

'Yes, sir, it's me,' answered the boy. 'I saw the blaze, and heard you go by. Where's the fire?'

'The Bridport Bank,' answered the doctor, gloomily.

'Oh, dear, I'm sorry!' cried Lonnie. The boy worshipped Dr. Tenney, who had brought him through a wasting sickness not long before, and saved the lad from the bad ways into which he was falling, through evil associations and companions. Lonnie had been a different boy since he came under the doctor's influence. It is a pretty hard moral test for a boy to be connected by ties which he cannot break, with a horse-racing establishment. But Lonnie had done his best. He had faithfully followed the doctor's advice, and was now as straight and honorable a boy as you could find thereabouts, in spite of trying association. The doctor was proud of the lad's moral struggle, and did not scruple to let him see it. It is always a satisfaction to an upright, God-fearing man, to know that his life and words are permanently influencing one who in a few years will be a man among men.

'I am glad you are going over, Lonnie,' said the doctor, as man and boy galloped side by side. 'Perhaps you can be of some help to me.'

'I hope so, doctor,' said the boy earnestly. By the time they had reached Bridport the upper story of the bank was quite consumed, and the rafters were falling in. Dr. Tenney handed the bridle of his horse to Lonnie, and made his way through the crowd to the open door of the little bank. The lower story, being of stone, had not yet yielded to the flames. In the doorway, in spite of the intense heat, stood a little group of bank directors and officials. They greeted the president with a quick, silent hand-pressure.

'How about the bills and papers?' asked Dr. Tenney breathlessly.

'Safe,' replied the cashier, tapping the stout valise in his hand. 'We left the specie in the vault. It was too heavy to remove, of course, in the time we had. The heat may melt some of it, but it can be recoined.'

'I wish we had put in that compressed steel vault we were talking of this spring,' sighed the president. 'But I'm thankful you have removed the perishable paper, Mr. Lane. How much in bills?'

'Eighty thousand,' replied the cashier.

'Ah!' Dr. Tenney looked troubled. 'Anybody see you do it?'

'I don't know. They might, I suppose, through the windows. The whole inside of the bank was as light as day. We think the fire was incendiary. If so, some of the gang were undoubtedly on the watch to see what we would do. They may be watching now.'

'Wait where you are, just a minute—unless the fire drives you out,' said the doctor. He made his way through the crowd, and found Lonnie standing on the opposite side of the street, with the bridles of both snorting horses in his hand.

'Lonnie,' said the doctor, in a low voice, 'you can help me very much, if you are willing. I am going to take my saddle-bags, fill them with money, and ride away. I want you to follow, keeping me in sight on the road we came. At the pine grove you are to overtake me, and I will change saddles with you. Then I will ride ahead again. If you see any men trying to stop me, don't interfere, draw rein and wait until you hear me talking to them. Then dash by, at the top of your speed, and carry the saddle bags to my house. Give them to my wife, and tell her to put them in the safe. Do you understand perfectly?'

'Yes, sir,' whispered Lonnie, with tremulous eagerness.

Meanwhile Dr. Tenney had been strapping the saddle-bags. He carried them, without any attempt at concealment to the door of the burning bank; and in a few moments the contents were transferred to them. 'You live in an unprotected house at a distance from others, Mr. Lane,' said Dr. Tenney to the cashier. 'You have no safe. I have a safe, live in the heart of the village, own a small arsenal of fire-arms, and have two men about the premises who can handle a gun as well as I can or better. This money will have to be transferred to the County Bank. In the meanwhile I will be responsible for it.'

Dr. Tenney carried the plump saddle-bags

to his horse and strapped them on. There was not a person in the crowd who did not see him do it. But when he rode away his long cloak, flowing from his shoulders over the back of the saddle, concealed everything. He rode at a leisurely pace toward his home; and in a few minutes Lonnie Dolan climbed on his horse's back and followed the doctor.

The change of saddles was made as quickly as possible, considering the necessary lengthening of the girth for the big bay horse, Lonnie's saddle having no rings for attaching the saddle-bags. Then Dr. Tenney rode forward again, his long cloak flowing back over his horse's haunches as before. Lonnie followed, just out of sight in the gloom.

At the edge of the big woods, some flitting shadows resolved themselves into men, moving out from the bushes into the road. Lonnie Dolan heard plainly in the intense silence, the click of cocking revolvers. Then he heard the doctor's voice, speaking clearly and firmly: 'I, I see you have trapped me, gentlemen! If you will step this way and lift my cloak—'

Then came the thunder and the whirlwind of the big bay horse, as Lonnie went by, in jockey fashion, lying low on the neck of his powerful steed. It was like an earthquake shock—over before one ceases to wonder what it is. One of the gang was sent whirling over a great top, having been struck on the shoulder as the big bay horse tore by. The others were so surprised and confused that they never lifted a hand or fired a shot.

