

heart in his mouth, he set off and ran as fast as he could, down the road along which the teacher usually came to school, to tell him all about it. Before long he met the teacher, walking rapidly towards the school, and so busy in thinking about something, that he did not seem to see the little boy, who was trying to get his attention.

"Mr. Trumbull! Mr. Trumbull! stop a moment, please," said he.

"Oh! Charley. Good morning. Why what's the matter now, my little man?"

"I broke your window sir, but I didn't mean to. I'm very sorry for it. I did it with my ball, and the ball is in the school-room now."

"Poor child," said the teacher, who saw his eyes filled with tears, and a look of great distress upon his face, "so you ran all the way to tell me, did you? You've began right, Charley, my boy; whatever mischief you do, never be afraid or ashamed to tell of it."

Then with a light heart Charley ran back to the school. None of the boys knew that Charley had told the teacher about it. They had collected together and were talking about the broken window, and what the teacher would say, as boys like to do under such circumstances. After a while a little fellow, named John Thompson found the ball, with C. F.,—the initials of Charley Foster's name marked on it. He guessed at once who had done the mischief. He was not himself in the habit of confessing when he had done wrong, and judging of Charley by himself, he supposed the teacher knew nothing about who was to blame for the accident, so he held up his hand to show that he wished to speak. "Well, Johnny, what have you to say?" asked Mr. Trumbull.

"Please sir, I've found out who broke that ere window," said Johnny in a way which showed that he had not got on very well with his grammar yet.