

found "and told me how to pack my clothing in the old box that was mine father's and she said to me: 'Dere is enough Emil, for one year, if you keep it in care:' and she told me where, in a little coffer, was money, long saved, to pay for her burial, and plenty left to buy my ticket to America, and something more to keep me, that I may not starve until I can find work to earn mine bread."

"But this is a wide, wide land, my lad. How do you know where to look for a home in it?"

"Mine mutter told me that I shall go to the town that was the home of mine fater. It is dere I will go to-day."

"What town is that?"

Emil produced his railroad ticket. "Ah!" cried the lady, with a brightening face, "Onantico!" Then, after a moment's pause: "Do you know the name of any one in Onantico?"

"Nein, M' d'm. Mine fater often was speaking the names of the good men in Onantico; but I haf them not any longer in my thoughts. I fear that I shall find not many who will remember mine fater; it is now dre and twenty years when he went away to the way, and he was not after wards many days in Onantico."

"Perhaps not," answers Mrs. Baker; but that is the one place of all places to which I would have you go. I know a good man there; he is the husband of my sister; he will surely be a friend to you. I will give you a letter which you shall carry to him." And the lady takes from her pocket a little tablet and a stylograph, and writes a note which she folds, then addresses it to Mr. Charles F. Holden, 75 Front St., Onantico, and hands it to Emil.

"Take this note," she says, "and give it to Mr. Holden this very afternoon. You will reach Onantico about two o'clock. Any one will show you the way to his office. Tell him all your story. He will find it all out himself. I know him. You will not want to keep anything from him. Perhaps he knew your father. He was in the war."

"Of my heart, Frau Baker," cries Emil, "I thank you. You haf made me more happy as I ever hoped to. Mine mutter prayed to the good God that he would keep me and watch me over, and I know that he has sent you to me."

"I hope so," says Mrs. Baker, smiling. "It is good to go on his errands. I would like to be always ready."

All this time the train had been speeding on through beautiful suburbs and lovely valleys, making few stops and leaving the noisy centres far behind. The little pilgrim journeying along, by faith, into a far country in search of a home, and the generous woman whose heart has been so deeply enlisted in the strange story to which she has been listening, have both been so absorbed in the subjects of which they have been communing, that the sights without the car and the movements within have been like the scenery of a dream. Now the boy turns quietly around, in chaise seat, places the precious letter carefully in his diary, and leans against the window. His heart is full of quiet content, and joyful expectation. A great burden of doubt and anxiety has been lifted from his spirit. He leans upon the goodness of the guardian angel who so strangely appeared to him in

the way for his guidance and help, and his faith in the God to whom his mother commended him in her dying prayer is very strong. The relief from the anxiety that has never departed from his heart for an hour since his mother died, is so great that every muscle of his body seems to relax its tension, and he leans his head against the window and drops into a sleep, the most peaceful and natural that he has had for many a day.

At length the hand of his benefactor is gently laid on his shoulder.

"I am sorry to awaken you," she says; "but we shall soon be at Weston, which is my home; and I wanted to ask you, before we part, to write me a letter soon, and let me know how you are getting on."

"Ya wohl, allerdings," answers Emil eagerly. "Most sure y will. Ach! that I slept! It is not a good way to make you see how grateful and happy I haf been made by you."

"Indeed, it is the very best way," answers Mrs. Baker. "I saw by the smile upon your face that your heart was at rest, and it made me more glad than anything you could have said to me."

"Oh! it was a dream! *selbst schon!* most lovely!" says Emil, smiling. "It was mine fater who at the Bahnhof—what is it in the English 'station'?" suggested Mrs. Baker.

"Ya! At the station, not me, and was leading me to Herr—what is the name?—Holden; and then I waked."

"You will find Mr. Holden easily," answers Mrs. Baker. "And you will write and tell me what he says to you. I shall sometimes visit my sister at Onantico, and I shall want to see you then. I shall think of you very often; and I hope you will not forget me."

"Nein; forget you I cannot; I shall not; I must not," cries Emil, passionately, struggling with the English auxiliaries. "And I shall wish to see you many times before ever you will come to Onantico."

There is a long whistle from the locomotive, and the train soon slackens its speed for the Weston Station.

"Good-by, Emil," says the kind lady cheerily, giving him her hand. "It is almost noon. You will be in Onantico in two hours. You are a good lad, and I know you will find friends and a home."

The boy cannot speak, but his look of gratitude is far more eloquent than words. His eyes follow her to the door; she waves her hand in another farewell from the platform of the station; and soon the train pushes on and he is once more alone.

(Concluded in our next)

GIVE ME BACK MY HUSBAND.

