

THE LITTLE FOLK.

THE BOY.

When you hear a fearful racket,
Like a miniature cyclone,
With some sounds so strange that surely
Their like was never known,
While the mother listens calmly,
Even with a smiling face,
You may know that it is nothing
But the boy about the place.

When there's famine in the cupboard
And the milk pail soon runs dry,
And you can't keep pies or cookies,
No matter how you try;
When you vainly seek for apples
That have gone and left no trace,
Hard times is not the trouble—
There's a boy about the place.

When there's sawdust on the carpet
And some shavings on the beds,
When the rugs are tossed in corners
And your chairs stand on their heads,
While, if a tool you're needing, you
All round the house must race,
You may know he's making something,
Is the boy about the place.

When the house is full of sunshine
On the darkest kind of day,
And you have to laugh at seeing
Some outlandish, boyish play,
And when eyes so bright and loving
Oft are raised to meet your face,
You will pray, I know, "God bless him,
Bless our boy about the place."

Pacific Coast Endeavorers.

THE OLD PASTOR'S FAITH.

BY MARY REED.

Several years have passed since we left the wounded enemy to partake of Pastor Saville's hospitality. Again it is winter. A dark, stormy night; the wind howled through the pines, and drifted the snow, which fell in feathery flakes, deep in the glens.

Pastor Saville and Margaret drew close to the cheerful blaze in the wide, old-fashioned fireplace. Margaret sat on the ground at her grandfather's feet reading the precious Bible which she held in her hand. The blazing log on the hearth afforded sufficient light; so the rush-wick candle on the rude, home-made dresser had not been lighted.

"Hark! child, I hear a footfall," exclaimed the old man, placing his hand behind his ear in an attitude of listening. Then came a loud knock at the door.

"Strike a light, child," said the old man, rising quickly.

Margaret sprang to the dresser, and, taking down the flint stones, struck them together over the candle-wick. The old man took the candle from the girl's hand and hurried to open the door. Holding the flaring light above his head, he peered out into the darkness. There stood a man wrapped in a large cloak.

"Peace, Father Saville!" exclaimed the man, springing through the open door; "put out the light and bar the door; no one must see me in your house."

The old man recognized him at once as the man whose life he had saved.

"You bring me evil tidings," said he, with a quaver of apprehension in his voice.

"I do indeed," was the reply; "perhaps I do wrong in coming; but my conscience warns me that I promised you when you rescued me from death to recompense you if ever the opportunity could be found. So I came to warn you. Early to-morrow morning two officers with a squadron of eighty dragoons will be here to search the town. Now, save yourselves by flight." With these words the messenger thrust a roll of money into the hand of the astonished old man, and, muffling himself in his huge cloak, was gone.

Margaret flung her arm around her grandfather's neck and laid one trembling hand on his arm.

"Child, be brave; fear not; what did'st thou read?" said the old man, drawing the frightened girl close to him, and kissing away her tears. "Dost thou remember, dear?"

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee," repeated Margaret.

"Aye, child, and he will fulfill his promise. Horry, Margaret, we must pack our belongings, and flee."

"But our people."

"Aye, child, they will go with us. I will go and warn them."

"Not you, grandfather; let me go; I can run faster," said Margaret, snatching her cloak, and darting out into the stormy darkness.

Then the old pastor quickly and silently gathered such of their belongings as they could carry, and tied them, together with their provisions, in little bundles. Then, with a murmured prayer of thankfulness, the faithful old servant of God went out and closed the door of the little mountain home for the last time.

Half an hour later pastor and people were hurrying silently along the border of the sleeping town. The fast-falling snow, like an angel of mercy, quickly covered the tracks of the fugitives, and many miles were covered ere the faint streaks of dawn began to pencil the east with light. Through the deep drifts in a narrow glen the little band pressed on. A ledge of rocks walled the steep bank on one side, while the other was screened by a thick growth of trees and shrubbery. A narrow boulder had fallen from the rock, and one of the men, mounting a rounded ledge below peered over. The faint morning light dimly revealed the joy expressed on his face; but his voice—the first voice raised above a whisper—filled the company with courage. Clinging with one hand to the boulder, he raised the other toward heaven and cried in a tone of exultation; "God defends the right!"

The company rushed forward, and saw a warm, dry cave. By replacing the fallen boulder they would be safe in comfortable quarters. As they entered their rocky retreat the dragoons marched into the deserted village, and quickly surrounded all the Protestant houses that no heretic might escape. At a signal from their leader they rushed into the deserted houses. Three days they searched up and down the mountains. The little congregation, safe in their rocky retreat, could hear the clatter of the hoofs and the shouts of their enraged enemies. From every tongue old enough to lip a prayer ascended a cry to God for help. The prayers were heard and answered. The soldiers, confounded by this divine interference with their plan, gave up in despair. The scattered troops gathered at a signal and quickly retired.

When the shades began to gather on the fourth night the little band came forth from the friendly shelter of the cave, and, trusting in God, they renewed their weary journey. Hiding by day in caves or bushes, they slowly made their way to Germany.

Time had been moving with them, and it was Christmas morning when they crossed the Rhine, and gathered in a cold, hungry group at the foot of a mountain. Only a few dry crusts remained of their provisions, and starvation stared them in the face.

In perfect faith the old pastor, leaning for succor on the breast of Christ, gathered his people around him, and offered a fervent petition for help. Sweet were the promises of which the old pastor reminded his God. When the prayer was ended they lifted their voices, so long quiet, and the deep forest reverberated with the sweet psalm of praise which they sang.

"Hark! What sweet music! Man, whence comes it?" exclaimed a German Prince as he reined his steed and listened.

"From yonder forest," answered his companion after a moment of listening, as he pointed down the highway.

"True enough. I wot there are gypsies encamped there. We will run down the highway, cross the forest, and rout them."

The prince and his friend had started out unattended, that morning to join the chase, and had just entered the highway when the ringing notes of the sweet old psalm fell upon their ears.

Over the creaking snow, followed by their dogs, flew the mounted riders, and came upon the little assembled congregation just as the faithful old pastor was telling the beautiful story of the Babe of Bethlehem. With a gesture of impatience, the prince demanded in a tone of authority: "What is going on here?"

The old pastor approached the horseman, with tottering footsteps, to tell their story, when the prince's companion sprang from his saddle, and grasped the old man's hand, exclaiming: "Pastor Saville, thank God! We are your friends."

The old pastor's eyes were dim, but he was not slow in recognizing the man whose life he had saved, and who in return had saved his own.

Explanations were made by both parties. The good Protestant prince apologized for his gruffness, and, handing the old man a roll of money, directed him to take his congregation to an inn, and hastily wrote a note to the proprietor, bidding him shelter and feed them.

A few years after this the old pastor died. One lovely winter day the beautiful Margaret became the wife of the generous young prince. When the merry wedding bells had ceased to ring out joy and good wishes; when the crescent moon reflected her light on the waves of the Rhine, the lovely bride led her husband across the snowy plain, and together they knelt and thanked God for His preserving care.