

“Have you begun to learn what it takes to make a *man*?”

“I think so,” said the boy earnestly

Mr. Leslie bent forward and kissed his forehead, whispering, “God bless you, my Ernest,” and then said aloud,—

“Come, and sit down; well, my boy, how gets on the learning, shall you be fit for Rugby in another year?”

“I hope so, papa.”

“Have you got any prizes, Ernest,” asked Constance, eagerly.

“Only the second for French,” said Ernest, reddening suddenly, as if some unpleasant remembrance had crossed his mind.

“Not the general knowledge that you were going to try for so hard?”

“No!” said Ernest, impatiently.

“Why not?” asked Constance.

“Because another boy got it,—mother, a little more gravy, if you please. Papa, how is old Mr. Baldwin?”

“The same as ever,” said his father.