

Our Young Folks.

THE REASON.

Grandma Guff said a curious thing,
"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing."
That's the very thing I heard her say
To Kate, no longer than yesterday.

"Boys may whistle." Of course they may,
If they pucker their lips the proper way;
But for the life of me I can't see
Why Kate can't whistle as well as me.

"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing,"
Now I call that a curious thing.
If boys can whistle, why can't girls, too?
It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

So if the boys can whistle and do it well,
Why cannot girls—will somebody tell?
Why can't they do what a boy can do?
That is the thing I should like to know.

I went to father and asked him why
Girls couldn't whistle as well as I,
And he said, "The reason that girls must sing
Is because a girl's a singular thing."

And grandma laughed till I knew she'd ache
When I said I thought it all a mistake.
"Never mind, little man," I heard her say,
"They will make you whistle enough some day."
—New Orleans Picayune.

A GIRL'S HEROISM.

On the banks of the river Rhine not far from Bonn, stands a quaint Dutch windmill which marks the spot of a girl's courageous deed. The adventure is told as follows:

One Sunday morning the miller and his family set out as usual to attend service in the village of Heasel, leaving the mill, to which the dwelling house was attached, in charge of his hired maid, Hanchen, a brave-hearted girl. The youngest child being still too small to be taken to church remained also under her care.

As Hanchen was busily engaged in preparing dinner for the family, she was interrupted by a visit from her admirer, Heinrich Botteler. He was an idle, worthless fellow, and the miller, who knew his character, had forbidden him to enter the house. Hanchen, however, could not believe all the stories she had heard against her lover, and was sincerely attached to him. So she greeted him kindly, got something for him to eat, and even sat down to chat a little with him. As he was eating he let fall his knife and requested Hanchen to pick it up for him. At first she playfully refused, telling him he was getting too lazy, but finally she stooped down to pick it up, when the treacherous villain caught her by the nape of the neck, drew a dagger from under his coat, and threatened to kill her if she did not immediately tell where the miller kept his money.

The girl was surprised and terrified, and attempted to turn him from such a base deed, but he continued to hold her throat in his vice-like grip, leaving her the choice of death or betrayal of her master. At this instant all her native courage awoke, and a lofty determination sprang up to defeat the robber and save her master's money and her own life.

At once her manner changed. She affected to yield to his wishes, saying in a woe-begone tone, "Well, what must be, must. But if you carry away the miller's gold you must take me with you, too, for I would be suspected and beaten if I stayed behind."

At length he let her go, on her suggestion that the family would soon return from church. She then led the way to the miller's bedroom and showed him the coffer where he kept his money.

"Here," she said, taking an axe from the corner, "you can open it with this while I run upstairs a moment."

Completely deceived by her willing manner, he allowed her to leave the room, and began to chop open the box and to fill his pockets with the money. In the meantime Hanchen, after going up one flight of stairs turned back another way, and creeping silently along the corridor, grasped with both hands the heavy oaken door, swung it to with all her might, and quickly bolted it.

The robber was securely imprisoned, for it was impossible to batter down the thick door or walls.

Hanchen next rushed down to give the alarm. The only one in sight being the miller's little boy, five years old, she called to him with all her might: "Run to meet your father as he comes from church. A robber is in the house." The child, though frightened somewhat, obeyed and began running down the road.

Overcome with the emotion of grief and thankfulness, Hanchen sank down upon the doorstep weeping. But at this moment she was roused by a shrill whistle from her prisoner, Heinrich, who stood behind the grated window above. Next he shouted to some companion without to catch the child running away and kill the girl. She soon saw a ruffian start up from a ravine where he was hiding, and catching up the child in his arms hastened towards the mill. At once she perceived this new danger and formed a plan to thwart it.

Retreating into the mill she double locked, and bolted the door, the only apparent entrance into the building, and took her post at the upper casement determined to defend the miller's property at all hazards.

As the ruffian approached the building carrying the child, he threatened to kill it and burn the building unless the door was immediately opened. Poor Hanchen's heart quailed at the terrible threat, but she knew that duty forbade compromise and bravely resolved to stand by her post until death.

"I put my trust in God," was the noble reply.

