

failed in getting the thousand pounds because of the hated stow-away, Bob Rogers. I was conquered then, but I told them I would see them again, and if I live I shall, and then, have my revenge.

“BERNARD STOVEL.”

During the reading of this wonderful document, which had so providentially fallen into their hands, the listeners were amazed. Unperceived, Willie and Maggie had entered the room, but could not understand the cause of such consternation depicted on their countenances.

“What is the meaning of all this?” asked Willie.

“A providential deliverance,” replied Mr. Morton.

“Ay, sir, an’ maybe from an awfu’ fate for some one,” said Bob.

Archie, putting on a serious yet comical expression, remarked, “The Lord is aye good to his ain folk.”

Maggie was still wondering, and, placing her hand on her father’s arm, asked from what was the deliverance.

“From an old foe, Maggie, lass.”

“Oh! dear, dear, father, tell me not your old—”

“No, no, daughter; not that old foe. No, no; God keeps me from that, and—”

“What foe, then?” impatiently queried Maggie.

“It’s something of the long ago; and it’s my old enemy and true friend, Bob, who has been threatened; but, thank God, we have been cared for and kindly watched over.”

“Deed, sir, did I no tell ye that the Lord was guid to his ain?” chimed in Archie.