

sh discords to the ear, and the sweet music of life is done, thou takest up thy golden cup, and wakest so soft and heavenly a strain that the angels stoop to listen and rejoice!

My story is near a close. I had made arrangements to leave Glasgow, and to bid a long farewell to all my poor and humble friends in whose joys and sorrows I had been sharer during a brief but important period of my life. I had read a few bright and dark leaves of human history within those rocky piles of stone which tower aloft in the sea and smoky air, and shroud within their bosom, innumerable souls which drift unheeded and unheeding, to their eternal destiny.

I hastened down to St. Andrew's Square on Monday evening, to bid good-bye to Mr. Nelly Gerry and her little ones. I had sat down many minutes when the door opened and a man entered. I had not heard a step on the stair, but there he stood, just within the door which he had rapped behind, apparently unconscious of the act. Yes, there he stood! But why need I attempt to describe that scene, which revealed, as it were, at a glance, the awful and unfathomable depths of the human heart? There was a momentary pause, in which eye rested on eye, as if faith were pointing her quivering fingers to sweep at once all the vast abysses of the past. It was but a moment—nothing longer than the beating of a pulse. "John!" ejaculated the woman. "Nelly!" exclaimed the man. They sprung into each other's embrace in an ecstasy of feeling, and kissed and wept, stared silently into each other's eyes, with heads flung back, wept and kissed and wept again and again, with hysterical laughter and sobbings of joy. The spectacle was one which overcame me with emotion, and, bursting into tears, I exclaimed, "Poor dear souls! God bless you, and keep you together now within His own arms for evermore!"

The children, not recognizing their father, clung to the skirts of their mother's gown, rising in fear and alarm. This awakened the parents from the trance of passion, and then John took up his children and kissed them, the mother assuring them that "this wasaddy come back to them."

When I was on the point of leaving—a step which I took as soon as possible—old Mr. Blair entered with Tammy in his hand. John, it appeared, had called at his house before going to his own. "Mr. —," said I, after sitting a few moments, "I shall save John the task of personally explaining his strange conduct. A few words will suffice. He has been in England all the while, working diligently at his trade, and making good wages. From England he wrote to me, stating the reason of his departure, beseeching me to look after his family in his absence, and promising to send me, from time to time,

money to supply their wants, but conjuring me never to whisper to his wife, or anybody else, that I knew anything about him. He fulfilled his promise, transmitting, at regular intervals, all the cash he could spare after keeping himself. I fear, to judge from his looks, he has been allowing himself slender rations. Considering all the circumstances of his case,—the cause of his departure, and the full assurance I had of his return,—I resolved, though somewhat reluctantly at first, to become his *confidante* and help him to get out of his troubles. You may think me rather hard-hearted to be able to witness, so long, the anxiety of his wife, without assuring her that he was alive and well; but I always hoped to see John back month after month, and, having once undertaken to carry out this scheme, I did not wish to break through. You see, Mr. —, I myself am a Bachelor, and, though not without sympathy for real suffering, I fear I have a little of what is called 'sentiment,' as Dr. Johnson had. Moreover, it was my opinion that Nell would be none the worse of a lesson, and she has now received a sermon which she will recollect, on the 21st and 22nd verses of the 5th chapter of Ephesians. I have always felt a deep interest in John, and always had cause to esteem and love him highly. Let us all be thankful that the issue of this strange enterprise has been so happy. And now," he said, turning to Nelly, "I deliver to you, by way of a solatium for all your trouble, the whole of John's savings which he transmitted to me during the period of his absence,—for he wrote pathetically to me that you would get the "sweat o' his flesh as lang as he lived." The money and goods you have had from me in the time of your widowhood shall reckon for nothing. And now may peace dwell under this roof, may industry and thrift go hand in hand, and may faith and love illumine and beautify the whole path of your pilgrimage from earth to heaven!"

Here endeth the story of John Gerry and his domestic troubles. Reader, let thy wisdom discern, and thy virtue apply, the lessons which peradventure it teacheth to old and young.

W. M. P.

Albion Mines, January, 1867.

WEEK OF PRAYER.

As noticed in the December No. of the *Record*, the British Evangelical Alliance issued a Circular recommending the universal observance of a week of special and united prayer at the commencement of the year. In the programme that reached us, there were special subjects for each day, with a view to constitute, as it were, the whole evangelical world into one vast prayer-meeting, so that all the true followers of Jesus might "take sweet counsel together and walk into the