Not many years since a young married couple from the far "farther shore" sought our shores, with the most genuine anticipations of prosperity and happiness. They had begun to realize more than they had seen in the visions of hope when in an evil hour the husband was tempted to look upon the wine when it is red, and to taste of it "when it gives colour to the cup." The charming faculty spread its victim all the sorpest spells of its sorcery, and he fell, and at every step of his degradation from the man to the brute, and downward,

a heart-string broke in the bosom of his companion. Finally, with the last spark of hope flickering on the altar of her heart, she threaded her way into one of those shambles where man is made such a thing as brasts of the field would bellow at. She pressed her way through the bacchanalian crowd who were reveling in their own ruin. With her bosom full of that "perilous stuff that prays upon the heart," she stood before the panderer of her husband's destiny, and exclaimed in tones of startling anguish, "Give me back my husband!" "There's your husband," said the man. "That my husband! What have you done to that noble form that once, like the giant oak, held its protecting shade over the fragile vine that clung to it for support and shelter? That my husband! With what torpid chill have you touched the sinews of that noble brow, which he once wore high among his fellows, as if it bore the superscription of the Godhead? That my husband! What have you done to that eye, which he was wont to erect to heaven, and see in its mirror the image of his God? What Egyptian drug have you poured into his veins, and turned the fountains of his head into black and burning pitch? Give me back my husband! Undo your basilisk spells, and give me back the man that stood with me beside the altar." — *Edgar, Burville's Sparks from the Anvil.*

DEAR AT HALF PRICE.

How often we have felt in our inmost hearts, and yet how we have hated to acknowledge, it, that the pleasure for which we sacrificed so much would have been dear at half price! We were so anxious to go on that excursion, so willing to be beguiled from the path of duty, so ready to brush aside every obstacle that stood in the way, and after all it yielded so little pleasure and proved so profitless an affair!

Franklin is not the only one who has paid too dear for a whistle. Every day, if ye are at all thoughtful or observing, we discover some flaw in the toys for which we have spent considerable money. The jewels we thought to be diamonds turn out to be paste. What we fancied pure metal is nothing but plated ware. The fine scheme which allured us bursts like the bubble it was. We are deceived and cheated at every turn. The coveted joy shines brightly in the distance, and has for us a fictitious value. We estimate it too highly, and realize—perhaps too late—that it would have been dear at half price.

A glass of wine, a cheap amusement—how little they cost in dollars and cents! But, O! how many can look back and trace their downfall from their indulgence in that which was dear at half price!

Chesapeake is not always a recommendation. The cheap never may spoil the party of the soul. It is dangerous to handle. Cheap drugs are worthless, cheap help is generally poor help. If we pay regard to the quality of our amusements and our associates, we shall learn how to discriminate between good and evil, we shall elevate our taste, and find fewer occasions to bewail our having been betrayed into appropriating anything dear at half price.—*Glassmate.*

GOING TO SCHOOL.

SEE the little children, running, running, down the long hill side to the village school. With slow, reluctant feet, and almost unwilling to end glad summer with the stern rule of tasks and hours, and waste October weather pent up in irksome study all together.

I see the little children, running, running. When school is over, to resume their play. Or in the late sweet warmth of twilight, strolling. Their little discontented away, "How slow to be grown up, so they are saying." "And now study, but I always playing!"

Ah, foolish little children! If you knew it, grown folks must study, just as children must practise at school, or else they rust. And learn a harder lesson yet than you. Early they set to work, and toil all day; The school lets out too late for any play.

Their school room is the world, and life the master; A stern hard master he, and hard to please. Some of the brighter children study faster than on the others who are dull; and these, When they've reached, if they stand the test The master suffers to go home and rest.

But we must learn a lesson soon or later, And all must answer at the great review; Until at length the lost discouraged waiter has done his task, and read the lesson through, And with his swollen eyes and weary head, At last is told he may tie home to bed.

So little children, when you feel like crying That you are forced to learn to read and write, Think of the many harder lessons lying In the dim future which you deem so bright. Grown folks must study, even against their will; Be very glad that you are children still!

FISH THAT ARE CAUGHT WITHOUT BAIT.

On a bank by the side of a stream sat an old fisherman with a hideous countenance, but with a peculiarly knowing and cunning look in his eye. He knew the habits of the great variety of fishes in those waters, and constantly altered his bait to suit this, that, or the other variety. With rare precision he caught, with evident amusement, one species without bait, with merely the empty hook. "Supid fish! This old fisherman is the Evil One, the fishes are the children of Icen," the stream, this world in which we live. We all know that the bait with which he caught Eve was the promise that the fruit, besides being pleasant to the eye and taste, was also one "to make wise" the eaters of it.

We also know the baits he vainly offered to Him who wandered forty days in the wilderness, and how many of earth's children he has, with bitter success, caught by his promises of riches, power, and ease.

But what promise does he make the swearer? Does he make him believe it will add one unit to his stature, one day to his length of life? Does he urge that swearing will add one penny to his possessions? That it will make people think more highly of him, give him influence in society? Certainly not. He hangs out the naked hook, and grins with malignant glee the stupid fish eagerly catches at it.

If ever you think of uttering a profane word, remember that the swearer bites a naked hook.