

Uncle Dan was finishing a late breakfast when Neil walked into the cottage. Seeing the boy's pale face and weak condition, he exclaimed:—

'Why, lad, what's got ye? Ye ain't shot yerself, have ye?'

When the tale was told, Uncle Dan seemed to find his voice with difficulty; he took Shag's head between his hands and, looking straight into the gentle brown eyes, said:—

'Shag, you're a good feller, Shag! You'd orter have a medal from the Life Savin' Service, you ought!'

When Mr. Herkomer returned from the city that afternoon, Neil followed him to his room, ashamed to have to confess how he had run into a danger of which he had been repeatedly warned by his father. As he told of his adventure, the father's face grew rigid.

'What's the matter, daddy? Don't you feel well? Would you rather I didn't talk to you any more?' he asked.

No, no; go on. Tell me everything,' his father replied, and Neil finished the confession of his thoughtlessness and his rescue by Shag, hardly realizing from what a peril he had escaped.

'It's real good of you, daddy, not to scold me. I thought you'd be angry with me for going there,' he said.

'No, no, my son; I'm not angry,' said his father. 'I'm not angry,' he repeated, and, stooping, he kissed the boy.

'I was sure daddy wasn't well,' Neil said to himself as he left the room. 'He's awfully tired.'

At bedtime, when Neil went to bid his father good-night, Mr. Herkomer said:

'I don't think you need anything to remind you not to go near to the quicksand again; but there ought to be something to remind you always how Shag saved your life. I'm thinking of getting him a handsome collar, with a medal something like those they give the men of the Life Saving Service, with his name and the date engraved on it. How should you like that?'

'First-rate,' cried Neil. 'That's just what Uncle Dan proposed.'

So Shag got his medal for 'heroic conduct,' and often, when the dog's head was lying on Mr. Herkomer's knee and he was stroking the long, silky ears, Neil's mother noticed how his fingers sought that medal and caressed it, while the man's eyes and the dog's met in a long look that seemed to mean a mutual recollection of the winning of the medal.

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#### A Verse That Came True.

(S. G., in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

A wonderful thing had come to the Sunday-schools of the little town of Rockburn. The popular lecturer on Bible lands, whose long list of engagements was filled with names of important cities, had consented to give an evening to them. Some friends of the great man lived in Rockburn, which accounted, in part, for the favor. Yet it had taken much hard work and a combining of all the forces of the six schools in the place to bring it about.

Roy Allison, who had heard the speaker once in a neighboring city, suddenly found himself very important. Over and over again he was called on to describe the strange Eastern scenes, the gorgeous costumes and odd household tools which were used to illustrate the lecture.

Many girls and boys wondered which of them would be chosen to wear the queer clothing and display it to the audience.

It happened that one of those so chosen was Harold Kent's little sister, Lulu. The child was wild with delight, and every fold of her white dress fluttered with her quick, excited motions when Harold left her greeting her teacher and her class and went to join his own.

The schools marched from their different churches through the streets to the town hall. There they were massed together in the main body of seats, and, with the fringe of parents and friends, filled the large room, to overflowing. It is safe to say that nobody went away disappointed that night. From first to last the interest never wavered; and though the lecture lasted through nearly two hours, there was at the close only a general feeling of regret that it had been so short.

'Keep the classes together' was the word passed along the lines at dismissal; something more easily said than done, as the teachers soon found out. The schools all marched out in beautiful order to the strains of 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' played by the orchestra. Once outside, however, many things broke in upon the orderly ranks. Mothers came to claim their children. People not belonging to the schools crowded in between. The street lights were dim, and it was hard for the teachers to see which of the children were still in their care.

'Where is Lulu Kent?' exclaimed Miss Williams, missing one bright little face.

'Harold came and took her,' replied one of the girls.

Miss Williams drew a breath of relief, and gathered her little flock closer. If trusty Harold had charge of Lulu, there was no need to worry about her. She was glad when she left the last of her charges—two little sisters—at the gate of their home, near the long bridge.

The children were detained a moment getting in, and just as the door opened, they turned, at the sound of voices, and saw Roy Allison and Harold Kent passing. Then it flashed over them that there had been a mistake. They rushed back to the street, shouting after the boys:

'Harold! Harold! Where is Lulu?'

'Why, isn't she with Miss Williams?' exclaimed Harold, stopping short.

'No; we thought you came for her. I was sure I saw you.'

'I did try to, but they ordered me back

in the line. They said Lulu was safe with her class. Where can she be?'

'Maybe she had gone home,' said Roy.

'She would never cross the bridge alone. She has never been out alone after dark.'

Harold's voice shook. He was looking at the wide, black water. So easily the little feet might have slipped on the unguarded bank—for Lulu would be frightened, he knew.

'Then let's go back by different ways,' said Roy, 'and search all the streets. If you find her first, leave word at my house.'

Just a moment the boys waited to arrange their routes, and then sped off in opposite directions. It took only a short time for Harold to cover the ground, running all the way. Back again, in the stillness and darkness, a panic of terror overcame him.

'Oh, what shall I do? Where shall I go?' he exclaimed aloud.

Then some words that he had learned came to his memory—'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee.'

'I wonder if he will,' thought Harold. 'Anyway, it says so, and the verse must be true.'

With a silent cry for help, the boy grew calm. Then he saw at once that the right thing to do was to go home and report. Maybe he would find Lulu there, after all.

The bridge was a long, covered one, dark even in daytime. Only Roy and Harold, and Lulu of all their school lived on the other side of it. Harold quickly crossed it, and, in a few minutes, was at his own door.

His mother came to open it. 'Where is Lulu?' was her first question.

'Oh, mamma! Isn't she here?'

Mrs. Kent started and turned pale.

'Here! Don't you know where she is? Harold Kent, have you lost your sister, when I trusted her to you?'

The boy's white face flushed for a moment. But he was too miserable to be at all grieved by an undeserved rebuke. Poor mamma, he could see was frightened, and hardly knew what she said.

Mr. Kent, from his room above, had heard the first words, and now he was with them, and hurrying through the door, Harold sprang after him.

'Shall I come, papa?'

His father nodded, scarcely slackening his pace, and Harold ran to overtake him.

They had nearly reached the middle of the bridge when a slight sound made them stop and listen. They heard it plainly then—quick, light steps coming toward them. A clear, childish voice rang out: 'Is that you, papa?'

'It's Lulu!' exclaimed Harold, and he wondered why his throat ached so, and whether he really was too old to cry. Mr. Kent caught up the child and held her where the faint starlight fell on her face from a slit in the boards above his head that served for a window.

It was not a sobbing, tearful Lulu, as he had feared. There was no trace of terror on the dear little face, which was shining with gladness because she had found her own people at least.

She could not tell them much about it all. Some one had pushed her away from the other girls; and when she could crowd back into her place, they were gone. Then she had tried to find Harold. They could not guess how the boys had missed her.