

off." Tom had just bent himself to that effort, and was preparing to jump aboard himself, when a small voice was heard at a little distance which arrested the attention of all. Presently the owner of the voice appeared upon the scene, flushed and eager. Only a small boy to match the voice, but his words came fast as he paused on the beach before the merry crew of the "Nancy."

"Oh, please, my little brother fell down and hurt himself, and—I can't lift him, and he's crying and crying, and I don't know what I shall do. Please come and help me take him home!" There were tears in the blue eyes of the speaker, and his voice trembled a little, but he did not break down until the last word was spoken, and then with a sob he turned his white, frightened face aside. Harry Strong had started to his feet in generous and speedy response to the call for help, but five voices cried, "Sit down, Hal, don't bother. It may be only a little hurt, and the chap will get home all right, of course."

"But it may be something else besides a little thing," replied Harry. "And I say, fellows, I can't let a boy like that suffer—such a little fellow! I guess I'd better go on shore; eh, Tom?"

Tom growled out his reply, "Sha'n't wait for you if ye do, Hal Strong. Tide's right now, and I've work to do. Better let the chap go elsewhere for help. Don't believe it's anything but a cry-baby affair, anyhow. Gents' sons are allers such babies! Sarves 'em right to get hurt now and then. Come, I can't wait here any longer. Here goes!"

But Harry's mind was made up. Disappointed as he would be, yet his noble heart was too full of mother-love and mother-teaching to turn his face from the duty of helping any one, friend or stranger, in time of trouble. So with a spring he left the boat and called good-by to the boys, who were so vexed with him, and yet who in their hearts honored him for his conduct.

"Now then, come on, little chap!" cried Harry, as he started on a run up the road, followed by the small boy, whose face brightened wonderfully as he slipped his hand within Harry's. "What's your name?"

"Archie Brown," was the reply. "And me and my brother—we're twin boys, you know—were playin', and a stone fell out of the bank and struck Dick in his leg; and it's a pretty big stone, so I can't lift him up."

The "stone" proved to be a good-sized piece of rock, which had become loosened from the bank above where Archie and Dick had been playing, and had fallen against and upon the latter's little leg, breaking the limb, and keeping the child a prisoner until Harry's strong arms came to the rescue. The twins were strangers in the village, sons of a wealthy man, who had but recently moved from the city. But, save the fact that they were strangers to him, our brave-hearted Harry knew nothing about them, nor did he care to know anything more than where to carry the suffering child. Little Archie gave directions and led the way, and presently the sick boy was lifted from Harry's arms by the father, who also invited Harry to enter the cool, handsome parlor and rest. A little explanation ensued, and then Harry returned to his home and went to work at the wood-pile, after telling his mother all that had happened.

"I almost wish you had gotten away before the little boy came to the beach," said sympathetic mamma, regretting the loss of her boy's sport; but, after all, you did the right thing, darling, and I'm glad you are so unselfish."

It seemed a very long and unusually tiresome afternoon to Harry, although the minutes and hours were all employed usefully. He couldn't keep the feeling of disappointment out of his heart, try as he might; and besides all that, he wasn't by any means sure that he would have another such chance for a good-time.

"But 'there's no use crying after spilled milk,'" quoted Hal to himself at last; and so his face was bright and happy again when, about sunset, he went to the store for his mother on an errand. There he found Tom and the boys, who had returned a few minutes before, and the latter gathered about Harry, eager to tell of the fun they had had and the fish they had caught. And they rallied Harry considerably, too, about "being such a goose as to give up such fun for the sake of helping a chap he didn't even know!"

After he and his companions had left the store, a gentleman who had been making

purchases stepped up to the desk and asked a few questions concerning Harry Strong. The storekeeper very willingly answered them all, telling of Harry's kind heart and generous nature, his love for his widowed mother, their straitened circumstances, and all. And when the gentleman had gone, the man, with a good-natured smile to the few loungers in the store, said:

"'Twas that gent's son that Hal Strong helped to-day when he got hurt. Shouldn't wonder, now, if he did something handsome by the lad in return. Anyhow, I thought I'd speak a good word for Hal."

Whether it was because Harry, continuing his acquaintance with little Archie and Dick, grew into the father's favor by his good conduct and entire unconsciousness that he had done any very unselfish or noble thing on that particular afternoon when he gave up his own pleasure for another, or whether it was because of the storekeeper's "good word for Hal," cannot be determined exactly; but at any rate, one morning, about three weeks after Dick's accident, Archie called and begged Harry to go "just a moment" to the beach with him. When the two reached there, what should Harry see but a beautiful little boat dancing up and down on the silvery ripples of the tide, and ready in every particular for a race over the waters so soon as the chain which tied her fast to shore should be loosened.

