

too proud to do less than others. What hope was there that he and Mortimer would not both be publicly expelled? Yes, one ray of hope—the other half-sovereign might turn up; then he could make Prior apologise, and drop the matter entirely.

While Tubbs was lying utterly wretched and ashamed of himself the school doctor came in, and, after examining the leg, told him he need not go into school, but might move about a little with a stick, if he felt inclined. The moment he was dressed he went into the study, and thoroughly searched every nook and corner again; even poking a piece of wire down a mouse hole in the vain hope of hearing something tinkle, and being able to prove to Prior that he was not a thief.

All in vain. Poor Tubbs! the half-sovereign is a mile away; put by as carefully as the one you had yesterday.

During the course of the morning, and while all the other boys were at work, he walked down to the match ground, and as he looked at it could not help thinking how happy he was the day before when playing for his colours; how utterly wretched now, feeling indeed as if he should never care to play a game again as long as he lived.

There was nobody near, so he leant up against a tree and burst out crying. He sobbed on so long that he never noticed a man coming towards him. It was one of the school servants, who was just recovering from a long illness. He was in trouble too, poor fellow. His wife's illness, his own, and the misconduct of a son, had completely scattered his savings; his false pride would not allow him to ask for the help which the masters would readily have given if they had known anything about his needs. So he suffered in silence, and the family were nearly starving. Tubbs was not aware of his presence till he heard him say—

"Well, Mr. Glyde, I didn't think you would take on like that over a bad leg."

Tubbs started round, uncertain at first

whether to be civil or sharp to Pritchett. But his trouble was too strong for him, and he was one of those warm natures to whom sympathy is very necessary; so he said—

"I'm not blubbing about the leg—that's nearly well already; but I'm in awful trouble."

"How's that?"

"I'm accused of being a thief."

"Never mind, sir, if you know you are innocent."

"I am, indeed I am; but, don't you see, I can't prove it."

"I can't understand that a bit."

"Well, it's this way. Prior has lost half a sovereign; it was bagged out of our study, you know; and then last night. Prior found half a sovereign in my breeches pocket when I was knocked down, and he thinks it's his."

"Surely there are more half-sovereigns than one in the world."

"Yes; it's beastly insulting of Prior to charge me."

"But can't you show him how you got the half-sovereign?"

"That's the difficulty. I'm bound to another fellow not to tell. And you know school-boys are precious particular about that sort of thing."

Notice carefully that this was all true, and yet what a false impression it gave, because it was only half the truth.

"I'm afraid I can't help you then, for I can't even understand why you should be suspected."

"No; it's a jolly shame!" and with that Tubbs burst out crying again, as he felt what a hopeless tangle he was in, and how his shuffling attempt to ease his mind had only made him feel his sin more deeply.

While he was crying Pritchett walked quietly away, thinking over something apparently not very pleasant, judging by the look of his face, and by the words "Young rascal, young rascal!" which he muttered to himself several times.

(To be continued.)

## THE HARVEST MOON.

BY THE REV. JOHN S. DEAN, B.A., *Senior Curate of St. James', Shirley, Southampton.*

BEHOLD a scene of pure delight  
In yonder eastern sky!  
The harvest moon is rising up  
With fleecy clouds on high.  
'Mid pendent lamps of lesser light  
She grandly threads her way,  
And makes her slow nocturnal trip  
O'er ocean, sea and bay.  
Asserting right to rule the night,  
She climbs the vaulted sky,  
And floods with silver light the earth  
While clouds are passing by.

In solemn silence thus she shines  
Upon the harvest fields,  
Whose golden grain, now silver tipped,  
Their waving surface yields.  
As she her sacred orb uplifts  
For one and all below,  
And sheds her bright diffusive rays,  
Wherever man doth go;  
May we an upward course pursue,  
As through this world we move,  
And round us shed a sacred light  
To guide and to reprove!