

and could hardly steady his voice sufficiently to commence, but at length he began,—

“There was once a man, who lived a lonely and retired life—that is to say, he had no social enjoyments, no home delights; he loved nothing in the world but himself and his money. Well, this man, one Christmas, became acquainted with his sister’s son, a fine bright boy, I will not tell you his real name, we will call him Everard, and by his honest truthful ways, his quick intellect, and his brightness, he crept into the heart of the money-loving man. Time went on, and the merchant said he would make Everard his heir if he would enter his mercantile house. And so it was arranged—but a change came to Everard, and when he became a man, he determined to spread the “glad tidings” to those far away.

“His uncle was infuriated, and renounced him then and there, cast him out of his affections, and left his heart lonely and