

essed, turned upon his horses, and lashed them into a gallop, and the heavy van clattered along the busy street, at the imminent risk of an upset. People ran in all directions to escape the cumbrous vehicle and the frightened, galloping horses.

Jack braced himself against the side of the van, and was just meditating risking a sprained ankle by dropping down over the back, when there came a crash of shattered metal, splintered wood, and broken glass, and as the lad pitched forward against the same friendly bale of soft goods that had before saved him from injury, he saw his companion lurch heavily sideways from his seat down on the stones below, where he lay, amid the wreckage he had caused, stunned and motionless, with the heels of the plunging horses in dangerous proximity to his head.

Jack, a little shaken, but unhurt, clutched the side of the van with one hand, and, swinging himself over and down, caught with the other the carman's rough overcoat, and, putting into the effort all the strength he possessed, dragged him aside, out of reach of those iron heels. Then there was a great shouting, something heavy struck him between the shoulders, a deadly sickness came over him, and he remembered no more.

'He'll do now,' said a voice, as the lad, recovering himself, opened his eyes and looked up at the faces bending over him.

'Feel all right, my lad, eh?' said the doctor.

'A little shaky, sir; I'll be better directly, But where's Jim?' for as he collected his scattered senses he became conscious he was no longer in the van, and that his comrade had disappeared.

'Oh! he's all right, too, by this time!' said the medical man. 'You're a cast-iron pair, I'm thinking,' he added, good-humoredly. 'But he owes his life to you,' he said, more gravely. 'I saw it all,' he added, turning to someone standing near by, whom Jack had not noticed. 'It was bravely and cleverly done, for in another minute those horses would have dashed out your carman's brains.'

'The drink hadn't left him many to be dashed out,' said a sharp voice Jack knew well. He raised himself on his elbow, and to his great amazement saw Mr. Carson.

'Keep still, Jack,' said the latter. 'I happened to be passing and saw the accident. You won't lose in the firm's opinion. I can tell you, my lad. Take a few days off for a rest—I'll pay you as usual—and then come to me. You don't live far from here. I think I'll see you home now.'

And so he did, for Jack, after a brief rest and a strong restorative the doctor gave him, found himself able to walk, though not quite so quickly as usual.

'What was it knocked me over, sir?' he said.

Mr. Carson laughed.

'That big parcel for Sawdell and Jones—soft goods luckily.'

'That's odd,' said Jack, meditatively. 'I fell up against that very bale of goods when the accident happened, and once before—' He stopped.

'When Jim knocked you up against it, eh?' said the yard manager.

'I'd rather not say, sir—' began Jack.

'You needn't,' was the dry answer; 'but we had to take off your jacket to see if any bones were broken, and I know the mark of a blow when I see it.'

'I hope you won't be hard on Jim, sir,' said Jack.

'You take care of yourself,' said Mr. Carson, good-humoredly, 'and let Jim alone.'

'It was the drink, sir,' continued Jack.

'You're right, Larkins,' said the other, with sudden emphasis; 'it was the drink!' Then he checked himself, as Jack looked up wondering. 'It's the drink in almost all these cases. Keep you clear of it, my lad, your whole life long.'

'I mean to, sir,' said Jack, sincerely. He kept his word.

And Jim Gray, not all bad, when he realized how near he had been to death, and how he had been saved by the lad he had so often ill-treated, declared that he'd keep clear of the drink for ever after. And he did.

Prince Eugene.

A CHRISTIAN WARRIOR.

(E. S. Langfeldt, in 'Parish and Home.')

The man who is the hero of this little story was the greatest warrior of his age; he is known as 'Prince Eugene,' the noble knight, 'dir edle Ritter,' as he is called in the German patriotic song, which is dedicated to his memory.

