

ing yet of her husband's will; she needed never know. The sum meant for her was, under existing circumstances, much too large. She should not want, she should have abundance. But we too should not want. Were our father living he would ask us to do this. We should save ourselves and the great house of Harman Brothers. In short, to put the thing in plain language, we should, by stealing the widow's money, save ourselves. By being faithless to our most solemn trust, we could keep the filthy lucre. I will not say how I struggled. I did struggle for a day; in the evening I yielded. I don't excuse myself in the very least. In the evening I fell as badly as man could fall. I believe in my fall I sank even lower than Jasper. I said to him, 'I cannot bear poverty, it will kill Constance, and Constance must not die; but you must manage everything, I can go into no details. I can never, never as long as I live, see that widow and child. You must see them, you must settle enough, abundance on them, but never mention their names to me. I can do the deed, but the victims must be dead to me.'

"To all this Jasper promised readily enough. He promised and he acted. All went outwardly, smoothly and well; there was no hitch, no outward flaw, no difficulty, the firm was saved; none but we two knew how nearly it had been engulfed in hopeless shipwreck. It recovered itself by means of that stolen money, and flew lightly once again over the waters of prosperity. Yes, our house was saved and from that hour my happiness fled. I had money, money in abundance and to spare; but I never knew another hour day or night, of peace. I had done the deed to save my wife, but I found that, though God would give me that cursed wealth, He yet would take away my idol for whom I had sacrificed my soul. Constance only grew well enough to leave England. We wintered abroad, and at Cannes, surrounded by all that base money could supply, she closed her eyes. I returned home a widower, and the most wretched man on the face of the earth. Soon after, the Australian branch of our business growing and growing, Jasper found it well to visit that country. He did so, and stayed away many years. Soon after he landed, he wrote to tell me that he had seen the grave of Alexander Wilson; and that had made many inquiries about him, and that now there was not the least shadow of doubt that the other trustee was dead. He said that our last fears of discovery might now rest.

"Years went by, and we grew richer and richer; all we put our hands to prospered. Money seemed to grow for us on every tree. I could give my one child all that wealth could suggest. She grew up unscathed by what was eating into me as a canker. She was beautiful alike in mind and body; she was and is the one pure and lovely thing left to me. She became engaged to a good and honorable man. He had, it is true, neither money nor position, but I had learned, through all these long years of pain, to value such things at their true worth. Charlotte should marry where her heart was. I gave her leave to engage herself to Finton. Shortly after that engagement, Jasper, my brother, returned from Australia. His presence, reminding me, as it did day and night, of my crime, but added to my misery of soul. I was surprised, too, to see how easily what was dragging me to the very gate of hell seemed to rest on him. I could never discover, narrowly as I watched him, that he was anything but a happy man. One evening, after spending some hours in his presence, I fainted away quite suddenly. I was alone when this fainting fit overtook me. I believe I was unconscious for many hours. The next day I went to consult a doctor. Then and there, in that great physician's consulting-room, I learned that I am a victim of an incurable complaint; a complaint that must end my life, must end it soon, and suddenly. In short, the doctor said to me, not in words, but by look, by manner, by significant hand pressure, and that silent sympathy which speaks a terrible fact, 'Prepare to meet thy God.' Since the morning left the doctor's presence I have been trying to prepare; but between God and me stands my sin. I cannot get a glimpse of God. I wait, and wait, but I only see the awful sin of my youth. In short, sir, I am in the far country where God is not."

"To die so would be terrible," said Mr. Home.

"To die so will be terrible, sir; in short it will be hell."

"Do not put it in the future tense, Mr. Harman, for you that day is past."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that even now, though you know it not, you are no longer in the far country. You are the prodigal son if you like, but you are on the road back to the Father. You are on the homeward road, and the Father is looking out for you. When you come to die you will not be alone, the hand of God will hold yours, and the smile of a forgiving God will say to you, as the blessed Jesus said once to a poor sinful woman, who yet was not half as great a sinner as you are, 'Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee.'

"You believe then in the greatness of my sin?"

"I believe, I know that your sin was enormous; but so also is your repentance."

"God knows I repent," answered Mr. Harman.

"Yes; when you asked me to visit you, and when you poured out that story in my ears, your long repentance and anguish of heart were beginning to find vent."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, that you will make reparation."

"Ay, indeed I am more than willing. Zacchaeus restored fourfold."

