

you have given me, and you fill it. I'll trust you; I can't do even this thing myself, and I mean to stop trying.' The fact is, I'm not worth a red cent; it's a complete case of bankruptcy. I've been thinking I had strength enough to get through with this life with a little help, provided He would take care of the next one. But I see that's a mistake. And it is, Rebecca, you may depend, it is the power of the Holy Spirit in the heart that is going to do the work, not the power of my strength or will."

"John," said Rebecca, her eyes large with the thought of her new discovery, "you are a perfectionist."

"A what?" said John, with a bewildered stare. It was impossible to avoid laughing at his puzzled face.

"Why, one of those people who insist that it is possible to be perfect in this world."

"Humph!" said John, with emphasis. "I should think I was the farthest possible remove from that. I tell you I ain't *anything*. There is no strength in me; nothing to build upon. My part is to do as I am told, and the mistake I made was in trying to help the Lord do His work. It is like my little sister; she persists in thinking that she can walk upstairs, so she puts her feet on the stair and I put my arm around her, and I give her a spring and up she goes. And she says she went up the steps, only I helped her some."

"But she gets to the top, after all," Rebecca said, thoughtfully, struck with something in the illustration.

"Yes, I look out for that, because I am her elder brother, you see. But, mind you, she would go swifter and safer if she would consent to be mounted on my shoulder, and just put her arms round me and hold on."

"But the Bible says, 'Grow in grace,'" Rebecca repeated, still looking thoughtful.

"Of course it does. Now what does grace mean? I just looked it up in the dictionary, and I got light. Just see what Webster says: 'Grace: The divine favor toward man; the mercy of God as distinguished from His sovereignty or justice, and also any benefits or blessings it imparts; the undeserved kindness or forgiveness of God; divine love or pardon; a state of acceptance with God; enjoyment of divine favor.' I just copied that into my diary that I might not be tempted to forget again what I was to grow in; grow more and more into the knowledge of God's undeserved kindness, of His wonderful forgiveness, of His continual favor. I tell you, you just trust Him to do things for you that you have found out you

can't do, and see how fast you will grow in the knowledge of His wonderful favor. I tell you I am all swallowed up in this thought, and life isn't a dread any more. 'He is faithful who promised,' and He says He has called us to 'peace.'"

"But, John, that would leave nothing for Christians to do."

"Do you think so? I can't see it in that light. Do you fancy a boy hasn't anything to do for his mother because he realizes that he is not going to buy her love and care for what work he does for her? That is a free gift. Do you think you have nothing to do for your husband because he has promised to support you and care for you in every way, and is bound by his word to do it?"

"Oh, I don't mean that exactly. We can't buy love or care, of course. But surely we ought to struggle to conquer our own sins."

"Well, I tried it with all my might. I tell you I struggled for dear life, and what did it amount to? I couldn't even conquer a puff or two of smoke. Others might have done it. There are people who are stronger than I; but the Gospel is for weak people as well as strong ones. And, after all, people don't seem to me to make much headway with their conquering. Now, my baby sister, when I am taking her for a walk, and she comes to the brook, she is sure she can jump over it, and she struggles at it with all her might, and it just ends in my picking her up and carrying her over, after she is done struggling and is willing to hold on tight to me. It seems to me her part is just to hold on, to jump when I tell her to, and to stand still when I tell her to, and to cling to my hand when I tell her to do that. It is the way she gets through danger. I can't see that she accomplishes anything by her struggles"

"But, John, she would never learn to walk if you carried her all the time."

"But you see I don't. When it is safe for her to walk I tell her to trot along, and she is to mind, don't you see?"

"She is a young teacher of theology," Rebecca said, with a smile.

"She's a capital one, though; I've learned ever so much from the little thing. You see it's the Lord's own method of teaching. 'Except ye be converted and become as little children.' Not little children who are determined to go alone, when their Father knows they will stumble. I think sometimes He does just as we do with the children. He lets us stumble in a place where it is not too