

He could not bear to leave his side.

One dreadful night a fire broke out. Joe's first thought was for Will. He dashed into his room. It was in flames. Wrapping him in a rug he caught him up in his strong arms and tried to reach the door. The cruel flames beat him back. Joe's clothes had taken fire; the smoke blinded him. Just then a flame lit up the window. He sprang forward, with a prayer on his lips, threw up the sash and dropped to the ground below.

Brave Joe! Your prayer is heard in heaven. Will is saved.

ISABEL ALEXANDRA STEACY.
Ottawa.

JAMIE'S POST.

"Oh! he's tip-top at starting things, but you can't tell how long he will hold out," said Ralph, doubtfully.

"He seems interested enough now," answered Rob.

"Yes; but by the time he gets the rest of us into it he may have lost his interest and forgotten all his fine promises. He means all right, I suppose, but he doesn't do to tie to."

Both boys laughed, and little Jamie, sitting on the gate, looked soberly from one to the other. He waited until Ralph walked away, and then slowly questioned his brother.

"Wobert, what does a to-tie to mean?"

"A — what?" asked Rob, suddenly becoming aware of the small presence.

"That boy," declared Jamie, pointing one plump finger after the retreating Ralph, "said another boy didn't be a to-tie to."

"Oh, Jimsy, what a wretched 'little pitcher' you are!" groaned Rob. "No; he said the other boy wouldn't do to tie to—to tie to, you understand? It isn't all one word."

"What kind of a boy does it mean, Wobby?"

"Mean? Why, when you say a fellow won't do to tie to, you mean that you can't exactly trust him. He isn't"—Rob hesitated, realizing that some common phrases that

seem to convey to one a very clear meaning are, after all, not easy to explain. "It's this way, Jimsy. If you were going to tie a horse somewhere, would you find a good, strong post that would hold him where you wanted him to stand, or would you tie him to any loose piece of brush lying on the ground?"

"No; I wouldn't tie him to some bwush," said Jamie, scornfully. "He'd wun and dwag it off."

"That's it," answered Rob, delighted with his own clearness of exposition. "And if you were going into the water and wanted a rope to pull yourself in by, and hold you so you couldn't be swept away, you would fasten the end of it to something strong and solid that wouldn't pull loose and let you sink. Well, the folks that do to tie to are the ones that stand fast to what they say—the ones that you can always trust to do the right thing, no matter how much pulling there may be in other directions."

"Yes. I tie to you, Wobert," said Jamie, admiringly. "You're that kind of a boy to tie to, ain't you?"

Was he? Rob wondered a trifle uneasily as he walked away. He had never thought of asking himself such a question before, but his attempt to explain the subject to Jamie had made it stand out very clearly. He knew the two kinds of boys he had been describing, and he could count the few who always stood where they ought, for everything good and right, and who could be depended upon to hold others fast, instead of being moved themselves. But the many "who went with the crowd," and yielded to every influence that touched them—he could not be sure that he was wholly unlike them. He knew that he was carrying the definition farther than Ralph had thought of doing when he used the words, but the thought would not be put away, though he impatiently tried to do it. He found himself watching his companions and noting contrasts, watching himself and making deductions not altogether comfortable; but after all, the strange study taught him more than many of the professor's wise lectures had done.

At dinner Jamie looked up suddenly from his plate, and remarked:

"Papa, Wob is going to be a hitching post."

"Indeed! Well, that's a new profession for a young man, but if he is really going into it I hope he will make as good a one as those I had put in front of the house last week—sound through and through, good tough fiber, rooted deep enough to be firm, standing upright, strong, reliable, and useful."

Into Bob's face came a look of earnest purpose.

"That's the kind of man I want to be," he thought. "It's the kind I will be, God helping me."—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

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