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Noble Boys.



'LL have no hand in it—no hand in it, Carter—it is unfair, unkind, absolutely *wrong*, and I tell you you had better give it up.”

“*Mirabile dictu!*

The jester professional of our school is alarmed at the prospect of a good practical joke, and all at once astounds us with great words of caution. You may go your way, Lane; I am only sorry that we

you know of it at all. We should not,” he added, with a sinister smile, “had we not known how well you like a joke.”

“True, Carter, I have indulged in jesting quite too much (though harmlessly I trust.) but I have joked but little lately, and from this time less than ever—mark me, *from this time less than ever*. But, Carter, I do not recognize any joke at all about this cruel plan of yours.

To invite a schoolmate to a sail, and then to plunge him into the river, to wet his clothes and make him tardy, or absent, because he gets more merits than any other boy, is no joke; it is——”

“Oh, pass on, pass on, Lane; we have had lecture enough for now.”

Master Carter's mocking words reminded Arthur Lane of those beautiful passages that should rest in the mind of every youth—“My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Go not in the way of evil. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away,” and he said, more meekly than he could have spoken a moment before, “I will pass away.” After advancing a few steps he paused and called to the boy that was with Carter on the bank, waiting for another that was coming with the unsuspecting victim. Hugh Newman, the lad with Master Carter, was one of that numerous class of boys who are easily influenced for good or evil—whose character is stamped by association. But Arthur Lane belonged to that admirable class who can do *right* under *any* circumstances, who can