

"My soul! Promise to give you my soul! In the name of the fiend, who are you?"

"Your humble servant!" said the black-clad creature, bowing; and Hiram Gormley saw a cloven foot peeping from the queer boot and distinguished the perfume of brimstone.

"Let me go!" he said. "Let me go!"

"Softly!" said the creature at his elbow. "Softly! why do you care so much for what you have already mortgaged? You are half mine already, do you know that?"

"It is false!" said old Hiram. "I cheat no man; I belong to the church; and I subscribed \$50 to the missionaries a year ago."

The dark being grinned contemptuously. "Bring me Mr. Gormley's box," he said.

And he who had conveyed old Hiram to the spot where he now stood, set upon the table a box like that in which lawyers keep the papers of their clients, labeled, "Hiram Gormley, Esq." From the depths of this box he drew a pile of parchment, and read from thence: "A mortgage on the soul of Hiram Gormley, given on the day when he turned his daughter from the door. Another, when he seized old widow Potter's furniture for rent. Another, when he took advantage of a flaw in the papers to evade the payment of a just debt of his own. Myriads when he first began business, told fifty lies a day, and gave false weight and measure, and one tremendous mortgage for passing through the world without one loving, tender, sympathizing feeling for mankind.

"Your soul—bah! What is it worth now?"

"I'll take it all back. I'll have my daughter and her husband home. I'll pay—"

"Too late!" said the dark creature. "Too late, Hiram Gormley; too late!"

But the old man, stretching out his hands, screamed aloud in terror, and fell backwards in unconsciousness.

When Mrs. Gormley returned from the dinner party she found her husband stretched upon the hearth-rug, with a blue lump upon his forehead as large as a hen's egg.

When he related his adventure she

considered it a dream, and laid the blame upon the old port in the decanter on the sideboard; but, dream or reality, it had a strange influence upon old Hiram, for in a week he was reconciled to his daughter, had ignored the flaw and made the settlement, performed various unwonted acts of charity, and was, in fact, an utterly changed and altered man, while, singular to say, no earthly power has ever yet been able to induce Hiram Gormley to speculate in breadstuffs.

## REST.

BY FATHER RYAN.

My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired—

My soul oppressed—  
And with desire have I long desired  
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil—when toil is almost vain  
In barren ways;

'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain  
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear—  
But God knows best;  
And I have prayed, but vain has been prayer,  
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap  
The autumn yield;  
'Tis hard to till—and when 'tis tilled to weep  
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,  
So heart-oppressed;  
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh  
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,  
And cares infest  
My path; and through the flowing of hot  
tears  
I pined for rest.

'Twas always so; when still a child, I laid  
On mother's breast  
My wearied little head; e'en then I prayed,  
As now, for rest.

And I am restless still. 'Twill soon be o'er—  
For down the west  
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore  
Where I shall rest.