

CHRISTMAS "FURTHER ON"

They went out of the door to the music of his voice in this confiding hymn. Silas stumbled out, too. How trustingly he sang "It is better further on?" What would be the result when revenge had been gained? Would it be better for him "further on," when he had blighted his rival's life? It would be a sin on his conscience forever. And then through his brain sounded the gentle voice of Ruth:

"For whatever the sowing be,
Ye must gather and bring to Me."

And he was about to sow all these dreadful seeds this bright Christmas morning. The boy's heart was touched, he knew not how. Perhaps it was the trusting voice of the last singer. But by the time the horse and cutter of Hugh McLea stood at the door he had made up his mind, and, after tucking Ruth in and wishing them a safe journey home, he turned into the house once more, and told what he had heard earlier in the evening to some of the young men who still remained. There was a hurried consultation. Then in twos and threes they struck across lots to the road between Farmer Willough's and the McLea farm; and when the young man, lighthearted and happy with Ruth's promise and her confessed love, trotted his horse smartly along the road for home, he had no fear of evil, and whistled softly "It is better further on."