

the child from the lad carried it in, and soon had her wrapped up in blankets. But before this was done she had opened her eyes, for she had scarcely lost consciousness when James had seized her. The lad stood outside the door waiting for the news when the sergeant hurried up, one of the fishermen having gone to tell him what had happened as soon as the child had been carried into the cottage—assuring him, as he did so, that the little one would speedily come round. Just as he came up the door of the cottage opened, and one of the women who had run in to assist the fisherman's wife put her head out.

"She has opened her eyes," she said. "The little dear will soon be all right."

"Thank God for His mercies!" the sergeant said, taking off his hat. "What should I have done if I had lost her? and I have to thank you next to God," he said, seizing the boy's hand. "May God bless you, young gentleman! and reward you for having saved my darling. They tell me she must have been drowned but for you, for no one knew she had fallen in. Had it not been for you I should come round to look for her and she would have been gone—gone for ever!" and the showman dashed the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand.

"I was only just in time," the lad said. "I did not see her fall out of the boat. She was only a few yards away from it when she came up—just as my eyes fell on the spot. I am very glad to have saved her for you; but of course it was nothing of a swim. She could not have been many yards out of my depth. Now I will run home and change my things."

James Walsham was too much accustomed to be wet through to care anything about his dripping clothes, but they served him as an excuse to get away, for he felt awkward and embarrassed at the gratitude of the old soldier. He pushed his way through the little crowd which had