

cry bursts from every breast. "Here is the Master! God be praised; now all will be well." The master places each workman at his post and a desperate battle begins between man and the terrible ocean. At half-past eleven there is a cry from the centre.

"Help! help!"

"What is the matter?"

"Four stones carried away at a blow!"

"Where is that?"

"Here to the left."

The master does not lose a moment. He fastens a rope round his body; four workmen do the same, and forty arms seize the ropes, while the five brave fellows throw themselves into the waves to repair the damage. The mad waves struggle with them, dash them about, blind them. No matter; they do their duty, and then they are hauled on land again.

"But the cry, 'Help! help!' soon arises from all parts.

"Stones!" cries one.

"There are no more."

Mortar!"

"There is no more."

"Take off your clothes!" cries the master, tearing of his own; "stop the holes with them!"

What will not men do for a noble leader in great cause? Cheerfully, without a murmur, straining every nerve, the gallant two hundred toiled on, half naked, exposed to all the fury of a November tempest.

It wants a quarter to midnight. A few inches more and the sea will have burst over the dyke and spread furiously over the defenceless country. To-morrow there will not be a living soul in all those flourishing villages. The clothes are all used up; but the danger increases; the tide will rise till midnight.

"Now, my men, said the clear, thrilling voice of the master, "we can do nothing more. On your knees, all of you, and let us each cry mightily to God for help." And in the midnight darkness, on the dyke, which shook and trembled beneath the fury of the tempest, the brave two hundred knelt, lifting their hands and their hearts to Him who can

say to the waves, "Peace be still." And as upon the Sea of Galilee, so now He heard His children cry and delivered them in their distress. Meanwhile the people of Alkmond, ate and drank, sang and danced, little thinking that there were but a few inches of mason-work between them and death! Thousands of lives had been saved because one man had done his duty.

Boys remember that your duty while less may depend upon it for others, is just as important for you, each day, as was the duty of that brave engineer, and while your neglect of duty may not injure so many others, it is as hurtful to yourself as his would have been to him. Further, by doing your duty in little things you are fitting yourself for doing it in great things, and only the boy who does the little duties of every day life will do his duty when the great duties come. The hero in God's sight is the one who every hour and moment does faithfully the duties that come, no matter how strong the temptation to slight them. Are you my boy, one of the world's heroes?

A CUSTOMER SECURED.

A YOUNG man in a dry goods store in Boston was endeavouring to sell a customer some goods. He had a quantity on hand which he much desired to dispose of, as they were not of the freshest style; and the man seemed inclined to take them. When the good had been examined and the bargain was about to be concluded, the customer inquired:

"Are these goods the latest style?"

The young man hesitated. He wanted to sell the goods, and it appeared evident that if he said they were the latest style the man would take them. But he could not tell a lie, and he replied:

"They are not the latest style of goods, but they are a very good style."

The man looked at him, examined some other goods of later style, and said:

"I will take those of the older style, and some of the new also. Your honesty in stating the facts will fasten me to this place."

This man not only sold his goods and kept a good conscience, but he also retained a customer, whom he might never have seen again if he had not spoken to him the exact truth. There is no permanent gain in falsehood and deception. Righteousness and truth are a sure foundation—*Safeguard*.