

in this frame of mind, Ned took his seat in the fourth form. Now there was as usual, when the roll was being called, a certain amount of whispering, and, amid many confused sounds, Ned fancied that he several times caught his own name. This might be fancy, but it nevertheless made him feel uncomfortable. Then Herbert, who sat next him at the same desk, did not, as usual, say good morning to him, or take any notice of his arrival. This too might be caused by the interest Herbert took in a contraband novel, entitled "Nick of the Woods," which we regret to state that he (Herbert) was then engaged in clandestinely reading. Presently roll was over, and the boys hastened to their places in chapel. Ned felt glad of that little interval of respite. A short office was said by the warden, the lessons for the day were read by two of the upper school, and then the Te Deum was chanted by the choir. It was at least a relief that during prayers one was in the chapel with other and better associations than the ink blurred desks, books, black boards, and maps of the school room. However, unpleasant thoughts and suggestions of evil will come, "even in the church's holiest aisle." It happened that the lesson for the day was the description of Achan's theft. One thing after another had ruffled Edward that morning, and now it seemed as if this chapter came on purpose to expose him to every one's comments and insults. Tremaine, who was the reader, unfortunately read very badly—would that reading were more carefully taught and "eloquence" less—he had a way of hurrying on in a quick unconcerned manner over several verses, and then of bringing himself up, and reading for a verse or so, steadily, and with much emphasis, occasionally stammering as if the force of the meaning was altogether too much for him. In Edward's nervous state of mind he felt as if one passage—that where Joshua was about to take measures to discover the guilty person—was drawing the attention of some of the boys on the opposite side of the chapel to himself; he felt his colour rising, he felt sure that one at least was looking at him, in a manner intended to annoy him. Chapel over, there were a few moments before the school bell again rang; the masters were with the warden in the schoolroom, arranging some particulars about the day's work—the boys were mostly standing about in groups in the play ground. In one of these groups stood Thorne, the boy who Edward thought had looked at him so insultingly—he was the son of a rich planter in Bermuda, where he had been over-indulged and neglected till the age of sixteen, when, in a panic at its being suddenly discovered that he could neither write nor read intelligibly, he was sent to S. Basil's school. He was a splendidly dressed youth, abounding in gold pins and rings, and greatly looked up to in the second form in which he was the oldest and by far the strongest boy. He had been one of those foremost in sneering against and opposing the "Knights," and now seeing a chance of tormenting a boy, whom, though he did not know why, he disliked, he came up to Edward.

"Well, Speaker! so you are to be tried at next Matchbrooke assizes, eh?" "I don't want to speak to you, Thorne; keep your stupid talk to yourself." "Oh, the speaker is determined to be silent for once. Well, I suppose he is husband-