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thou wilt succeed. How I wish that this graceless Nicholas, this unruly nephew of mine, were such a one as thou! Then should I have some comfort. But with his evil companions and bad ways he brings me naught but sorrow. Listen, Franz. If all goes well, thou shalt have his place in helping me with the care of the cathedral. There is no longer any dependence to be placed on him."

In his excitement old Jacob's voice rang through the room. "What is it?" he asked, as he saw Franz start and look toward the door.

I thought I heard a rattling of the latch, as if some one were outside. "It's nothing but the wind drawing through the entry."

Franz took up his basket and bade the old sexton good-night. After he had passed into the street a figure crept out from the cupboard and stole softly down stairs. The light by the door showed a boy of about seventeen years old, with an evil scowl upon his face. "And so thou art to take my place, Franz Halle," he sneered. "That is nothing new. Twice this year has our master, the goldsmith, preferred thy work to mine and set thee over me. Truly, I wish thou mayst fall to-morrow and break thy neck."

When Franz reached home the kind neighbour who was watching by his mother's bed motioned for him to be quiet. "The sick one is sleeping well," she said. "If I had but some good broth to give her when she wakes." Franz pointed to the basket, and the delighted woman began the preparations for the evening meal. When the invalid awoke they gave her a few spoonfuls of the broth, and had the satisfaction of seeing a faint colour come into the white cheeks as she sank into a peaceful slumber.

"Do thou go to bed, Franz! I will stay with thy mother to-night, and to-morrow, too, for that matter, so that thou canst have the whole day to thyself. Thou needst it after all thy care and watching. I like not these parades and these marches of triumph. They remind me too much of my boy, whose young life helped to purchase the victory," and the good frau wiped away a tear.

The morning dawned with a bright blue sky and a crisp breeze, which shook out the folds of the triumphal banners floating from every tower and turret. The city was one blaze of colour. The gorgeous festoons on column and arch and facade were matched by the rich tints of the splendid costumes in the streets below. On every side the black eagles of Austria stood out distinctly from the gleaming orange background. The procession was due at the cathedral by the middle of the afternoon, but owing to some delay it was nearly sunset when the salute from the "fort" told of the approach of the troops. To Franz the hours had dragged wearily on, and he sprang up joyfully when Nicholas finally appeared in the little room in the tower with the furled flag under his arm. "Come," he said gruffly, "you have just time to climb up and take your stand on the spire." Up the boys went as far as the great bell, Franz close behind Nicholas.

Still they toiled upward, more slowly and cautiously now, for the danger increased with every turn. At last they halted, side by side, on the little platform under the sliding window. To Nicholas' surprise, Franz stood there surveying it all without flinching. The younger boy turned to his burly companion: "Somehow, we've never been very good friends. I don't think the fault was all on my side, because you wouldn't let me be your friend. And we have had a good many quarrels. Won't you shake hands with me now and wish me good luck? If—if—and there was just the suspicion of a tremor in the winning voice—"I should never see you again, I should like to feel that we were friends at the last." You're very good to come up here with me."

To his dying day Nicholas never forgot the slight, almost girlish figure, standing there, with the wistful little smile and the pleading tenderness shining in the blue eyes. He touched the slender, outstretched hand with his own, but dropped it suddenly, as if he had received an electric shock. He tried to say, "Good luck," but his tongue seemed glued to the roof of his mouth.

"Look you, Franz," he murmured hoarsely, "when you are safe outside, I'll hand out the flag. I'll wait till you reach the opposite side of the spire and call out, 'All's well,' and then I'll go down and leave you to make your way back. And glad I shall be to leave this miserable trap in mid-air."

Franz's face was deathly pale, but his eyes shone like two stars. He climbed up nimbly through the opening, let himself carefully down to the stone ledge

outside and reached up for the flag. A few moments passed, which seemed like ages to the waiting Nicholas. Then a cheer "All's well!" rang out without a quiver in the steady voice. The older boy's face grew black with rage. What nerve the pale, sickly little thing has! he muttered between his set teeth. I believe he'll do it after all! And so this baby gets not only the prizes at the goldsmith's, but the money and the glory of this thing, to say nothing of his taking my place at the cathedral."

He raised his hand to the window and stood in front of it for a moment, then shut and fastened it on the inside. Then he began to descend as if some demon were after him. The frail ladder vibrated and swayed with the dangerous strain, but down he went, with reckless haste, until he reached the second platform, when he raised his hands with an agonized gesture to his ears as if he was trying to shut out the voice of conscience that kept calling to him. Back, back, before it is too late! Stain not thy young soul with such a crime!"

Still he hurried down with flying step to the landing near the great bell, where he paused and stood leaning breathless against one of the cross-beams of the tower. Into the fierce, turbulent passions of the troubled face stole a softened expression, lighting up the swarthy lineaments like a gleam of sunshine. "I will go back and undo the horrid deed!" he cried, as if in answer to the good angel pleading within his breast. "I am coming, Franz! God forgive me!"

