

De shtorm now seem to pe content mit de mischief he had done, and dere vas no more shqualls. Every great wave passed over us. I vas in de fore-chains, and had lasht myself mit a rope; but de prandy made me shtupid, and I made up my mind dat I musht go. I saw dat oold Jahn must go firsh, for he vas so trunk, dat he sometimes held by von hand. I vas not so trunk myself, as not to feel for poor Oortzen, de capin-poy; I promised his moder to take care of him. I called to him, and told him to keep out of de oold mate's reach, for he would go down soon, and if he got him in his grip, dere would pe no chance for him. 'O, Captain Plom-baak,' cried de leetil poy, 'I can't hold much longer.' Jest den, Gron-tergotzler let go, and, in his shtrug-gle, clutched Peder's right leg mit his band. I cried to de poor lad to shake de oold man off; but he could not get rid of Jahn's death-grapple; no more could he support de weight of de oold man, and his own peside; so he soon let go von hand, and den de toder, and, giving a shriek, he sunk mit oold Grontergotzler to de pottom. I vas den all alone, and I vas glad I vas not too trunk to pray; for my moder larn me to pray, ven I vas no more tall dan dish,"—measuring half the length of his hickory stick. "I pray to mine Got to shpare me, and I vow to trink no more prandy, and to try to pe a goot man. Jest as de day vas done, I vas taken vrom de wreck by an English man-of-war. I have kept my vow; I have trinkt no more prandy, nor any oder shtrong trink, for tirty-foor year, and I have tried to pe a goot man so far as I know how; but de merciful Got who has shpared me, must pe de judge of dat." As he uttered these last words, the tears streamed down the furrows of

the old Dutchman's face, and we were all deeply affected by his simple narrative.

### Value of a Minute.

A minute, my friend, is something. A minute! How many years must it seem to somebody standing on a scaffold in the chilly morning, with the spectre of a white nightcap grinning over his shoulder, with the hands of St. Sepulchre's Church pointing to one minute to eight, and with but that minute plank between him and the deep sea of eternity? A minute! Will not the thousandth part thereof, consumed in a nimble spring to the right or the wrong side, decide the odds between your being landed safely on a well-swept platform heaped with Christmas hampers, and hung round with jovial banners, or placards respecting Christmas excursion-trains, and your being crushed to death beneath the remorseless wheels of that same excursion-train as it glides heavily along the treacherous rails into the station? A minute! In that subdivision of the day, how many words of hope, or love, or murderous accusation, or frenzied anxiety, or kindly greeting, will throb through the sentient wires of the telegraph, over marsh, and meadow, and lea—through hills and tunnels—across valleys and deep rivers? A minute will break the back of the strong steamship, and send her with all her freight of mailed warriors, and weather beaten mariners, and restive chargers, down to the coral reef and the pearls that lie in dead men's eyes, to be no more heard of till the sea gives up its dead! All these lie within the compass of a minute—of less than an infinitesimal particle of a minute!—*Dickens' Household Words.*