"Yes, the road for you straight to the bosom of the Father is very prickly and full of sharp thorns. You have held a high character for honor and respectability. You have a child who loves you, who has thought you perfect. You must step down from your high pedestal. You must renounce the place you have held in your child's heart. In short, you must let your only child, and also the cold, censorious world, see you as God has seen you for so long."

"I don't mind the world, but—my child—my only child," said Mr. Harman, and now he put up his trembling hands and covered his face. "That is a very hard road," he said after a pause.

"There is no other back to the Father," answered the clergyman.

"Well, I will take it then, for I must get back to Him. You are a man of God. I put myself in your hands. What am I to do?"

"You put yourself not into my hands, sir, but into the loving and merciful hands of my Lord Christ. The course before you is plain. You must find out those you have robbed; you must restore all, and ask these wronged ones' forgiveness. When they forgive, the peace of God will shine into your heart."

"You mean the widow and the child. But I do not know anything of them; I have shut my eyes to their fate."

"The widow is dead, but the child lives; I happen to know her; I can bring her to you."

"Can you? How soon?"

"In an hour and a half from now if you like. I should wish you to rest in that peace I spoke of before morning. Shall I bring her to-night?"

"Yes, I will see her; but first, first will you pray with me?"

Mr. Home knelt down at once. The grey-headed and sinful man knelt by his side. Then the clergyman hurried away to fetch his wife.

(To be Continued.)

THE SLEIGH-RIDE; OR, TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

(The following story was originally published in the *Massachusetts Teacher* for 1834. The lesson is still fresh, and so is the genial writer.)

In one of the most popular cities of New England, some years since, a party of lads, all members of the same school, got up a grand sleigh-ride. There were about twenty-five or thirty boys engaged in the frolic. The sleigh was a very large and splendid establishment, drawn by six gray horses. The afternoon was as beautiful as anybody could desire, and the merry group enjoyed themselves in the highest degree. It was a common custom of the school to which they belonged, and on previous occasions their teacher had accompanied them. Some engagement upon important business, however, occupying him, he was not at this time with them. It is quite likely had it been otherwise, that the restraining influence of his presence would have prevented the scene which is the main feature of the present story.

On the day following the ride, as he entered the school-room, he found his pupils grouped about the stove, and in high merriment, as they chatted about the fun and frolic of their excursion. He stopped a while and listened; and, in answer to some inquiries which he made about the matter, one of the lads,—a fine, frank, and manly boy, whose heart was in the right place, though his love of sport sometimes led him astray,—volunteered to give a narrative of their trip and its various incidents. As he drew near the end of his story, he exclaimed: "Oh, sir, there was one little circumstance which I had almost forgotten to tell you. Toward the latter part of the afternoon, as we were coming home, we saw, at some distance ahead of us, a queer-looking affair in the road. We could not exactly make out what it was. It seemed to be a sort of half-and-half monstrosity. As we approached it, it proved to be a rusty old sleigh, fastened behind a covered wagon, proceeding at a very slow rate, and taking up the whole road. Finding that the owner was not disposed to turn out, we determined upon a volley of snow-balls and a good hurrah. These were given with a relish, and they produced the right effect, and a little more; for the crazy machine turned out into the deep snow by the side of the road, and the skiny old pony started on a full trot. As we passed, some one who had the whip gave the old jilt of a horse a good crack, which made him run faster than he ever did before. I'll warrant. And so, with another volley of snowballs, pitched into the front of the wagon, and three times three cheers, we rushed by. With that, an old fellow in the wagon, who was buried up under an old hat and beneath a rusty cloak, and who dropped his reins, bawled out: 'Why do you frighten my horse?' 'Why don't you turn out, then?' says the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers more; his horse was frightened again, and ran up against a loaded team, and, I believe, almost capsized the old creature; and so we left him."

"Well, boys," replied the instructor, "that is quite an incident. But take your seats; and, after our morning service is ended, I will take my turn and tell you a story, and all about a sleigh-ride, too."

Having finished the reading of a chapter in the Bible, and after all had joined in the Lord's Prayer, he commenced, as follows: "Yesterday afternoon, a very venerable and respectable old man, and a clergyman by profession, was on his way from Boston to Salem, to pass the residue of the winter at the house of his son. That he might be prepared for journeying, as he proposed to do in the spring, he took with him his light wagon, and for the winter his sleigh, which he fastened behind the wagon. He was, just as I have told you, very old and infirm; his temples were covered with thin locks, which the frosts of eighty years had whitened; his sight and hearing, too, were somewhat blunted by age, as yours will be, should you live to be as old. He was proceeding very slowly and quietly; for his horse was old and feeble like his owner. His thoughts reverted to the scenes of his youth, when he had perilled his life in fighting for the liberties of his country; to the scenes of his manhood, when he had preached the gospel of his divine Master to the heathen of the remote wilderness; and to the scenes of riper years, when the hard hand of penury had lain heavily upon him. While thus occupied, almost forgetting himself in the multitude of his thoughts, he was suddenly disturbed, and even terrified, by loud hurrahs from behind, and by a furious pelting and clattering of balls of snow and ice upon the top of his wagon. In his trepidation, he dropped his reins; and, as his aged and feeble hands were quite benumbed with cold, he found it impossible to gather them up, and his horse began to run away.

