

out into a hymn, which was immediately lifted by the whole congregation.

At last the clock pointed to four; the preacher rose and opened a hymn-book. Then a strong, clear voice said: "I have come from the other end of the world to speak at this very meeting, and men and women, old and young, rich and poor, must listen to what I say."

The voice paused a moment. I looked up at the speaker. He was a man in the prime of life, exceedingly handsome, though sunbrowned and poorly dressed.

"Go on, brother! Go on, brother!" was the hearty response from the preacher on the platform and the men in every part of the chapel.

The stranger stood in the very front of the crowded gallery, and for a moment he dropped his eyes and steadied himself by grasping the top of it. Only a moment, however; then he looked with clear, open eyes down at the platform and around the attentive audience, and continued:

"Brother Jonathan Yeadon, and all else present: Nineteen years ago I committed in this place a theft for which an innocent man has borne the blame—" Jonathan Yeadon half rose and Mary turned round and faced the speaker; there was a perceptible and intense emotion, but no one spoke—"I did not know all the wrong I did, as God hears me; I would not have done it if I had. You have all forgotten me, as I well deserve to be forgotten, but I am Ben Yeadon!" There was a woman's sob and cry, and Jonathan left the platform, but Ben went on:

"Let no one stop me now, until I clear my own soul and my brother's name, and let all young men present ponder well what I have got to say. Nineteen years ago I was an honest lad, with a brother that was father and brother both, and a sister that was mother and sister to me; and a name—you know it, Yorkshiremen—that no one could say an ill word of.

"I went to Leeds to learn my trade, and fell among bad company. No, that is not true; I sought out bad company. I were told of rich countries where gold was plenty and pleasure of all kinds lawful, and I got fair sick with the thought of working day after day among oily wool for my living. I stole the money out of my brother's desk and went with it to Calcutta. I did not know it were the chapel money; I thought it were Jonathan's, and I wrote to him before I sailed to tell him what I'd done, and bid him take my share of Yeadon in its place. I didn't know there was naught left of Yeadon but the name and the old house.

"But I am not here to make excuses for myself, but to tell the