

hard to say what are his thoughts, but of late days he has seemed excited, though apparently more with joy than with any other feeling. But, hark! there is a tap at his door. It is unheeded, and, in consequence, is repeated again and again. At last the miser cries, "Who is there?" "It is I—I am seeking shelter—do you not know me?" "You can get no shelter here, whoever you are!" returns James Symmons. "Father, do you not know me? It is I, Charles Symmons—your son!" There was silence for a time within, until the same words were repeated, when the miser growled, "Go away—I do not know you—I do not believe you!" "Father," cried the voice without, "the night is very cold, and I am in want of shelter. You surely know my voice. Open the door, and you will see that I am Charles!" "*Whoever you are, go away,*" cried the inmate in still huskier tones; "you can get nothing here." After a few more words, the colloquy ended, and all was again silent.

On the following morning, a young man, genteelly dressed, and with his handsome countenance deeply browned by sun and air, called at the dwelling of the widow and her daughter. As soon as the latter saw the stranger, a glow of surprise and pleasure rushed over her cheeks, and she sprang forward a step with extended arms—but checked herself. The stranger, however, made the rest of the advance, and caught her in his arms and kissed her. "Cousin Charles!" exclaimed Lucy. "Ay, ay, Luce," cried the young man, as he gave the same salutation to her mother; "you used to say you could know me a mile or two off when we were children, but I think you had some doubt just now." Warm was the welcome which the youth received from his aunt and Lucy, for, when a boy, he had always been a great favourite with them, and was wont to fly from his own unhappy home to theirs for peace. He told them his story; he had been in the West Indies, and had been prosperous. He himself was the first to enter upon the disagreeable subject of his father's conduct, which had been detailed to him by the landlord of the inn, where he had slept. His visit at night to his father was also described to them; "he had gone," he said, "to try if his father would permit

him to be a son to him, but had found his heart as jealous, as cold, and as hard as ever," though the circumstances under which the appeal was made were purposely chosen as the likeliest to have moved his heart. "But fear not, cousin Luce," said he; "thou shalt have all I have, though it is not much after all—but thy mother and thou shall be comfortable. And who knows, but, when he sees me in the light of day, the old man may relent after all."

He did not relent. Things were so ordered that it could not be. When the old woman who had brought him a light every morning for more than ten years, entered his abode on the morning after the occurrence related, the miserable man was dead—cold as ice. An inquest, which sat upon his body, declared him to have died from cold, though it is probable that sickness of some kind or other had a share in the production of the event. However this may be, it excited a mighty sensation among the villagers of Springwell, who, as usual, preferred to give a supernatural rather than a natural solution of the occurrence, and connected it with the legalised outrage of feeling which he had on the preceding day committed.

His death turned the fortune of his kind old brother once more into the right channel, for Charles Symmons was not a moment at ease until he had seen Lucy and her mother reinstated in Richard's comfortable mansion. As to other points—Charles married his sweet cousin Lucy, and the junction of the two properties put them, as the saying is, "above the world." We are happy to have it in our power, also, to record one other fact of importance. The worthy schoolmaster suffered so much in mind from his share in the misfortune that befell Richard Symmons's last testament, that he resolutely declined will-making in future, and advised all parties who made application to him on the subject to betake themselves to men who had fitted themselves by their study of the law to be advisers in such matters. We strongly recommend a similar forbearance to all his brethren who wield parochial ferules, and we also counsel all who wish to leave wills behind them, drawn up in unimpeachable correctness, to remember this true story. It is not always that the mischiefs incident upon such mistakes are thus happily obviated.