

times,' retorted Dick, with his ready laugh. 'Perhaps Gerald may get a few wounds among all those bullets he's so fond of, and I may be useful in binding them up.'

The boys had been slowly walking homeward as they talked, their way lying in the same direction.

Jimmie's house was the first reached, his father's handsome place being just on the outskirts of the town, and he paused to say good-bye ere turning in at the big iron gates. As he did so, a piercing shriek rent the air. Down the walk ran the nursemaid, waving her arms wildly.

'Amy, Amy!' she called.

At the foot of the hill, about a block from the entrance, ran a railway, and as the startled boys, following the direction of the nurse's gestures, turned to look, they recognized, standing on the track, her white apron filled with flowers she had gathered from its banks, the familiar figure of Jimmie's baby sister Amy. And at the same moment, with the ringing of bell and shriek of whistle, around the curve came the fast express directly towards the child.

'Oh, my little sister!' groaned Jimmie. He started to run towards her, but stumbled and fell.

Tom and Howard joined in the nurse's screams, but Dick, without a word, dropped his books and flew down the hill with the speed of the wind.

'He can never do it. He'll be killed, too,' sobbed the nurse, covering her head with her apron, to shut out the awful sight.

It seemed but a moment when, with a whirl and a rumble, as of some frightful living monster, the express rushed by; and then, hardly daring to look, for fear of what might meet their eyes, the boys fearfully stole a glance toward the track. There on the further side, in a heap just as they had fallen together from Dick's mad rush alive and unhurt, except for the bruises of the tumble, they lay, Amy screaming loudly at the unceremonious handling she had experienced, and bewailing the loss of her 'pitty flowers.'

No hero ever received a heartier ovation than was accorded Dick, the whole neighborhood quickly understanding the situation and joining in praise of his bravery.

'I am proud of my brave boy,'

said his mother that night as she bent over him, for a last good-night kiss. 'But what would have become of me if you had been killed with the child? How can I thank our Heavenly Father enough for saving you both?'

'It was God that did it, mother,' said Dick, looking up at her with bright eyes. 'I said, like a flash, when I saw that train tearing down on Amy, 'Please, God, help me to save her,' and then I seemed to have wings to my feet.'

And half an hour later in the parlor below, Mr. Leonard was saying to Dick's mother, 'Jimmie tells me that Dick wishes to become a doctor. You must let me have the charge of his education. It will be but a small return for the great service he has done me.'

### Holly's Faithfulness.

(Sally Campbell, in 'The Morning Star.')

'There used to be a mission band for us children,' said Edith; 'but we don't have it any more.'

Edith was talking to Mrs. Stewart, the strange lady who had lately moved into the corner house, and who had stopped to make friends with her small neighbors.

'Why, that was a pity,' said Mrs. Stewart. 'How did that happen?'

'Oh, it got little,' said Edith, 'and at last it broke up and stopped.'

'No, it didn't either,' said Holly Bryant. 'It didn't stop at all.'

'Why, Holly Bryant!' cried Edith. 'What are you talking about? We don't go to the meetings any more, nor pay our money or anything. You know we don't. There isn't any mission band.'

'There is, too,' said Holly, doggedly. 'It couldn't break up so long as somebody belonged to it, and I do.'

'Holly never wanted to stop,' explained Edith to Mrs. Stewart. 'She cried.'

'I don't care,' said Holly, her face flushing. 'I thought it was too bad; because there are so many heathens, and we ought to help.'

'So you belong still, do you?' asked Mrs. Stewart, smiling over at Holly.

'Yes'm, I do,' said Holly smiling back.

'But how can you?' asked Edith.

'Why, I give my money every month, just the same. Mother keeps it for me, and when I get enough she's going to send it on. Then

some Sundays she tells me all about the missionaries and reads to me, and we have a meeting.'

'How nice!' said Mrs. Stewart. 'But you will not mind belonging to a larger mission band, will you. I have a boy and a girl who are coming home next week, and they will like to join. Then I hope all these others will belong, too.'

Before the month was out, Mrs. Stewart had gone to see the children far and near, and invited them to help her start a mission band. She found that it was hard work. Everybody told her about the old mission band, and how it had failed. Then she told everybody about Holly, and how she had been 'belonging' all this time.

'It was Holly,' Mrs. Stewart said afterwards, 'who brought success. If it hadn't been for her I am afraid that I might have got discouraged myself. It was hearing about her that made the other children and their mothers think that they certainly ought to try again.'

When the new mission band was once started nobody ever thought of stopping it.

'It's perfectly splendid!' Edith said. 'Holly must be very glad. She makes me think of a place in the Bible—she was faithful to a few things, because she kept on belonging when nobody else would. And there can't be any fewer than one, you know. So then God let her help to make the loveliest kind of a big society for us all to be members of.'

### The Captain Inside.

'Mother,' asked Freddie the other day, 'did you know there was a little captain inside of me? Grandfather asked me what I meant to be when I grew to be a man and I told him a soldier. I meant to stand up straight, hold my head up and look right ahead. Then he said I was two boys, one outside and one inside, and unless the inside boy stood held up his head and looked the right way, I never could be a true soldier at all. The inside boy has to drill the outside one and be the captain.'—'Sunbeam.'

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