

he added, with a shudder, "perhaps a murderer."

"I care not--I care not, for your former crimes: sufficient for me that you repent them. Tell me wherein I can stand your friend."

"For myself I am careless," replied the man; "but there is one who looks to me with eyes of quiet and still unchanged affection, though she knows that I have brought her from a home of comfort, to share the fate of an outcast and a beggar. I wished, for her sake, to become once more respectable, to leave a country where I am known, and to gain character, station, wealth—to all which she is so justly entitled—in a foreign land; but I have not a shilling in the world!" Here he paused, and Mr. B. thought he saw him weep. He drew out his pocket-book, and unfolded a bank-bill; he put it into the man's hand, and said, "Here is what I hope will ease you from your present difficulties—it is a note for a hundred pounds."

The man started as he received the paper, and said in a low, subdued tone—

"I will not attempt to thank you sir. May I ask your name and address?"

Mr. B. gave him what he required.

"Farewell, sir," said the stranger. "When I have expiated my faults by a life of honesty and virtue, I will pray for you; till then, I dare not."

Saying these words, he bounded over the hedge and disappeared.

Mr. B. rode home, wondering at the occurrence; and he has often said since, that he never derived so much pleasure from a hundred pounds in his life. He related the adventure to several of his friends; but, as they were not all endowed with the same generosity of spirit, as himself, he was rather laughed at for his simplicity, and in the course of a few years an increasing and very prosperous business drove the transaction almost entirely out of his mind.

One day, however, about twelve years after the adventure, he was sitting with a few friends after dinner, when a note was brought into his hands, and the servant told him that a Leith carrier had brought a hogshhead of claret into the hall. He opened the note, and found it to contain an order for a hundred pounds with interest up to that time, accompanied with the strongest expression of gratitude for the service done to the writer long ago. It had no date, but informed him that he was happy, that he was respected, and that he was admitted partner of one of the first mercantile houses in the city where he lived.

Every year the same present was continued, always accompanied with a letter. Mr. B. strange to say, made no great effort to discover his correspondent. The wine, as I have good reason to know, was the finest that could be had, for many a good manum of it have I drunk at the hospitable table of my friend. At last he was, and the secret

of who the mysterious correspondent might be, seemed in a fair way of dying with him. But my story is not yet done. When the funeral of Mr. B. had reached the Greyfriars church-yard, the procession was joined by a gentleman who got out of a very elegant carriage at the door of the church. He was a tall, handsome man, about forty years of age, dressed in the deepest mourning. There were no armorial bearings on the panel of his carriage, for I took the trouble to examine them very particularly myself. He was totally unknown to all the family; and after the ceremony, during which he appeared to be greatly affected, he went up to the chief mourner and said—

"I hope, sir, you will excuse the intrusion of a stranger, but I could not refrain from paying the last tribute of respect to an excellent gentleman, who was at one time more my benefactor than any person living."

Saying this, he bowed, stepped quickly into his carriage and disappeared.

#### PULL IT UP BY THE ROOTS.

Come, my young friends, the sun begins to shine over our heads; it is summer, and I hope it will be a happy summer with you all. Get out into the meadows, if you can, for they are so pleasant now, and I love to see children running after each other down the side of a green hill, or gathering primroses and daffodils in the valley.

How delightful it is to ramble through the fields, when the freshness of spring is mingled with the warmth of summer; when the humble-bee tumbles into the buttercups, or creep up the spotted flower of the fox-glove; when the light-winged, slender-bodied kingfisher skims over the surface of the brook: when every bush has a bird in it, and every bird is warbling forth its joy! How delightful it is, I say, to go abroad when every thing that has life seems to be happy? Never do I see a group of young people enjoying themselves in the country without looking fondly back to the years of my childhood.

When gazing on the rosy train,  
All noisy, happy, wild,  
My heart beats faster, and again  
I wish myself a child.

I could talk to you for an hour about the hills and the valleys; the woods and the waters; the birds and the blossoms; and the days of youth, play, and happiness. I could be like a child among you, and help you to plait the green rushes, or to gather the yellow crocuses, and gambol in the fields, or lie along the mossy banks looking for violets: but, if I were to do so, perhaps I might not do you so much good as may be done by talking of other things that will be useful, not only when it is summer and sunshine, but also when it is winter and the dark night is gathering about you. If, therefore, I talk a little more gravely to you than you do to each other, remember it is with the intention of doing you good.

The other day, as I passed by the side of a little garden, where a man and a boy were at work, I heard the boy say, "Father, here is a dock; shall I cut it off close to the root?" (I dare say you all know that a dock is a large common weed, that has broad leaves like the horse-radish plant.) "Shall I cut it off close to the root?" said the boy. "No!" replied his father, "that won't do; I have cut it up myself half a dozen times, and it only comes again stronger than ever. Pull it up by the root; for nothing else will kill it." The boy pulled, and pulled again at the dock-root, but it was all in vain; the root was very deep in the ground, and he could not stir it from its place, so he called to his father to come and help him, and then his father went, and pulled it up by the root.

A dock-root is considered a very useless thing, but though it can be put to no other use, perhaps by talking about it we may make it useful.

Every evil passion in the heart of a child is like the dock of which I have spoken. It strikes its root deep, and is very difficult to be removed: it is of no use to trifle with it by covering it over, treading it down, or cutting it in two, for it will certainly grow up again; nor is there any other way of killing a bad passion when found out, besides that of pulling it up by the root.

No doubt you have observed that wherever weeds are, they always injure the plants and flowers that grow near them; and that is the reason why they should be destroyed: weeds and flowers will not do together. Now this is just the case in the mind of a child. If a little boy be ill tempered, you cannot expect to find in him good humour, cheerfulness, thankfulness, and a desire to make others happy. If a little girl be idle, you need not look for industry, management, or cleanliness. As the weeds injure the flowers, so bad passions will injure good qualities. If a child be undutiful to his parents, and despises the commandments of God, we may as well look for a rose or a tulip in a bed of nettles, as hope to find in his heart those graces and good desires that we love to see growing there. Now is not this a sufficient reason why all your bad passions should be pulled up by the root?

The heart's evil passions  
Bring trouble and woe;  
And the longer they live there  
The stronger they grow.

Weeds not only grow stronger, and injure the plants and flowers that are near them, but they spread about and multiply, so that though it may be an easy thing to remove them while they are few and weak, it becomes a hard thing to pull them up by the root, when they are many and strong.

And here again they agree with the bad passions of the heart, for bad passions spread and multiply, even faster than the weeds in a garden; so that there is a still greater reason why they should be removed early; and