

## I Know He's My Firend'

('Friendly Greetings.')

'Do I remember the year of the flood? Yes, sir, I do; and good cause I have to remember it. It's not a time for anyone to forget, who has been through it.'

'I was but a youngster then, a lad of something like twelve; but to see the water come rushing through the village as though it would carry everything before it, was no joke, I can tell you.'

'How did it happen, do you say? Why, something like this. The snow had fallen on the hills over yonder, and then suddenly began to thaw. They say it was the quickest thaw ever known, and soon the water began to trickle down towards here where the country lies lowest; soon it began to come a regular torrent, and the streets and roads became impassable.'

'Mother and the little ones had been taken to a neighbor's, whose house stood on

when I saw Joe Mallurd's cottage suddenly collapse, and his bits of furniture sail away, my heart seemed to fail. Might not ours go, too? And if it did, what should I do?

'I went upstairs and opened the window. I could see nothing but a wide expanse of water; somehow, if I were saved, it must be through that. Perhaps they would never think of me. I saw them go and take Mary Tidd and her children out of their ramshackle house, and sail away with them; but mother would be sure to think I was safe somewhere. I always had been before, so that she would not trouble about me. And this water might wash away the foundations of our house, and I should be drowned. That's how I felt!

'You see, sir, I knew I was not ready to die. I don't know that I was a bad boy; but all the wrong things I had done came back to me then, and troubled me. I

No, sir, I was none the worse for it, but all the better, I think. Somehow, from that day I felt the Lord Jesus Christ was my Friend and, since then, I ask him for help in every difficulty.

'Yes, sir, I know he is everybody's Friend, but then everybody does not know it. I did, from that day, and it made a man of me. That's where, it seems to me, the difference comes in. I'm often ashamed of myself. There's lots of better men than me; but then I do know that Jesus Christ is a Saviour, and I trust him, and it makes all the difference. And I hope when I get to heaven, I'll be able to do better.'

'Well, sir, the flood soon passed away. There were no lives lost, and only one or two old houses came down, that were really not fit to live in; but we all had a fright, I can tell you. But it's never likely to happen again; for the danger roused the authorities, and the whole district has been drained, but those of us who were in it are not likely to forget it.'

## Story of a Good Deed.

(By Leander S. Keyser, in 'American Messenger.')

The wind moaned dismally in the pines before the house, as if singing a threnody. Seated before the glowing hearth, reading the evening newspaper, Harold Busby could not help comparing the comfort of his room with the blustering discomfort of the outdoor world.

'Really, it seems too bad an evening to venture out,' he said to himself, looking at his watch.

He settled down to his reading again. But he soon shifted in his chair, and glanced again at his watch.

'Seven o'clock,' he said. 'I promised to call on Sinclair one evening this week, and this is the only evening I can spare. But it is almost too fierce a night to be out. How the wind howls! I guess I won't—but then,' he reflected, 'the man needs advice. He's in great spiritual danger. It seems to be a duty to go to him. Yes, I'll go.'

He drew on his great coat, gloves and overshoes, and stalked out into the storm, saying to himself, 'I'll go in Christ's name.'

A walk of half an hour brought him to the door of Jasper Sinclair, who lived in another part of the city.

'Why, Mr. Busby, is it you?' the young man asked. 'I am just as much surprised as I'm glad to see you this evening. I scarcely thought you would venture out through such a storm.'

'It was the only evening of the week that I could spare, and I was so anxious to have a talk with you that I ventured,' replied Harold, looking cordially into his host's eyes.

'Well, I'm truly glad to see you. It just happens that I'm at home,' and he looked at his visitor a little guiltily.

Harold Busby was a humble worker in one of the missions of the city—a teacher in the Sunday-school. While his natural gifts were meagre, his zeal for Christ was intense. Recently he had become acquainted with Jasper Sinclair, and had learned the story of his early training in his country home, but had also discovered that he was straying from the 'old paths' since coming to the city. From the first acquaintance Harold had felt a deep interest in Sinclair, and determined to win him from his dangerous associations if he could. On this cold winter evening he had come for a friendly talk with the young man.

For several hours the two men conversed



COME, JACK! JUMP IN!

higher ground, and I had stayed in our place to get some things together that we might need. But when that was done, the water had risen still higher and was swirling along at a great rate. I dared not venture out, it was so deep, and I confess when I turned back I was fairly frightened. What was I to do, alone in the house?

'I had at first been somewhat excited, when I saw the water begin to pour down our street, and, on the whole, was pleased. It was a new and strange experience. I helped mother and the children to get away, and never dreamed of any danger for myself. I really enjoyed the excitement of it. But when I stood in the house by myself, and saw the water go swirling by, I confess, I wished I had gone with my mother to the neighbor's. Ours was a stone house: but

kneeled and prayed earnestly to God. I asked him to forgive me, and promised to try to serve him, if only he would save me. After all, I did not want to die.

'Then I opened the window and looked out. If I had seen anybody I would have shouted, but that was no use, so, instead, I sat upon the sill and quietly prayed to God to help me. But the water washing and lapping against the wall seemed to turn me giddy, so I got in again.

'Presently, I heard voices outside, and when I got up to look, there was our parson with Jim Oates in a boat outside. They had seen me.

'Come, Jack!' cried the parson, 'jump in!' And you may be sure I was not long in doing it. Soon they were rowing away to the cottage where mother was.