

was no precious, and when he offered it to me I told him I had no use for it. He looked at me as if astonished at my refusal, and replied "Well, if you do not want it, I can take it to the drug store, and they can use it for medicine."

### THE OLD COFFAGE CLOCK.

Here the old, old clock of the household  
 stood

Was the brightest thing and the neatest;  
 Its hands though old, had a touch of gold,  
 And its chime ran still the sweetest.  
 'Twas a moment, it is, though its words were  
 few

Yet they lived though nations altered,  
 And its voice, still strong, warned old and  
 young.

When the voice of friendship faltered;  
 "Tick, tick," it said—"quick, quick to bed—  
 For five I've given warning;  
 Up, up and go, or else you know,  
 You'll never rise soon in the morning."

A friendly voice was that old old clock;  
 As it stood in the corner smiling,  
 And blessed the time with a merry chime,  
 The wintry hours beguiling;  
 But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock  
 As it called at daybreak boldly,  
 When the dawn looked gray on the misty  
 way,

And the early air blew coldly;  
 "Tick, tick," it said—"quick, out of bed—  
 For five I've given warning,  
 You'll never have health, you'll never get  
 wealth,  
 Unless you're up soon in the morning."

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,  
 With a tone that ceases never;  
 While tears are shed for the bright days fled,  
 And the old friends lost forever;  
 Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone  
 That warmer beat and younger:  
 Its hands still move, though hands we love  
 Are clasped on earth no longer!

"Tick, tick," it said—"to the churchyard  
 bed—  
 The grave hath given warning—  
 Up, up and rise, and look to the skies,  
 And prepare for a heavenly morning."

### EMIL'S GIFT.

BY THE REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D. D.

#### I.

A stout, ruddy-faced boy of eighteen, with blue eyes and light-brown hair, is standing on the forward deck of a westward-bound North River ferry boat, looking wistfully about him. The scene is evidently new to him, and he is taking it in with a boy's alert and insatiable curiosity. Some of us too quickly forget, and do not soon enough remember again, that a boy is as hungry for sights and sounds as he is for beefsteak and batter-cakes. But this boy has reasons for being wide-awake and watchful that the fellows near him, who are leaning lazily against the rail and chatting about the last night's play, have not. He is in a foreign land. The great ships and steamers are not strange to him, for he has seen them often at the wharves of his own city; but multitudes of queer little tugs and fleets of unfamiliar craft are plying hither and thither, puffing and coughing and snorting as they go; while the massive ferry-boats, with their decks black with passengers, and the great white river steamers, and the long, low docks and the great grain-elevators there in front, and the towering piles of architecture in the great city behind, all make a picture that this boy is doing his best to see in the ten minutes permitted him by the swiftly crossing boat. He thinks it the fairest picture he has ever seen—this wide, quiet river, lying so calm under all this moving to and fro, the silent burden-bearer of so much noisy traffic, giving back the

greeting of the bright December sun with smile as bright as if it had never known trouble or turmoil; this brave old river holding on its course serenely between those two great roaring cities; with the titanic masonry of the Palisades above these on the left, and the lovely slopes and groves of Riverside Park on the right; and, far away to the southward, the heights of Staten Island; and he turns, with a look of regret, when the boat bumps against the tough timbers of the slip, and, grasping his travelling bag, is hurried along with the crowd over the clattering chains, and past the creaking windlass of the bridge upon the pier. Showing his railway ticket to a policeman, he is pointed through a gateway to the waiting train, and soon he is whisked through the purlieus of a town, and whistled through the heart of a hill, out of which the train goes flying over a wide expanse of salt marshes, which make him think of home; and so, before he knows it, his head drops upon the window-pane, and the tears come into his eyes.

No. He is not a baby-boy at all; he is just as plucky a little German as ever stood on two legs. Wait and get acquainted with him, and you will see. If any boy of my acquaintance shows clear grit, Emil Keller is the boy. If you had been in his place you would have cried a little, too, if you could have done it quietly, and not been caught at it. If you would not, I wouldn't give much for you.

It is not many minutes, however, before Emil lifts up his head quickly and proudly, and dashes the tear from his cheek, and glances slyly around to see if anyone has observed him. A gentle-faced lady is in the seat behind him, and is not looking at him now; but he is sure that she has been watching him, and she only withdrew her gaze when he turned about; for her look is compassionate, and in her eyes there is a trace of moisture. Emil sits upright and looks out of the window; he does not want any pity; but, somehow, it has comforted him to look into that lady's face; she has not offered him any sympathy, but he feels sure that she is sorry for him, and would be glad, if she could, to help him bear his trouble. He wonders how far she may be going on the train. Is he likely to find many faces as kind as hers in this strange land? Will she speak to him? He begins to wish that she would. Perhaps she might give him good counsel. Perhaps she could aid him in finding a home. As soon as he can, without seeming inquisitive, he turns his eyes back toward again, and this time meets the look of the kind lady searching his own face. Emil knows that he is not mistaken. The delicate sympathy, the tender solicitude, the readiness to help are all there. No words could have made it half so plain. No one but his mother ever looked upon him with such eyes as those. His mother! That thought is too much for him; and once more he leans up against the car-window, and hides his face.

