

with literature, and know something, from books at least, of the lives of literary men. Judge, then, of his prospect of usefulness in any profession, who has lived ever since he knew himself among the poets. My hopes from my earliest years have been hopes of celebrity as a writer; not of wealth, or of influence, or of accomplishing any of the thousand aims which furnish the great bulk of mankind with motives. You will laugh at me. There is something so emphatically shadowy and unreal in the object of this ambition, that even the full attainment of it provokes a smile. For who does not know

How vain that second life in others' breath, —  
The estate which wits inherit after death!

And what can be more fraught with the ludicrous than a union of this shadowy ambition with mediocre parts and attainments? But I digress.

“It is now rather more than three years since I entered the classes here. I competed for a bursary, and was fortunate enough to secure one. Believe me, Mr. Lindsay, I am little ambitious of the fame of mere scholarship, and yet I cannot express to you the triumph of that day. I had seen my poor father laboring far, far beyond his strength, for my brother and myself, — closely engaged during the day with his duties in the bank, and copying at night in a lawyer's office. I had seen, with a throbbing heart, his tall wasted frame becoming tremulous and bent, and the gray hair thinning on his temples; and now I felt that I could ease him of at least part of the burden. In the excitement of the moment, I could hope that I was destined to rise in the world, — to gain a name in it, and something more. You know how a slight success grows