

“It was Christmas time,”—Mr. Barnett’s voice was almost choked with deep emotion, —“It was Christmas time, I say, and the merchant’s heart was melted, God’s softening power fell upon it, and put peace and good-will into it. He saw how wrong he had been, how the misery of his life had been brought on by his own sinful wish to hold his nephew back from his Master’s service, and he prayed for forgiveness. Then remorse filled his heart for his conduct to Everard, and he longed that Everard’s children should be to him as sons, and fill the void in his lonely heart.” This is my story, children; take warning from it, and avoid the old man’s sin.”

Then a joyful cry rose from two of the party, and Arthur and Herbie came to his side.

“You are our Uncle Ambrose, whom papa taught us to love, and to pray for every day, and he was your Everard.”