

the great seaports, and by-and-by he got a good position in a merchant's office. He was greatly pleased with his new office, and wrote to his father and mother that Providence had been very kind to him, and had opened up to him an excellent place.

But he was not long in this excellent place before he was put to test in a very painful way with respect to the lessons he received about truth. It was part of the business of that office to have ships coming and going. And it was the rule, when a ship came into port, that its captain sent word to the office that he had arrived and was now waiting instructions where to discharge the cargo. And it was the duty of the manager in the office to send back instructions to the captain where and when this was to be done. A few months after this lad from the North came to the office a ship laden with coal came in, and the usual message from the captain came, but somehow or other no word was sent back to him. The captain waited a week, but still no word came back. Now that was very hard on the captain. Until his ship got free of its cargo it had to lie idle in the dock, and all who belonged to the ship were kept idle too. So, at the end of a week, or it may be some days more than a week, the captain sent word to the office that his ship had been kept so long waiting for instructions where to discharge its cargo that it missed a good offer of a new cargo, and the office would have to pay him for the loss. This payment is called "demurrage."

When the manager of the office got this message from the captain he was very angry. He thought he had sent instructions where to discharge the cargo, or made himself believe he had sent them. At any rate, he sent for the little lad from the North, and said to him. "Didn't I send you down to Captain Smith with instructions to discharge his coals?"

The little lad said, "No, sir; I do not remember being sent down."

"Oh, but I did," answered the manager, "you have forgotten." And there 'or a

time, so far as the office was concerned, the matter was allowed to rest.

But the captain did not intend to let it rest there. He applied for his demurrage. And when that was refused, and his word that he had received no instructions was disbelieved, he took the master of the office to law. And by-and-by his complaint came before the judges in the court of law.

The day before the trial, the manager came to the little lad from the North, and said to him, "Mind, I sent you to the dock with those instructions where to discharge the coal."

"But, I assure you, I cannot remember your doing so," said the lad.

"Oh, yes, but I did; you have forgotten."

It was a great trouble to the lad. He had never been sent to the dock. He could not say he had been sent, and he foresaw that he would have to say before the judges what would certainly offend the manager, and lead to the loss of his excellent place.

On the morning of the trial he went to the court. The manager came up to him and said, "Now our case depends on you. Remember, I sent you to the dock with instructions where to discharge the coal."

The poor lad tried to assure the manager that he was mistaken, but he would not listen.

"It is all right," he said hastily. "I sent you on such a day, and you have got to bear witness that I did—and see you say it clearly."

In a little while he was called into the witness-box, and almost the first question put to him was, whether he remembered the day when Captain Smith's ship came in. And then this—"You remember during that day being sent by the manager of the office to the dock with a letter for the captain?"

"No, sir."

"Don't you remember taking instructions to Capt. Smith to discharge his coals?"