

directed to his father, but his mother eagerly opened it. It read as follows :

DEAR FATHER : When you read this I shall be miles away. I shall take the night train for New Bedford, and I shall soon be far off on the ocean, for I am going to sea. I knew you would never give your consent, and so I am going without it. Forgive me, father ! I know it is mean and cowardly, but I can't help it. Everything is against me at home, and I never could do anything to please mother. She will be glad to get rid of me, and I hope things will be pleasanter when I am gone. Give my love to Aunt Annie and the girls, and don't feel bad. I may come back a rich man and then you will all be proud of me. I am sorry I have been such a troublesome boy. I shall remember you all, and I shan't forget to say my prayers.

JOHN HENRY.

P. S.—I should be awful sorry if I thought mother would really care. In fact, I wouldn't go. But she won't ; she said she wouldn't.

Mrs. Palmer read this boyish epistle with a dreadful sinking at heart. Every word was like a knife piercing sharply. She saw, too late, her mistake, and beheld as if in a vision the rock upon which their household happiness had been shipwrecked. With her usual energy she despatched Helen to the store for Mr. Palmer, who rapidly made arrangements to follow his son, and, if possible, bring him home again.

Mr. Palmer returned in a few days ; his journey had proved unavailing ; but a letter came from John ; he had set sail in a whaling vessel, to be gone three years. Mrs. Palmer's strength and energy vanished with the last hope of John's return, and for a few days she was really ill. Bitterly she reproached herself with having driven her boy from home, and fervently she prayed, with lips unused to supplication, that he might be preserved from every danger and returned in safety to his home again. The proud spirit of the woman was broken, and an accusing conscience found its only relief in the hitherto unsought comforts of religion. If John Henry could now have looked into his home he would have doubted the evidences of his own senses. What tears of joy was shed over his first letter home, and tender words and loving were those that reached the lonely boy months afterward.

But, alas ! we yet reap as we sow, and despite the penitent tears the fact remains. John Henry is spending three years in the mixed company of a whaling-cruise. How will he bear the test ? We know not ; but one thing we may be sure—he will bear to the grave scars which he would never have received had the angel of charity and peace sooner taken its abode in the home of his childhood.

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A gentleman, visiting a slave mart, was deeply moved by the agony of a slave girl, who had been delicately reared, and feared that she should fall into the hands of a rough master. The gentleman inquired the price, paid it to the slave trader, then placed the bill of sale in her own hands, telling her she was free and could now go home. The slave girl could not realise the change at first, but, running after her redeemer, cried, "He has redeemed me ! he has redeemed me ! Will you let me be your servant ?" How much more should we serve Him who has redeemed us from sin, death, and hell.