

help to make our college renowned for the strong spirit of brotherhood among its students, or will you stand aloof, because, forsooth, everything is not managed according to your wishes? Many of you do your duty well, but if the interests of our college are to flourish as they should, each must do his duty.

Contributions.

A COUNTRY BOY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.]

By NIKIL V. ERIUS.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

Peter thoroughly enjoyed the concert. He clapped enthusiastically, even once rising to his feet to applaud a very fine bit of play, which he pronounced very nearly equal to that of Mr. Forbes. He spoke little during the performances; which pleased Edith, for, unlike many of her sex, she had actually gone to hear the music, and not to see and be seen. Though her escort's actions chagrined her several times, she felt less angry with him than she expected she would, and found herself studying him, much as a naturalist would study some new zoological prize. She was a keen judge of character, and possessed, to an eminent degree, the power, with which Nature seems to have endowed her weaker children, of determining instinctively and at once the black sheep from the white. She went much upon impulse, and in this case her impulse seemed at fault. She could not decide whether she actually hated Peter, or merely tolerated him. She was surprised at his flashes of intelligence, overlaid as they were by his rough country ways. Yet she soon found Peter's great fault. As she expressed it forcibly to Alice, on retiring for the night:

"The first word he learnt to speak was not 'mamma,' but 'I.'"

Had Peter stood on his head, he would have declared the world upside down.

On the whole, she concluded that when he had got some city polish he would be a remarkably clever fellow, and a credit to his sweetheart at home, for, she reasoned, all college boys have a sweetheart somewhere, who pushes them along, and therefore must he. She determined to ask him about this sweetheart if she ever got to know him well. If Alice's hobby was babies, Edith's was sweethearts—not her own, but everybody else's. She was in nearly every love affair in the district, especially the unfortunate ones, and very sage advice often came out of her prett' head for some unlucky lover. She never told or riuiculed any of these affairs, and even grim Betsy, the cook, who hated men like spiders, had confided in Edith's sympathetic ear the tale of her early love.

"But he was took, Miss Edith. He was took for stealing, and they found my own watch on him as he had stole from me, and I never trusted waf of thim men since. Barrin' your father, Miss Edith, they're a bad lot. They'll stale your watch, or your savings,

or your heart, whichever's the handiest, and you'll niver see sorra waf of thim' agin."

Concerts do not last for ever, and Peter was soon on his homeward journey, with a queer feeling at his heart that he could not define. He had drawn his first breath in the dawn of his new era, and stood like a man in a strange land waiting to see what the sunrise would reveal. He felt attracted to this life as a duckling that is hatched among chickens is still drawn towards the stream. He loved his old life, however, and mentally contrasted Edith's haughty ways with Lizzie's loving manners, much to Edith's disadvantage, for scorn is sometimes equal on both sides. Yet, he admired Edith—we would kill him at once with a drop of ink if he did not—and resolved to study this family and perfect himself as much as possible in city ways.

Thanks to Mr. James, Peter had found a very nice boarding-house, with only a few other students in it. Mr. James could, of course, have found him lodgings away from student life altogether, but deemed it best to place Peter in the atmosphere, if not of study, at least of college. Peter easily passed his matriculation examination, and chose medicine for his profession. In regard to himself, he was not long in finding out how differently he was dressed from those around him, even in every-day attire, but his native thriftiness would not permit him to make a change as yet. He was much surprised at the sights and sounds of the great city in which he found himself, and wandered up and down the streets, and in and out of the churches and public buildings with a very countrified look upon his face. The mountain, crowned with its autumnal glories, was a source of endless delight to him, giving him breathing time, as it were, from the atmosphere and characteristics of the city; for, ambitious as he was, he still had the country in his heart, and longed to feel the grass under his feet. There was one short ravine on the western scarp of the mountain, on the road to the cemetery, which, to him, brought back the recollection of the school-house dell; and there he used to go when home-sick and heart-sick, as he often was during the early days of his college life.

He was kindly welcomed by his various teachers, to some of whom he had brought letters from Mr. Forbes, for they saw at once in him the promise of a brilliant maturity. His lessons in Nature, under Mr. Forbes' training, had brought forth great fruit. He had not yet torn the flowers to pieces, but to him science was not a dead thing, but a living creature.

Flowers were not names, but happy realities to him, and, when he learned the secrets of their life, it was like hearing the soft confidences of some little child. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that Peter entered vigorously into his studies, and won golden opinions from his professors. Nor is it to be wondered at that he found himself a source of surprise to his fellow-students. Most of his ideas were unique, and worked out by his own mental efforts, and often conflicted with prevailing opinions. He soon found, like every original thinker, that many of his ideas had occurred to others long before his time, and had sometimes been proved erroneous. The life