

"I think we can," replied Redfern, "the book-keeper yesterday told me he would soon want an assistant to take the place of young Finlay who wants to go on the road. I was speaking to him about your man Miller at the time."

Redfern took the letter and in a few minutes returned with the information that the book-keeper liked the hand-writing very much, and would take Miller on trial on my recommendation. There would be a desk ready for him at the beginning of the week.

It was with this cheering tidings that I went to Miller's new residence the same evening. I found the family in a comfortable carpeted room, well warmed with a stove, on the top of which a plethoric tea kettle was gaily singing, for the evening meal was being prepared. Mrs. Miller was bustling about her domestic duties and Annie was reading her lesson to her father who now seemed quite recovered from his illness.

"How snug you are here," said I, as I greeted them.

"It is indeed very comfortable, thanks to the great kindness of you and your friends," said Miller, "but I must get to work."

"That is all arranged," replied I, "I have a situation for you."

"Thank God for that," was the rejoinder of the now happy couple.

Miller was promptly on hand the next Monday morning to take his place at the desk which had been assigned to him. He was taken on trial, but as he proved an efficient clerk for the work which was required of him, he was retained. The salary he received was not large, but it was sufficient to enable him to live in comfort with something to spare. I often

went to see his family, who appeared very uncomfortable, but Mrs. Miller had to admit when I questioned her on the subject, that she felt lonely in the great city. Miller attended to his duties punctually, and said nothing, but I could easily gather from his manners that he bitterly regretted the past.

About a year after I first saw Miller I was sent on business of importance to the very town where he had formerly lived. Stranger still this business was connected in an indirect way with the firm of A. Black & Son, the firm with whom Miller had been for so many years. I was in the town about a week and every day I met the son who had become the head of the firm, owing to his father's feebleness. One day I said to him:—

"You had a man named Miller with you once?"

"Yes," replied he, "and a good man he was, I wish we had him now, for since my father's illness the work is too much for me, but he went to New York and I have never heard of him since."

"He is with our firm," said I, "and if you would like him back I think I can get him for you. Write him a note which I will deliver offering him his old place. Mr. Black was not long in complying and in a few minutes handed me the following brief epistle.

DEAR MILLER,—

We are glad to hear that you are doing well in New York and with a good firm. Still if you would like to return to us, you can have the old position with the salary we offered you before you left us, as an inducement for you to stay.

Yours truly,

ATEX BLACK & SON.