

with much attention; "perhaps you are reading from a book with too small a print. Some one lend him a larger one. Ay, this will do," he continued, taking one that was handed to him by a boy standing near, and giving it to Harry; "this has a larger type."

Mertoun mechanically took the book from his hand, and began turning over the leaves. He struggled hard to regain his self-command, for he was quite aware that his embarrassment had a very strange appearance. "How can I be so foolish," said he to himself; "as if Dr. Young could have chosen the passage on purpose. If I do not mind what I am about, all will be discovered." Reasoning thus, he nerved himself sufficiently to proceed with tolerable composure; but, alas! he had scarcely turned over another page,