

"What do you mean by that, Minnie?" he asked.

"By what?" she asked, turning toward him with surprise.

"Why, you sang as if we had been ill-treating the Lord. What do you mean?"

"Oh, is it not wrong not to believe in Him when He has done so much for you, William?" she said, earnestly.

"How believe?"

"Trust Him, love Him, give up your whole life to His service; submit yourself to the guidance of His good Spirit. It is little enough when He has done so much for you. And if you do He has promised you eternal life. Oh, what wondrous love."

There was no reply, and the wood was taken from the load and piled by the track in silence.

Minnie had come to a decision, and after supper, when the dishes were washed and put away, and her father made comfortable, she brought her Bible and sat down in front of the fire to read it by the fire-light.

"Father," she said, "four different men wrote the story of the life of the Lord Jesus, and I am going to read you the account which