

over the poor boy. The thought that he was the cause of his mother's death had humbled his proud heart, and sad, repentant feelings had taken the place of anger. So lonely and sad did he feel when bed and food were offered by a kind friend, he refused and very soon set out for Uncle John Bretman's.

He had got over eight of the weary miles that brought him nearer the only friend he could call his, when he sat down to rest. Sad memories chased each other through his mind until he fell asleep.

He was awakened by a hearty shake and a loud "Hallo! what the blazes brought you here?"

"I was coming from my mother's funeral, if ye please, sir," said Jim, in a sad tone.

"Coming from your mother's funeral; ah, Jim, you might as well own up to it. You've been up to Wilder's and burned his barn; the fire ain't out yet. He told us to search the fellow out. Ho! Gid, I've got him. I told ye when I saw them tracks which way he came." "You see," said the other man, when he came up where the first was holding Jim, "You see when you made that fire to run away by you forgot the same light might show somebody your tracks."

So Jim was tried, and found guilty, and the chief proof against him was, that his pockets were filled with hay when they found him on the same night the barn was burned. So poor Jim was sent to the place appointed for such, while the real culprit ran at large.

Mrs. Wilder wheeled the great cozy chair opposite the stove. In that comfortable room there were no traces of want. "Money answereth all things," has been truly said. But in that house there was no thought of the giver.

"I've got along first-rate; there's few men who began as I did that's made money as fast," said Mr. Wilder, and Mrs. Wilder said, "George is keen and smart, but I've helped him plan."

This morning Mr. Wilder is sick. He has been drinking very much of late, and now when he is helped to his chair, his eyes close, and he sinks helplessly into it; but soon he opens them again, and gazing wildly at the wall, he says, "I see horrid faces there, with eyes of fire and tongues of flame." Again he closes his eyes and groans, only to open them in terror. "They come! they come!" he shrieked, "fiery serpents coil around my chair. Why don't you drive them off? Help! help!" With bitter oaths and curses, such as I cannot, dare not repeat, he passed away. He died the drunkard's death.