He had turned to make the ascent, and his hand was stretched out to grasp the side of the ladder, when his toe caught in a coil of rope on the platform, and, missing his hold, he plunged down into the space beneath.

In the meantime Franz had made his way safely around the spire and stood quietly, with the end of the flagstaff on the ledge beneath, waiting for the signal. It came in a few moments—the thunder of the great gun on the platz, and bracing his feet firmly he unfurled the flag and slowly waved it back and forth. From the answering roar of artillery and the cheer upon cheer that floated up through the air he knew that his salute had been seen.

With a light heart he began to retrace his steps, edging himself cautiously, such by such, to the window. To his surprise the sliding panel was closed. With one hand he grasped the iron ring fastened to the wall beneath the window and with the other pushed, first firmly and then with all his might, but the panel remained fast. He tried to batter it with the flagstaff, but soon found that in his cramped position it only increased his danger. Again and again he endeavoured to force it open, breaking his nails and bruising his finger tips in his frenzy, but to no purpose. Suddenly the conviction dawned upon him that the window was bolted from the inside. With a despairing sob he tottered backward, but his grasp on the ring held, and with a supreme effort he pulled himself up close to the wall and tried to collect his scattered wits.

"It is no use to shout," he said aloud. "It is more than folly to attempt to make myself heard from this height. I might as well save my strength. All that remains for me to do is to wait patiently. Some one will be sure to miss me and come to my relief. In God is my trust!" And his courage rose with the words.

The troops disbanded, and the people hurried off to the brilliantly-lighted cafes and theatres, all unconscious of the pale, silent boy clinging with desperate grip to the spire, with but a narrow shelf of stone between him and a horrible death.

The sunset faded into the twilight, and with a sudden wave darkness drifted over the earth. The noise in the streets grew fainter. The minutes lengthened into hours, and still the boy stood there, as the night wore on, occasionally shifting his position to ease his cramped and aching limbs. The night wind pierced his thin clothing, and his hands were benumbed with the cold. One by one the bright constellations rose and glittered and dipped in the sky, and the boy still managed to keep his foothold, as rigid as the stone statues on the dome below.

"Two, three, four," pealed the bells in their hoarse, deep tones, and the first glimmer of dawn tinged the eastern horizon with pale yellow the haggard face lighted with expectancy, and from the ashen lips, which had been moving all night in prayer, came the words, "In God is my trust."

"What is the meaning of yonder crowd?" asked one of two artisans who had met while hurrying across the platz to their work.

"What! Have you not heard? All Vienna is ringing with the news! It was young Franz, the goldsmith's apprentice, who climbed out on the spire yesterday and waved the flag. In some way the little window near the top was loosened on the inside, and the poor boy was forced to stay out all night clinging to the spire. It was only a short time ago that he was discovered and brought fainting down the ladders. After working over him a little while he seemed all right and was carried to his home. And there's another strange thing. Nicholas, old Jacob Wittig's nephew, was picked up, mangled and bleeding, at the foot of the tower stairs this morning. He has just been taken to the hospital."

The next day Franz received a summons from the Emperor. As he followed the officer who had been sent to conduct him to the palace, to his surprise the marble steps and the corridor beyond were lined on either side with the soldiers of the Imperial guard, and as the slender, boyish figure, with its crown of golden hair, passed between the files, each mailed and bearded warrior reverently saluted.

On he went, through another chamber and into a spacious hall with marble floors and hangings of rich tapestry. On both sides were rows of courtiers and officers, the rich costumes and nodding plumes and splendid uniforms, with their jewelled orders, contrasting strangely with the lad's plain, homespun garments.

"It is the Emperor," whispered the guide as they drew near a canopied throne, and Franz dropped on one knee.

He felt the hand that was placed on his bowed head tremble, and a kind voice said: "Rise, my boy. Kneel not to me. It is I, thy Emperor, who should rather kneel to do thee homage for thy filial piety. My brave lad, I know thy story well. Ask of me a place near my person, aid for thy sick mother, what thou wilt, and it is granted thee. And remember that as long as the Emperor of Austria shall live he will feel himself honoured in being known as thy friend."

In a short time another summons came, this time from the hospital. At the end of a long row of beds lay Nicholas, with his arm bandaged and strips of plaster covering the gashes on his forehead.

"Oh, Franz," he groaned, "if God has forgiven me, why cannot you? And you will believe that I speak the truth when I tell you I was sorry for what I had done, and I had turned to go back and unbolt the door when I tripped and fell." Franz bent over him with a bright smile. "I forgive you everything, Nicholas," he said, sweetly, "so please let us say no more about it. It wasn't a bad exchange. I lost an enemy, but I gained a friend," and the hands of two boys met in a firm, loving grasp. — Weekly Globe.

