

pleaded with him. All his reply was, "I wish you would stop speaking, I do not love Christ nor believe in him, and I do not want to hear anything more about it." He spoke so that I was unable to keep my tears from flowing, and it was some time before I could become calm. Then once more I told him how he was doing, he who knew so perfectly the plan of salvation, and how the Spirit would be grieved away. I cannot tell all I said, but if I ever pleaded with a sinner it was then, and every one in the room was weeping except himself and me. I told him then I had said all that I could, all that there was to say, and that from that night, although he might see me daily, I never again should speak to him on this subject until he spoke first, that there was not any thing to say, he knew it all, and he need not fear to meet me again, as these were my last words, but if he died or I died, he was to remember that I had been faithful with him, and in God's sight. He did not reply except by saying, "I am going home," and he rose and left the room.

The remaining scholars seemed perfectly thunderstruck, and almost heartbroken that he should have grieved me so, and then we joined in prayer for him, and then separated. When I reached my room I could not sleep, but after thinking of it I saw but one help, that was to pray for him, for except in God there was no power to turn him. Then and there I resolved to pray, and so prayed earnestly, and then I felt quiet, and could sleep. The next evening, he was at the school as usual, and appeared as though nothing had happened. Still, as I watched him, it seemed as if he were becoming more and more hardened. During the chapel services he paid no attention in prayer, did not seem to listen to the services and would not sing, unless at a time he particularly liked. To a Sunday-school he would not come, but came sometimes to the vestibule and sat reading his Bible outside. In all the various exercises of the young men he took no part, and kept as far from me as possible. He was constantly having discussions with the Christians at the station, and always defeated them, and from the Bible he could so reason against what the missionaries said, that if a man listened to him he could almost make him believe like himself. It was true what they said of him, that he knew the Bible in all parts, chapter and verse, and there was not a doctrine or a fact he had not read, and made up his mind what it meant.

About this time one of the young men fell into great sin, and Jim led him on deeper by his power of reasoning and proving, till he well nigh made shipwreck of the man whose mind was less strong than his, so that he was unable to cope with him. My heart was very much discouraged

for him at this time, and my prayer was well nigh "fainting." But a few weeks after I needed some one to build my school-house, and being away, I wrote to him, asking him to take charge of it. He wrote me such a pleasant letter in reply, that it seemed to encourage and help me. He seemed so unlike all the others in this one thing, the caring for me; all the others had by degrees, some sooner, some later, come under my influence. They would listen to my slightest wish about anything, and all their concerns were known to me. He laughed at them for it, and when they were kind to me, or did as I said, or told me their troubles, &c., it was sure to bring a word of irony or ridicule from him. Many of them were very careless at first regarding their clothes, as to cleanliness or rags, but soon this vanished. I could not bear to see Jim so, and did everything to persuade him to alter; but he said, "Oh, it is good enough; I like it, and that is enough; much obliged to you, but I do not wish it otherwise."

As I said, I asked him to build, and on my return, as I was obliged to go to the place, I saw more of him, and more was I impressed with the wonderful power he might exert for good or evil. I found then for the first time that I was beginning to have the least bit of his regard. One day, when, in speaking of a verse, I took the Greek and referred to it, he seemed to think if I was a woman I knew something. All these months he had not been to Bible class, but continued regularly at evening school. When I found he was becoming less distant, I suggested his learning to sing by note, as he had such a fine voice, and when he had learned, which was very soon, I gave him charge of the bass to teach the others at our evening singings. I think it was soon after this that he came again to Bible class one evening, but as he said something which offended one of the others, he told me the next day he should never come again.

It is not easy for me to tell how the change began. I think the first indications were more attention to his dress. I no longer had to feel sorry to see one who really was so superior, looking worse than those who were not fit to be his associates. As he did my work, I kept throwing responsibility on him, and making him feel that I did not think him so hardened as others did, and I consulted him a great deal about many things. He began to come regularly to the Bible class, and often when subjects came up he would come to me during the week and talk about them. I saw, too, by degrees his tone changed. He no longer tried to dispute everything, to argue that prayer was of no use, that everybody would be saved, and dozens of other such ideas.