

dog was to be taken to a neighbouring town next day and sold, he resolved to write a kind letter to Eugene, telling him that he knew about the robbery, and promising to forgive and love him. At the same time earnestly entreating him to send Fido home. Eugene was surprised at the tone of the letter; and when he thought of the poor injured boy so freely forgiving him, tears ran down his cheeks, and he stole away to the old barn where Fido was hidden, and at once carried him to where he would find his way home. Davie, after much labour, and many kind acts, got Eugene to leave off his bad companions, and attend the Sabbath school; and from that time the pest of the village became another boy. The same kind treatment was tried upon Jack Raymond, but he resisted it, became daily worse, and at last, having robbed his father, ran off to sea.

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Let twenty years go by; much may be done in twenty years, you know. Here we are in Davie's native village again, and in the place he loved most of all to frequent—the little grey stone church.

Do you know the face of the minister who has preached so impressive a sermon, bringing tears to the eyes of his hearers? It is a missionary from the West: one who is doing a great work in his Master's vineyard. He has come to visit his old home once more, and to show his wife and little ones where he was born and brought up, where his best friends lived, where Davie's house and garden were, and where Davie lay buried.

Oh, it is Eugene Hart, that very Eugene Hart, who when a boy ran around these streets with Jack Raymond, plundering gardens and doing all sorts of mischief.—Everybody said he would come to a bad end, as, perhaps, he would long ago, had not Davie Hall, a poor little sick boy, led him, with a kind word and gentle hand, to the better, the holier path, that reached where he now stands, yes, and stretches beyond to the courts of heaven.

Yes, the drunkard's boy! There he stands, a preacher of Christ crucified—to win at last, we hope, the crown of those who turn many to righteousness.

Eugene remained in his native village several weeks, and while there a sad thing

took place which it will interest you to know. He was sitting in Harry Spencer's parlour one evening, listening to his wife singing at the piano, when he was summoned to the almshouse by a messenger in great haste. A poor man was dying, and begging to see Mr. Hart. It was a dark and stormy night, and the road was a very unpleasant one, and Eugene had but little time to question his companion about the person he was to meet. He learned that he arrived at the almshouse a fortnight or more before, in a most deplorable condition as he was scarcely covered by rags and was broken down with excessive drinking. He had not seemed to be in his right mind any of the time he had been there; but from his incoherent talk they had concluded him to be a former resident of the village, who had long been on the sea, and exposed to hardship and privation. That day some one chanced to say in his hearing that Eugene Hart was in the village, and so urgently had he begged of them to bring him to his bedside, they had finally consented to do so.

The matron met them at the door.—“He is dead,” said she; “it is a pity to have troubled you so for nothing.”

“Will you let me see the corpse?” asked Eugene. “May-be it is really some one that formerly knew me.”

They led him up into the little chamber where the dead man was. His hair was thin and grey, and his bloated face wrinkled and brown. It was a fearful sight, so awful was the expression upon that dead face—so full of horror and distress.—Eugene went close to the bed, and looked earnestly upon it. Twenty years, and such as that face had met, could not baffle his recognition. It was Jack Raymond.

And such was the end of his life. And as Eugene tarried by his bed, memory bore him back to the time when he stood side by side with Jack, walking in the same wicked path, even towards this dreadful end. And looking back, he saw that kind hand that was held out to them both and wept bitterly for him who, in his blindness, flung it scornfully away.

ABRIDGE, FROM “THE BOY MISSIONARY.”