Meantime the gentle lady has been studying him, with eyes anointed by compassion, and she has made up her mind that she cannot be mistaken. A good lad, innocent but manly, alone and sorrowful. Not an American; the face shows that; the plain, but clean attire, in cut and seam also discloses its foreign manufacture. Almost certainly he needs a friend, and that

last wistful look seems to mean that he wants one. She will find out.

"Would you like to look at the pictures?" she says, as she hands him a copy of the new magazine.

"You are very kind."

That is pretty good English, far better than the curt and haughty "Thanks!" which is all that Americans of the present generation find time to say.

The bright pages fasten the boy's eyes for an hour or so; then he fixes upon one of the illustrated articles and tries to read. It is evident that he has some knowledge of English. By and by he returns the magazine to its owner with a bow and a smile.

"I thank you very much. You have beautiful books in your country," he ventures, blushing.

"Indeed we have," answered the lady. "Have you ever seen this one before?"

"Yes; I have seen one like it. Mine father has one sent him sometimes from America."

"Your father does not live in America, then?"

"Nein," answers Emil, winking hard, and crowding down the tremor in his voice. "Mine father lives not now any more; mine father was det one year ago almost."

"Oh! pardon me for bringing your trouble to your mind," answered the lady, gently.

"Nein; it is not you that bring it; it is I that spoke first his name." Emil will not let the kind lady blame herself; he knows that she is careful to spare him pain. And, lest she may again reprove herself unjustly, he determines to open his heart to her.

"It is not mine father only; it is mine mother too. That was hardest drooble. She was det one month ago."

"My poor boy!" cries the gentle lady, softly. "Are you all alone in the world?"

"Yes; I haf no fater, no mutter, no bruder, no schwester; I haf myself only."

Both are silent for a little; the lady does not wish to draw from this poor lad all the secret of his sorrow, and the boy's heart is too full to venture upon speech. Presently she asks him:

"Where was your home?"

"At Hamburg."

"In Germany?"

"Yes; Hamburg on the Elbe."

"Was it there that your mother died?"

"Yes; mine fater und mine mutter." "Have you any friends there—any kindred?"

"Nein; mine gross-mutter's bruder is dere, but he dinks of me nothing at all; he came to see my mutter when she was sick not one time; he will be blessed to hear that I am not dere any more."

"But where are you going now? Forgive me, my boy; I do not want you to tell me what I have no right to know. I would not be meddling—you understand?—but you have made me care for you, and desire to help you, if I can. I wish you would tell me all about yourself that you are willing to tell one who would like to be your friend."

The lady speaks so earnestly, and with such assurance of sincere sympathy, that Emil cannot doubt her. Perhaps he will be more skeptical when he is older; it is well for him now that he has not learned that bitter lesson; for this is a friend worthy of his

trust, and he would be the loser if he should refuse to confide in her. If he pauses before answering, it is not because he is afraid to speak, but because the lady's kindness makes him so glad and happy that he cannot quickly find his voice.

"This is my name," adds the lady, as she hands Emil her card. "You speak English a little; can you not read it, also?"

"Yes, Madam. I can read it mooch besser as I can spick it," answers Emil. "And you are most kind, Frau Baker," he adds, blushing, as he reads the neatly engraved card. "My words are poor when I try to tell you how mooch help in your kindness already I find. My name is this;" and he takes from the side-pocket of his coat a little diary, on the fly-leaf of which is written in a round German hand, but in English letters, "Emil Lincoln Keller."

"Lincoln!" exclaimed Mrs. Baker. "You have the name of our great President."

"Ya wohl, Madam. Mine fater gave it me. He loved the Herr Lincoln, best of all men. He was often in Washington, when Herr Lincoln was there. Ya, he was there on the day when the—what you call—assassin killed him. Ach! It was a day of sorrow for mine fater. He oft told me the story."

"So your father once lived in this country?"

"Yes; he was a boy so young as me when first he came, five years before the great war was making; and his fater and mutter they were det, in three years; and then he was a soldier in the great war; and when the war was done he went back to Deutschland."

"Did he never return to America?"

"Nein; he came not. It was not possible. He was not to mine mutter married until he went back to Hamburg; mine gross-mutter she was old, and she was not willing that mine mutter shall come; so they wait, and when mine gross-mutter was det mine fater was sick, and so they come not at all."

"He would have come, then, if he could?"

"Ya wohl, Madam. It was in this land that his heart was at home. He was telling me always stories of this land; he was trying to teach me English. He was saying to me always: 'Emil, you shall to America go,' one day. And when he was sick he made mine mutter to him promise that after he is gone she shall to America come mit me. 'It is the best country for the boy,' he said. 'He shall find de friends and a home.' But when he was gone, mine mutter was sick, and every day she grew white and weak, and she cannot come mit me. But by her own hands, while she lay dere on the bed, she make all my clothes ready."

Poor Emil turned suddenly round in the seat and covered his face with his hands, and his sturdy little frame quivered with the intensity of his grief. It is some minutes before he can command himself to go on with his story.

"You will forgive me," he says, as he turned back again, and meet the tearful eyes of his new friend, "but the looks and the words of the mutter, so dear came back to me, and I could not hold still my heart."

"I know it, my boy. I wonder not," answers the lady, reassuringly.

"She made me all ready," Emil con-