

Riverbend, we must, for want of space to record their doings, leave them to themselves for a number of years. But we shall make them a short visit at a proper time in the future. And in the meantime we will solace ourselves with the hope that their future may be less toilsome than the past has been, and no less successful. Cherishing this hope we bid these people good-bye for fifteen years, and commend them to the protection and guidance of Him "whose eye never slumbers, and whose tender mercies are over all His works."

VISIT TO OLD-TIME FRIENDS.

An old-fashioned stage-coach, drawn by four spirited horses, was slowly moving toward the north from the town of Mapleton. It was crowded with passengers. The mud was very deep, and in places very sticky. This was why the horses were going so slowly. As is often the case in this world of change and contingencies, they could not help themselves.

As the stage started out from the Half-way House, an elderly lady asked the driver the name of the next stopping-place. He answered, "Our next stop will be at the town of Riverbend, ten miles ahead. There we stop for supper and change of horses."

"What sort of hotel accommodation can be found there?" inquired a rather dandyish-looking young man, as he pulled out of his side pocket an old English bull's-eye watch, and held it up so that everyone could see it.

"The accommodation is all right, if you can do without whiskey," said the driver.