

"Get a rope!"  
 "Where is a pole?"  
 "Bring one of those planks from the shore yonder!"  
 "Can't somebody swim?"  
 Such were the confused and uncertain voices.

"Help me off with my skates!" cries one brave fellow, tugging at the fastenings that seem to be immovable. Meantime—it is only a few seconds—the child is floating steadily down the stream; sinking for one dreadful moment, then rising to the surface. And, meantime, the strange German boy has been flying like the wind to the spot. Through the group he forges in a twinkling, his coat is off already; down on the ice he goes; and no loosening of the skates; skates and boots come off together; now a running jump, and in he goes. See him now! Blowing the water from his lips, taking long, steady, powerful strokes; he is after him; he is gaining on him; the child sinks again; he is drawing terribly near the ice below. If he goes under it! Oh! but the brave swimmer is hurrying his stroke, there are the flaxen locks once more at the surface, and the swimmer's left hand has grasped the red tipst around the child's neck. No; he will not risk the crumbling ice; he pulls for the shore, bearing up the river, holding the child at arm's length, swimming steadily and surely; no hurry now.

A shout goes up from the skaters. See yonder! A man, bare-headed, comes flying down the sloping lawn. It is the child's father. He has heard the cry from the river; the danger of the child and the daring rescue are in one moment revealed to him. As Emil nears the shore the father rushes into the water and grasps his boy.  
 "O, my darling!" he cries. "Yes, he is alive. You saved him, you brave boy! Come with me at once into the house! Bring his coat and shoes, will you!" he shouts to the group on the ice. The father, with the child in his arms, leads the way, Emil, dripping and panting a little, follows. The mother, half frantic, meets them on the lawn, the father's quiet tones reassure her.

"Oh! yes; my dear. He is alive. I feel his heart beating; he is only chilled a little; he will be himself again in an hour or two! There is the boy that saved his life!"  
 The mother flings her arms around Emil's dripping shoulders, and kisses him. There is not much time for talk.

The father's word is true. It is but a little while before the child, stripped of his wet clothing, rolled in a warm blanket and rubbed by the fire, is awake and clearly out of danger. Meantime Emil has been hurried up to a warm room by the young man whom he met in Mr. Holden's office, the evening before, and there has been disrobed, and rubbed, and clad in dry garments, somewhat too large for him. He has said but little, save in reply to the young man's questions. He has been thinking much.

Presently the young fellow turns, as Emil makes a reply in his strong German accent, and says:

"Say! Look here! Aren't you the fellow that came into the office yesterday?"

"Yes," answers Emil, "I was."  
 "You wanted to see Mr. Holden?"  
 "I had a letter to give him."  
 "Letter of introduction?"

"Somethings like dat, may be."  
 "Well, man alive, do you know that this is Mr. Holden's house; and that it is his boy that you pulled out of the river?"

"Nein; I knew not, aber I was wondering much when I see you here."  
 "Well, you won't need your letter of introduction now, vary much. You've got acquainted with him, now I tell you; and don't you forget it!"

Emil blushes and looks down. He does not like the thought of claiming anything on the score of what he has done, he almost wishes that he had not the letter. But it is all out now, and he cannot help himself.

"Is he your fater?" asks the lad.  
 "No, he is my uncle, and I live with him. No better man in town, either."  
 It is Mr. Holden himself who now knocks at the door.

"Come, my lad!" he says tenderly, "Come down to the library. I want to know who you are and all about you."

"He has a letter for you," cries the nephew.

"A letter for me? From whom?"  
 "A letter of Frau Baker," answers Emil. "Of the beautiful lady who lives at the West-town on the railway."  
 "Elizabeth Baker, of Weston?"  
 "Ya. I tink so."

"Come with me at once! Where is the letter?"  
 "It was in my schmall book, in the coat's pocket."

"Here is the coat," says the gentleman hastily, as they enter the library. "The boys brought it up from the ice."

Emil brings forth the diary, and the treasured missive from his friend. Mr. Holden's face brightens as he hurriedly reads it.

"It is a lad," he says to his wife, "with whom Elizabeth struck up one of her characteristic friendships on the cars yesterday, and she commends him to us. All right, my boy! We should hardly have needed her letter though, should we?" Then, after a pause, to Emil. "Your father and mother are both dead, she tells me."  
 "She tells you truth, Herr Holden."  
 "And you have come to this country seeking a home?"  
 "Even so, I hope."  
 "She does not tell me your name."  
 "Emil Lincoln Keller."  
 "What is that?" sharply.  
 "Emil Lincoln Keller."  
 "What was your father's name?"  
 "Fritz Keller."  
 "Fritz Keller! Was he ever in this country?"

"Ya, Herr Holden, he was once living in dis town."

