

lantern, the train may rush by without any warning.

All these and other contingencies may result in a collision, if the expected train comes at the critical moment. Sometimes a brakeman neglects his danger signal to get a drink of beer or to chat with some one by the way. A brakeman in New Brunswick, being in a lonely wood on a dark night, frightened by the approach of a huge bear, was driven to desert his lantern.

Moreover, the engineer sometimes runs past a danger signal because he is not alert to see it in season, or because a blinding snowstorm or a thick fog has hidden it momentarily.

The block system cures all these troubles as completely as a strong bridge eases wayfarers who had been accustomed to wade the river.

The New York Central engineer can now run as fast as he pleases, whether the night be dark or light, and whether the fog be thick or thin. He can feel as safe from collision when running through a curved tunnel as when there are miles of the Mohawk Valley clear to his view.

For by the electric spark he is made as sure of his section of clear track to the next cabin as though no previous train had traversed the line for a month.—*E. B. Adams jr., in Youth's Companion.*

JOHNNY'S PALM.

BY ESTELLE M. HART.

Johnny Mackton sat in the end of the pew beside Miss Stanley. Johnny belonged to Miss Stanley's class in the Mission Sunday-school, and, with two or three of the other boys, had come, at her invitation, to the mid-week children's meeting that was being held at the big church on the avenue.

Johnny had never been inside the church before, and he stared about him with wondering eyes. How big it was! How beautiful the pictures in the stained-glass windows were! How many, many children were there! The music was the finest he had ever heard. He didn't pay a great deal of attention to the service at first, however, because there were so many strange things and people to look at.

But after a while, the man who had come from a long way off came down from the chancel, and stood at the head of the aisle to talk to the children. Then Johnny began to listen. He was a very large man, and he had such a genial face and such a hearty voice that the children all liked him even before he began to talk to them.

He told them, in a very simple way, about Jesus's entrance into Jerusalem on the Sunday before his crucifixion; how the people had crowded about him as he rode on the colt, with the coats of his disciples spread upon it; how they had praised him, calling him their king, and shouting 'Hosanna!' and how they had spread their garments and branches of palm trees in the way.

'There were doubtless little children there,' the minister said, 'and probably some of them threw down their little palm branches before him, too. How glad he must have been as he looked down at them and thought that they loved him!'

Very earnestly the little faces in the pews looked up at the good man as he told them the simple story.

'Children,' said he, 'you can do many things for Jesus that will make him happier than those little children made him when they threw their palms before him that Sunday morning in Jerusalem. The palms that he wants you to offer him are kind deeds and loving words and pure hearts. I wish that all of those who would like to cast such palms as those at the feet of Jesus would hold up their hands,' and he raised his own strong hand.

In an instant hundreds of little hands were uplifted. Such a happy smile came into the good man's face!

'I am thinking,' he said, 'how happy Jesus is now to see all of these little waving palms, just as he was when those other little children waved another kind of palm before him so long ago.'

Johnny looked at his own somewhat grimy hand, and wondered if Jesus wouldn't like it better if it were cleaner. He thrust both hands into his coat pockets when he thought of that, and sat very still and listened.

Then the minister told them that the

next Sunday would be Palm Sunday, the day when we commemorate the time which he had been telling them of, and said he hoped that they might all do some good deed on that day for Jesus's sake.

After that the organ played again, and the children all went down the aisle, and out into the vestibule, singing.

Johnny said 'Good-night' to Miss Stanley rather hastily when they got outside, and, telling the boys that he had business to attend to, he trudged down the street alone. But he didn't seem to be in any hurry about his business, for he walked very slowly after he had gotten away from the church, whistling softly to himself; and he finally sat down on the steps of a house, and, resting his chin in his hands, seemed to be thinking very earnestly.

The next Sunday morning was as bright and spring-like as a Palm Sunday morning should be. The warm sunshine poured in at the windows of the Mission Sunday-school room, and filled every nook and corner.

Miss Stanley's class was near the door. Looking out into the hall, just before the service began, she spied Johnny coming in with his cap in his hand, his eyes shining, and a little black-eyed morsel of a girl holding on to his coat, and clinging closely to his side in sudden shyness.

Miss Stanley went out to meet them. 'Why, good-morning, Johnny,' said she. 'Who is this?'

'She's Becky,' said Johnny—adding, in a lower tone, 'I brung her fer a palm.'

'A palm?' repeated Miss Stanley, not sure she had understood, holding out her hand to the child.

'Yer know what the man said up at the church,' Johnny explained hastily, 'about doing things fer Palm Sunday; and so I brung her. I thought she'd do fer a palm.' This last rather anxiously.

They were strangely bright eyes with which Miss Stanley looked down at the little figure before her, clinging with tiny brown fingers to Johnny's rough coat.

'She is the very best kind of a palm,' she whispered to Johnny.

Miss Stanley's friend, Miss Lee, had a class of little girls across the aisle, and, with a word of explanation, the new-comer was left in her charge.

