

permitted to leave the grounds. This seemed to favor their plan, and cunningly watching their opportunity, the boys escaped. Once outside the walls, they felt fairly safe, as boys who could be trusted were allowed to go out on the Sunday afternoon, and people of the neighborhood were accustomed to see their trim, boyish figures about the roads.

Ben and his companions had formed no definite plan as to what they would do when once beyond the grounds. Their idea was freedom, but they did not know what they could do with it when obtained. It was a lovely spring afternoon and they enjoyed the sunshine and the beauty all around them, chuckling to one another at their escape.

'We've done that old sergeant now,' said one boy.

'No more lessons to-morrow,' said another, throwing up his cap in wild glee. 'Now, then, where shall we go?'

'Let's go along towards Alder-shot,' said Ben, 'and see the camp.'

'Not a bit of it, you stupid,' said the first boy; 'why, they'd twig as we were out on the loose in no time.'

'Let's make our way to London.'

'Why, we haven't any money. I spent my last penny in sweets,' said Ben.

'And so did I. And so did I,' said each boy in chorus.

Tea time came and went, and the boys began to miss the comfortable meal, but on they walked, feeling all the time that the great thing to be done was to increase the distance between them and the Home. But as twilight came and deepened into night, the boys' spirits fell considerably. More than one, and Ben especially, wished himself safely back in the dormitory, with its two lines of comfortable beds.

'Well, I don't feel like tramping it much further,' said Ben. 'I wish as we'd left this piece of work alone.'

'You've got no pluck in you,' said one boy, who had first suggested the flight.

'I don't know about pluck, but I know as I'm dead beat, and it's coming on to rain sharp to mend matters.'

'I have it,' said another boy; 'don't you remember passing an old barn a little while ago. Let's go back and see if we can't get a night's shelter.'

No one had anything better to suggest, so they retraced their steps, but the barn was much further away than they had thought, and they had walked back a good mile before they at last caught sight of it.

Happily for the boys the door was not locked as usual, but the hinges were old and rusty, and creaked horribly as Ben opened it.

'What are you doin' of?' said the leader angrily. 'Somebody will hear, and then it will be all up with us!'

But nobody did hear, or if they did nobody troubled themselves to inquire what was the cause of such unearthly sounds on this still Sunday evening. It had, however, alarmed the boys considerably, and they crept to the farthest end of the barn, listening to every sound.

'Hush! what's that?' said Ben, under his breath.

The boys were so still that they might have heard a pin drop, and as they listened there was a sound above their heads, then something passed them swiftly, uttering a peculiar noise as it did so.

The boys were so fairly worked up by their position that they were all scared for the moment. One nervous lad of the party could not keep his teeth from chattering.

'You are sillies,' said the eldest boy, 'why it's only an owl; we've disturbed it I expect. There were lots of them in an old ruin where I came from.'

They all tried to get up a laugh at their needless fright, but somehow it fell rather flat. Hunger and fatigue were fast diminishing their spirits. But presently, boy-like, they one after another fell asleep on the bundles of hay, and slept as soundly as if they had been in their own comfortable beds in the long dormitory.

The sun was well up when they awoke the next morning, and at first they looked at each other wonderingly, but half knowing where they were and what they were doing.

'I say, I'm awful hungry,' said Ben. 'I wish as we were right back at the Home.'

'Let's have a look around and see what we can do. I wonder whose place this is. There's a wagon outside.'

'It belongs to Leslie Ingram, Esq.,' said Ben, reading the name aloud. 'We'd better go and call on him and thank him for our night's lodging.'

'Id thank him for some breakfast,' said another boy. 'I say, Tom, you've led us into the scrape; how do you propose to get us some victuals?'

'I like that now; just like you sneaks. You tell a fellow as how you long for freedom, and when he gets it for you, you turn again him directly as a little thing goes wrong.'

'I don't see as having no breakfast is a little thing.'

'I've a great mind to go off by myself,' said Tom, 'and leave all you ungrateful rascals to yourselves.'

'Well, we're all in the same boat now,' said Ben, conciliatingly. 'Let's think, what can we do? Here's five of us, and we're all as hungry as hunters. Has anybody anything to say?'

'I have it,' said Tom, starting up. 'I have it; we'll go and call on the old gentleman, and we'll tell him as how we're sorry for all we've done, and as Tom spoke he put on a very solemn face, and we'll ask him if he'll take pity on us and help us back to the Home. What do you say to that, lads?'

'We can't do better.'

'All right, then, come on; mind as you tell him as you're dreadfully sorry.'

The lodge gates were close by the old barn, so they slipped in one after another, giving half-frightened glances as they went along and hoping that no one would see them.

[To be continued.]

MARRIED.

TUCKER-MATHERS—Married on the 13th inst., at St. Paul's Church, Paget, Bermuda, by the Rev. T. J. F. Lightbourne, uncle of the Bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. J. F. B. Lough, Rector, Rev. Arthur Tudor Tucker to Elizabeth Christians, youngest daughter of the Rev. R. Mathers, of St. John, N.B.

DIED.

LEWIN.—Died at Salt Lake City, on May 18th, the Rev. W. H. Lewin, aged 77 years, youngest son of the Rev. W. Lewin, Rector of Prescott, Diocese of Ontario.

HEMSON.—Entered into the blissful rest of Paradise, on Wednesday, the 8th of April, at the house of one of her sisters, at Liverpool, Edna L. Hemson, youngest daughter of the late George Hemson, of West Berlin, Queens, N.S., aged 23 yrs.

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