

"Frank is at Judge Denton's; something about a bank note; it could not detain him long. Sit down, John, and wait for him. I want to talk to you."

"You look too tired to talk," John said, sympathetically.

The tone recalled her sense of discouragement.

"I am tired," she said, almost tremulously. "Tired of everything, principally of myself, I think. John, sometimes life seems wonderfully full of warfare, without many victories. I shall be real glad when the fighting is all over and the rest commences."

Instead of answering, John eyed her searchingly, when he asked what sounded like a very strange question:

"Suppose I were Paul, and should come to call on you this evening, and should say to you, 'Have you received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?' what would you answer?"

"Why," said Rebecca, smiling, "I couldn't say I had not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost. Why do you ask me that?"

"Well, you see, I don't agree with you," he said, briskly. "I think life is full of victories, and so long as we have a sure Captain to carry on the warfare, and *know* there will be victories, why should we be so disturbed about it? I declare I can't help thinking that there are some people who have not received the Holy Ghost, even though they do believe; not that He hasn't come to them, you know, but that they won't receive Him?"

"I don't believe I understand you, John."

"Well, it's like this: I know I believe in the Lord and in fact that He was my Saviour from eternal punishment, for a number of weeks before I found out that there was any more of it than that. I had fights of all sorts, such as you wouldn't know much about; bad habits, you know; smoking was one of them. I decided to give it up; but, bless you, to decide was one thing, and to do it was another. You see smoking is a kind of disease, or passion, or something, gets to be; and, though I was so young, I had practised it a great deal, and I want to keep at it. The fact is, it was almost impossible for me to let the cigars alone. I craved them, and a good many times I smoked them, though I had said that I wouldn't. It's really a long story; I had no idea of telling it, but I'll make it short. At last it dawned upon me one day that I needn't fight this battle alone. Oh, I hadn't been doing that, but I had been calling it help, asking the Captain

to let me help do something. 'Now,' said I, 'I'll try a new way. Suppose I ask Him to do it for me; He doesn't need my help; my part is to do as I'm told; not to help Him make me willing to do it.' Fact is, I stumbled on that verse where it says, 'My strength is made perfect in weakness.' Now, some people may not be weak, but I knew I was. That was precisely the thing I wanted; somebody who was perfect to do what I had worked at, and failed in. So I just went to Him and told Him all about it, and, Rebecca, He was equal to it! He came forward with His perfection and just did the work."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that one night I went to my room, feeling pretty well used up, because the sight and smell of a cigar made me want one so, and because as sure as anybody urged me to smoke I did it. And I came out of my room the next morning just as indifferent to a cigar as a fellow could possibly be, and I can curl up my nose now as high over the smell of a cigar as anybody on earth; a real genuine curl, too. I hate it."

"How very strange!" said Rebecca, and John, seeing interest in her eyes, went on, eagerly:

"There's another thing I had a great time making up my mind to take part in the prayer-meeting. I went through all the excuses that fellows do, and they didn't have the strength of straws, and I knew they didn't; but for all that it was awful hard work. I blundered and stumbled through it several times, but I tell you it was a cross! I prayed about it, and asked help again, as if I was to do part of the getting ready and the Lord was to do the other part. And I stuck to it and tried to get ready, and it didn't grow easy, nor seem a bit like anything but a cross. One night I got to reading: 'My yoke is easy and My burden is light.' 'Humph!' said I, 'it isn't meant to be a cross, it seems; nothing is. He says take up the cross, but once taken up it looks as though He meant to see that it didn't drag on us.' 'Rest to your souls.' Precious little rest was I getting on Wednesdays. I worried over that cross all day, and by night it was a regular sweat! Then I looked up that verse about being kept in perfect peace. I tell you I thought I had a right to that peace. I was trying to do my duty, as well as I knew how, and I had a right to the wages, so I just said so. I went to Jesus, and said to Him: 'Now I have come to you, and I want you to give me rest about this thing. I'll open my mouth; that is the part