

Years rolled on. The lawyer rose in wealth and consideration; honors were heaped profusely upon him: he became a member of Congress, a Senator, a Judge. His sumptuous carriage rolled through the streets daily to bear him to and from court. An invitation to his dinners were received in triumph, they were so select. In every respect, Judge Harcourt was a man to be envied.

But was he happy? He might have been, reader, but for one thing. *He had no one to love.* He felt that people courted him from interested motives. Oh! how he sometimes longed to know what had become of his discarded boy, confessing to himself, now that years had removed the veil, from his eyes, how harshly he had used the culprit.

Perhaps, if I had borne with him a little longer he might have reformed,' he said with a sigh. 'He always had a good heart, and his poor mother used to say he was so obedient. But he got led away.

At this instant a servant cautiously opened the library door.

'It is almost ten o'clock, your honor,' he said, 'and the carriage is at the door.'

'Ay, ay,' said the judge, rising, as the servant disappeared. 'I had forgot myself. And that desperate fellow, Roberts, is to be tried to-day, for the mail robbery.'

Many an obsequious bow greeted the judge as the officers of his court made way for him through the crowd, for the trial was one of unusual interest, and had collected together large numbers.—He smiled affably to all, and taking his seat, ordered the business to proceed. The prisoner was brought in, a large, bold, fine looking man, but the judge, occupied with a case he had heard the day before, and in which he was writing out an opinion, gave little notice to the criminal or indeed to any of the proceedings, until the usual formalities had been gone through and the serious part of the evidence began to be heard. Then the judge, for the first time, directed a keen glance to the prisoner. 'Surely I have seen that face before,' he said. But he could not tell where; and he turned to scrutinize the jury box.

The case was a clear one. The testimony, when completed, formed a mass of evidence that was irresistible. Two men swore positively to the person of the accused as that of one of the robbers; and the jury immediately gave a verdict of guilty, after a bitterly severe charge against the prisoner from the bench. The punishment was death.

On hearing the verdict, the prisoner set his mouth firmly and drew himself up to his full height. But, before sentence was pronounced, he asked leave to say a few words. He did it in so earnest a tone that the judge immediately granted it, wondering that a man who looked so courageous would stoop to beg for his life.

'I acknowledge my crime,' said the prisoner, 'nor do I seek to palliate it.—But neither do I ask for mercy. I can face death as I have faced it a dozen times. But I wish to say a word on the causes that brought me to this place.' Every neck was strained forward to catch the words of the speaker; even the judge leaned over the bench, controlled by an interest for which he could not account.

'I was born of reputable, nay distinguished parents,' said the man, 'and one at least was an angel. But she died early and my father immersed in ambitious schemes, quite forgot me, so that I was left to form my own associations, which therefore, were naturally not all of the most unexceptionable kind. By and by, my irregularities began to attract the notice of my father. He reproved me too harshly. Recollect I was spoiled by indulgence. I soon committed another youthful folly. My punishment, this time, was more severe and quite as ill-advised as before. I was a creature of impulse, pliable either for good or bad—and my only surviving parent fell into the error of attempting to drive, when he should have persuaded me, with kindness. The fact is, that neither of us understood each other.—Well, matters went on thus for two years and more: I was extravagant, rebellious, dissipated, my parent was hard and unforgiving.

'At length,' continued the speaker, turning full on the judge until their eyes met, 'one evening, my parent sent for me into his study. I had been guilty of some youthful folly, and having threatened me a fortnight before with disinheritance if I again vexed him, he now told me that henceforth I was to be no child of his, but an outcast and a beggar. He said, too, that he thanked God my mother had not lived to see that day. That touched me. Had he then spoken kindly—had he been affectionate—had

he given me a chance, I might have reformed; but he irritated me with harsh words, checked my rising promptings of good by condemning me unheard, and sent me forth alone into the world. From that hour,' continued the prisoner, speaking rapidly and with great emotion, 'I was desperate. I went out from his doors, a homeless, penniless, friendless boy. My former associates would have shrunk from me, even if I had not been too proud to seek them. All decent society was shut against me. I soon became almost starved for want of money. But what needs it to tell the shifts I was driven to? I slept in miserable hovels—I consorted with the lowest and vilest—I gambled, I cheated, and yet I could scarcely get my bread. You, who sit in luxurious homes, know not the means to which the miserable outcast must resort for a livelihood! But enough.—From one step I passed to another, till I am here. From the moment I was cast out of my father's house my fate was inevitable, leading me by constantly descending steps until I became the felon I now am. And I stand here to-day ready to endure the utmost penalty of your laws, careless of the future as I have been reckless of the past.'

He ceased; and now released from the torrent of his passionate eloquence, which had chained their eyes to him, the spectators turned toward the judge to see what effect the prisoner's words had produced. Well was it, that no one looked there before, else that proud man had sunk cowering from his seat. They would have seen how his eye gradually quailed before that of the speaker—how he turned ashy pale—how his whole face, at length, became convulsed with agony. Ay! old man, remorse was now fully awake. In the criminal he had recognized his only son! He thought then of the words he had once used, '*as you sow, so shall you reap.*' But by a mighty effort he was enabled to hear the prisoner to the end, and then, feeling as if every eye was upon him penetrating this terrible secret in his looks, he sank, with a groan, senseless to the earth.

The confusion that occurred in the court-house, when it was found that the judge had been taken suddenly ill, as the physicians said by a stroke of apoplexy, led to the postponement of the prisoner's sentence: and before the next term of court, the culprit had a conditional pardon, the result, it was said, of the mitigating circumstances which he had urged so eloquently on his trial.—The terms on which a large proportion of citizens petitioned for his pardon required that he should forever after live abroad. It was said that the judge, although scarcely recovered, had taken such an interest in the prisoner, as to visit him in a long and secret interview the night before he sailed for Europe.

About a year after these events, Judge Harcourt resigned his office on the plea of ill-health, and having settled his affairs embarked for the old world, where he intended to reside for many years. He never returned to America. But travellers said that he was residing in a secluded valley of Italy, with a man in the prime of life, who passed for his adopted son. It was the reclaimed outcast. A smiling family of grand-children surrounded him. The happy father could say in the language of Scripture, 'his my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found.'

The Trials and Rewards of Labor.

We make the following extracts from a Prizo Tract recently issued, under the above title, by the London Religious Tract Society:—

IMPROVIDENCE.

Improvidence has, to a greater or less extent, been always a characteristic of the working classes. The poor man is made poorer by the want of that foresight which would enable him to turn his earnings to the best account. His circumstances indeed are commonly so unfavorable to the formation of methodical habits that it requires some strength of mind to take even the first step in the right direction. If he be engaged in the lower department of unskilled labor, which is the lot of the great majority of his class, the working man will receive in weekly wages a sum barely sufficient to provide the most urgent necessities of life, but his earnings, small as they may be, are seldom turned to the best account. The poor man may resort to the Saturday night market, and lay in his little family stock at the cheapest rate; but what he gains at one end, he will lose at the other, if he habitually spends a portion—often a considerable portion—of his earnings with his companions at the ale-house. The prevalent custom of tobacco-smoking also, besides being injurious to health, is no trifling drain upon his means.