

may be turned by success as well as by the knowledge that he is the possessor of a fortune."

"I don't think any train of circumstances will turn his head," answered the grandfather, emphatically; "and I am sure he would have been just as fine a fellow even if he had been defeated in the quest. He would have borne his failure like a hero. We must admit that he at least has earned his good luck; but you and I know, by looking backward, it is far from being the best people who most frequently succeed."

"Very far, indeed," said Mrs. Robert, thoughtfully. "But I suppose everyone gets what is best for him; and the ideal character is that which supports good and evil fortune with equal countenance. Julian is, I think, of fine metal and not easily spoiled."

Here the two elders were interrupted by a shout from without, and Julian came rushing in, rosy from the nipping of the frosty air; and after him came the "other fellows"—Sedgwick and Wat,—the veterans of many a sham battle in the new-fallen snow on the lawn. Then, as they drew near to warm themselves in the blaze, Mrs. Robert looked