

every pulsation? A silent, diffident, unobtrusive, shrinking girl who is called cold, proud, and unsympathetic. Not even to him has she ever removed that icy mask of seeming indifference, and spoken cordially. The previous evening she had simply bowed him out in a stately fashion after he had said good-bye, and had not even extended her hand or wished him a pleasant passage. There are philosophers skilful enough to read aright and reconcile contradictory manifestations of the kind exhibited by the girl who wrote these letters; but he being no philosopher is sorely puzzled. He feels that it would be shocking to have any one else read them, and he has too much regard for her to leave them exposed; so they are consigned to the flames with a pang.

Next he opens a package that has not seen the light since the close of his last term at school or college. How recollections of boyish struggles and triumphs come over the years of work and toil! He is an enthusiastic boy again. He resolves to keep these. Then he thinks of the high hopes with which he and his fellows then looked forward to the future, and compares it with the result. Instead of having become lords of their fellows most of them are like

Poor servitors

(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)

Constrained to watch in darkness, rain and cold.

He is entering upon a new field of labour, he must cut adrift from his boyish dreams, and work for the attainment of the humbler goal now in view, and so he destroys these records of the past.

Now his brow clears as he examines another correspondent's offerings. There is nothing in these letters to mystify, or awaken sad recollections. They were written by an earnest-minded, educated, thoughtful woman, whose friendship never wavered, whose language was never stilted, whose utterances were always clear, intelligent and candid. She is married now, and has something else to do. Surely he can keep these treatises on art, nature and society—these quaint descriptions of travel—these charming pictures of out-of-the-way people. No; life is too short for living over the past, and performing the part he has marked out for himself. They, too, are destroyed.

Letters from mother full of details of home life, anxious enquiries after his health, and warnings against exposing himself to physical danger or sinful temptations. Letters from married sisters and brothers, which once came regularly, but now come only when a death or the advent of a fresh olive branch is to be chronicled. Letters written in bivouacs which tell of wounds and death, of raids and pillage, and crack grim jokes concerning the awful scenes in which the writers have borne a part. Letters from cousins asking when another visit may be expected, and full of exaggerated expressions of regret that they cannot talk over the good time they had when he spent that vacation with them, instead of being doomed to write about it. Letters of all kinds, some of them love letters perhaps. Letters that would work a world of mischief if they should fall into the hands of certain parties. He smiles sarcastically as he reads in one ridicule and abuse of the man who has since become the writer's husband. The devil prompts