

then, in his History of the United States ; and so he went through every book in his desk, of course, without finding it, while Major Price's brow grew darker every minute.

Now, the Major, having received a military education, thought carelessness a much more serious matter than stupidity, and perhaps he was right. At any rate, he was patient with dullness, but carelessness always met with prompt punishment.

"Well, well," he said, shortly, "where are the papers?"

"I have lost mine, sir," said poor Martin, wishing that boys were allowed to cry like girls.

"Then there will be less trouble about awarding the prize," said the angry teacher. "Louis, where is yours?"

There was an instant of silence in the schoolroom ; everybody in the class held his breath. Louis turned red and then pale ; then, with a quiet air of determination, he tore his paper slowly across the middle, and said, in a respectful tone.—

"I have none to hand in, Sir."

Instantly the class broke into irrepressible applause.

"Silence !" thundered the Major, and Louis braced himself against the desk behind him. These boys were tolerably afraid of the Major, and if he took this as an indication of insubordination he would be severe. For some reason the teacher did not speak for a minute, and then he said in a tone they had never heard him use before :—

"Boys, I would rather see a generous thing like that among you than have a prince of the blood in my school ! That is what I call loving your neighbour as yourself, and you know who gave us that command and set us the great example."

You may be sure that the boys applauded long and loud after that.—*The Sacred Heart Review*.

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