"In the midst of the old man's trouble there rushed by him, with loud shouts, a large party of boys in a sleigh drawn by six horses. 'Turn out, turn out, old fellow!' 'Give us the road, old boy!' 'What'll you take for your pony, old daddy?' 'Go it, frozen nose?' 'What's the price of oats!' were the various cries that met his ear.

"Pray, do not frighten my horse," exclaimed the infirm driver.

"Turn out, then! turn out!" was the answer, which was followed by repeated cracks and blows from the long whip of the 'grand sleigh,' with showers of snow-balls, and three

tremendous huzzahs from the boys who were in it.

"The terror of the old man and his horse was increased; and the latter ran away with him, to the imminent danger of his life. He contrived, however, after some exertion to secure his reins, which had been out of his hands during the whole of the affray, and to stop his horse just in season to prevent his being dashed against a loaded team.

"As he approached Salem, he overtook a young man who was walking toward the same place, and whom he invited to ride. The young man alluded to the 'grand sleigh' which had just passed, which induced the old gentleman to inquire if he knew who the boys were. He replied that he did; that they all belonged to one school, and were a set of wild fellows.

"Aha!" exclaimed the former, with a hearty laugh (for his constant good nature had not been disturbed); 'do they, indeed? Why, their master is very well known to me. I am now going to his house, and I rather think I shall give him the benefit of this whole story.'

"A short distance brought him to his journey's end, the house of his son. His old horse was comfortably housed and fed, and he himself abundantly provided for. "That son, boys, is your instructor; and that aged and infirm old man, that 'old fellow' and 'old boy' (who did not turn out for you, but who would gladly have given you the whole road, had he heard your approach,) that 'old boy,' and 'old daddy,' and 'frozen-nose,' was Rev. Daniel Oliver, your master's father, now at my house, where he and I will gladly welcome any and all of you."

It is not easy to describe now to imagine the effect produced by this new translation of this boy's own narrative. Some buried their heads behind their desks, some cried, some looked askance at each other, and many hastened down to the desk of the teacher, with apologies, regrets, and acknowledgments without end. All were freely pardoned, but were cautioned that they should be more civil for the future to inoffensive travellers, and more respectful to the aged and infirm.

Years have passed by; the lads are men, though some have found an early grave; the 'manly boy' is "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried." They who survive, should this story meet their eye, will easily recall its scenes, and throw their memories back to the school-house in "Federal street," Salem, and to their old friend and teacher, Henry K. Oliver.

GOOD NEWS FROM LUCKNOW.

Do you know where that is? Away off in India. Rev. Mr. Craven, a missionary there, wrote a letter to a certain Sabbath-school in America, and among other good things in it, he paid a compliment to the boys in the mission school at Lucknow.

A rich heathen merchant told Mr. Craven one day that he liked to get his clerks from the mission school, because they were honest and truthful. And a railway man told him there was one thing about Christian boys that he liked; you could trust them.

Ah! but it costs something to be a Christian boy in Lucknow. What would you think of seeing a crowd in the street, following a young man, hooting at him, throwing stones, and among them his own mother? What! throwing stones! Yes; just that you might have seen in Lucknow one day last year. What had the young man been doing? Why he was on his way to be baptized, and to confess that he meant to love and serve the Lord Jesus.

It takes another kind of courage, too. One day a boy came to Mr. Craven and said:

"Here is a dollar and fifty cents: it is all the money I have. I stole two dollars and fifty cents from you once, but I am a Christian now, and I want to bring it back."—*Kind Words.*

STALE BREAD CAKES.—One quart of milk, two breakfast-cups of stale bread-crumbs, one good handful of flour one table-spoonful of butter melted, three eggs well beaten, a little salt. Work the bread and milk till smooth, stir in the butter and eggs, flour, and salt; if too thick, add a little more milk. These cakes are very nice, but require careful cooking, as they are apt to stick to the griddle.