

He was perfectly amazed. Here was a Bible which once belonged to his own mother, and presented by her to Jennie Smart, whom he well remembered as a servant in his father's family at the time he left Scotland. He could not be mistaken with respect to the handwriting of his mother; nor could he keep out of his mind the smiling face of Jennie Smart. The reader can easily imagine that trains of thought and reflection were awakened, which would prevent him from sleeping. Still, there was a mystery about it. How came this Bible in the hands of James Duncan, the drunken blacksmith? This mystery he determined to solve.

The next day he went to the shop where Duncan worked, and approached the anvil where he was fitting a shoe, and said: "You left a Bible with me last night."

"Yes. You don't want me to redeem it so soon, do you?"

"No. I want to know where you got it."

"I came honestly by it."

"I presume so; but I am anxious to know."

"Well, sir, it belongs to my wife. She has had it ever since she was a girl."

"Was her name Jennie Smart?"

"That was her name when I married her. Why?"

"I think I used to know her in Scotland. Do you live near here?"

"Yes. In Liberty street, just round the corner from Elm, up stairs."

"With your leave I will call on her."

"That you can do if you like."

McKey left the shop, and soon found the miserable abode, and ascended the rickety stairs, and rapped at the door, which was opened by a woman who seemed surprised to see a stranger. She invited him to be seated. He knew not how to commence the conversation, but at length said: "This is Mrs. Duncan, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

He asked a few more commonplace questions, and she replied. He then said: "I perceive by your accent that like myself you are Scotch."

"Yes, sir. I was born near Glasgow."

"Did you ever know a lass by the name of Jennie Smart?"

"Yes, sir. That was my own name when I was a lass."

"Did you ever know a lady by name of McKey—Margaret McKey?"

"Yes, sir. I knew her well. I wrought for her as a servant for years."

"Did you ever see this book before?" reaching out the Bible.

"Yes, sir. Mrs. McKey gave me that the day before I took passage for America. But, sir, how came it in your hands?"

"I keep a grocery on Federal street. Your husband pawned it to me for drink."

She began to weep. He saw where the sore spot in her heart was. He told her who he was, and drew from her a history of her trials, and then said, "Jennie (for you will allow me to call you so), I am very sorry I have been the means of giving you any sorrow. I will never sell your husband another drop of liquor. I will do what I can to reform him."