

pretty offerings which had been made to Constance. "I think I may as well contribute my mite——"

"Why, you have done it! You gave her a bracelet, you know," cried Miss Annabel. For which abrupt interruption she was forthwith consigned to a respectful distance; and ran away to be teased by Tom and Gerald.

"I have something in my pocket which I wish to give to Arthur—which I have been intending for some time to give him," resumed Mr. Galloway, taking from his pocket what seemed to be a roll of parchment. "Will you accept them, Arthur?"

"What, sir?"

"Your articles."

"Oh! Mr. Galloway——"

"No thanks, my boy. I am in your debt far deeper than I like to be! A trifling thing such as this"—touching the parchment—"cannot wipe out the suspicion I cast upon you, the disgrace which followed it. Perhaps at some future time, I may be better able to atone for it. I hope we shall be together many years, Arthur. I have no son to succeed to my business, and it may be—— But I will leave that until the future comes."

It was a valuable present gracefully offered, and Mr. Channing and Arthur acknowledged it as such, passing over the more important hint in silence.

"Children," said Mr. Channing, as, the festivities of the day at an end, and the guests departed, they were gathered together round their fireside, bereft of Constance, "what a forcible lesson of God's mercy ought these last few months to teach us! Six months ago there came to us news that our suit was lost; other troubles followed upon it, and things looked dark. But I, for one, never lost my trust in God; it was not for a moment shaken; and if you are the children I and your mother have striven to bring up, you did not lose yours. Tom," turning suddenly upon him, "I fear you were the only impatient one."

Tom looked contrite. "I fear I was, papa."

"What good did the indulgence of your hasty spirit do you?"

"No good, but harm," frankly confessed Tom. "I