

"Yes! I know them. Because you are a burthen at present you must go away unnoticed and unknown. They would not let Annie come either, but a few years will arrange matters differently, Fred, I bet."

"Ah! a few years! How I wish they were past."

"They will pass in their own good time," exclaimed the boy, prophetically. "So now don't make yourself miserable. But Clara——" he leant over and whispered.

"No! she didn't?" the young man said as if doubting the evidence of his senses.

"But she did! She was with Annie at the time, and there were tears in her eyes, as she gave it to me. See here it is."

It was a small link of hair, that he handed his companion, who took, and kissed it eagerly, and with a species of reverence. "Oh! now I can go away gladly indeed. The pain of departure has lost all its bitterness."

They went arm in arm, lovingly towards the carriage into which the travellers were entering hastily.

"Take your seats, gentlemen, please," cried an official. "Ah! only one going; get in sir, if you please." Then he closed the door.

"Good bye, Fred!" said the boy standing on the platform, and holding the hand, extended through the window. "Good bye! and God bless you. I'll tell Clara all,—and more if you desire it," he added jokingly, and trying in vain to wink, but his eyes filled with tears in spite of him, and turned his head away to conceal them.

"Here, Good bye George. I suppose it would not be unmanly if we kissed one another?" He clasped the boy's hand in a vice-like grasp, and unmindful of observant eyes kissed him twice.

The train did not move for a minute, but not another word was spoken on either side. Both were mastered by their emotion. Presently, a shrill whistle, a hoarse scream from the engine, a dull, quick vibration as of something pawing the ground in impatience, a snort or two expressive of wild joy at release, and away shot the iron monster into the glorious sunlight, dragging its freight of youth and age, wealth and indigence, joy and sorrow, all strangely

intermingled, Frederick Graham sitting sadly, with the link of fair hair, wet with the rain of kisses, he poured upon it, in his thin hand,—all speeding with lightning swiftness, northwards.

II.

Frederick Graham had been five years in Paris, five long, weary years devoted by high-hearted youth to deep and patient study. Among the thousands who attended the Lectures in the School of Medicine, he was ever to be seen, pale and thoughtful, dreading to meet the learned lecturer's eye, yet drinking in, the while, the very soul of what was uttered, and storing it away in his busy brain. Esteemed by his fellow-students, wild, roaring dashing, jolly, devil-may-care blades, as a sort of handsome, goodnatured dunce, he lived alone. His hopes, if he had any, were known only to himself; his cares, and they were multitudinous, were shared by no loving heart. Never hearing from home, during that interminable time, friendless, and almost hopeless, he supplied to various journals, affording him only scant means of livelihood. The final examinations for degrees were held at length, and Frederick, who, distrusting his own abilities, well-nigh fainted at the trial, barely succeeded in securing a place in the list of young doctors. The multiplied labors, he had undergone, coupled with the excitement of a contest from which his sensitive nature shrunk, prevailed over his weakened energy and constitution, and he was stricken down, and carried to the Hotel Dieu, in a fever. In an interval of consciousness he gave the attending doctor his address, who immediately telegraphed to his friends. Then he relapsed again, and his ravings were renewed.

"This is a bad case, sister," said the doctor, three days afterwards, to a meek attentive nun, who sat at the sick man's head, wiping his wet brow, "a bad case. Poverty and neglect have done their fell work here. He is fearfully attenuated, and has, I fear, no strength to bear him up against the attack. Poor fellow?"

"Oh! we may hope still, may we not doctor?" returned the tender-hearted religious.