

oppressed. Years passed on. Everard became a missionary; he married, and in those distant climes his health sunk; his wife died on their homeward voyage, and he arrived in England with his children, a soldier worn out in the battle of life. Then, his uncle should have come forward and helped him, but he did not, and shortly after, he, the merchant, sailed for the West Indies.

“On his return to England, he heard that Everard was dead, and he was sent a letter which had been left for him, in which his nephew entreated him to befriend his orphan children. But the crust of coldness and severity had so hardened over the grasping merchant’s heart, that he believed himself still aggrieved by the man who was dead.

“And then the old man got a craving to see Everard’s children, and he came to the part of the country where they were, still saying to himself, I will have nothing to say to them.