

most needed to be prayed for and those who needed most to pray. Outside the door and windows lounged several men, young and old, who had come as escorts to women, but who cared not to follow their mates within the sanctuary. Among these was old Lugwine, and he leaned against the frame of a window which commanded a view of his wife, and particularly of her new shawl, which he considered the finest article of female attire in the State. The old man occasionally varied his position to relate to the other loungers some reminiscences of the flatboat trip, and the place and occasion reminded him to tell, with great glee, how the Deacon had tried to convert the stranger hand, and how he got harder knocks than he gave. Through the open windows came the sound of both praise and prayer, and both sounded dismal to the loungers.

Finally, after the usual number of prayers and hymns, the leader of the meeting announced that an opportunity would now be given to any one who felt moved to speak. A voice, strange to most of the persons present, but familiar to the Deacon, was heard beginning—

"My friends—" The Deacon hurriedly twisted his neck, and saw, standing in a back seat, his late flatboat hand, Walter Brown. Lugwine espied him at the same instant, and his surprise caused him to ejaculate in a tone loud enough to be heard throughout the room.

"Well, I'll be durned!"

"My friends," said the strange speaker, "I am unknown to most of you, but I have a word to say to those who profess to serve God and desire to bring others unto Him. I have long been a member of an evangelical church elsewhere; I accepted religion logically, and have urged it upon many another man in the same manner. Then I fell from the position I had occupied, or fancied I occupied, in the Church; I left my home, and believed myself abandoned, for good cause, by my friends. I learned what a hypocrite I had been, and I endeavoured to preserve my pride by sacrificing my belief in the religion in which I had professed to believe, and was succeeding quite well, in spite of the efforts which a very good man in your midst made to lead me back again. After he had employed all argument—the ablest argument—unsuccessfully upon me, I was still abasing myself successfully, and uprooting my faith in what was good, when I accidentally discovered that an old woman who was under no obligations to me—whom I had barely seen, in fact—had out of pure sorrow for the condition of mind in which she had detected me to be, was praying for me. *This* truth I could not shake off or forget—that some one, and not a being of high order, but one of your own Bottomites, cared enough for me, a stranger, to disquiet her own heart for my sake. I have had Christ preached at me in every conceivable way, my friends, ever since my boyhood, but I really learned to comprehend him for the first time through this low type of hu-

manly, but high form of human unselfishness. I have—on all the way back from New Orleans just to look at a being who cared this much for me, and who has made plain to me the nature of a greater Being, whom all other teachers have explained to me in vain. And I beg to impress upon you the truth which this experience has impressed upon me—that unselfish human lives are the best means of teaching to men the nature of God, in whose likeness they are made."

Brown scented himself, and Mrs. Lugwine, of whose presence he was ignorant, wept silently and happily to herself in the extreme corner of a back seat. There was a movement near the door and then the voice of old Lugwine was heard exclaiming,—

"I wenken, if you've got *him*, there ain't no chance outside for *me*."

Some of the brethren left their seats and gathered around the old sinner, while Brown pressed close to him, whispered "Ask your wife," and disappeared.

Some days later the directors of the Domestic Bank of New York, having transacted the business for which they had assembled in one of their regular meetings, indulged in considerable desultory grumbling about small depositors, customers who were too urgent for discount, securities which had gone down when the bank held them and gone up when the bank should have held them, when there appeared in their midst their defaulting teller. Every one was too much surprised to speak, though one clear-headed old fellow took the precaution to slip behind the young man, lock the door, and remove the key. There seemed at first to be some doubts, either as to the identity of the intruder or that of the Tickers-on, but at length the president remarked sternly—

"Well, sir?"

"Well, sir?" replied the young man, meekly.

"What have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing."

"Where is our money?"

"Gone."

"Then you shall go to prison."

"I suppose so."

"What did you come back for? Who brought you?"

"Nobody. I came of my own accord. I came to be punished; supposed I deserved to be."

"Much good that will do us, who have to lose the money you stole," growled one director.

"I've nothing but myself, gentlemen," said the defaulter. "I've brought myself here from two thousand miles away, so that you might satisfy yourself with me in any way you could."

"Why, I believe the rascal has got religion," exclaimed the president, after surveying his late employe critically for a minute or two.

"That's it, sir," said the young man.

"Get out then," said that official; "go somewhere where you can be of some use; the bank's too good for you, but jail's too bad."

And he went.

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