

“Forgotten her? Oh, no! I would certainly be an ingrate were I to forget my best friend. To her, under God, I owe all I am this day.”

“It would be a proud and happy day for her, if she had lived to see it. She always had great hopes of her little friend Tommy, as she called you.”

The young man's eyes glistened, and he replied in a voice tremulous with feeling,—
“Poor ignorant child I was when your daughter first saw me, and took compassion on me. I have been a brand plucked from the burning. Surely no one but she would have tried to penetrate the gross darkness of my mind.”

“She despaired of no one, trusting in that Power which is able to save unto the uttermost,” Mr. Eswald replied.

He walked to the lodgings of his young friend, and remained there an hour; and when he arose to depart, Mr. Vincent drew