

bowed, while a few words of approbation were said to him, and a splendidly bound copy of Euripides was put into his hands by Dr. Clifford, who then hastily read over the catalogue of prizes to himself, in an audible voice, and in a tone of great surprise.

"First prize for Latin—Master Graham! First for algebra,—first for geography,—first for mathematics—all Master Graham!!!—and last, not least, a medal for general good conduct, which the boys are allowed to bestow upon the scholar they think most deserving—and here stands the name of Master Graham again!!"

Dr. Clifford paused, while the boys all stood up for a moment and clapped their hands with enthusiasm, as a token of rejoicing at the destination of their own medal.

For the first time Frank was now completely overcome,—he coloured more deeply than before, and looked gratefully round, first at his companions, then at his master, and last at Major Graham, who had a tear standing in his eye when he smiled upon Frank, and held out his hand.

Frank's lip quivered for a moment, as if he would burst into tears, but with a strong effort he recovered himself, and affectionately grasping his uncle's hand, hastily resumed his place on the bench, to remain there while his companions received the smaller prizes awarded to them.

Meantime Harry had been watching Frank with a feeling of joy and pride, such as he never experienced before, and could scarcely refrain from

saying to every person near him, "That is my brother!" He looked at Frank long and earnestly, wishing to be like him, and resolving to follow his good example at school. He gazed again and again, with new feelings of pleasure and admiration, till gradually his thoughts became melancholy, while remembering how soon they must be separated; and suddenly the terrible idea darted into his mind, "Perhaps we never may meet again!" Harry tried not to think of this; he turned his thoughts to other subjects; he forced himself to look at anything that was going on, but still these words returned with mournful apprehension to his heart, "Perhaps we never may meet again!"

Frank's first action, after the examination had been concluded, was hastily to gather up all his books, and bring a sight of them to Harry and Laura; but what was his astonishment when, instead of looking at the prizes, Harry suddenly threw his arms round his neck, and burst into tears!

"My dear, dear boy! what has happened!" exclaimed Frank, affectionately embracing him, and looking much surprised. "Tell me, dear Harry, has anything distressed you?"

"I don't know very well, Frank, but you are going away,—and—and—I wish I had been a better boy! I would do anything you bid me now!—but I shall never be so happy again—no! never, without you."

"But, dear Harry, you will have Laura and grandmamma and Uncle David all left, and I am

coming back some day! Oh! what a happy meeting we shall have then!" said Frank, while the tears stood in his eyes, and drawing Harry's arm within his own, they walked slowly away together.

"I am very, very anxious for you and Laura to be happy," continued Frank, in the kindest manner; "but, dear Harry, will you not take more care to do as you are bid, and not always to prefer doing what you like! Mrs. Crabtree would not be half so terrible if you did not provoke her by some new tricks every day. I almost like her myself; for, as the old proverb says, 'Her bark is worse than her bite'; and she often reminds me of that funny old fable, where the mice were more afraid of the loud, fierce-looking cock, than of the sleek, smooth-looking cat, for there are people carrying gentler tongues yet quite as difficult to deal with. At the same time, seeing how uncomfortable you and Laura both feel with Mrs. Crabtree, I have written a letter to papa, asking, as my last and only request on leaving home, that he will make a change of ministry, and he is always so very kind, that I feel sure he will grant it."

"How good of you, Frank!" said Harry. "I am sure it is our own faults very often when we are in disgrace, for we are seldom punished till we deserve it; but I am so sorry you are going away that I can think of nothing else."

"So am I, very sorry indeed; but my best comfort, when far from home, would be, to think that you and Laura are happy, which will be the case

when you become more watchful to please grandmamma. Let me hope, Harry, when I am away, that you will often consider how dull grandmamma may then feel, and how happy you might make her by being very attentive and obedient."

"Yes, Frank; but I could never fill your place—that is quite impossible. Nobody can do that."

"Try,—only try, Harry. Grandmamma is very easily pleased when people do their best. She would not have felt so well satisfied with me, if that had not been the case."

"Frank," said Harry sorrowfully, "I feel as if ten brothers were going away instead of one, for you are so good to me! I shall be sure to mention you in my prayers, because that is all I can do for you now."

"Not all, Harry, though that is a great deal; you must write to me often, and tell me what makes you happy or unhappy, for I shall be more interested than ever, now that we are separated. Tell me everything about my school-fellows, too, and about Laura. There is no corner of the wide world where I shall not think of you both every day, and feel anxious about the very least thing that concerns you."

Sir Edward Graham felt very proud of Frank, as all gentlemen are of their eldest sons, and wrote a most affectionate letter on the occasion of his going to sea, promising to meet him at Portsmouth, and lamenting that he still felt so ill and melancholy he could not return home, but meant to try whether the