The villain now set down the child to look about for a good place to set fire to the building, and in so doing discovered an entrance to the building unthought of by Hanchen. It was a large hole in the wall leading to the great wheel and other machinery of the mill. Exultant at this discovery he returned to tie the hands and feet of the poor child to prevent its escape, and then stole stealthily back and entered the opening.

Hanchen did not perceive these movements of the ruffian, but meantime a thought had come to her. She remembered it was Sabbath, when the mill never worked. So if the windmill was started all the neighbors would see it and come running to see what had happened, and especially the miller would hasten home. Accustomed from childhood to the machinery, it was but the work of a moment to set all in motion. A brisk breeze had sprung up, which set the sails fast flying. With creaking and groaning the great wheel begins to turn and gradually become swifter. It happened that just at the moment the wheel started, the ruffian intruder had squeezed through the opening and dropped into the interior of the huge drum wheel. His dismay may be imagined when he felt the wheel turning and was unable to jump out without breaking his neck. Wildly terrified, he uttered shrieks and imprecations. Hearing a noise Hanchen ran to the spot and saw him caught like a rat in a trap. She was delighted at this turn of affairs and had no thought of liberating him, for she knew that if he remained against the bottom of the wheel he was in no danger of falling off, even if he lost consciousness. He made eager entreaties and wild threats to Hanchen, but all of no avail, and soon became so dizzy that he fell unconscious against the rim of the wheel, and his body continued to be whirled about.

At length a loud rapping was heard at the door and she flew to open it. There was the miller with his family and a number of neighbors, all in the greatest excitement at seeing the sails in full swing on Sabbath and still more at finding the child lying bound in the grass, too terrified to tell what had happened.

Hanchen in a few words told all that had occurred, and then overcome by her emotions of safety and relief sank exhausted upon the floor.

The rescuers immediately stopped the

machinery of the mill and dragged out the unconscious form of the robber villain.

Heinrich also was brought forth from the bed-chamber, and both were taken under strong escort to Bonn, where they soon after received the reward of their crimes.

In the narrative of this extraordinary act of heroism it is added that the incident effectually destroyed Hanchen's liking for the unworthy suitor, and some years afterward was wedded to the miller's eldest son, and lived the remainder of her life at the scene of her heroic act and happy rescue.—
By Henry Homespun.

AMERICA DISCOVERED BY A BOY.

Almost 450 years before Christopher Columbus was born, America was discovered by a Norwegian boy named Biorn, son of Hergolf. He was known by no other title, for in those days sons did not share the father's name.

In the year 1002, Hergolf, an Iceland colonist, fitted out two small vessels for a trading voyage to the Greenland settlement, and placed one of these under the command of his son, Biorn, a youth of sixteen years, who, having been bred to the sea almost since infancy, had mastered the details of his profession by the time that he arrived at an age when other boys usually commence their apprenticeship.

When near the southern coast of Greenland, Biorn's ship encountered a heavy northeasterly gale, which lasted several days, and drove his vessel far to the south and west. The storm broke in the night, and when morning dawned he discovered a strange land close ahead. Sailing along the coast for some distance, he found a large bay, into which he steered and dropped anchor. Upon landing, the country was seen to be clothed with vegetation, and the streams swarming with fine salmon. Trees of large growth grew in great numbers just back from the shore, and the climate was balmy and delightful. Of natives they saw nothing, and believed the land uninhabited.

Rejoiced over this important discovery, Biorn returned to Iceland, and communicated the news to his friend Lief, son of Eric the Red, who had founded the colony on the coast of that island. The two ambitious young men immediately entered into an agreement to share the expense of equipping a suitable vessel, sailing to this newly discovered land, and bringing back whatever cargo promised to reimburse them for fitting out the ship.

Their first sight of the new land was not calculated to impress Lief with a promise of its fruitfulness, for it was rocky, barren and gloomy. This gave rise to openly expressed dissatisfaction on his part, but Biorn assured him that further south they would meet with green fields and woodlands. After the fashion of the early navigators in naming geographical discoveries according to the features first presented, this place they called Helleland, and to the low, sandy shore which they observed beyond it, and which was covered in spots with clumps of small tress, they gave the name of Markland. Two days later they fell in with a new line of coast, and sailing along this for several hours, Biorn made out the bay in which he had anchored on his previous voyage. Into this harbour they brought the ship and moored her.

