

'Washington! George Washington, himself!' called back Jim as he went across the Court.

## VII.

## DR. HANAUER MEETS THE SAINT.

Mrs. Sweeney was sober this morning, sober enough to have a great heartache every time Puddin' moaned, and to wish the bottle on the shelf were full instead of empty so that she might stifle the heartache with its contents. Cecilia, who had only slept at short intervals all night, was up before her, and had a little fire blazing cheerily in the stove. She silently pointed to the box back of the stove where the fuel was kept—her mother looked, and saw that it was empty.

'I see,' she said, slowly. 'With the best of my workin', I can't be earnin' enough! Then more slowly, 'It's not a drop I've taken this last day!'

If Cecilia knew at heart the reason for this was her mother's lack of money, she did not say it—she only nodded wearily, and said, 'I'm glad!'

Then, as Puddin' turned restlessly in bed, she swallowed a great sob, and said, 'We've got to have a fire,—or he'll be cold! It's not myself I'm carin' for! There's no more tea here, and it's only ten cents you've got left—it's not that will be lastin' till you get your pay, come Saturday!'

It was then there came a cheery knock at their door, and at the word, Jim came in. Maybe he saw that the wood-box was empty, and that there was no sign of breakfast—if he did, he never mentioned it, only said pleasantly, 'I was thinkin' maybe Puddin' would be glad to see me, early, so he and myself could eat breakfast together. You'll be heating this tea on the stove, Saint Cecilia, and your mother will be puttin' these rolls in a chiny plate, for it's in style I'm used to eating.'

Puddin' sat up at the happy tones, and forgot to cry for a moment. Not so Cecilia! She bent over the teapot as she poured in the tea, and tried not to let them see she was crying, but the great tears rolled silently down, as she realized that it was not only for Puddin' that Jim had thought. He had thought they needed charity and had brought food! Brought up in poverty, surrounded by its every phase, still she clenched her hands tightly, and bit her lips to keep back the sobs of hurt pride. She was hungry, although she was so tired she scarcely felt the hunger, but the odor of the hot tea and the fresh rolls came to her with a fresh realization that she was hungry, and would have eaten nothing if Jim had not brought it. And she felt her pride downed by a certain sense of gratitude to the man who would do such things and make naught of them, so she turned to Jim and said, 'I'll be payin' ye back, Jim,—when I'll be earnin' something.'

'Hear her now!' Jim had to laugh very quickly for fear he should cry instead. 'It's myself will be eatin' most of it!'

Even Puddin' managed to swallow some tea, and to eat a bit of roll, and when Cene had washed his face and tidied the bed, and brushed up the room, she felt as if the gloom was not so thick as it had been.

'You'll be comin' now with me—we'll be going to see a hospital,' said Jim, quietly. The Saint turned a quick appealing glance at him, but Jim would not see it. 'You'll be comin' with me, and your mother will be stayin' with Puddin'.'

And feeling that Jim was some wonderful agent to work her good, she obeyed; it did not take her long to get ready. A black knitted scarf for her head, the old thin plaid shawl across her shoulders, and her toilet was complete. With an unusual burst of tenderness, Mrs. Sweeney insisted upon Cecilia taking off her torn shoes and putting on her own, which, if they were several sizes too large, would not admit quite so much water.

To ride on the cars was one of the things that came like a rare bit of joy in the Saint's life; in all her dreams of untold riches, she had never dared to even wish for greater bliss than to spend her life in one unceasing car-ride. Oh, the glory of it! To sit still and be whirled along the

streets which she was used to trudge, and to watch through the windows the stream of life on the pavements! Usually she felt that every one there must envy her—her Cecilia Angelina Sweeney, sitting like a queen, on a seat, with folded hands! Once, a long time ago, she had gone with her class and the teacher to the park, and in the car, she had sat next to a lady who had on a real silk dress. She knew it was silk, for it rustled when the lady moved, and when she wasn't looking, Cecilia had actually touched it!

But this morning, somehow, she didn't feel the glory of it at all. She only felt how very tired she was, and that the nice hot tea and the rolls had made her rather sleepy. Before she had been riding five minutes, her head fell against Jim's shoulder, and he saw that she was fast asleep.

One or two passengers smiled as they watched Jim pull the shawl tighter across her shoulders, and settle her red-crowned head comfortably, as he slipped his arm about her.

An old man across the aisle bent forward sympathetically. 'Your little girl looks tired out. Or is she sick? Toothache, maybe!'

And as it was much easier to agree than to explain, Jim nodded.

He was a kindly old gentleman, for he stopped a moment as he rose to leave the car. 'That's the trouble with children nowadays!—Eat too much candy! Spoil their teeth!'

Jim looked down at the Saint's drawn face and the heavy circles under the eyes, and smiled rather bitterly. Too much candy hadn't caused that!

