

out of the silence she began again to sing, this time a very cry of pain and sorrow that went to William's heart :

“ O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er ;
Shame on us, Christian brethren,
His name and sign who bear,
Oh shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there.

O Jesus, Thou art knocking,
And lo ! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred ;
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait !
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate !

O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
‘ I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so ? ’
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door ;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave me nevermore.”

She ceased, and started the horses on their downward journey.

William drew a long breath.