

## A HAPPY MEETING.

I HAD left the city, when on looking behind me I saw a man who had the appearance of an old itinerant workman. His shoes were attached to a belt over his shoulder, and he had on an old pair of slippers which only partly covered his feet. He presently overtook me, and in reply to my question said he had already walked about twelve miles.

"I would have taken the railway" he added, "but I hadn't enough money."

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Past seventy."

"And have you any hope for a better world?"

"There's nothing else for me but heaven," he replied in a tone of entire assurance.

"Indeed! and what makes you so sure of going to heaven?"

"Oh! I have never done anything wrong; and I have done all the good I could; there cannot be for me anything except heaven."

"If what you say is true," I replied, "whatever will become of me. I have not done all the good I could, but on the contrary very much evil. I have been very bad."

"Indeed" said he, regarding me with surprise, "you don't seem like that."

"You can't judge people by appearance, I have been wicked to such a degree that I have broken the whole law. I have been guilty of great crimes, even of murder."

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