

Mr. Purdee, "but you should remember this, that even admitting they are as unjust, as you think they are, no one is justified in violating them. The grouse and partridge are so tame on my farm that they collect on the dunghill, and scratch among the other fowls, just as so many hens or pigeons; and were I so disposed I could either catch or destroy numbers, but I don't do so. Your boys came upon my farm to poach; I saw them that Sunday night, when Wyatt first caught them; now it is plain enough to my mind they were doing wrong in two or three ways.—1st. It was Sunday. 2nd. It was trespass. 3rd. It was against the law, and more especially so being *night*."

"I admit," said Crooks, "that it was not fair to trespass. I'll stand by that. But as to the other things I cannot see them as you do. I care nothing about Sunday, any more than any other day, and I do not want to abide by unjust laws."

"Do you believe there is a God?" asked Mr. Purdee.

Crooks was startled with the sudden and earnest manner in which this question was put; he instantly remembered the awful thoughts, the reflections, the remorse of the previous night.

"Do you believe," continued Mr. Purdee, after a short pause, "in the law of kindness, which a good God has commanded us to practise, and has instilled in all his laws given to us? You are silent, Crooks. Your conscience, for I cannot think you are without, although not cultivated; not instructed, but your knowledge of what is right between man and man condemns you. You know you have not done right as a neighbour; and had you followed my advice, given you long ago, been a respecter of God's laws, and man's laws you would to-day have been a happier man, you would not have lost the respect of your neighbours, and your own, you would not have made yourself amenable to justice, your sons would not have been compelled to flee from the country to escape the punishment due to a terrible crime, you might have been a happy, respectable, and respected man; and more than all this I am convinced that, unless you repent of

these things and reform, you will receive a more terrible punishment than your present affliction, which I regard as a direct warning, and which, if you do not heed it, will some day teach you that lesson which thousands have learnt by sad experience—that 'the way of transgressors is hard.' I see your cart is just coming into the yard. I hope you will remember what I have said to you, for I have said it as a friend who wishes you well."

Here Mr. Purdee, was interrupted by a knock at the kitchen door, and Mrs. Crooks and one of her boys came into the kitchen, accompanied by some members of the family. Mrs. Crooks, nodded to Mr. Purdee, in a serious kind of way as though not quite certain whether she was to be friendly or not. She then made enquiries respecting her husband, and was duly informed as to where, and how, and when he had been found. She was just as anxious, on learning the particulars, to have him removed home, as he was anxious to go, and no one desired to interfere; in fact his company was unpleasant in health, much more under present circumstances; so there was very little ceremony made about the matter. The men placed a lot of straw in the cart and laid him upon it so as to ride as comfortably as possible under the circumstances. The leave-taking was very unceremonious, and Crooks went away without giving Mr. Purdee any promise, or sign of reformation beyond an unusually thoughtful manner.

Nearly six months after, Mr. Purdee, accidentally heard news of his farmer neighbour, Crooks; he was about selling off his farm stock, and purposed to emigrate to Canada. His sons having settled in the woods north of Lake Ontario, not far from Kingston, were hewing themselves a home in the forest. They had already put up a large log house, suitable for their father.

Such was the information which Mr. Purdee received from different channels. Weeks past by and nothing more was heard of the Crooks family; but one day David, Mr. Purdee's younger son was coming home through the neighbouring village, when a parcel was given him for