

more account than any prize," the master said, with a kind smile of sympathy that was very cheering to the young sufferer.

James Laurie was in and out constantly now, and he had promised to come round on the evening of the examination day with a full and true report of all the proceedings. Maynard, in the intervals of repose, tried hard to banish all thoughts of the contest from his mind; but, although he succeeded in conquering his rebellious spirit in some degree, there sometimes seemed a strange injustice in the circumstances of his accident that he could not understand.

Laurie came in, as arranged, on the evening of the examination day, and his face expressed no pleasure as he said, "Drewitt won the prize; but," he added, with considerable energy, "he didn't deserve it, Maynard; and all the fellows intend to hiss him when he goes up for it on Saturday."

An expression of great pain passed over the sick boy's face, and he exclaimed, "Oh no! pray, don't let them do that. Drewitt has won the prize; let him have it without hissing him. It would do no good to any one."

"Wouldn't it, though?" exclaimed James Laurie vehemently. "It would do me good, I can tell you."

"It would pain me very much if you were to do it, James."

"All right. Then I'll not do it," responded Laurie.

"And you'll promise me that the other fellows won't hiss him?"

"I'll tell them what you say, Maynard; and I'm sure they won't do it, as you have said you don't like it."

James Laurie went away soon afterwards; and Maynard lay perfectly still, with a peculiar expression upon his face, as if he was undergoing a struggle with his own spirit. At last he spoke, as if in prayer, and said, "No,