

Perhaps it had not been for Matthew. Doubtless his friends had not understood.

'It's all right,' Franz said to himself.

He was happy, although when the boys came back they did not forget to ridicule him. Franz thought it strange that they should say really cruel things to him. Then he remembered again—remembered that he had sometimes hurt the people whom he loved.

'I won't do it again,' he whispered, adding, a moment later, 'Following means a lot.'

On their way home that night, Franz and Katie were accompanied by a half-dozen of their schoolmates. As they drew near the Temple barn, a cry broke from Katie's lips. 'See! Oh, see!'

Following the direction of her pointing finger, they saw a sight which filled them with fear. A tall windmill stood in the yard, and on the platform at the top was baby Paul. A slight breeze fluttered the skirt of his blue gingham dress, and his rosy face was aglow with delight.

Franz understood all. Uncle John had ascended the mill that day to oil the gearing. Paul had seen him, and as Uncle John had neglected to remove the box which enabled him to reach the first step, the little fellow had tried the perilous ascent. He had reached the top in safety, but a single misstep would result in instant death.

The frightened children stood still, their breath coming hard and fast. A paralyzing fear had possession of Franz—he was unable to either stir or speak.

Paul moved as if he was about to try the descent. The tones of his shrill little voice came to them, but they could distinguish no words.

In that instant of awful fear, Franz remembered. He remembered that following meant not only obeying, but also being guided and helped. His fear passed. There came to him an understanding of what he must do.

'Keep still, every one of you!' he said to his companions. Then he shouted:

'Brother is coming up to you, Paul. Sit down, and watch him. Sit just as still.'

The child sat down, one plump arm round a timber near. Franz climbed quickly but steadily. He had never been upon the windmill, but he did not hesitate.

Up and up he went. He dared not let himself think of what would follow if Paul approached too near the edge of the platform. His own danger never occurred to him. Up he climbed, thinking only of how he could most quickly make the ascent.

He reached the top, drew himself to a sitting posture on the platform, and clutched Paul in his arms. The little fellow laughed merrily.

'Nice place for Paul and brother. See way, way off.'

Franz was sick and faint. He tried to shout to his schoolmates directions for calling his father, but his voice died away in a hoarse whisper. However, at that moment Uncle John came leisurely round the corner of the barn. It took but a few words to explain matters.

Uncle John climbed up, and brought Paul down in his arms. He bade Franz wait until he could return and help him. Franz was glad to do so; for the excitement, added to the distance he found himself from the earth, made his head swim.

'Say, Franz, I'm sorry I called you a baby. You're prime,' Robert shouted, before they reached the earth.

Franz smiled faintly. As his mother drew him close in her arms, he whispered, 'You were right; following is forgetting self. I'm glad, mama, following is not going alone.'

The Broken School.

('Alliance News.')

The story that I am about to tell you, reader, is absolutely true in essence and in fact, save for the discretionary substitution of names and persons and places.

A good many years ago I was resident in a large provincial town. I had a good business of my own, the nature of which gave me considerable leisure time, cared I to accept it, instead of directing my energy into paths of further profit.

I was a young man with a light heart and a great love for merry company. A dear friend, the man I liked best of all my acquaintances, a well-educated, well-read, sterling fellow, whose friendship I regarded as an honor, and whom I thought the very soul of integrity and uprightness, one morning invited me into a tavern for a nip, saying, 'Come, and I'll introduce you to a few of the best fellows you ever met in your life.'

At this time I was, I suppose, what you would call a moderate drinker.

We descended into a sort of wine cellar, a quiet, cosy, alluring, semi-secret place, where there were assembled some half dozen young fellows, to whom I was introduced. They were all fairly well-to-do men, none of them earning less than £300 a year, while one had a salary of £800 and another £500. The majority represented big London firms, then there were one or two professional men, practising for themselves, and others in very good positions.

It was their custom to meet every morning (save Sunday), at this rendezvous, to have a drink and a chat; and, also, at other frequent intervals during the day. I was very soon a full-fledged and popular member of the school, and a very regular pupil, too. I had never met a jollier lot of chaps in my life. I can hear the walls of that veritable little hell now, echoing our peals of merry laughter, our jokes, our witticisms.

