

you saved their lives. Saved mine, too, didn't you, eh?' and the injured man looked and spoke as if he were ready to give Joe a lecture for doing so.

'I helped to get you out of the building, sir.'

'Well, we'll be running again in a few weeks and I want you back at your work.'

'Thank you, I shall be glad of the chance.'

'And you can give away a loaf of bread to anybody you find starving. Understand?'

Joe was beginning to, although Mr. Jacques talked as if he were scolding vigorously.

'Now, here's an order on our treasurer,' the foreman resumed, 'to pay you your wages every week until we get to work. Understand?'

'Yes, sir, and thank you very much.'

'Well, I'm doing a little thanking in my own way, too, so that's all right. Now, the doctor says I got such a shaking up that I mustn't talk to anybody very long at a time, so I guess you'd better go.'

'Very well, sir, good-bye.'

'Good-bye.'

When Joe was about ten feet from the cot, Mr. Jacques called him back. For the first time since he knew him, Joe saw a wistful, kind look in the foreman's eyes as he asked:

'Couldn't you come back to see me day after to-morrow?'

'Yes, sir, and glad to,' Joe answered, feeling a lump rise in his throat, he could not tell why.

How Sponges Take Vengeance

Prince Albert of Monaco, in his recently published and interesting book, 'A Navigator's Career,' relates how one bright night, when all the sea was agleam with phosphorescence, the prince and his companions gathered a large crop of sponges. 'Each one of these beautiful soft sponges,' he writes, 'had, as we gathered them, filled our hands with tiny spikes which had pricked their way in underneath our skins, and broke off there, and for days afterwards we suffered agonies of irritation. The sponges took their vengeance posthumously. For a week or more each man of us went about with red hands hanging limply and with outspread fingers, so that these fingers might not rub against each other. We dared not shake hands, we dared touch nothing, we dared hardly eat or drink, for it was agony to clasp or clutch the slightest thing. It was the sponges' vengeance on their murderers.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at \$2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of six new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at \$1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

The Mark of the Cross

(Alfreda Post, in the 'Congregationalist' and 'Christian World'.)

From a Bedouin encampment on the edge of the Syrian desert, a large-eyed, wistful child drove her tiny donkey, with his load of goatskin water-bottles, to a sluggish rill. Following him into the ooze with her bare feet, she filled the bottles with the muddy water and started him up the bank with a loud 'Hanghh!'

Here her energy left her and she gave way to the melancholy which had become her deepest feeling. Crouching upon the bank, her chin upon her knees, she groaned, 'O Allah! why have you cursed me?' She drew back her loose sleeve and moodily studied the tattooing on her arm. It was the usual indigo stain of the Bedouins, but the figures were strange, to Najla unintelligible; only one stood out distinctly, the figure of a cross. She dipped her left hand in the water and mechanically rubbed the markings.

'If they would only wash out I might be free from the curse.'

Suddenly she was startled by a voice behind her almost painful in its eagerness. 'How did you get those marks?'

Najla scrambled to her feet in confusion, too abashed to answer.

'Is your name Najla?' asked the young man again, trembling with earnestness.

'How did you know?' exclaimed Najla amazed.

'Look!' he cried, and pulling up his own sleeve, he revealed to Najla's astonished gaze an arm marked with the same figures as her own.

'Don't you remember your brother Faris? Think, when you were a little child?'

'When my mother was alive? Yes, I had forgotten all about it; he used to carry me on his back.'

'Yes, and you wore silver anklets with tinkling bells,' and Faris pulled out from his bosom a child's anklet such as he had described.

Najla grasped it eagerly. 'Oh, how wonderful! I remember it perfectly, and they took the other away and beat me for losing this.'

'Poor little Najla!' said Faris, taking both her hands. 'It was cruel of me to run away from you after our parents died. But I meant even then to come back for you, and took the anklet to prove you were mine.'

'Where did you go?' asked Najla.

'I wandered about almost perishing for food and water,' he replied, 'until I was picked up by some cameleers and taken to a town. They left me in a mission school, where they took me in with kindness that I had never dreamed of; and do you know why they did it?' Faris again eagerly caught his sister's hand. 'It was because of the story on your arm!'

Najla looked aghast. 'You are mad, my brother, what do you mean?'

'It's a beautiful story,' Faris answered. 'My teacher's wife would seat me beside her, with her soft hand on my arm, pointing out the figures and telling me about them.'

'Have these marks a meaning?' exclaimed Najla.

'Look!' Faris took her wrist. 'This cross is the centre of all; the long figure beside it is a ladder; here is a hammer with three nails, and a sponge on the end

of a staff, and this above is a crown—Oh, Najla, it was a crown of thorns!'

'I don't understand,' said Najla.

'Poor little Najla, of course not, but I will tell you about it until you love it better than anything in the world; don't you remember when our mother used to tell it?'

'No,' said Najla, 'did she know it?'

'Why, Najla,' said Faris, 'our mother was a Christian girl and our father carried her away from her village home and made her his wife; you can't remember how often she used to weep for her own people. She was so afraid that we children would grow up without knowing all about the cross that she tattooed the story upon our arms, believing that sometime, some one would tell us what it meant.'

'But a Christian is a base, mean thing,' said Najla, still perplexed. 'I suppose this is why all the tribe curse me.'

'Little sister,' said Faris, 'I am going to take you away from all that, away over the Black River to the land of the Christians!'

'The Black River!' gasped Najla in terror, 'the jinn would catch us!'

'What are you talking about?' asked Faris.

Najla lowered her voice, her black eyes dilated with horror. 'Don't you know about the jinn that our first Sheikh Sleiman exorcized from his wife's heart and imprisoned in the Black River? Ever since he has waited to catch some member of our tribe and take vengeance, and none of our people dare cross that river.'

Faris laughed gayly. Najla, there are no such things as jinns. Look at me! I have crossed that river twice!'

Najla gazed at him stupefied. 'Perhaps you have a charm.'

A sudden bright smile lighted Faris's face. 'Yes, I have: it is a beautiful promise of God: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." How shall I make you understand? You are God's child; you have his marks upon your arm; no jinn, if there were such things, would have power over you.'

Najla's eyes blazed with a new light. 'Do you mean that when the jinn saw the holy marks on my arm he would be sore afraid?'

'Yes,' said Faris gently, 'if you like to think of it that way, you will understand better by and by.'

Najla clasped her trembling hands and her eyes glistened with mingled fear and trust. 'My brother, I will go with you, if it is to life or death.'

Faris took her hand solemnly in his. 'Let us go now; my horse is here.'

Najla's serious face broke into a smile of amused compassion. 'We might as well hang to the ropes of the wind! The Bedouins would track us at once.'

'Then what can we do?' asked Faris.

Najla thought a while. 'In the first place we must start separately. You might go to the Suleib camp beyond those knolls, four hours away. I shall return to our camp and in the night escape over the rocks in an ancient cistern an hour away, over there. I will hide three days till the tribe are tired of hunting for me; then you can meet me.'

'You could beat the Sheitan!' exclaimed Faris admiringly; then with a new thought, 'what will you eat those three days?'