

JOHN SANDERSON THE FIRST.

while enjoying it in great moderation his nerves had toned up and he was again his patient, cheerful self. Presently he brought me a short letter in a rather shaky hand, and asked me to read it and tell him which of his old-time friends could have written it. Of course I wasn't able to solve such a problem as that, but if the dear blue eyes had been as keen as of yore, he would have noted a very tell-tale flush on my face; as it was, he just said, "Well, may the good Lord thank him, whoever he is, for he saved my life, I think, and I didn't have to lower my colors, either." Whatever the ultra-scrupulous may think about my part of the affair, I shall always be glad that I had wit enough to come to the rescue in just that particular way, which gave him pleasure to the end of his days. If there is any repenting to be done, I haven't yet realized the necessity. Mother did not know till years afterwards, and Mary, for a time, had only her own suspicions, so she was safe under cross-examination; the only one who could have thrown light on the subject was our friend Arthur A., who never could remember about the various parcels he made up, there were so many, and then he persuaded father that no doubt his old friend wanted to obey the Scripture injunction and keep his left hand, or his name, entirely out of the business.

The new George Street Church had been built, and we were all very proud of it, and when the trustees dedicated a comfortable pew near the pulpit to "Father Sanderson and his family," the dear dad's gratitude and pleasure were touching to see; but, as usual, the expression of these emotions was original