

stories of his by-gone triumphs. Lloyd had had admirers before, but none quite so staunch and faithful as Benny. Small wonder that he grew to be a trifle vain-glorious, and began to think he could do no wrong.

After prayers, one morning, Doctor Wyatt summoned the whole school to the main lecture room, and laid before them a case of breach of discipline, in which three of the boys, as yet unknown, were the offenders. A neighbouring farmer objected to the trespass of the boys of the school on his fields, and the edict had gone forth, and was known to all the boys, that they must keep away from them.

"I am sorry to say," Doctor Wyatt concluded, "that my commands have been disobeyed, and three of our boys were skating on Farmer Flint's pond yesterday. Mr. Flint knew they were our boys by the caps they wore, though he did not get close enough to identify them. While Mr. Flint's refusal to let you use his pond may seem unreasonable, yet the pond is his, and he has an undoubted right to keep away all trespassers. I wish the three boys who skated on Mr. Flint's pond to remain for a few minutes. The rest of you are dismissed."

Not a boy remained. Doctor Wyatt sighed heavily. Open disregard of rules was bad enough, but this was much worse. He had not expected that any of his boys would be liars.

Benny had a pale and anxious face that day. He found it hard to keep his mind on his studies. Not that he had been on the ice—oh, no! But he knew the name of one who had, and that was Lloyd Stacy. Lloyd had told him about it the night before, just at bed-time, and had pictured with suppressed glee Farmer Flint's gesticulating and indignant approach. Benny had not known then that the boys had broken a rule laid down by Doctor Wyatt.

Poor Benny felt very, very wretched. When he saw Lloyd walk out with the others, his eyes dilated with a sort of horror. He could hardly believe his senses. The other two offenders had lingered and hung back—Benny knew who they were, too, but when they saw Lloyd slip through the door their resolution wavered, and they followed.

Lloyd kept away from his friend that day. If he did accidentally meet his eyes it was with a sort of proud defiance. But he knew that Benny, who had thought him a hero, was beginning to think of him as a sneak and a coward. His conscience, too, would not let him rest.

And so the day dragged slowly by, with at least four utterly miserable boys in Doctor Wyatt's school. There was a feeling of suppressed excitement in the atmosphere. The boys talked in a subdued way during recreation hours, and wondered what would be done with the offenders if they were found out. Only Benny knew who they were, and he did not feel

that he had a right to speak—not yet.

That night Benny could not sleep. He tossed about for hours, thinking, thinking. At last he got up and crept softly towards the next bed, where Lloyd lay, apparently fast asleep. Benny stretched out his hand and felt for Lloyd's. He found it hot and feverish. There was a sob from Benny's poor fallen hero.

"Ben, old man," he whispered, "is it you? I knew you would come. Oh Ben, I am so unhappy—what shall I do?"

Benny did not answer for a full minute, but he drew his friend's head down on the pillow and clasped his puny arm tightly around his neck. "I think you know what you must do, Lloyd," he whispered back at last.

Lloyd groaned. "Yes, I know," he said, "but it's so hard, and it seems to be more impossible to do the longer I think of it. Oh-h! what a contemptible coward I am! I should think you would hate and despise me, Ben."

"Well, I don't," said Benny, firmly. Suddenly he slipped on his knees from the bed to the cold, hard floor, and a feeling of awe and quiet stole over Lloyd's spirit. There was an unseen Presence in the room, mysterious and holy, for Benny was praying for his friend. A minute passed—two minutes—five minutes. Then Benny arose quickly, the moonlight from the window falling soft and white on his boyish face. To Lloyd he looked like an angel just then.

"Good-night" Lloyd," whispered Benny, giving the hot hand a parting squeeze.

"Good-night," said Lloyd, with a catch in his voice. "I will make it all right to-morrow, Ben."

"I know it," said Benny.—Antony E. Anderson.—The Young Churchman.

EVERY-DAY GOODNESS.

The stout man had jostled and fought his way through the crowd at the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge, and was scowling fiercely as he pushed out a big dent in his hat. Seated next to him in the bridge car was a man who had an office in the same building.

The stout man pointed to the battered hat and said, "I believe men—and women, too, for that matter—are no better than savages. It's everyone for himself. There isn't a day passes but that I see something which convinces me civilization is only skin-deep."

"I'm afraid you see only one side of it," replied his neighbour. "There are lots of good things to be seen every day, too. Now, here is something that gives me a deal of happiness during the year." He pulled a small note-book from an inside pocket. Then he went on: "I used to feel as you do—that people are very selfish; but when I began to study them more closely, I saw so many pleasant things that I got in the habit of making notes of them, and so carry this little book. Here's what I've jotted down to-day, for instance:

"On my way to the bridge this morning my hat blew off. I chased it, but before I reached it, three other men were after it, and one of them caught it for me. Now, there was an entirely unselfish act on the part of men who were strangers to me; and you may see the same thing any windy day.

"As I was crossing City Hall Park, a woman in front of me dropped a glove without knowing it. Two boys made a dive for it, and shouted, 'Lady, lady, you've dropped your glove!' Another act of kindness.

"Just as I reached Broadway, a truckman's horse fell. The driver had hardly left his seat before the drivers of three other trucks stopped, got down, and began to help raise the horse. They did it because they saw a fellow-workman in trouble, and knew that they might need the same help at any time.

"On my way back to the office I passed a heavy, two-horse load of flour, stuck on the car-track. I stopped a minute to look, and saw several men put their hands to the muddy wheels and push till the dray started. They had no selfish interest in that load of flour; they only wanted to help.

"These are all little things, but I think they show something very different from savagery. Some days I see even more, and some things I see every day. The reason we don't notice them more is because they are so common. You watch when we get off the car now, and you'll see half a dozen of these men give the papers

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