

take an upright course in opposition to *any* associates, who if they cannot dissuade their comrades from an evil course will turn from them and pass away. Such are *noble boys*—such will, with God's blessing, become *noble men*; and it is the noble, upright, and *holy* men, who, with clean hands and pure hearts, stay the torrents of vice that would otherwise inundate the world.

"Hugh, Hugh," called Arthur, and it was the feeling of kind, earnest entreaty that swelled the tone in which his name was called that made Hugh throw the oar on the bank, and bound towards young Lane, before Master Carter could utter a word of remonstrance.

It is *too bad, too bad* to treat a schoolmate so! Hugh, would you like to be in Ansel's place, and be thrown out of the boat?" asked Arthur, as the two walked on together.

"I don't think I should."

"Why then, did you consent to accompany these boys?"

"Oh, they asked me to go with them, and told what rare sport it would be, and so I went without thinking much about it."

"But you *must* think, Hugh. When one asks you to do a thing, you must ask yourself is it kind? is it honorable? *is it right?* and if your whole heart does not say yes, then you must not do it?"

"Well, I guess I'll do as you say the next time; at all events, I'm glad you called me away, for it would be dreadful if Ansel should be drowned."

Arthur hurried on in silence. You might have known, however, by the occasional side nodding of his fine head, that important cognitions were within it. Nor did he slacken his rapid pace until he called at the Principal's door, and then he pulled the bell-knob so

violently it would have made him blush with shame at any other time. A moment after, he stood before the Principal with cap in hand, and modestly but earnestly related Master Carter's wicked scheme. Prof. Leland was highly indignant, saying warmly, that Ansel Stearns was one of his *best boys*. He could scarcely believe that there was a student among his number that would engage in aught so low, so wrong! But when he recalled the general character of the aggressor, his incredulity vanished, and he would have hastened at once to the river bank, had not Arthur suggested the necessity of procuring dry cloths for Ansel, that he might appear in school at the usual hour. Apparel was soon obtained from a friend of Arthur, about Ansel's size, and then the Principal and pupil walked rapidly to the river, impelled by a desire to arrive there in time to arrest the perpetrators. But the "joke" was finished, and the low-minded boys immediately left the river, feeling less pleasure than they had wickedly anticipated in laying their vile plan.

Ansel was standing with uncovered head and bared feet upon a rock that projected into the river, while his coat, vest, and stockings were hanging upon a tree to dry. Poor boy! he presented a very sad picture, standing there in the burning sun, with wet garments, and an expression of mingled grief and pain upon his usually cheerful face. The kind-hearted Professor was affected almost to tears, and accosted him with great tenderness. A blush akin to shame came over Ansel's fine face, as he beheld Prof. Leland, but it vanished a moment after as Arthur with moistened eyes, assured him that it was no disgrace to *him*, and more and better, that he could be in his seat