

GOING HOME.

our eyes shall see Him. Do you remember speaking to me of that once, and of how infinitely small in comparison are most of the objects on which people usually fix their desires here? I am more and more resolved on what was first suggested to me through you—not to rest satisfied with any aim centred in self, or even with the contemplation of human wisdom, and the study of human knowledge, but to look onward to eternal realities, and in their light to try to do as well as I can the highest work to which God calls any man here—that of winning souls for eternal life.”

Not long after she got this letter, Katie received a visit from her former pupil, James Egan, whom, in the tall, respectable-looking youth he had grown, she at first hardly recognised. He was now working with a carpenter in Ashby, with good hopes of being eventually taken into his master's business. He had carried on his education, so far at least as he was likely to require it, and spoke sensibly and gratefully of his obligations to Katie. “I'm sure, miss, it was your trouble that began the making of me, only I'm afraid you'll not think it was worth while for that.”

But Katie had long ceased to regret anything that had happened to her, and was too full of the pleasure of seeing that Jim had turned out so well for any other thoughts.

There are many such boys as Jim in all our towns and villages—“springs shut up”—“fountains sealed,” as far as any development of their higher nature goes, and destined, if let alone, only to perpetuate and extend the evil influences which have made them what they are. It only needs a little watchful but patient care, and some trouble and active kindness, to awaken their better nature, and turn