enough to reveal the road with clearness. Just as Mr. Forbes left the house, he called to Peter to join him in a short walk up the road.

"I'll send him back in five minutes, Miss Lizzie," he said, laughingly, to that young lady, as she opened the door for him. "I have something to say to him that I had forgotten, and I dare not turn back on account of its being unlucky."

Peter came, somewhat reluctantly, and attended Mr. Forbes along the country road. His companion was silent for a short distance, and Peter had almost determined to ask him what he had to say, when he turned and said—

"Peter, I am almost sorry I ever advised you to go to college."

"Why?" asked Peter, in astonishment. "Is it because you think I will not succeed?"

"It is success that I fear most, my boy," replied his teacher, solemnly.

Peter was silent. He felt that something was coming, and half guessed what it would be.

Mr. Forbes spoke again.

"Are you plighted to Lizzie, Peter? Nay, don't be angry with me. It is not curiosity that prompts this question. Tell me, are you engaged?"

"No, sir, but she has my handkerchief."

"Has your handkerchief! What do you mean?"

"Well, when a fellow wants to keep company with a girl, he gives her a handkerchief, and, if she is willing, she takes it. I thought you knew that, Mr. Forbes."

"No, Peter, I did not. You must remember that I am an old man, and not much consulted in love affairs. But I am glad it has gone as far as that. It is equivalent to an engagement, is it not?"

"Oh! no sir. She can give it back whenever she likes, and end it all."

"And do you think she will ever send it back?"

"No, I don't think so; and I shall never want it."

"I hope not, Peter; but that is just what I fear."

Peter made a gesture of annoyance.

"You all speak as if I were going to forget and forsake you. Do you think so ill of me as to dream I could leave the girl I love, for any inducement?"

"I fear so, my lad. You do not know what is before you. You will never leave her while you love her; but I fear you will soon forget her among your city friends. Oh! Peter, if the day ever comes when you are ashamed of her and deny her, she will die. That is what I fear. And I repeat, I am sorry I ever persuaded you to go from us, and I pray you will not meet with too great success."

"If ever I forget her, may success desert me," exclaimed Peter, hotly. "She has been my guiding star, and the further I go, still further will she lead me."

"Let us hope so," said Mr. Forbes, gently. "But promise me this. Before you go, place that ring you wear upon her finger."