

at the usual time, and he slyly whispered with much kindness, that their beloved Principal had called him one of his best boys. How Ansel's dark eyes sparkled, and how rapidly he dressed, and how prettily he looked too, walking modestly along by the Professor's side, looking up and meeting every now and then a look of respect and love from that estimable gentleman.

"How did these misguided boys get you into the water?" inquired Prof. Leland.

"Oh, sir! they rested on their ears, and called my attention to a bit of scenery that I could enjoy by standing in the boat and looking through the trees. It was a charming view, sir, a beautiful green lawn, with two or three cows grazing, while another, a graceful animal, was reaching up her head and eating leaves from a tree. I was just saying that I would like to sketch it, when one of the boys propelled the boat suddenly, and the other swayed violently against me, and knocked me out. He said it was accidental, and I might have believed it had it not been for their unkind laugh. It was so stinging," he said softly—turning to Arthur.

"Falsehood and crime! Ah, so it is, boys; the former always accompanies the latter. How very important it is, then, that we always speak and act *truth*, even respecting the most trivial matter." The boys cordially assented, and entered the academy, feeling grateful that good angels had kept them in the way of integrity.

Ansel Stearnes lost no merits that afternoon, but Master Carter and his accomplice lost their places in the school, and gained, alas, that badge of dishonor most disgraceful to a scholar—**EXPELLED**.

But our noble boys, Arthur and

Ansel, continue in the school, getting honors every term, and in years to come they will doubtless occupy honorable places among noble men. May they give their hearts to God, and then shall they receive the

"Stamp and signature of Heaven
Truth, mercy, patience, holiness and love."

All's Well.

THE following exquisite gem is worth retaining and preserving. We doubt if the whole range of English or any other literature can furnish anything more simply beautiful—more purely eloquent:—

"Twelve o'clock at night and all's well."

False prophet! Still and statue-like at yonder window stands the wife. The clock has told the small hours; yet her face is closely pressed against the window-pane, striving in vain with straining eye to pierce the darkness. She sees nothing, she hears nothing—but the beating her own heart. Now she takes her seat, opens a Bible, and seeks from it what comfort she may, while tears blister the pages. Then she claps her hands, and her lips are tremulous with mute supplication. Hist! there is an unsteady step in the hall; she knows it—many times and oft it has trod on her very heart-strings. She glides down gently to meet the wanderer. He falls heavily against her, and in maudlin tones pronounces a name he had long since forgotten to honor. Oh! all enduring power of woman's love—no reproach, no upbraiding—the light arm passed around that reeling figure, once erect in "God's own image." With tender words of entreaty, which he is powerless to resist if he would, she leads him in. It is but the repetition of a thousand such vigils! It is the