

child should be gay and bright as others, and to my expostulations he has often said, 'The child shall never feel the want of education as I have done.' He made these continual sacrifices for upwards of sixteen years."

"What a dear old man!" cried Sue, "I wish I knew him!"

"Yes!" said Mr. Harlowe, "I think I have said enough to show you that my friend is worth the love and admiration which I have for him, and which has kept me all this long time at his side rather than in your bright company." He ended with a polite bow, and rose.

"You ought to finish your story," cried Sue, impatiently.

"I hope it is *not* finished yet," said Mr. Harlowe, gently. Then looking across at my hiding-place, he added, "My friend is better to-day, but I must return to him to-night."

"Better to-day,"—had my uncle then been very ill? The whole base selfishness of my conduct stared me in the face. I thought my heart would break with remorse. I hated the self that truth showed me I was. I heard Mr. Harlowe bidding good-bye, and voices calling me, but I remained out of sight. Mrs. Rivers came back to the room alone, and the sound of my sobbing attracted her attention. I eagerly narrated to her kind ears the whole of my selfish behavior. "We have tempted you too far," she said sighing; "we shall miss you sadly, but of course you wish to go. I will explain to Sue. The pony carriage shall be ready for you whenever you like to-morrow."

I could not thank her, I was crying too hard. "Remember, I am always your friend," she continued, "and this is your home." She then persuaded me to go to bed. The next day, I started early, and drove as fast as I could back, on the road I had so eagerly traversed to get away from the home I so longed now to reach. I wondered at the slow pace the ponies travelled. I thought I never should get to the farmhouse. Yet there I was at last, and I eagerly entered. I walked in with bated breath; the place

was so quiet that a dread possessed me. I slowly entered the room where I had first seen my uncle; the maid was there.

"The master is in the kitchen," she said in a whisper, "we can't get him anywhere now, except where the sun do shine; he don't do nothing but just sit and think."

I went eagerly into the kitchen. I shall never forget the venerable beauty of my uncle's face and figure. The sun was pouring in at the open window, and his white hair shone like silver; his head drooped on his breast, and his eyes were bent on the floor. I never shall forget the patient sadness of his expression, or how solitary and lonely he looked. His very attitude denoted patience, even to the horny hands clasped on his stick.

I think I will not describe minutely what followed my return to my uncle,—I will spare myself the suffering; how it took weeks and months of devotion on my part to remove from his mind the impression that he was not good enough for me, and that he was to me only a burden and a care. All that is past now,—I think he has entirely forgotten it; but it was a lesson to me that I can never forget. Ten years have passed by now, and my uncle looks a younger man than when I first saw him. His face wears an expression of serene happiness delightful to me to see. We are inseparable companions, he being happy if I am but in his sight. He is fond as ever of sitting in the sunshine, and speaks with as broad an accent. But his mind is gradually growing back to childishness again, and his dependence on me every day for pleasure and amusement is touching to me, yet the joy of my existence. Sometimes we go to see the water drip and sparkle from the fountain, or we gather wild flowers in the fields. Once we went with Mr. Harlowe to the sea, but my uncle turned away from the vast rolling waves. "Come away!" he said, "the green fields are the rest I want." Yet even then he sat down on the sand and handled the shells with curious delight.