

'Well, I think 'twas real brave of the little thing,' said her daughter.

'Yes, 'twas,' answered her mother.

Lucinda went down the road through the quiet of the Sabbath afternoon. She had a little bunch of golden leaves in her hand as she entered the sitting-room.

'Well, is it all right now?' said her mother.

'Yes'm, it's all right,' answered Lucinda happily.

She went up to her own room. She was too young to know that the day had been a crisis in her life, or to realize the difference the resolve would make to her own happiness, but she knew that it had been a beautiful day. She opened her little red-covered bible to the first chapter of Joshua and put her most beautiful leaf in it so that its golden tip pointed to the words,

'Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee, whithersoever thou goest.'—*American Messenger.*

The House of a Thousand Terrors.

More than three hundred years ago, the city of Rotterdam awoke one autumn morning to find a squadron of Spanish warships floating on the broad bosom of the Maas.

The enemy had come! Like an electric spark the tidings flashed through the city, startling the inhabitants out of their usual quiet routine of duty. The enemy had come! Women turned pale and clasped their children to their breast, and men rushed forth into the streets by one common impulse.

Hitherto Rotterdam had escaped the fate which had befallen so many other towns in Holland. Now their time was come. The Spaniards had stolen upon them unawares, and rumor whispered that the city gates were to be thrown open to the foe:

The town was astir from one end to the other. Pale faces looked through every window, and the streets were thronged with stern-faced men, who gathered for a moment in groups, and then sped on to the Town Hall.

There tumult reigned. Terror, not uncalled for, blanched the faces of the boldest, and indignation found vent in a storm of protest. Presently the voices hushed, for the grave burgomaster stood before them with uplifted hand.

In a calm, unimpassioned manner, which of itself had a soothing effect upon the excited multitude, the chief magistrate told them that their fears were needless. In his hand he held a letter, received that morning from Admiral Bossu—a letter written with the express purpose of allaying any groundless alarm. In spite of this warlike array of ships and men-at-arms, the admiral's intentions, it seemed, were peaceful. All he asked was permission to march through the town, in order that his troops might join the main body of the army. If the good burghers would grant this favor, he pledged his word of honor that no harm would befall them.

Once more a storm of eager voices filled the great hall; some, in the strong reaction of relief, voting for acquiescence; others, more prudent, fearing treachery.

Again the burgomaster spoke. He reminded his hearers that might was on Bossu's side. His request denied, he would certainly assault the town, and no mercy could then be expected. This danger a courteous reply might avert, and why should they doubt the admiral's honor? Bossu, although serving the Spanish king, was yet a fellow-countryman, and therefore had a claim upon their respect.

The discussion which followed was less

vehement in character. The policy of concession gained ground; for none could deny that the city was in no condition to offer a successful resistance to such a troop as Bossu had at command. Moreover, the honest burghers had no wish for war. Most of them were shopkeepers, with instincts commercial rather than martial. In defence of their rights they could, and would, fight valiantly, but they preferred peace while peace was possible.

A vote of agreement was accordingly passed, permitting Bossu and his men to march through Rotterdam. To satisfy the prudent minority, however, the burgomaster added a condition to the warrant. Only one corporal's company at a time was to enter the town. To this document the admiral set his seal.

The citizens dispersed, each to his home, his shop, or his warehouse, satisfied that all was well.

But one man was not satisfied. A prosperous burgher, who lived at the corner house of the great square, went home ill at ease. He, for one, had no faith in Bossu's specious promises, and his heart thrilled with anguish as he thought of the women and children in the houses he passed. What a fate awaited them!

Compassion born of true benevolence ever bears fruit. Before he reached home, he had determined to do what one man might to rescue these helpless lambs from the fierce wolves of Spain.

His good vrouw entered heartily into his scheme, which was neither more nor less than the turning of her well-kept, spotless home into a general house of refuge. It was no light trial to the careful Dutch housewife to submit to the spoiling of her dainty furniture and the scratching of her polished floors; but the sacrifice was cheerfully offered.

