

## A Son of Erin

"Yes, I am," he said, and there was a hint of painful longing in the glance he cast round the well-lined shelves. "If I could only be allowed to spend all my leisure time in a place like this I should make some use of it."

"I am sure you would, and there's no reason why you shouldn't spend as much time as you like here," she said, quickly. "I am fond of books, too; but, of course, only in a girl's fashion. I sometimes think that our education is such a mistake."

"All education is," he answered, with astonishing readiness. "I mean to say," he hastened to add, observing her surprise, "that no education is conducted on the proper lines in the schools. Of course, it is impossible to take account of individual minds; all are treated in the same way, and afterwards a good deal has to be undone."

"That is quite an indictment of our School Board system," she said, brightly; "but I am sure you would find my father agree with you. You have read a great many books, have you not? Is there any here you would like?"

"Oh, don't ask me," he said quickly. "I could take them all. Some day, if I live, I shall have a library like this."

"I am sure you will," she answered, more and more impressed, as her father had been in the morning, with the same hidden personal power which she could not have explained. She saw in him a mind above the common, a spirit perhaps somewhat out of tune with its surroundings, and a determination which must sooner or later ensure success. An interesting man beyond a doubt, and to those who knew him best eminently lovable. Adair Bremner was a thinker and