

But when the morning came Reuben walked backwards and forwards, and round and round, with that sort of aimless activity often manifested by fowls, and fashionable idlers, who feel restless, and do not know what to run after. At length the cause of his uncertain movements was explained. "I may as well carry the melon myself and thank him for his oxen. In my flurry down there in the marsh, I forgot to say that I was obliged to him."

He marched off toward the garden, and his wife stood at the door, with one hand shading the sun from her eyes, to see if he would carry the melon into Simeon Green's house. And it was no wonder that she did so, for it was the most remarkable incident that had ever happened since her marriage. She could hardly believe her own eyes. He walked quickly, as if afraid he should not be able to carry the usual impulse into action if he stopped to re-consider the question. When he found himself in Mr. Green's house, he felt extremely awkward, and hastened to say, "Mrs. Green, here is a melon my wife sent to you, and we think it is a ripe one." Without manifesting any surprise at such unexpected courtesy, the friendly matron thanked him, and invited him to sit down. But he stood playing with the latch of the door, and without raising his eyes, said, "Maybe Mr. Green is not in this morning?"

"He is at the pump, and will be in directly," she replied; and before her words were spoken, the honest man walked in, with a face as fresh and bright as a June morning. He stepped right up to Reuben, shook his hand cordially, and said, "I am glad to see you, neigh-

bour. Take a chair—take a chair!"

"Thank you, I cannot stop," replied Reuben. He pushed his hat on one side, rubbed his head, looked out of the window, and then said suddenly, if by a desperate effort—"The fact is Mr. Green, I have not behaved right about the oxen."

"Never mind—never mind," replied Mr. Green. "Perhaps I shall get into the bog again, one of these rainy days. If I do, I shall know whom to call upon."

"Why, you see," said Reuben, still very much confused, and avoiding Simeon's mild, clear eye, "you see the neighbors here are very ugly. If I had always lived by such neighbours as you are, I should not be just as I am."

"Ah, well, we must try to be to others what we want them to be to us," rejoined Simeon. "You know the good Book says so. I have learned by experience, that if we speak kind words, we hear kind echoes. If we try to make others happy, it fills them with a wish to make us happy. Perhaps you and I can bring the neighbours round in time to this way of thinking and acting. Who knows?—let us try, Mr. Black, let us try. And come and look at my orchard. I want to show you a tree which I have grafted with very choice apples. If you like, I will procure you some cuttings from the same stock."

They went into the orchard together, and friendly chat soon put Reuben at his ease. When he returned home, he made no remarks about his visit; for he could not, as yet, summon sufficient greatness of soul to tell his wife that he had confessed himself in the wrong. A gun stood behind the kitchen-door in readiness to shoot Mr. Green's