

The twilight passed, and the night came on; the stars shone out one after another; by-and-by the moon came up in the east; very slowly the hours went by; it seemed to little Hans that never had there been so long a night. Once he saw a man walking along on the dyke, but so far off for his voice to reach him. He grew tired and cold, but he did not give up. He thought of the stories he had heard of the damage done by the floods in times past, when the dykes had given away. He thought of the little brothers and sisters at home, and of other happy homes that might be swept away should he leave his post. And so he bravely staid by, though it seemed to him sometimes that he should drop down, he was so tired, every once in awhile he would call out, and early in the morning a watchman heard him and hastened to the spot. And it was not long, you may be sure, before others came, and the little break was stopped, and Hans was carried to his home.

The Dutch are a brave people and have fought many battles in the past to save the country from its enemies. But among them all there was never a braver hero than this little boy, who through the long hours of that lonely night, saved the great city from the sea.—Our Little Men and Women.

#### THE RAINY SABBATH.

"My dear child, you certainly are not going out in this rain!" said Mrs. Hill, as her daughter entered the room dressed for the street, on a disagreeable Sabbath morning.

"Yes, mamma; I am going to church," she answered pleasantly; "the rain did not keep me from the concert last week, nor from going to the stores yesterday. Tom, what did you do with my umbrella?"

"I am sure I don't know," said the young man who had just sauntered in. "But what nonsense—you going to church this morning! You had better stay at home; you can read a sermon that will do you just as much good."

"Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together," quoted his sister. "Ah! here's my umbrella. Good-bye."

As Mary approached the church, walking carefully through the rain and mud, Harry Hampton, a bright-faced boy of fourteen came rapidly down the church steps and ran against her, as she started up. "I beg your pardon," said the boy, raising his hat. "Why, Miss Mary! is it possible you are out such a day as this? Let me help you up those slippery steps."

"You are going the wrong way. Harry," said Mary, pausing a moment, as he turned again toward the street.

"Well, yes," replied Harry, with a slight blush; "I looked into the church and it looked so empty and desolate that I thought I would go to see some fellows who had invited me to their rooms to-day. I know that it is not the way to spend Sabbath, but you do not know how lonely a boy gets when in town like this, by himself all day on Sabbath."

Harry Hampton was the son of a farmer, with whom Mrs. Hill and her family usually spent the heated summer months. Mary had heard that Harry had come to town and entered a store. She had intended to ask Tom to hunt him up; as she now spoke, she reproached herself for not doing so.

"I know you must be lonely," replied Mary; "will you not come and sit with me in our pew? I, too, am alone to-day."

"Certainly, if you wish it," and the boy's face brightened as he followed the pretty and well-dressed young lady into church.

The minister gave his text, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," and followed it with an earnest appeal to those who had not yet chosen the Lord's side. When the services were over and Mary turned to Harry, she was startled at the earnest, thoughtful expression on his face; he refused her invitation to dinner, and walked quietly off to his own room.

Several weeks had passed, and Mary had seen nothing more of Harry; when, one bright Communion Sabbath she was made happy by seeing him come forward to be received into the church.

"I want to thank you for keeping me at church that rainy Sabbath," said Harry, afterwards. "I was on the road to ruin that day, and the sermon I heard stopped me."

Harry Hampton is active member of church, and Mary Hill often thanks God that He used her faithfully spent "rainy Sabbath" in the salvation of a soul.—*Christian Observer*.

#### DOING NO HARM.

The story has been told of a soldier who was missed amid the bustle of a battle, and no one knew what had become of him, but they knew that he was not in the ranks. As soon as the opportunity offered, his officer went in search of him, and to his surprise found that the man during the battle had been amusing himself in a flower garden. When it was demanded what he did there, he excused himself by saying, "Sir, I am doing no harm." But he was tried, convicted and shot! What a sad but true picture this is of many who waste their time and neglect their duty, and who can give no better answer than, "Lord, I am doing no harm."—*Ex.*