

which the roused conscience of the rich man took up and preached to him after this wise :

'But then, Stephen Dunham,' it whispered, as the rich old miser walked up and down the gorgeous parlors of his lonely home, 'you know that what that man said about you was true. There is no use getting away from it, for he hit the nail straight on the head. You know, too, that your object and aim in life has been to make money, and that there isn't a human being above ground who would have reason to shed a tear if you were laid beneath it. You've got money, as that man said. You generally get the best of a bargain, but, after all, your hundred thousand that you have given your whole life to get together, won't pass for anything in that world to which you are getting pretty near; and, as there's nobody now to mourn you here, it isn't likely that you will have any welcome there.'

And here Squire Dunham sat down in his velvet arm-chair, by his marble table, and his thoughts went back through the long winding path of the years of his youth. His boyhood—his glad, careless, boyhood, came back to him. The gentle, loving mother, the young sweet face of his sister, rose up before him, and he saw the little brown cottage where his life came up to him. The old apple-tree in front was frosted with the blossoms of May; and he stood there with Hetty, his little sister, and her laugh, sweet as the mountain brook, was in his ear, and her little, round, plump arms were about his neck. How she did love him, that little sister Hetty, over whose sweet face had grown the grass of so many summers—how proud she was of him! and he could see the little golden head dancing out of the house every night to meet him, when he came home from his work.

Stephen Dunham's mother was a poor widow, and he had his own way

to work in the world. His had risen step by step in his native town, and he saw at least that greed of money had taken possession of him, until every other wish and purpose of his life had been swallowed up in the pursuit of riches.

He was still a young man when he came to the city, but he brought with him the title of 'squire,' which he had borne for three years. He took to himself a wife, the daughter of a rich man, and she brought him twenty thousand pounds for her dowry; but in a few years der'h had summoned her away, and she had left no children, whose soft, sweet voices, calling him 'father,' should melt the cold heart that knew but one love, and that was money.

All this Squire Dunham thought of, as he sat alone by his table, with the bright light of the chandeliers gilding the gray head that rested on his hands; and he thought, rich man that he was, that his money didn't pay; that, after all, the great object of his life had been, as the man said, 'a losing operation;' and he longed to feel that in the wide world there was one human being who would be sorry to hear that he was dead—one human being, man, woman, or child, who would say, 'I am happier this night, because you are on earth.'

And in the midst of want and yearning, a sudden declaration flashed across the mind of Squire Dunham. He rose up and walked again to and fro with his hands behind him, and his forehead knit with perplexing thought, and a variety of emotions flitting over his face. But suddenly he stopped, and set down his foot resolutely, 'I'll do it—I will do it this very night!' And he went into the hall and took up his cane, and passed out into the street, contrary to his usual habit, for the night was dark and cold.