

at such times he would do and say things for which he was heartily sorry afterwards. But from those hateful qualities that we call malice, rancour, and sullenness he was absolutely free. To "have it out" and then shake hands and forget all about it—that was his way of dealing with a disagreement. Boys built on these lines are always popular among their comrades, and Frank was no exception. In fact, if one of those amicable contests as to the most popular personage, now so much in vogue at fairs and bazaars, were to have been held in Calumet school, the probabilities were all in favour of Frank coming out at the head of the poll.

But better, because more enduring than all these good qualities of body, head, and heart that formed Frank's sole fortune in the world, was the thorough religious training upon which they were based. His mother had left a Christian household to help her husband to found a new home in the great Canadian timberland; and this new home had ever been a sweet, serene centre of light and love. While Calumet was little more than a straggling collection of unlovely frame cottages, and too small to have a church and pastor of its own, the hard-working Christian minister who managed to make his way thither once a month