

'With a heavy groan the old man fell down in a swoon at his master's feet.

"Deal gently with Ralph," said a low voice from the bed. "George made it his dying request. He not only forgave him his sin against himself, but charged you to do so for his sake. My dear afflicted husband," continued Mrs. Leatrim, "let us be thankful to the heavenly Father that He has cleared the stain of guilt from the memory of a beloved son, and placed him beyond the power of sin and temptation for ever."'

'And what became of the wicked old man?' said I eagerly.

'That night Mrs. Leatrim died. Her son's tragic end brought on a fatal return of her dangerous malady. When Ralph heard of her death, he went out and hung himself. What Dr. Leatrim's feelings were at this unlooked-for desolation of all his earthly hopes, one can