Whiskey and soda was the general order of the day, but instead of having one drink, and then returning to our respective avocations, we found our own company so fascinating that it seemed we could not sever ourselves quickly; consequently it became the custom to seldom separate until we had consumed at least three or four drinks; and, furthermore, some of us invariably arranged, as our engagements permitted, to meet again in the afternoon. There was a little ante-room adjacent to the bar, that our school practically monopolized, so frequent became our visits to it.

Were I to tell you the number of drinks that I myself could, and did, consume every day during my connection with these fellows (and I was perhaps the most temperate of the lot), I fear you would hardly credit the statement. For nearly twelve months I continued this daily drinking, until the time arrived when I realized that, if I did not leave the town altogether, and so cut the cord that was binding me tighter and tighter to the stake of downfall, degradation, and damnation, I was a doomed man; I knew it would be utterly futile to remain in the district, even though I renounced intoxicating drink; so great would be the temptation to resume the life that had, I must admit, the greatest fascinations for me.

Prior to this decision I had heard certain rumors concerning at least two members of the school. They had been sadly neglecting their businesses and much worse. But you shall hear all.

I sold my business at a great loss. I threw away excellent commercial prospects (I would not have remained in that town for £5,000 a year), and I went to London to live.

My great friend, whom I shall call Harry

Hudson, he who, quite innocently, had been my introducer to the fatal school, promised to keep me posted in all interesting local news. Harry was a far-seeing, comparatively careful fellow, who knew where to draw the line, so that I feared not for him.

Some two months after my departure, I heard that one of the youngest members, who had been in receipt of £300 a year, plus a liberal allowance for expenses, had been discharged from his berth for embezzlement, neglect of work, and drinking. Poor Lionel!

My next information, but a few months afterwards, was to the effect that Charley James, a married man, with several young children, had lost his situation through having been found in his office by one of the governors, who had gone down from London specially to see him on important business, hopelessly intoxicated at midday. His salary had been £500 per annum.

The next news I read in a local newspaper that was sent me.

Tom Smithers, by far the wittiest member of that dreadful school, and a brilliantly educated fellow, with a truly great professional career before him, a man of twenty-four years of age, surrounded by influential friends, had been sent to seven years' penal servitude for the committal, when intoxicated, of an offence the nature of which I would prefer not to reveal in these columns. Poor Tom, he could no more have perpetrated such a vile deed in his sober moments than he could have flown. I do not know which of the two cases, viz., that which I have just related or the following, upset me most.

When you realize, reader, that I had been so closely related to these poor fellows, having been in their merry company almost daily for twelve months, you may be able to partially conceive the shock I received on hearing the news of these terrible tragedies that o'ertook them.

Again the local press told me a horrid tale. Twelve months had not expired, mark you, since I took my leave of these fateful friends. Jim Holt, a handsome young fellow, with a charming voice that he knew well how to use when singing, and a splendid physique, had been found dead in bed, he having committed suicide by taking poison, when under the influence of drink. Embezzlement had also doubtless been a potent factor in prompting the taking of his own life.

The school was now rapidly breaking up, although there were still a few of the original frequenters left, viz., my dear, cautious friend, Harry Hudson Philip Watson, and one or two others.

The next to collapse was Philip. He was the man in receipt of £800 a year, as representative of a large London firm. He had a fine suite of offices and a big staff of clerks; but the demon drink had got a firm hold of him, and one day he was politely informed that, unless he cleared out of the country within a very short time, he would be arrested for misappropriation of money.

He quietly fled, and the last I heard of him was that he was a common messenger in one of the colonies.

You will remember the first case I cited, reader, of Lionel, the young fellow whose salary had been £300 a year. Well, I should further tell you, in reference to him, that, through great influence another excellent appointment, worth, I believe, £600 per annum, was secured for him abroad. He had been a teetotaler since his narrow escape from prosecution and had faithfully promised his friends to remain one all his future life.

He sailed for foreign shores, to take up