

children of light.' I have noticed this besetting sin growing upon you, and have wished to call your attention to it. I do not think it right to speak words which tend to injure those against whom they are spoken."

"But, mother, you can't expect a girl of eighteen is going to be a saint. If you expect it of me you will be disappointed. Sometimes I think it is of little use for me to try and be good, for after I've been fighting some besetting sin, and think I have conquered it, and stop to take breath and rest a minute, the first thing I know, I've up and done that very thing. You can't think how I've prayed and striven to get rid of envy toward Ella James; and I thought at last communion that my heart was all free from that sin; but I am ashamed to tell you that I snubbed her awfully last night, just because I thought that she spoke to me in a patronizing sort of way because she had on a new seal-skin cloak and I had only my old squirrel cape. I do believe, mother dear, it will be of no use for you to tell me of my faults, for I cannot be good. And then, what's the use in being better than other people? It only sets one up as a mark for Satan and the world to shoot at! I've almost come to the conclusion that if I can 'mog' along towards heaven, and at last barely creep in, even if I have to go in at so small a gate that my soul is squeezed in the attempt, I will be satisfied. This 'running the race'—why, mother, I can't do it; I'm halt and blind, and I can only limp along at the very best; and half of the time out of the path at that. So, just let me go on in my own style."

"O, Carrie, I can understand how your conscience is troubling you when you talk in that manner. You *do* want an 'abundant entrance'; you *do* want to overcome your besetting sins; and I know, my dear girl, that you *do* try; but you think that you have so many that you grow discouraged sometimes, when you think the warfare must never cease. He who knows all about the battle-ground, furnishes armor and weapons; and you should be thankful that you see the enemy to fight, and pray for more wisdom that you may better understand yourself, and also that you may have a clearer view of the Great Captain that leads you on. Your foes are mostly within your heart, and you are doing bravely. Be constantly

vigilant, and live so that you will be all ready whenever the Saviour calls you to the mansions that he has prepared."

"Don't praise me, mother; don't tell me that I am doing well, for I know that I am not. There's another besetting sin. I hate housekeeping; yet I know it is my duty to have the care of the servants while you are unable to leave your room. But I do hope that if I ever have a mansion in heaven the good Saviour will not make me take care of it."

"Why, Carrie, you are desperate to-day! I never heard you talk in such a reckless manner as you have this afternoon. What has come over you?"

"I am discouraged, mother. There is no use in hiding my feelings or my faults. I thought yesterday that I was as good as the average of Christians, and perhaps better; and when I gave up the party for the watch-meeting, I thought if the Church ever knew what a sacrifice I made, if they did not canonize me after my death, they would send to the Church papers such a eulogy as we sometimes see about some rare soul who has gone to her reward; and I went to the meeting in some such frame of mind. The minister from Troy made a few remarks which made me feel a little uncomfortable; and then, when Mr. Lloyd read his text, 'Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?' I felt that may be that was said of me by the Great Husbandman. But I tried to think how much good I am doing in mission and Sunday School work, and caring for your poor, and I began to feel all right—when he said that, 'perhaps the leaves of a fair profession so covered the barrenness of the boughs, that they hide even from itself its real state, and it is only the gardener who understands, acknowledges, and bewails its condition, and tenderly entreats for it a patience and help that it does not know it needs.' And, mother, if at the Judgment Day my life looks as empty of good, and as full of evil, as it did when he said that, I should think it but justice to banish me from the Saviour that I've professed to love. My want of charity, my love of ease, the disagreeableness of self-denial, coveting so many things that I cannot have, and all my other besetting sins came trooping by like an army of hideous skeletons, and I hated myself and everybody else; and that was what made me talk so awfully."