

"Yes," thought Mr. Clinton, "if Fred would become an eminent lawyer and statesman, then I might realize in my son what I had once hoped to attain." He had at one time hoped to fill a chair in the English parliament, but early misfortune had thwarted his hopes. Now that he had a son who might aspire to that honor gave him new life and encouragement, and he decided to spare nothing in making his son's possibilities a reality. Fred was quick to see his father's design, and took especial pains to show his interest by assuming a desire for books.

Nothing had been breathed to either of the boys in regard to the plans for their future, yet Mr. Clinton had had many long talks with his wife in regard to his plans, and she, in her sweet, quiet way, agreed that it was a wise step. However much she loved both of her sons, still she preferred to have by her always the son with the milder disposition. We, however, shall soon learn that neither of them were long to enjoy the refining influence of a mother's love.

Fred was now eighteen years old. It was high time that he began his college course. His preparation in a private school was complete and adequate to admit him to Oxford, the college chosen to fit him for life.

One beautiful evening in September, as Fred was reclining in a rustic seat beneath the shade of a large willow, perusing a book, his father approached him with a smile and said: "Fred, would you not rather study in Oxford than here?"

Fred pretended not to catch the force of his father's question and replied: "Father, I entertain no hopes of ever gracing the Halls of Oxford with my presence; the mere thought of it is but a phantasy."

"Will you walk with me to the library and I will help you to make your phantasy more real." •

Fred accompanied his father to the spacious library, where he was confronted by the portraits of his ancestors, and there he learned his father's plan.

Of course he felt greatly surprised and highly honored that he