

that contributed to make him still more reserved and timid, for he had come there as a free scholar.

It seemed that from the day he entered the school Drewitt took a dislike to him. The natural refinement and gentility of the orphan lad irritated and excited the bigger Drewitt, whose antecedents and natural disposition were by no means refined; and he seldom lost an opportunity of letting Maynard understand by his allusions to "pauper boys" that he considered the lad had no claim to rank with the sons of better people.

Maynard bore with quiet patience the taunts and jeers of his coarser schoolmates, who were glad enough to have a scapegoat; but those allusions to his poverty and his gentility were very, very hard to bear—so hard that he often cried himself to sleep at night, when no one could witness his pain and humiliation, and when those words so lightly uttered by the boys, came back upon his memory with the dull, aching pain of cruel speech. Perhaps if he could be more like one of themselves they would take less notice of him; but he could not make himself like the rough play of the school-ground, no matter how he strove to overcome the feeling.

The quiet, studious lad had been gradually and without any apparent effort distancing every one in the school; and it had been said by Dr. Barton himself that, if Drewitt did not mind, Maynard would take the first Latin prize in the forthcoming examination. The doctor had spoken very kindly to William Maynard, and had even hinted to him that it would be better, perhaps, both for his health and popularity, that he should join more in the sports of the other scholars. "I don't want to dictate to you, my lad," said the master, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, "but I fear you are working too hard at your books, and your schoolmates would feel all the happier perhaps if you joined in their games sometimes.