

who's to blame, and who's to suffer. And I tell you he knows there'll never be any way but his way to unsnarl us all.

"Folks may make laws, but laws won't do it. Kings and congresses may put their heads together, but they'll have their trouble for nothing. Governments and churches may finger us over, but we'll only snarl the more.

"Rich and poor, big or little, there's no way under heaven for us to get out of our twist, but Christ's way.

"O you men and women, and you girls and boys, look in your own hearts and see what way that is. That way is in the heart. I can't see it. I can't touch it. I can't mark it and line it for you. Look. Mind that you don't look at the rich folks' ways. Mind that you don't stop to say, it's their way to do this, and that, and the other, that they'd never do nor think on. Perhaps it is. But's that's none of your business, when the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God Almighty, does you the favor to ask for *you*, and *your* heart, and *your* ways, to gather 'em up into his poor cut hands and hold them, and to bow his poor hurt face down over them and bless them!

"O you men and women, and you boys and girls, Christ's way is a patient way, it is a pure way, it is a way that cares more for another world than for this one, and more to be holy than to be happy, and more for other folks than for itself. It's a long way and a winding way, but it's a good way and a true way, and there's comfort in it, and there's joy at the end of it, and there's *Christ all over it*, and I pray God to lead you in it, every one, forever.

"Christ in heaven?" said Sip then, bending her lighted face, "thou hast been Christ on earth. That helps us. That makes us brave to hunt for thee. We are poor folks, Christ, and we've got a load of poor folks' sorrows, and of poor folks' foolishness, and of poor folks' fears, and of poor folks' wickedness, and we've got nowheres else to take it. Here it is. Lord Christ, we seem to feel as if it belonged to thee. We seem to feel as if we was thy folks. We seem to know that thou dost understand us, someways, better than the most of people. Be our Saviour, Lord Christ, for thine own name's sake."

Miss Kelso and Mrs. Hayle left the little preacher still speaking God's words—and Catty's, and stole away before