

that I was poor, and blind, and naked, and not a righteous man, wiser and better than my neighbours. In my deep sorrow and humiliation I was taught the knowledge of myself; that I was still in my sins, a proud, unregenerated man. Yes; I can now acknowledge with the deepest gratitude, that, heavy and maddening as the blow was, it was necessary to bring me to God, and make me a true Christian."

'I went up to the monument. It was a simple urn of white marble, surrounded by beautiful flowering shrubs. The inscription that recorded the untimely death of his son made me start, it was so painfully characteristic of the truthfulness of the father:

"Here repose in peace the mortal remains of George Leatrim, who died at the age of 15, of a broken heart, caused by a false accusation and the unchristian severity of his too credulous