He was the youngest of five brothers, a little bit of a boy, thin, pale-looking and weak. His father was the Duke Maurice of Savoy, who was very much disappointed in this weak boy, because Eugene could apparently not follow the footsteps of his ancestors in the royal army. And so the Duke thought that this boy could do nothing else but read books and remain at home because in his estimation it was impossible to think that the boy would ever be able to endure the hardships of the army life. Prince Eugene loved his books, indeed, and delighted to read the histories of ancient times, and of the great wars that raged through the countries. He had heard that his father wanted him to enter the Church as a candidate for holy orders. But, although, he loved to study he had not the least intention to study for the church. He was diligent and successful in his studies, but the books which he loved best were not those appointed for study in divinity; he wanted his 'Caesar,' and writings of other eminent soldiers of ancient times.

He was quite young when he asked Ludwig XIV., King of France, for a position in the army. But when the King saw Eugene he advised him to remain in the school-room and to prepare himself for the profession which his father had chosen for him.

But this refusal did not discourage the young prince. He went to Vienna and asked the Emperor Leopold I. to accept him as a soldier. The Emperor sympathized with Eugene, and, though he did not think the young man strong enough for the army life, he hoped that, by experiencing some hardships the young prince would soon become tired of his choice.

However, Prince Eugene was after all the right man. He was attached to a cavalry regiment under the command of Duke Karl V., of Lothringen. The war with the Turks began, and Prince Eugene proved to be a brave and faithful soldier. The Turks were defeated, Vienna was saved, and Prince Eugene was advanced to the rank of Colonel of the Royal Dragoons. After many other engagements with the Turks, the peace of Karlowitz was ratified in 1698, and the war was ended. The Emperor Leopold appointed Prince Eugene General Field Marshal, and presented him with a large estate near Vienna. Here he lived for about a year, away from the busy

affairs of the court. But this peaceful life was not of long duration. Through the intrigues of the French King another war called the country to arms. France was going to annex the Spanish throne for one of the French princes. In consequence of that Austria, England, Holland, Prussia and Hanover opposed France, and a furious war was the result. It broke out in 1701, and Italy, Germany, and Spain were the scenes of the battles. Prince Eugene became famous for taking his army through the Alps into Italy. France was defeated, and Italy was cleared from all the Frenchmen.

After this Eugene was needed in the Netherlands. During the siege of Lille some of Eugene's enemies sought to kill him by means of a poisoned letter. But the plan was discovered and failed to accomplish its design. On May 7, 1714, the war was terminated through the Peace of Rastatt.

Again another war with the Turks began. At the battle of Peterwardein Eugene won a victory with 64,000 men over 150,000 Turks. A year after this battle he defeated 200,000 Turks with 60,000 of his men. Aug. 16, 1717, was an eventful day, it meant a fight unto death. But the battle, which began with prayers to God for help was ended in him and he gave the victory to his people. Eugene assembled the whole army for a thanksgiving service to Almighty God. Once again Eugene, being 71 years of age, led his army to another victory in the war for the Polish crown. It was in 1733, April 21, 1736, God put the summons into his hands, and the life of this great man ceased. His death was peaceful. No one knows the hour of his death. When one of his servants entered the bedroom in the morning, Prince Eugene was dead. He was buried in St. Stephen's Church, in Vienna.

Prince Eugene had a keen observation in army matters. His soldiers almost worshipped him, they loved him as their protector and father. In his own estimation, in spite of his fame, he was humble and meek, his heart was child-like and filled with love. Whenever he won a victory he gave the honor to God; he always ascribed glory and power to him. Often he went to his God in prayer, and he never undertook anything without asking God for guidance. In his troubles and difficulties he felt most keenly that man is nothing in himself and that everyone must be spiritually blind who would trust in his own might. He was not selfishly ambitious; he was a true friend. No doubt he had to fight many battles with his own faults and weaknesses, like every one of us; but, taking his life as a whole, Prince Eugene was a great and noble hero. Even after more than 150 years he is still eulogized in many poems and songs, which were composed to his honor.

Only truth which reaches its mark does good, and no truth will reach its mark that is not aimed. Point them at the particular needs of the pupils! Employ a moral range-finder which will enable you to plant the shots of conviction straight home at the center of the pupil's life. Make the scholar feel that what is being said has come to close quarters with him; that it is not meant for John in the next class or for Jamie over in the corner of the room, but for his own wriggling, evasive self. Then will the Gospel gunnery have most excellent results in the long run of Sabbath-school practice.