"O, my boy!" cries the gentleman, springing from his seat, and clasping Emil in his arms. "You have come home indeed! Your father marched by my side in the regiment. He was my dearest friend. In one of the last battles of the war, before Petersburg, when I was left wounded on the field, and would have died, he crept out through the lines after dark, and brought me to camp in his strong arms, God bless him! I was sent to the hospital then, and I have never seen him since, nor heard from him, though I have sought for him and longed for him. And now comes his son, in the moment of peril, and saves my child's life. Margaret, where is that old photograph of Fritz?"

"It is here," answers Mrs. Holden, bringing an album from a drawer.

"Do you remember any look like that!" asks Mr. Holden.  
 "Ya; he was once like dat, long times ago. I have in mine trunk the same."

They all sit musing for a little; the fair-haired boy, asleep on the sofa, is breathing quietly. Presently Mrs. Holden says: "You know that it is Christmas, Emil."

"Ya wohl Madam. It was my sorrow that on this day of the Christ-child I could to no one give!"

He checks his impulsive speech.  
 "Bless your dear heart!" cries the lady. "That sorrow need not burden you. Have you not given us the life of our child?"

Emil is not suffered to return to his lodgings across the river. A messenger is sent for his luggage, and through the Christmas day and the Christmas-tide he abides most happily in this safe refuge. His modesty, his courtesy, his manliness, gain for him a stronger hold every day upon the hearts of his new friends, and there are many earnest consultations about his future; for Emil has no thought of quartering himself upon them, and is often anxiously questioning about the work by which he may earn his bread.

On New Year's Day, after dinner, Mr. Holden takes him by the hand and leads him upstairs to a little chamber all newly furnished. The coziest of little rooms it is, with its white-covered bed, and its neat carpet, and its stout easy-chair, and its pretty writing-desk, and over the mantel an enlarged photograph, beautifully framed, of his father's face.

"Here, Emil," says Mr. Holden, "this is your New Year's present. This is your home, so long as you desire it. I know that you want to earn your own livelihood, and we want you to do it. Soon we shall find the right thing for you to do. But this will be your home, if you will have it. No; you need not say one word. It will take me a great many years, my boy, to pay you the debt that I owe you, for your father's sake, and for your own."

WIND OR STEAM—WHICH!

SAILING vessels depend on the fitful winds for power to go. Steamships depend upon the steadily throbbing engines, deep down within the oaken ribs.

Many people are like the sailing vessels, they go pretty well while the wind is fair and fresh, but when it fails or is "dead ahead" they do not make much progress. Others are like steamers, they plow steadily on through storms and calm. They have a glowing energy within. They have a purpose, and a will. They have faith in God, and love that works for him and for all men.

Read this extract from a letter written to a friend by Norman Macleod, while residing in London many years ago:

"Your mind is a good, strong, vigorous one, but you are inclined to indolence. You require the stimulus of society and of external circumstances to go on your course. You are more of a sailing ship than a steamship—the power which propels you must come from without more than from within. You are well built, have famous timber, a good compass, good charts; but you want a 'refreshing breeze to

follow.' You must then rouse yourself, set every sail, and catch the breeze you have."  
 "Rouse yourself!" That's it. Stir about; get at work; do something to make somebody wiser and better and happier. In this way you will make life a success.

MURRAH FOR PROHIBITION:

THE temperance folks are waking up Through the entire nation To put the liquor-traffic down, And drive it from creation. The stills and drinking dens are doomed To lawful demolition, For all good men are going in For legal prohibition.

We've tried persuasion long enough, No use to try it longer; It will not stop the traffic, and We must have something stronger. The heartless men who make and sell The beverage of perdition Must have their "breathing holes of hell" Shut up by prohibition.

Too long King Alcohol has reigned, All moral suasion scorning, Too long his murderous savages Have filled the land with mourning. Drink-sellers care not for our prayers, Our tears, our admonition; But there's a power can make them quake— 'Tis legal prohibition.

Nor scoffs of foes, nor doubts of friends Shall weaken our endeavor To brand the traffic with disgrace And wipe it out forever! Right on shall go the noble work, Until its full completion; We'll fight it out upon the line Of total prohibition!

AN OLD SONG ANALYZED.

You all know the old "Sing a song of sixpence," but have you ever read what it is meant for?

The four and twenty blackbirds represent the twenty-four hours. The "bottom of the pie is the world, while the top crust is the sky that overarches it. The opening of the pie is the day dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is "a dainty dish to set before a king." The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlour counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts them are the golden sunshine. The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight. The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before the king—the sun—has risen, is day-dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while the bird which so tragically ends the song by "nipping off her nose" is the hour of sunset. So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie.

NEVER DO IT.

Never reply to father or mother saucily.  
 Never speak to mother unkindly.  
 Never act ugly to brother or sister.  
 Never correct father or mother when they are telling anything in public.  
 Never steal anything, or tell an untruth, or speak ugly words, or circulate scandal.  
 Never seek play when you can be more usefully employed.  
 Never say, "I can't," or "Let Jim," or "I don't want to," when you are told to do anything.  
 Never go to sleep without prayer, as it may be the last chance you will have.