ing his eloquence for the defence." With boys as with men, there is a certain attraction in seeing one "down on his back," baited and persecuted, more especially, if, as Edward now did, he shows his irritation. A knot of boys, chiefly second form boys, admirers and followers of Harry Thorne, gathered round them. Elated at his success, Thorne made a signal to his friends that some fun was to be expected, and proceeded still further to draw out the irate "Speaker." 'What a charming complexion you have got this morning, Speaker; let me see if any of it will wash off." So saying, he took up a small piece of wet snow and threw it at Edward; it struck him on the face, which became as pale with indignation as if the colour had been indeed washed away. In another moment Edward had gathered a large ball of muddy snow and clay, and dashed it in Thorne's face, hiting him flat on the mouth with some force, and dashing the snow all over his elaborate neck tie, and shirt front. For a moment Thorne stood discomfited and rather foolish-looking; what further he might have done was interrupted by the school bell. "Dont think you'll get off so easily, you little beggar. I'll give you a thrashing to-day that you'll remember."

"Pray try your best. I shall be at the far bridge quarter of an hour after the afternoon school." So saying, Ned turned away and went to his class room.

He felt in a manner calmed and comforted by what had taken place. Boys have one advantage, that they can usually meet annoyances of this kind by very direct and straightforward means. Older people cannot deal so with many far meaner and more venomous detractors. Worthy Mrs. Cadgett, your gossiping tongue may range unchallenged. Beloved Mr. Loafer, live on a prosperous gentleman!

Ned was unusually successful in class that morning. It happened to be the day for his favourite study, Horace-he surprised the master by the bold and clear style of his translation, and in that part of the lesson which he liked best, the analysis of the philological import of the words, he shewed an insight which gained him marked approval. It had been the custom at S. Basil's to teach Latin and Greek not merely as dead languages, but as they interpenetrate and illustrate each other-and this, the present writer believes is the only way in which they can be taught, as distinguished from being learnt by rote. Teach a boy that equus means a horse, and that aqua means water—he may remember these facts-he may forget one or both of them. But tell him that "equus" and "aqua" both meant originally the same, namely (from a root ec.) "the running thing," and he connects the two words in a way never to be forgotten. Latin should be taught as a living part of French and German. Were this done more than it is, we should hear no more of schoolboys hating Latin. The dead vocables and the dry inflections contain within them the beauty and order of a science, the poetry of a fairy tale!

During the mid-day recess, Ned kept away from the other boys; he had to do his "wager of battle," and till that were decided he would accept neither sympathy nor counsel. The report of the fight spread rapidly through the school.

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