

too constantly surrounded by his many friends, to think much of Nellie Raymond, or of his rejected suit. A day, too, in which Nellie dries her tears, and resolves as best she may to trouble herself no farther about the matter. It is not always that our greatest grief follows immediately behind the cause of it. Some little thing, the merest straw, so to speak, may buoy up our sinking, despondent hopes for a time, but as soon as this little thing glides from our grasp, our full loss is realized, and our full sorrow felt. So Nellie Raymond may have found it not a very hard matter to compose her feelings on this particular day, because she was hourly expecting that Howard McKee would so far relent in his apparent determination not to see her again before he went away, as to call and pay her the respect due as a friend. In this, however, she was disappointed, for he did not come.

The gas had been lighted in the parlor, and Mr. Raymond had taken a paper from his pocket and commenced to read, when Miss Nellie entered the room and playfully requested the "pleasure of his company to the entertainment at the college." Mr. Raymond looked up from his paper, and surveyed his daughter for a moment with mingled surprise and pleasure. Then in a bantering sort of way he said: "Why, Miss Raymond, where is your chevalier to-night? Methinks my old age ought to excuse me from being gallant upon such an important occasion."

Mr. Raymond did not seem to observe that his daughter was pale, nor that she started and flushed somewhat as he made this jesting response to her request. With a little inward struggle, she calmed her turbulent feelings, and replied to her father in the same playful way as before.

"Now did ever a fair lady make such a request before of a gentleman, and he refuse to grant it?"

"So, so-o, *mademoiselle*, then I must accept your pretty invitation if I would be reckoned a gentleman?"

"No, papa, you know I didn't mean

that! But you will not refuse, so I'll get your hat and cane." And with this Miss Nellie retired from the room, but soon afterwards returned with the necessary accoutrements for the walk (hat and cane), and father and daughter set out for the college. When they arrived at the college chapel in which the entertainment was to be held, they found a large audience already assembled. Mr. Raymond and his daughter were shown into a seat at the lower end of the room, directly under the gallery. Being now comfortably seated they found that they still had a few moments preceding the commencement of the exercises in which to observe the decorations about the room, and study the Latin mottoes on the walls—decorations which had cost the members of the society as many hours work, as they would amuse the audience minutes. The walls were decked with evergreen and grape vines, and pots of flowers and bouquets were tastily arranged in different parts of the room. Over the rostrum, in large evergreen letters, was the motto of the society,—"*Tenax Propositum Omnia Vincit.*" On one side of the room, almost hidden in a wreath of grape vines, were these words: "*Sequi Sapientiam Melius Sapientia Ipsa Est;*" and on the opposite wall with similar decking—"Per Ardua ad Astra." At the lower end of the room, beautifully wrought in evergreen letters on a back ground of gilt, was the motto of the *Inceptio Literata Societas*—"Forma Mentis Aeterna Est."

The cares and active duties attendant upon a business life, had crowded from Mr. Raymond's mind much of his early knowledge of Latin; and after studying for some time the motto over the rostrum, he turned to his daughter to inquire the meaning of "*Propositum.*" Then for the first time he observed that she was very pale. "Nellie," said he alarmed, "you are sick, had we not better go home?"

"Oh, no!" she replied, affecting a smile, "it is only a slight headache that I have had since supper. I couldn't think of