'There, gentlemen,' said Dr. Tenney, coolly, as the hoof-beats of Lonnie's horse died away in the woods, 'There go my saddle-bags! I am sorry not to be able to accommodate you with them. But I will loan you my horse if you think you can overtake them.'

Half an hour later the saddle-bags, with their precious contents, were in the doctor's safe. The bank burners, and robbers, finding themselves outwitted, let the doctor proceed on his way. Lonnie and he met just outside the village.

'Are you all right, doctor?' asked the boy, after he had reported his own success. 'Didn't they do a thing to you?'

'No,' laughed the doctor, 'not a thing! But I did something to them—or one of them, at any rate. I set the shoulder-blade of the fellow you struck when you came down on them like an avalanche.'—The 'Presbyterian.'

### One Girl's Influence.

A Boston lawyer, who has for forty years been eminent in his profession and no less eminent in Christian work and in princely gifts to the cause of benevolence, tells this story of what fixed his course in life:

When he was a young man he once attended a missionary meeting in Boston. One of the speakers at that meeting, a plain man, said he had a girl in his domestic service, at a wage of less than two dollars a week, who gave a dollar every month to missions; she also had a class of poor boys in Sunday school who never missed her from her place. And he said of her, 'She is the happiest, kindest, tidiest girl I ever had in my kitchen.'

The young man went home with these three broken sentences sticking in his mind: 'Class in Sunday school—dollar a month to missions—happiest girl.'

The first result was that he took a class in Sunday school; the second was a resolve that if this girl could give a dollar a month to missions, he could, and would. These were the immediate effects of one plain girl's consecrated life.

But who can count, who can imagine, the sum total? That lawyer was, for almost half a century from this time, an increasingly active force in every good work within his reach.—'Forward.'

### Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

### Advice to a Reckless Youth.

What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman;

Learn to be wise, and practice how to thrive;  
That would I have you do; and not to spend  
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,  
Or every foolish brain that humors you.  
I would not have you to invade each place,  
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,  
Till men's affections, or your own desert,  
Should worthily invite you to your rank.  
He that is so disrespectful in his courses,  
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.  
Nor would I you should melt away yourself,  
In flashing bravery; lest, while you affect  
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,  
A little puff of scorn extinguish it;  
And you be left like an unsavory snuff,  
Whose property is only to offend,  
I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself;  
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat,  
But moderate your expenses now (at first)  
As you may keep the same proportion still;  
Nor stand so much on your gentility,  
Which is an airy, and mere borrowed thing,  
From dead men's dust and bones; and none  
of yours;

Except you make or hold it.

—Ben Jonson.

### A Happy Family.

In Africa is a family who certainly must be very fond of animals. They have as pets a wild cat, an ape, an English terrier, a black-and-tan with four little puppies, and a lion cub, in addition to goats, sheep, hens and chickens, and ducks. All these queer pets live together most amicably, each having the food which it best likes; and, strangest of all, these animals have a cook whose business it is to prepare the food the way each of the pets likes it. The lion cub's name is Moto. The lion cub was so beautiful that his owner was offered a large price for it, and when it was five months old he started for the train, fifteen miles away. The whole journey was made in a bullock-cart. All the family cried when Moto left, and the other pets were quite dull and lonesome for several days. After a journey of one hundred and sixty miles by train to the coast, which the owner of the cub made with him, the cub's picture was taken, in order that the family might not forget entirely how Moto looked, and then he was put aboard the vessel for England.—'S. S. Times.'

### What Owest Thou?

(By Maggie Miller.)

We sing, 'The World for Jesus'  
We pray, 'Thy Kingdom come.'  
We give—oh, such a little mite—  
And think our duty's done.

'By fruits ye shall be known,'  
The Master said of old.  
Prayer is the key; unlock to me  
Your silver and your gold.

### The Horses Knew the Tune.

A relation of mine, who has spent many years in India, remembers well, how, when living in Lucknow, and enjoying the evening drive with other English residents in the Indian city, the carriage horses would toss their heads and paw the ground impatiently when the first notes of 'God Save the Queen' were played by the military band every evening. It was the last tune played, the signal for dispersion.

A sceptic—or perhaps more than one—having insisted that the horses only knew the tune because it was always played last and they were able to calculate time, the experiment was tried of playing 'God Save the Queen' in the middle instead of at the end of the evening. Instantly there was the same excitement in the horses standing round 'the course,' the same impatient tossing of the head and prancing of the feet, the same general stampede, and eagerness to start homeward.