

truth. I found out when it were too late what a fool I had been. I landed in Calcutta and fell sick and nearly died, and was turned out of the hospital without a penny. I found out gold were just as hard to get one place as another. I found out whatever comes with sin goes with sorrow. I found out that the devil were the hardest of masters, and that he knocked me about the world, flattering me one day and ruining me the next; giving me such wages as he did give with many a blow and many a bitter word. I wandered hither and yonder, and found no happiness anywhere.

"At last I went to Bombay, and hired myself out to attend to the horses of the officers in garrison there. One of them was young Tom Thoresby. I knew him at once, and after awhile I ventured to tell him I were a Guiseley lad and ask some questions about the Yeadons. Then I knew what I had done. I went out of his presence stunned like. I remembered all my sins that day.

"Thinking it all over I remembered, too, that there would be a love-feast at the quarterly meeting at this time, and that at it I could best make this confession, I worked my passage home to Liverpool, and I have walked from Liverpool to meet you all to-day. The devil promised me a different home-coming to this: I was to come back with gold and honours, and horses and chariots; but he lied about that as he did about all his other fine promises. I come home, brothers and sisters, with nothing but a sad, sorrowful heart. I have worse than wasted nineteen years. In the middle of life I have to go back to where I left the road of piety and industry. I am a poor prodigal, seeking my old place in your chapel and an honest day's work from any one who will trust me."

It is impossible to describe what followed this address. Mary Yeadon had dropped upon her knees, and was weeping happy tears, and softly praying. Jonathan fell upon his brother's neck and renewed the grand old parable again. Friends and neighbours received him with triumphant hymns and hearty assurances of kindness and goodwill. It is not in Yorkshiremen to resist an acknowledged offence. There was such a service of joy in Guiseley chapel that night as was long remembered.

Jonathan called all his friends and neighbours to come and rejoice with him. He turned out all his mills for two days' holiday, he spread a feast in every cottage in Guiseley. He sent offerings to every charitable scheme he knew of, he buried out of sight and memory everything that could remind him of his past grief. Men knew now that he had willingly borne an unjust charge, but he would suffer no one to speak of the subject again. And he was far more jealous of Ben's respect than his own; to