

The boys now dispersed about the grounds, and began to make the most of their holiday; but not before they had given at Howard's suggestion, three cheers for Frank Netherton. Mr. Campbell heard them as he sat in his study, and was glad; and even the hard features of the vicer relaxed into a smile at the sound.

'O Frank!' exclaimed Doyle, as they walked together, 'you cannot think what I felt this morning when Mr. Campbell repeated those well-remembered words, "Let us leave him to God." It was thus he said of me once. Whoever the guilty person may be, I can only hope that God may deal with him as mercifully as he has dealt with me since then.'

'I hope so too, Philip,' replied Frank, affectionately. 'Whoever they may be, I pity them very much.'

'So do I; for they will most likely be expelled from the school if they are discovered. It must be had enough to be suspected without cause. I cannot think how you could bear it so long. After all your telling would not have hurt Howard.'

'But I had promised him not to tell.'

'A cowardly fellow! And yet he behaved very well at last.'

'Poor Howard!' said Frank, 'I cannot help liking him, notwithstanding his weakness of character. We have all our faults, only we do not see our own so plainly as we do those of others. Did you ever hear of the two wallets, Philip?'

'Not that I remember.'

'Every person, it is said,' continued Frank, 'carries two wallets hung one before and one behind him; into the first he puts the faults of others, but slips his own into the second, by which means we never see our own failings, while those of our neighbours are continually before your eyes.'

'That is true enough,' said Doyle laughing.

'If the wallets could only change places,' continued Frank, 'how different everything would appear! If we could only peep in and see our own faults, how we should hate ourselves, and wonder that every one did not hate us! How humble we should feel; how pitiful and forbearing towards others!'

'We should indeed,' replied Doyle.

Several of the boys joining them at that moment, they began to speak of other things.

'I cannot think what is come to them all,' exclaimed Rushton, peevishly, as the merry laughter of his school-fellows echoed through the play-ground; and the merriest of all was Frank Netherton's. 'How happy they seem to be; what a noise they make! I wish they would not laugh so.'

'Is anything the matter?' asked Howard, good-naturedly, as he stopped before him, out of breath with his exertions.

'What should be the matter?'

'I do not know; but I thought you looked ill, or ill-tempered.' And he laughed again, as

he would not have ventured to do a short time since.

'My head aches,' said Rushton.

'That is bad; but the heartaches is worse. Never mind so long as you have not the heart-ache.'

'Pshaw!' interrupted his companions; 'what do you know about such things?'

'Nothing now,' replied Howard, clapping his hands, and dancing round him. 'My heart is as light as a feather.'

'Do stand still, can't you?'

'I beg your pardon. I forgot you had a headache. Come and play with us, and perhaps you will forget it too.'

'I am in no humor for play.'

'Rushton,' said Howard, with a sudden thoughtfulness, 'something is the matter. Will you tell what it is? You used to like me, and tell me everything.'

'And you used to like me before Frank Netherton came between us.'

'O Rushton! he never came between us. I like you now, next to him.'

'Go away,' said his companion, impatiently. 'Go to your favourite. I want to be alone.'

Howard went away sorrowfully; but his sorrow was soon forgotten. It was a happy evening. The stars came out one by one before the boys thought of returning to the house. Frank remembered how his father had often spoken to him of the stars preaching their nightly sermon to mankind, and he asked his companions if they could guess what the text was.

'I think I know,' exclaimed Howard, eagerly quoting the beginning of the sixteenth Psalm: 'The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.'

'Yes, that is right,' said Frank.

'Only think of Howard's guessing!' exclaimed one of the boys. 'I should not wonder but what he turns out a genius after all.'

'No, I shall never be a genius,' replied Howard, smiling, and coloring with pleasure. 'But I do hope that I shall get on better than I have done, with God's help,' added he, after a pause.

'Yes, I think you will,' said Claude Hamilton, kindly. He held out his hand and Howard took it, scarcely knowing, as he afterwards confessed, whether he stood upon his lead or his heels, but inwardly determined to try and deserve the good opinion thus openly expressed.

They had plum-cake for tea, which the kind house-keeper sent up to celebrate the acquittal of her favorite; for she had always liked Frank, ever since she helped to nurse him in his long illness, and would never believe in his guilt.

The evening prayers that night were something more than usual, beyond a mere form. They were the outpourings of earnest, grateful, loving, and penitent hearts, whose secret joys and sorrows were known only to God. There is a comfort in prayer, especially when, like Frank's, our prayers are graciously turned into praises; when, as in Howard's case, 'the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.' We fear that many of the boys did not experience this comfort, and Rushton among the number; for he arose pale and gloomy as he had kneeled down, and went away without bidding any one good-night.

[To BE CONTINUED.]

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Next Friday evening Rev. H. Melville will deliver the seventh Lecture of the course in the Temperance Hall, under the auspices of the Temperance Reformation Society. An excellent choir will be in attendance. Turn out, friends, and fill the Hall.