(To be continued.)

## Presence of Mind Heroes.

Great presence of mind in cases of emergency, where lives hang upon the thought and action of seconds, is so rare as to excite universal admiration.

A party of Rimington's Scouts were galloping back to their column hotly pursued by a much larger force of Boers, during the recent South African war. Suddenly they came upon a stiff fence of barbed wire. They had no wire cutter among them, so turned at right angles, and galloped along it, looking for an opening. Instead, they found another fence running at right angles to the first. They were hopelessly trapped.

A trooper named Fraser suddenly extricated himself from the throng. He pulled his feet from his stirrups, rammed home his spurs, and went at the fence as hard as he could pelt. The shock was fearful. The horse was killed on the spot, the man hurled many yards over its head. But the wires were snapped, and the others, riding through the gap, picked up the insensible body of their comrade and escaped.

An unknown number of people owe their lives to John Philip Sousa. On one occasion he was playing to an audience of 12,000 people, when the electric lights in the hall suddenly went out. Someone shouted 'Fire!' and an ominous rustle made itself heard through the gloom. Rap, rap, went Sousa's baton, and without an instant's hesitation the band burst forth into 'Oh, dear, what can the matter be?'

The rustle turned to a ripple of laughter, and when the air was rapidly followed by 'Wait till the clouds roll by,' a roar of merriment showed that the situation was saved.

By just such quick thought a Keeper in a Hamburg menagerie saved a comrade's life which was apparently beyond all human aid. A full-grown tiger had suddenly turned upon the cleaner who had entered its cage. It was between him and the door, creeping slowly upon him with stealthy steps and yellow glowing eyes.

The man, paralysed with terror, stood motionless against the bars. There was only one spectator of the scene, and he was unarmed. But quick wit provided him with a better weapon than hot irons or rifles. A sharp hiss pierced the stillness, just the sound that the great python of the Indian jungle makes when coiled ready to strike.

The tiger heard it, and its body quivered and seemed to grow smaller. Another hiss, and the savage brute sank down cowering upon the floor of its cage, and thought no more of the terrified man, who lost no time in escaping.

It may be remembered that the transport 'Rapidan' was forced by fire to return to Birkenhead after starting with troops and horses for South Africa. That the whole vessel, her cargo, and the lives of all her crew and passengers were not lost is due to the presence of mind and magnificent courage of one man.

The fire broke out among some stores near the engine room, and before anything could be done a couple of great drums of paraffin had burst, enveloping the whole engine room in a sheet of flame. Hose could not be brought to bear, and the ship's doom appeared to be sealed.

Suddenly the beat of the pistons ceased, and a welcome sound of escaping steam was heard. Rushing about in the furnace beneath, the chief engineer had first stopped the engines and then turned on all the steam cocks and drains. So quick was he that he escaped without being severely burned. The hatches were closed down, and the fire was put out almost as rapidly as it had begun.

A story of how a man saved his own life by lightning-like rapidity of thought comes from the gold region of Alaska. A postman was travelling southward last summer with valuable letters. He met a traveller lost and starving, fed him and took him on with him.

That night he was awakened from sleep by a terrible blow upon the head. Luckily, his heavy fur cap saved his life. He sprang up and saw the other standing over him with an axe. The would-be murderer hesitated an instant. It was not so easy to kill a man awake and on his guard. In that second a brilliant idea came to the postman.

'Poor fellow!' he said, pityingly; 'he must have gone mad from cold and hunger.'

The other dropped the axe. He was glad to be so well out of it. For the rest of the night the postman watched, and all next day kept the madman well in front of him. The latter acted the part to perfection, and quite imagined that his companion believed him really insane. He was grievously surprised when, on their arrival at the next fort, his intended victim handed him over to the officer in charge of the mounted police. He is now enjoying a fourteen-year sentence.—'Alliance News.'

## When he Found the Bravest

In an article on 'Prayers on the Battlefield,' in the 'Quiver,' some interesting facts are given as to the habits of devout soldiers before and during battle. When Lord Clyde asked his officers to pick the bravest men in order to form a forlorn hope in a desperate attack on Delhi, he was answered—'There is a prayer-meeting going on now in camp. If you go there you will find all the bravest men'—a remark which has been echoed recently by Sir George White about his beleaguered soldiers in Ladysmith. Washington, 'Stonewall' Jackson, Grant, General Gordon, and many other popular generals were all devout men. The Bishop of Rochester, in his 'Lenten Call,' quotes the words of a soldier at the front:

'War seems to turn fellows Godward—a great call from selfishness, and luxury, and content—both for those who are here and for every one at home. Near to Him we must judge ourselves. For the Lord is a God of judgment, and by Him actions are weighed.' The debasing and cruel aspects of war are so painfully evident that this testimony to its solemnizing effect is something as a set-off on the other side.

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