

clothes!" he exclaimed. "How thin and white you are!"

The remarks did not please Judith. "Thin and white!" she resentfully repeated. "Did you expect him to come home as red and fat as a turkey-cock, and him just brought to the edge of the grave with brain fever? One would think, Master Arthur, that you'd rejoice to see him if he had come back a skeleton, with his bones rattling when it seemed too likely you'd never see him at all. And what if he have outgrown his clothes? They can be let out, or replaced with new ones. I have hands, and there's tailors in the place, I hope."

The more delighted felt Judith, the more ready was she to take up remarks and convert them into uncalled-for grievances. Arthur knew her, and only laughed. A day of rejoicing, indeed, as the bishop had said. A day of praise to God. Charley had been whispering to his mother. He wanted to go to the college school-room and surprise it. He was longing for a sight of his old companions. That happy moment had been pictured in his thoughts fifty times, as he lay in the boat; it was almost as much desired as the return home. Charley bore no malice, and he was prepared to laugh with them at the ghost.

"You do not appear strong enough to walk even so far as that," said Mrs. Channing.

"Dear mamma, let me go! I could walk it, for that, if it were twice as far."

"Yes, let him go," interposed Arthur, divining the feeling. "I will help him along."

Charley's trencher—the very trencher found on the banks—was brought forth, and he started with Arthur.

"Mind you bring him back safe this time!" called out Judy in a tone of command, as she stood at the door to watch them along the Boundaries.

"Arthur," said the boy, "were they punished for playing me that ghost trick?"

"They have not been punished yet; they are to be. The master waited to see how things would turn out."

You may remember that Diggs, the boat-house keeper, when he took news of Charles's supposed fate to the college school, entered it just in time to interrupt an important ceremony, which was about to be