

people Jesus meant when He said the words that our pastor took for his text to-night, and for fear that anybody mayn't know it, I rise to own up to it myself. Nobody stood up for the letter of the law and the plan of salvation stronger than I, and nobody has taken more pains to dodge the spirit of it. The scales have fallen from my eyes lately, but I s'pose all of you have been seein' me as I am for a long, long time, and you have known me for the hypocrite that I now can see I've always been. I've done a good many things that I oughtn't to have done—I've told half-truths that were worse than lies, I've devoured widows' houses, and for a pretence made long prayers, as the Gospel says; but the worst thing I've done, and the thing I feel most sinful about, is that when an unfortunate fellow-citizen of ours came back to this town and tried to live a right life, I did all I could to discourage him an' make him just like myself. I want right here, encompassed about by a mighty cloud of witnesses, to confess that I've done that man an awful wrong, and I'm sorry for it. I've prayed to God to forgive me, but I'm not goin' to stop at that. Right here before you all I want to ask that man himself to forgive me, as I've asked him in private. I'm not goin' to stop at that either. That man's life has opened my eyes, in spite of myself, to all the faults of my own, and I want to show my sincerity by promising before you all that I am that man's brother from this time forth until I die, and that whatever is mine is his whenever and however he wants it."

The deacon sat down. There was an instant of silence, and then a sensation as every one began to look about for the ex-convict.

"If Brother Kimper feels inclined to make any remarks," said Dr. Guide, "I am sure every one present would be glad to listen to him."

People were slowly arising and looking toward one portion of the church. Dr. Guide left the pulpit and walked down one of the aisles, toward the point where all eyes were centered. In a seat in the back of the church he saw the ex-convict, with one arm around his wife and the other around his daughter Jane. Sam looked smaller and more insignificant than ever, for his chin was resting on his breast and tears were chasing one another down his pale cheeks. Dr. Guide hurried back to the altar-rail, and exclaimed, in his loudest and most impressive voice, "Sing, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'"

THE END.

BUT all God's angels come to us disguised ;
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after another lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the frant of God.

—J. R. Lowell.