To make more room, all the furniture which could be moved at such short notice was bundled into the back yard. The shutters were also closed, and the windows broken, in order to give the house a wrecked appearance. Then they invited their neighbors to take shelter beneath their roof—an offer no less than a thousand women and children are said to have accepted.

Meanwhile, by order of the burgomaster, the city gates were thrown open, and the Spaniards entered; not only a corporal's company, but the entire troop; not peacefully, for each man had a drawn sword in his hand. The gate-keeper, terrified at the sight, attempted to reclose the gates, and was at once cut down and slain by Bossu himself. On they swept, the wicked admiral at their head, his sword red with the blood of the murdered gate-keeper.

A general massacre now began, and a long, wild shriek of agony arose above the doomed city. Alas for the men, who with misgiving confidence, were busy with their ledgers instead of buckling on their swords! And alas for the hapless women and children who already filled the streets, flying they knew not whither, for death met them at every turn!

The corner house was now full; packed from garret to cellar with trembling fugitives—men and women armed with the courage of despair, and little children too frightened to cry.

When no more could be admitted, the master of the house locked and barred the door, and taking the kid, his vrouw held in readiness, he cut its throat and suffered the blood to stream beneath the door.

Not a moment too soon. The tread of armed men was heard; the great square resounded to the clash of steel and the shrieks and groans of wounded and dying men and women.

Now the assassins reached the corner

house, and, pausing in their dread work, glanced up at the broken windows. Here was a house they had not desolated, yet upon the white doorstep was ample evidence of slaughter! The blood seemed to cry, 'Enough! Here the work of destruction is complete. Pass on!'

So on they sped, carrying death and ruin in their train; while from the house of refuge arose a deep, voiceless burst of thanksgiving to him who had granted success to the simple stratagem.

In the peaceful Rotterdam of to-day the old Dutch mansion still stands—the time-worn monument of a by-gone day of woe. Above its ancient doorway it bears this well-earned title, 'The House of a Thousand Terrors.'—*'Boys' Sunday Magazine.*

A Hero of the Plague.

(Mary Angelia Dickens, in 'Boys' Sunday Monthly.')

In one of the prettiest parts of Derbyshire there is a village called Eyam. It is a little place now, but two hundred years ago it was smaller still. There was just one winding street, the church, and the parsonage. One of the houses in that winding street belonged to a tailor, and to this tailor's house, one hot September day in 1665, came a box of patterns of cloth from London. The apprentice who unpacked the box thought the patterns seemed curiously musty and damp, so he hung them before a fire to air. But before the last piece was taken out of the box he began to feel ill. He grew worse rapidly; three days after, the terrible dark spot known as the plague spot showed itself on him, and the next evening he died.

Every one in Eyam knew of the great plague which was raging in London at this time, and a shudder of fear went through the village as the people realized that this dreadful illness had come now to their own doors, carried by those patterns of cloth. Five people, besides the poor young apprentice, died in those hot September days, and many more in October. As the cold, winter weather came on, the danger seemed to decrease.

But the Eyam people did not dare to hope that the plague had left them, for here and there, through the short winter days and the lengthening spring ones, a man or a woman, or perhaps a child, fell ill and died of it. Spring had given way to summer, and it was June, 1666, when the plague suddenly broke out all over Eyam at once. In every house some one lay dead, or some one was dying; and the terrified people gave way to the wildest panic. Men forgot their courage; women forgot their tenderness. To fly from their infected homes, to escape — by any means, however selfish — from the danger and death that surrounded them, was the one thought which possessed everyone in Eyam.

Every one, with one exception. The rector of Eyam, William Mompesson, was a young man — energetic, clear-sighted, and full of devotion to the master whom he served. He had a delicate young wife and two little children. The children he had sent away some time before; his wife remained, to be his help and comfort through some, at least, of the dark days to come. He loved all three with all his heart, but he loved his duty more.

It was Mr. Mompesson who saw what the frightened people could not see. He realized that in flying as they proposed, to the neighboring towns and villages, they must, of necessity, carry infection wherever they went. He felt at once what was the right and noble course for Eyam to take. He gathered his