"Oh, what a beauty!" cried Hal, delightfully. "Is she yours, Archie? May I go out in her some day?"

"Look and see whose she is," replied Archie, jumping about in his endeavor to keep a secret safe within his little lips.

So Harry went closer, and then he too jumped up and down; for there, in gold letters, was the name "Harry Strong," plain enough for anybody to read without glasses.

"Papa gave it to you," explained Archie then, "cause he thinks you're a noble fellow. He told mamma so—I heard him; and now you have a boat of your own, and Dick won't get hurt again, so you won't lose another sail for us."

Boys are not given to kissing, else Hal would have kissed little Archie; but he took his hand very closely in his own, and together the two ran off to find Archie's father. The boys of Harry's acquaintance met that afternoon and voted thanks, in Harry's name, to the giver of the boat; and so, after all, out of the afternoon of disappointment sprang much pleasure and kind feeling for all.—*The Churchman.*

#### A SECRET MEETING.

Some time ago, the Rev. Dr. Hill, of Virginia, related the following story: In his youth, he entered Hampden-Sidney College, where, at the time, Christianity was little respected among the classes, and the institution did not contain a single Christian student.

Young Hill did not live a religious life, but he retained religious impressions from the teachings of his mother, who had but recently died. The memory of her life and words thrust itself upon him in all his associations, and the scoffings and profane fun of his classmates of serious things disturbed his conscience.

He endured this for a long time, till it became a question whether he would quite give himself up to the influences which surrounded him, or make a serious effort to resist them. He had no Bible. He did not like to procure one for fear he should be ridiculed. At last, from a friendly family in the neighborhood, he borrowed a religious book. It was the work of a Scottish minister, and full of plain and holy truths.

Young Hill took his first opportunity to read it, first locking his door, and hoping he should not be disturbed. Before long, a student clamored so boisterously for admission that he was obliged to let him in. The book lay on the bed, and the visitor took it up and looked at it with surprise.

"Hill, do you read such books?" Momentary cowardice made the young man hesitate, but he mastered himself, and replied, "Yes, I do."

"Well," said the fellow-student, with unexpected emotion, "you may be a Christian, but I can't. I came here a professor of religion, but I struck my colors, and went over to the enemy."

They had some further conversation, and Hill learned that there were two other well-disposed fellows in the college who might welcome his confidence, and finally it was decided to invite them to his room.

The four young men met and tried to hold a religious meeting. It was a new thing to them all. Their efforts were crude and incoherent enough, but they were sincere.

Their attempt to sing attracted listeners, and then the storm burst. A mob of students crowded the hall, and the uproar was such that the college officers had to come and disperse them.

That evening at chapel prayers the President enquired the cause of the disturbance, and learned the truth. He assured young Hill and his three friends that they should be protected.

"You shall hold your next meeting in my parlor," said he, "and I will be one of your number."

Saturday came again, and the meeting at the President's house was attended not only by the four students, but by half the college. That was the beginning of a work that swept through the institution. Ridicule and reckless impiety were silenced, and scorners became worshippers.

The influence of the new religious life in the college spread through all the town and into the surrounding country; but its most interesting results were in the young men who first felt its power, and who had their long future before them. Some of these, like Dr. Hill himself, became clergymen, and the student who interrupted Hill in his reading became President of a college in the West.

So did one good old book, cherished in secret by a single hungry heart—a little good amidst a great deal of evil—make itself felt, and prove a seed of large blessing.—*Youth's Companion.*

#### CECIL'S FIRST FLEECE.

Little Cecil loved the Sabbath-school, and when his parents moved to Kansas, and he learned there was none near there, he was inconsolable. His father at length took pity upon his little boy, and commenced a Sabbath-school at home for him and his sister.

One day the school was commenced with their usual exercises, and Cecil stepped up to his father and recited this verse, "The first fruit also of thy corn, of thy wine, and of thine oil, and the first of the fleece of thy sheep, shalt thou give to him." Then he asked, "What is the first fleece, father?"

His father explained by telling him that the Israelites gave the first crop of a new piece of land, the first fruit of their trees, and their fleeces, to God, and after that the greater part of their crops, fruit, wool, &c., was theirs.