A KIND HEART.

It was a bright morning early in summer. Ex-Mayor Sichel descended the brown-stone steps of his mansion, on an up-town square, and started down the street toward his office. As he walked slowly along he noticed in front of him a very pretty young lady. She was dressed according to the latest fashion, and went tripping along with her head held high in the air, in a manner befitting a young queen. As the venerable ex-mayor looked at her fine array and watched her top-lofty manner, he could not but wonder if she took as much pains with the inward adornment of her heart as she did with the outward decoration of her body.

Presently an old man came up the street, pushing a wheelbarrow. Just before he reached the young lady he made two attempts to get into the yard of a small house, but each time he failed; the gate would swing back before he could get through with the wheelbarrow.

"Wait a moment," said our stylish miss. "I'll hold the gate open." And reaching out a hand incased in a pearl-coloured glove, she held the gate until the old man and his wheelbarrow had passed in. Then she nodded and smiled in response to his thanks, while our ex-mayor thought that her handsome clothes were not a bit too fine for a body that carried such a beautiful spirit.

Greenland boys are great egg collectors. As soon as the gulls and other birds that nest in the far north appear in the spring, the work begins. No boy who has not practised a great deal at climbing the rough mountain-sides and creeping over the glaciers is allowed to venture on the perilous task. But at fifteen, and even before, a Greenland boy is as strong of limb, as fearless of heart, and as cool of head as any steeple-climber.

In Springtime.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

When spring doth break and buds do blow,  
Then boys and girls a-walking go,  
In woods and meadows to and fro,  
To see the leaves unfold,  
To pull the spicy forest root,  
To spy the violet under foot,  
To watch the willows start and shoot,  
In wands of greeny gold.

Now Moira said to Marjorie,  
Well go together, dear, I'd so see.  
For sisters still should loving be,  
And kind in all their ways,  
And if we meet the girls and boys,  
We'll bid them leave their books and toys,  
And come and share the springtime joy,  
The woodland's morning play."

The first they met was (that) Tim,  
All lost in drowsy drowsy dream,  
And straight the lassies pounced on him,  
And bade him trip along,  
And next they saw, in primly pride,  
Mrs. Sue, with Carlo by her side,  
"Come, come with us," they gaily cried,  
To hear the woodbird's song."

Now passing down the village street,  
They met two children small and sweet,  
In winter wraps all clad complete,  
With muff and fluff and fur,  
Oh, fie, for shame! the maidens cry,  
Come, throw your furs and mufflers by,  
The starry eyebrights smile and sigh,  
The pussy willows purr!"

Soon every child in our town,  
In jacket, cap, or kilted gown,  
Had left the street so dull and brown,  
And sought the woodland fair,  
The merry sisters led the way,  
Marjorie sweet and Moira gay,  
And, oh, but happy was the play,  
When once they gathered there.

Winter," they sang, "is cold and lean,  
But, fair, oh, fair, is April green,  
And sweet, so sweet, is May the Queen,  
With morning in her face,  
Then let the children dance and sing,  
With trip and quip and joyous fling,  
To welcome in the golden spring,  
In every country place."

MR. SPURGEON'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

When I was just fifteen I believed in the Lord Jesus, was baptized, and joined the church of Christ. This was twenty-five years ago, and I have never been sorry for what I then did, no, not even once.

I have had plenty of time to think it over, and many temptations to try some other course, and if I had found out that I had been deceived or had made a gross blunder, I would have made a change before now, and would do my best to prevent others from falling into the same delusion.

I tell you, boys, the day I gave myself up to the Lord Jesus, to be his servant, was the very best day of my life. Then I began to be safe and happy; then I found out the secret of living, and had a worthy object for life's exertions, and an unfailing comfort for life's troubles.

Because I wish every boy to have a bright eye, a light head, a joyful heart, and overflowing spirits, I plead with him to consider whether he will not follow my example, for I speak from experience.

MILITARY DRILL IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The American Humanitarian League is circulating a pamphlet protesting against the bill now pending in Congress "to establish a bureau of military education and to promote the adoption of uniform military drill in the public schools of the several States and territories. We must confess to our utter sympathy with the league in its protest. The military spirit is foreign to the genius of our institutions. Its cultivation in the school is not a hopeful sign. Europe might teach us that. We want a sturdy, obedient, disciplined, and cultivated citizenship without a hint of fighting or of military strut. The home and the school can secure this by the exercise of a little good sense and with better views of parental authority. Such citizens would make good soldiers at a minute's warning; and we should be free at least from the lust of fighting which military drill suggests and, perhaps, stimulates. In these days when the best citizenship is striving for the abolition of war and for the adjustment of international disputes by arbitration, the introduction of compulsory military drill in the public schools is not an advance step. — Western Christian Advocate.

So say we.—Ed. Pleasant Hours.