After the service was over, Johnny and Becky and the two ladies had a little talk in Miss Stanley's corner.

Johnny told them that, since Becky's mother had died, she had lived with 'ole Granny Goldstein' down on River street; that granny was cross to her and made her work very hard sometimes; and that he was saving some of his money, which he earned blacking boots and selling papers, to take care of Becky with by-and-by.

'I'm a goin' to make a lady o' her,' he said, looking down with pride at the bright eyes of the little maiden by his side.

Miss Stanley promised to go to see Becky soon, and invited Johnny to come up to her house within a day or two, and have a little talk with her.

Wednesday morning found Johnny seated in an easy-chair in Miss Stanley's sitting-room, eating a rosy-cheeked apple, and listening, with wide-open, serious eyes, to the plan she unfolded to him.

'You see, Johnny,' she said, 'Miss Lee and I went down to call on Mrs. Goldstein yesterday, and we found that she isn't really Becky's grandmother. She likes to have Becky live with her, because she does errands for her, and helps her in a good many little ways. But it seemed to Miss Lee and me that Mrs. Goldstein was not a very kind old lady, and that her house wasn't a very nice place for Becky to grow up in.'

'Oh, Granny Goldstein's a terror! I knows her!' remarked Johnny.

'Well, out on the hill,' Miss Stanley continued, 'is a very nice house, where a kind lady takes care of little children who haven't any fathers and mothers; and I have made arrangements for her to take Becky to live with her. She will teach her to be a nice, gentle little girl, and will help her to grow up into a good, useful woman, by-and-by.'

'Do yer mean the 'Sylum?' asked Johnny.

'Yes,' Miss Stanley replied; 'it is the Orphan Asylum.'

'I don't like it,' said Johnny. 'I'd rather take care o' her myself.'

Miss Stanley almost smiled.

'But, Johnny dear, it would tako a great

many years for you to earn money enough to take care of her; and meanwhile Becky ought to have a comfortable home, and somebody to teach her a great many things which she ought to know.'

'Oh, she's a cute one!' Johnny replied. 'She picks up a lot. I showed her how to count money, and how to do the easy readin' on handbills, myself; and there's lots o' things I can show her.'

Miss Stanley went to her writing-desk, and took from it a pretty little letter, which she had received a few days before from a little friend of hers. She read this letter to Johnny, then showed him a picture of the sweet-faced little girl who had written it. Johnny's eyes showed his admiration.

'Could you teach Becky to be such a little girl as that, do you think, Johnny?'

Johnny looked at the refined, intelligent little face, and then at the neatly written letter.

'Would they make her to be like that at the 'Sylum?' he asked, slowly.

'That little girl lived at this very asylum for two years, and then went to live with a dear lady whom I know.'

Johnny caught his breath. 'Could I go to see her?' he asked.

'I will take you, sometimes, myself,' Miss Stanley replied.

They had a long talk about it, Johnny reluctantly acknowledging that it was the best thing for his pet.

'And, Johnny,' Miss Stanley said at parting, 'you may be sure that none of the little children, so long ago, pleased Jesus more, when they threw their palms before him, than you have by bringing little Becky to us on Palm Sunday.'

'She was a good palm,—wasn't she?' said Johnny. 'I didn't hold up my hand very high, 'cause 'twasn't very clean; but I thought he'd like her fer a palm.'

It was five years after, that Miss Stanley called her friend, Miss Lee, to the window of her parlor, one day.

'In your long absence from home, I wonder if you have forgotten my Johnny?' she said. 'There he goes now.'

And she smiled and nodded as a bright-faced lad, in the neat dress of a messenger-boy, raised his hat as he passed on the opposite side of the street.

'Of course I remember him,' Miss Lee replied. 'What a manly little fellow he has grown to be! And can you tell me what has become of that little black-eyed girl that he called his 'palm'? Is she still at the asylum?'

'It is quite like a fairy-tale,' Miss Stanley replied. 'After a year or two, Dr. McDonald—he who talked to the children that afternoon in the church, you remember—heard the story, and was so much touched by it that he came here to see the child, and finally took her to his own home to live. He calls her his Palma, and she is growing into a tall, pretty girl, who will wear the name with grace. The good doctor has befriended Johnny in many ways, and he has invited him to his home, to spend Palm Sunday, this year, with his little protegee.—*Sunday-School Times.*

WHEN WILL THE END BE?

I have often wondered when the working temperance men and women will be rewarded for all their expenditure of labor, time and money by the complete suppression of the liquor traffic. The answer is now going about the country freely, to wit: when the churches shall wake up to their duty and responsibility. But when will that be? When intelligent men and women—the leaders of public opinion—shall clearly comprehend the relation which the liquor traffic bears to the poverty, pauperism, suffering, wretchedness and crime of the country. There are not many people who understand thoroughly the intimate relationship existing as cause and effect between the grog-shop and the evils of many kinds with which the community is burdened and cursed.—*Neal Dow.*

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THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal. All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the Editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'