

called to inquire after him, and every one exhibited a friendliness that was very comforting to Mrs. Maynard.

It seemed that some thought troubled William Maynard as he lay, with bandaged eyes, upon his bed day after day; and his mother, who was alive to every expression of his face, as well as to every word he uttered, asked him what it was that troubled him.

"I'm thinking of that examination, mother," he said, in explanation. "I had set my heart upon going in for the Latin prize this half. They all said I'd win it; and it does seem hard to be prevented, from no fault of my own!"

"God wills it so, my son," replied Mrs. Maynard gently. "You may some day learn that what at first appears to be hard is, after all, but a hidden kindness. Of course this knowledge does not come to us in a day; but it will come, if we learn to trust in God for everything, and if we truly believe that His hand directs every event. I do not see more clearly than you, William, what special lessons God wishes to teach us by your accident; but I have no doubt He is teaching us something that will be made plain to us by-and-by." William was silenced by his mother's words, but not convinced.

The same afternoon James Laurie called, and as the sick lad was now able to talk a little, his schoolmate was permitted, as a great favor, to go up to the bedroom.

"We were all dreadfully sorry for you, Maynard," he said, in his bright, affectionate manner, as he took his friend's hand; "and it was a cowardly thing, whoever threw the ball. Perhaps he did not mean to strike you in the eye; but it was a cowardly thing all the same. I believe Drewitt did it, though he declared he did not."

A crimson flush covered the sick lad's face. "Will you grant me a favor, Laurie?" he asked.

"Certainly, Maynard. What is it?"

"You must promise me never to say that again."