

many virtues. May God bless you with children, as in mercy he denied me this wish of my heart, may they comfort your old age, as you have comforted mine. God send you a son to do by you as you have done by me—and Lavy." He paused exhausted. "You will take care of my poor wife, I know,"—here his voice failed.

"I will, sir," said Harry, tears rolling down his cheeks, "I will, by George."

"God bless you with every blessing," replied the weakened voice of the sick man.

The doctor, who had a feeling finger on the feeble, fluttering pulse, gently suggested that he should rest now, and tell Harry the rest in the morning.

"Ah! Mr. Meldrum," he replied, with a smile, "we may not wake to the same morning," but he did not try to say more, and soon he was asleep, not the light, refreshing sleep of every day nature, but the last sleep of earthly insensibility before a glorious waking. So he lay for forty-eight hours; only once in all that time his lips moved, and he muttered the word "Jesus," to his hearers almost a word without meaning. Neither Mr. Meldrum nor Harry left the house, they shared the long, last watch together, yet they scarcely spoke. Harry was quiet, yet restless; his uncle's words had struck deep, and a sense of unworthiness and sin haunted him. "Underserved praise is the most severe satire," and Harry felt the old man's last wish rather an awful ope, that he might have a son to do by him as he had done by Lavy, a son to deceive him and value his money more than himself.

Towards the dawn of the second morning, Robert crept in and looked at the still face of his master. "Will he last long?" he asked, in a whisper.

"Not long now," returned the doctor, "the pulse in the wrist is gone, the feet are cold, only the heart pumps on. Are the ladies asleep?"

"Miss Mary is awake, the others are asleep at last." He glided away again. Half an hour later and all was over; the two gentlemen opened the door and went out into the chill dawn for a breath of air.

Something in the rising sun smote the conscience of Harry, as Moses smote the rock; he burst into tears, and leaning his head