



*"It is needless to deny it," the merchant said.*

went to work, however, in the right way. He knelt down and prayed to God for help to prove that he was innocent, and then he began to overhaul the contents of his desk and trunk and closet.

He kept his papers neatly, and it did not take long to see that the letter was not among them. He sat down with a sense of despair when he was convinced of this. What else could he do? Nothing but pray again for help and guidance and strength to endure whatever trouble God might choose to send upon him. Sceptics may sneer at such prayers as this, but Weston would smile and say, "Let them sneer."

"When I rose from my knees," he said, telling me the story years afterwards, "I happened to catch my foot in an old rug that I had nailed down to the carpet because it was always curling at the edges.

The nail at the corner had come out, and stooping down to straighten the rug, I saw a bit of paper peeping out. I pulled it from its hiding-place, and it was the letter!

"How it got there I don't know. The fact that I had found it was enough for me, and if I had not gone on my knees again to give thanks for such a deliverance, I should be ashamed to tell you the story now.

"I brought that letter to my employer. It proved my innocence, and he apologised. A month afterwards the five-pound note was found in Mr. Finch's overcoat. He had never put it in the cash-drawer at all, though he thought he had. He raised my salary on the spot to pay for his unjust suspicions; and I have never yet repented of trusting the Lord in my troubles."