"Did they have to do so?" asked Cecil. "Yes, God told them to, and they would have been very ungrateful and wicked if they had not obeyed. God gave them all these things in the first place, and if they were really grateful for them, they would love to give a part of them back to him."

Cecil sat very still while his sister was reciting her lessons, and then said, "Father, aren't you going to shear my sheep this week?"

"Yes, my son."  
"Won't that be my first fleece?"  
"Yes."

"Well, I want to give it to God, and wait until next year for my new coat. May I, father?"

"Yes, my son," said his father, "and if you always give your first fleece to God, you will never want for necessary clothing."—*Child's World.*

#### GERONIMO, THE ARAB MARTYR.

Many hundred years ago an intelligent Arab boy was taken to England and educated, and became a Christian. In mature manhood he returned to Algiers and sought the conversion of his fellow-men in Algeria to the Christian faith, incurring thereby the displeasure of the more powerful followers of Mohammed. It chanced that the Dey of Algiers was building a moele or dock about the same time, and one day he summoned Geronimo before him, and told him he might choose between renouncing the Christian faith and the alternative of being buried in the concrete rock-work of the moele. He refused to forego his faith, and the Dey ordered his followers to seize and bind him with ropes, which was done accordingly. Once more he was asked to return to the faith of his ancestors, and refused. "Then let the Christian dog die," said the Dey; and Geronimo was thrown into the moele, and concrete poured upon him until he was seen no more. Three centuries after, when the

French had become the owners of the province, it became necessary to rebuild the moele, and the work of removing it was begun. A certain antiquary, who owned a book in which the mode of Geronimo's death was described, called attention to the manner of it, and suggested working carefully until the supposed location of the remains of Geronimo were reached, and then pouring liquid plaster into the place, hoping thus to get a cast of the body, should the story prove true as regarded the manner of the martyrdom and the place where the body lay. When the mould had been allowed time to set in the opening, it was broken out carefully, and the exact semblance of a human form, lying horizontally and bound with cords, was found; and to-day I have seen this mould in the Museum of Algiers, in the original position, face downward. The body has marks of many contusions caused by falling stones, but is otherwise quite perfect, especially the face, which is characteristically Arabian.

IN THE STREET.—A gentleman visited an unhappy man in jail, awaiting his trial. "Sir," said the prisoner, tears running down his cheeks, "I had a good home-education. My street-education ruined me. I used to slip out of the house, and go off with the boys in the street. In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to gamble; in the street I learned to pilfer, and to do all evil. O sir! it is in the street the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young."

A MEAN life is only the dark shadow of a mean theory of life. The devil is cunning enough to upset a man's notions of honor on the first step toward upsetting his actions.

#### Question Corner.—No. 19.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

#### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

217. How many people were saved from the destruction of Sodom?
218. On what mount was Abraham told by God to offer up his son Isaac?
219. What house was many years after erected on this spot and by whom was it built?
220. In what place did Sarah die and where was she buried?
221. Where was the first monument erected to the memory of the dead, and to whom was it erected?
222. In what place in Europe was the Gospel first preached by Paul?
223. What first led Paul to go to preach in Macedonia?
224. Who was Paul's companion after he parted with Barnabas?
225. What king was reigning at the time of the revolt of the ten tribes?
226. How long did David reign in Hebron before Jerusalem was taken from the Jebusites?
227. In what battle were Saul and his son Jonathan killed?
228. By whom were their bodies buried?

#### ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 17.

193. Moses, Ex. iii. 1, 3.
194. On Mount Horeb, Ex. iii. 1, 2.
195. Elijah, 1 Kings xix. 8.
196. He went in the strength of the food given him by the angel, 1 Kings xix. 5, 8.
197. Elisha, 2 Kings ii. 9, 15.
198. Elisha, 2 Kings viii. 7.
199. See Exodus xiii. 14, 15.
200. The tribe of Levi, Num. iii. 12.
201. The house of Bread.
202. Rachel, Gen. xlviii. 7.
203. David, 1 Sam. xvi. 1.
204. To the tribe of Judah.

#### ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Horse-man.

#### CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 17.—Ada L. Potts, 12; Ethel Montford, 11; W. H. Simmons, 9.  
To No. 16.—Maggie Sutherland, 12 en; Alice Alberta Hamilton, 12 en; Bella Francis, 12 en; Pamela Simpson, 6; Herbert W. Hewitt, 12; Mary E. Coates, 12; Cora M. McIntire, 11; W. H. Simmons, 8; William C. Wickham, 7; Jessie Cairns, 11; John Cairns, 11.