



BRAINERD'S TOMB AT NORTHAMPTON.

"Keep step!" shouted Principal Allen, as he pulled some of the little children from under the feet of the rushing throng. "Keep step!" and at once the panic was over. Steady as an old veteran, Offie Downs hammered away at his drum, and at every stroke five hundred little feet stepped forward, marching out of the big building, while amid the smoke the fourteen-year-old boy stood at his post and drummed and drummed, until every child was out of the burning building, and the principal called him away. Then as the little hero came down the steps, the outside crowd greeted him with a storm of cheers, for he had saved the lives, no doubt, of many children, and kept away the shadows which otherwise might have darkened many a home.

There had been fire drills in the school again and again, and every child was taught to know his place and how to act in order to escape in case of fire. Everybody had been trained, but when the fire came they forgot it all, and everything was in confusion. The children had lost their heads, and the teachers could not manage them. It needed one thing to straighten things out, and that was *Offie's drum*; and he was the boy who knew what was needful, and without waiting to ask or to be told, he *took his place and beat his drum*.

The people who were there that day will never forget the sound of Offie's drum; and perhaps some other boy will learn from this story to keep cool when others are frightened, and remember what ought to be done and *go and do it*. Many a life would be saved if people would only think instead of screaming, and act with coolness and judgment, instead of giving way to senseless fright and panic.

And it may be that some man may learn from Offie Downs the importance of attending to *his own business*, and doing *his own duty*, no matter what others may do or say. If this one boy had forgotten his duty, or had sought to save his own life, what horrors might have followed. But Offie stood to his post, and turned the tide and saved the day. Some time you may find your opportunity—be ready to improve it.—*The Little Christian*.

A MISSIONARY'S TOMB.

N T Northampton, a town of Massachusetts, in the United States, there is a tomb marking the spot where David Brainerd was buried. He was a missionary to the Indians in New England and other parts of the United States, a long time ago. He was born in 1718, and died in 1749, while still a young man. Of his thirty-one years only four were spent as a missionary, but still he left behind him a great name for the work he had done. He travelled hundreds of miles on horseback, in all weathers, and chiefly through the woods, always studying the language of the Indians, and preaching to them whenever he could. The Indians were then, many of them, very fierce, but Brainerd had no fear, and soon they learned to love him and to hail his visits with joy. Some of them would travel thirty miles to meet him, and to hear him preach. He was a noble disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, and therefore worked hard to save, if possible, the poor savages that had never heard about Him.

LIMPY TIM.

THE newsboys and bootblacks around the post-office in a large city, says the Little Friend, were surprised when "Limpy Tim," a lame shiner called out:

"Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a whole box of blacking, and a good stout box; and the outfit goes for two shillings."

"Are you going away, Tim?" asked one boy.

"No," said Tim, very soberly, "but I must have two shillings."

"Going on an excursion?" queried another boy.

"Not to-day," replied Tim, "but I've got to have two shillings."

The outfit was bought so cheap that two of the boys joined together and bought it.

Then Tim took the money and went straight to a newspaper office. Putting the money down on the counter he said:

"I guess I can write the notice if you'll give me a pencil."