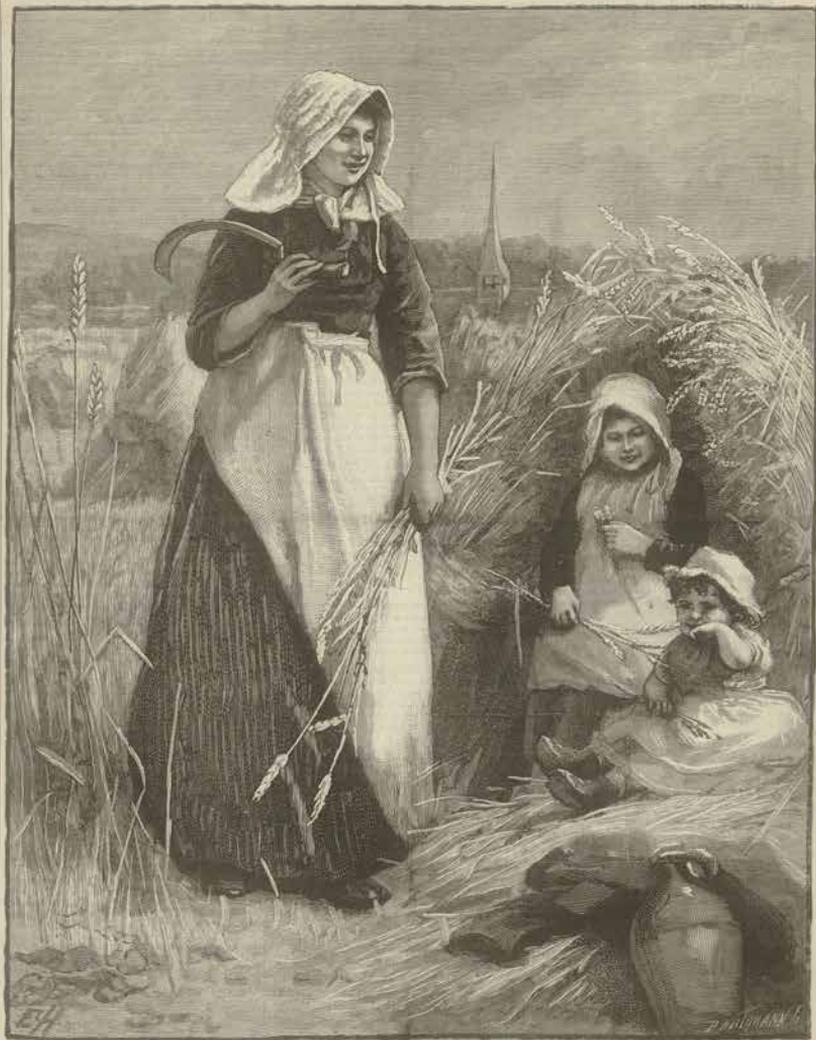


THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



Arthur Condon: he had no friends, rich or poor, who would care to watch him.

"I will stay," said Dr. John.

One night the patient asked him to come quite close to him. "I have something to say to you," he said, "I am dying—I know it—I feel it."

"You are very ill, but—"

"I know what that means—you doctors pretend to be the best. Now that I shall die with me, I want counsel to you. It was I who coloured the old man's mind against you—I who intercepted your letters, and prevented any explanation. I was the one to blame when he believed it was you. You know how much alike we are, and I took advantage of that."

"When he believed that you gambled and got drunk, I was the offender. I wanted to win Alice, you see, and to be his heir. Miserable sinner that I am! Can you forgive me?"

"You must not talk—keep quiet!" said Dr. John; but Arthur would not be silent.

"You think I am raving. No; it is true. It was easy to deceive the old man, and I did it. Look—in that desk you will find two letters of yours to him. I kept them from him. Now I am dying, and all my sin is clear before my face."

"It was too plain that he was not raving."

"Open the desk; the letters are there," he repeated.

Horrible and pained, with his whole soul in revolt at the treachery of the man who was of his own kin, Dr. John seemed to be calm and unshaken.

He was too true to his profession to allow his just wrath to appear.

"That will do," he said. "You have fully explained everything. Now lie down, and be quite quiet."

"And you forgive?"

"There was a little pause. It was hard to reply, but he managed to say—"

"You are sorry—yes."

"That was all. But he knew that Arthur was only sorry because he believed himself to be in danger of death."

CHAPTER II.

ARTHUR RECOVERS.

By the sickness and very slowly, Arthur grew better.

"He is out of danger, and both doctors. Then his true nature, as little changed by illness as the hard rock is changed by sun or shower, reasserted itself."

"You won't make public that which I told you?" he said to his cousin. "You know that Alice would give me up—I should be a ruined man. I will have a deed drawn up, securing to you one-half of all that my uncle shall leave me. That ought to satisfy you."

Dr. John looked at him very steadily.

"Arthur," he said, "you know that my uncle meant me to have Alice."

"Yes; but now, you see a good man, John. You love your profession; you will be sure to rise in it. I am not half so clever as you are. If I love Alice I will kill myself!"

"No, there is no fear of that," said Dr. John. He knew his cousin too well.

"You see," continued Arthur, "I made a clean breast of it to you, didn't I? I told you I was sorry."

"You took away my good name, as far as you could—you caused me to lose my uncle's love. I lay out of his money. I could do without that. You stole my letters, and in those letters there is the fullest proof of my innocence of all the charges that he brought against me, and the fullest proof that you were the guilty one."

"The moment my uncle heard it he'd tell Alice, he'd insist on her giving me up."

"You don't deserve her."

"Oh! I know that. But I do mean to turn over a new leaf. Now, John, you promised, you know, to forgive me; you have those letters—you may as well

know him! Providence sent me here, I believe. I did not mean to be an eavesdropper. I stood for a moment at the door, for fear of starting you. But then I heard words that held me there—I could not move."

As the old man spoke, he took the letters from John Condon's hand. "Here is one to me—one that I never received; this also—here are others written by me to you, John!"

He sat down and read them from end to end then re-folded, and put them in his pocket. He held out his hand to Arthur.

"You were wrong and foolish, John," he said, "in keeping that promise. The very best kindness we can do Alice is to tell her the truth. If she married *me*,"

again pointing to Arthur, "she would be a miserable girl. I shall tell her every word!"

"Say a word for me, John!" cried Arthur.

"You know how sorry I am!"

"Sorry! I know what that sort of thing is worth," said old Mr. Condon, in high disdain.

"He has been very ill, sir," Dr. John, in a low voice.

"And you, whom he has injured, have been nursing him. You are a fool, my good John!"

But John knew by the light in his cousin's eye and the kindness of his voice, that the words had slipped away, and that a new day had dawned for him.

Though Arthur had spoken truly in saying that it was easy to deceive the old man, it was also true that he never forgave the deception, when once fully aware of it, notwithstanding Arthur's many vain attempts to win his pardon.

"I shall give you money enough to keep you from starving," the old man said, "but let me never see your face again!"

Alice, as soon as she learned the truth, broke off her engagement, though some years elapsed before she fully recovered from the cruel shock and disappointment caused by the discovery of Arthur's baseness.

But time, that helps us in so many ways, gently healed the wound, and she married a good man, who was worthy of her.

John Condon did not go to America. When last I heard of him he was living, with his wife and children, in the big house at Bally-Beg.

MARSHALL J. TRAVELER.

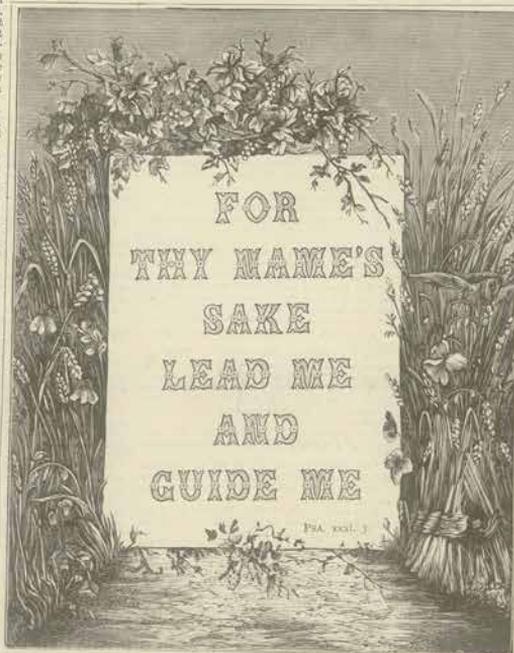
Thoughts on the Life of Moses.

XX.

The Order of Israel's March—Moore's Institution to Hobbs—Num. x. 11, 12, 13, and 19 to end.



To continue the history of Moses himself, it is necessary to enter on a considerable portion of the Bible history—the ceremonial law, and many laws affecting the life of the people. We are, therefore, brought to the more general Mosaic Sin. The children of Israel had been there—the plain of Sinai—a long time, nearly two years, as told by comparing Ex. xii. 1 with Num. x. 11. During



give them to me, or burn them, for Alice's sake."

"Poor Alice! I believe she loves you, Arthur, and for her sake—Here he paused, and took a bundle of papers from his pocket—"Here is the letter," he said, "in which the plain facts are stated. If my uncle did not get that he would have known the truth."

"Certainly—of course! I don't deny it. I'm very sorry, John, I said so before. But you'll promise?"

"For her sake—yes," said John Condon. "I'll keep my promise. Poor thing!"

"And—and the letters?"

As Arthur Condon spoke, a third voice said in accents that shook with anger—"They are mine!" And the cousin, starting back, and looking up with wonder, saw before them their uncle.

"Yes! Here I am!" he said. "I have heard every word. I know all the truth! When I got your last letter, John, I determined to travel night and day to see him," pointing to Arthur, who looked the picture of guilt. "How little I

