

'Behold,' said the Genius, 'a catalogue of your errors,' and he waved a long scroll before his eyes, the bare sight of which made John shudder. 'Oh dear, good Mr. Genius,' said John with an imploring look, 'bygones are bygones you know; don't remind me of what I have done, but tell me what I must do.' The Genius looked compassionately upon him, and closed the scroll. 'I will not,' said he, 'harrass you by recalling all the mistakes that you have made. I will pass over your neglect of your loyal friends, your encouragement of your implacable foes; nay, I will not dwell upon your sending among them again the fire brand which kindled the flame from which he fled, but I cannot spare you altogether. Repentance is so closely linked with amendment, that we must reflect upon our faults if we would escape their consequences. Your last false step was your Free Trade frolic.' 'Dear a me,' said John, 'that was all Bob Eel's doings.' 'He may slip away from the consequences, but you cannot,' replied the Genius, 'unless you endeavour