This Vinland of the early voyagers is known at the present day as Newfoundland. After making several short cruises to the southward and westward, and sailing through the Gulf of St. Lawrence until the river of that name was reached, the ship returned to her first anchorage, where the explorers passed the winter.

In the account of this remarkable voyage, made five centuries before King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella bade God speed to the Italian navigator in the Spanish harbor of Palos, it is recorded by Biorn and

Lief that the length of the shortest day during the winter of the year 1002-3 was eight hours. This proves conclusively that this Vinland of theirs was no further north than Newfoundland, otherwise the length of the day would have been shorter.—*Harper's Young People.*

A TRUE HERO

The truest hero is not he who does a single great deed but he who acts nobly in the daily events of life. The following anecdote from the daily press pictures true nobility in a faithful follower of the meek and lowly Jesus:

"There," said a neighbor, pointing to a village carpenter, "there is a man who has done more good in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk much in public and he does not try. He is not worth two thousand dollars, and it is very little he can put down on subscription papers. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find it out and give them a neighborly welcome and offer them some service. He is on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor and look after his affairs for him. I believe that he and his wife keep house plants in the winter mainly that they may be able to send little bouquets to friends and invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word to every child he meets. He has a genius for helping folks, and it does me good to meet him on the street."

CONGREGATIONAL MEETINGS.

VICTORIA B.C.: The annual meeting of First Presbyterian Church was held lately. The reports show the congregation to be in a prosperous condition. Forty-one were received during the year, making the communion roll 297. The Sunday school has a roll of 362 pupils, with an efficient corps of officers and teachers; and contributed \$597. The C. E. S. is well organized, and has had good influence on the truly religious life of the young people; and contributed nearly \$500 for local missions. At the request of the Session the society undertook to canvass the congregation every second month for the schemes of the Church, and succeeded in collecting a larger sum, excepting one year, ever given by First Church. The Ladies' Aid Society at the beginning of the year adopted the "talent plan," when each was given \$1.00 with the injunction to "occupy," and resulted in returns being made in December varying from fifty cents to forty dollars, making a total of \$700. The choir, one of the largest and best in the city, raised by concerts \$372. The above sums, with the offerings for the support of ordinances, and ordinary expenses, through the Board of Management, aggregated nearly \$6,000, which is a good showing for a year of depression.

STRATFORD: At the annual meeting of Knox Church (Mr. D. McLennan in the chair) favorable reports, financial and otherwise, were presented. The present membership is 721, additions during the year 79. The average attendance at the Sabbath School was 292; and the receipts \$237.32. The membership of the W. F. M. S. Auxiliary is 46, and the amount contributed \$161.33. The finances of the Church were shown to be in a highly satisfactory state. The balance on hand from the previous year was \$416.05. The receipts for the year from pew rents and collections amounted to \$4,707.95. The amount of arrears at the end of 1894 was \$1,148.55, but this had been reduced at the date of the meeting to \$836.50. The mortgage debt has been reduced from \$3,800 to \$2,600 and there is at present \$446 in the bank to the credit of the mortgage account, leaving the amount yet to be raised \$2,160. The total expenditure during the year was \$6,616. The amount expended for congregational purposes was \$5,756, the amount given to missions \$698, and for other benevolent purposes \$181. Pastor and people are to be congratulated on this satisfactory exhibit.

POINT EDWARD: The annual congregational meeting of the Presbyterian Church here was held some time ago. Notwithstanding the present financial depression and the fact that several families had left the village to reside elsewhere, from the various reports read the affairs of the congregation were found to be in a fairly satisfactory condition. During the year the money paid out for all purposes amounted to \$1,075, leaving a balance in the treasury. During the year twenty-six names have been added to the communion roll, two additional elders have been ordained, and two societies of Christian Endeavor—a senior and a junior—have been organized. After several votes of thanks were tendered to the Ladies' Aid Association and the various committees and persons who had done good work during the year, the congregation dispersed, feeling satisfied that a year's good work had been accomplished.