

THE NEW BOY AT FAIRMONT.

"HELLO, fellows! The Doctor says we can go to the pond," announced Ben McKay, on his way through the school play-room.

"But he told us to ask Mr. Finley if the ice would bear," added Ben's younger brother Will, following close at his heels.

"What do you say to going along, Jack?" asked Ben of the new boy. Jack Shippe had been at school only a few days, and he had kept so quiet, and so much to himself, that the others had nicknamed him "Softy," and had said there was nothing in that chap.

But he had brought a fine pair of skates along, and seemed ready enough to join Ben's party. The pond was two miles away, and the boys trotted off over the snow at such a lively pace that they were in a fine glow by the time they reached it.

"Bother! why didn't we bring a broom?" said Ben, "this skim of snow is going to make things rough."

"We forgot to ask the farmer if the ice would bear," said the new boy, opening his lips for the first time.

"So we did" exclaimed the rest, looking blankly at one another.

"O! well, it is too late to go back now," said Ben, "we can find out for ourselves."

"I'm going back," said the new boy, shortly.

"I wouldn't be such a molly-coddle," cried Ben. "I believe you are afraid. See here! I'll show you how strong this ice is," and he slid out on it for a foot or two.

"You can believe what you like," said Jack, coolly; "I'm going back."

The others couldn't have had much fun on the ice, after all, for nothing was said about it when they got back to the Study Hall.

But before the ten o'clock bell tapped, as a signal for bed time, Will hurried up from his desk to the platform; the Doctor was confined to his room with acute bronchitis, and Mrs. Maxwell was keeping order in Study Hall for him.

"Mrs. Maxwell," said Will, in a very unhappy voice, "please come and see what is the matter with Ben, he is sitting down there

just shaking all over and behaving as queer as anything."

No wonder! poor Ben had a tremendous chill on him, which was immediately followed by a hot fever, delirium, and pain in his side. Then it came out that he had broken through the ice.

"How *can* I get the doctor?" cried Mrs. Maxwell, in distress; her husband was too sick to be disturbed, and the hired man had asked to go off for the night—this of all nights. Dr. Alexander lived two miles from the school.

"I'll go for him," said Jack, promptly.

"You—Jack? why you don't even know the way."

"Yes I do!" he answered, "the boys showed me the place when we were going to the post-office."

He was already buttoning up his overcoat, and before Mrs. Maxwell could feel sure that she ought to let him go he was off. Several other boys volunteered then, but Jack was on the road before they could get ready.

Ben heard the offer, and knew who it was that had gone for the doctor, and his excited and unsettled imagination gave him wild visions of the trip; he raved about the snow-covered roads, the dark way through the woods, the slippery foot-bridge to cross. Every little while he would cry out that Jack was lost, that he was drowned, that he was buried under the snow, that something had caught him in the woods, until his companions felt the cold chills creep down their spines!

But Jack got back safe and sound, snugly tucked under the doctor's buffalo robe, and poor Ben was soon relieved by the doctor's wise skill.

From that very night the new boy lost his nickname of "Softy." He lost it on that cold, snowy, lonesome walk to Dr. Alexander's, and his loss was the school's gain, for our boys found something that same night; they found this, that a boy who refuses to do wrong, is, nine times out of ten, both the bravest and tenderest boy of the crowd.—*The Morning Star*.

"Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone."