

and melancholy. They stand out against each other, and neither can know what he can do best, because the other interferes. The Christian ought to be in such a frame of mind that he will love his neighbour just as he loves his brother and sister, and for the same reason, only it's a spiritual instead of a blood relation.

"If I see a forlorn creature who has wasted his life, do I pity him as a matter of duty? Oh, no. I couldn't do anythin' else but pity him. It's the natur of a soul that's born again. I know God pities him, and I can't help doin' the same. I'm sorry he's gone astray, and am sure he isn't havin' a good time. He's got hold of life at the wrong end. 'Taint for me to say what drove him to the bad, but since he's there, my heart goes out to him. I'm right in the midst of a whole lot of privileges when I feel that way. I think to myself, 'How good God must be to care for that ragged and unwashed soul! What a blessed thing it is that he asks me to jine in with Him in the work, and do what I can to lift that man out of the mire. God and me in partnership for the redemption of mankind! Why, such a thought is a revelation! Seems as though I had been introduced to the angelic host, and they was sayin', 'Hiram, here's a bad job, but the man's worth savin', and perhaps if you help us we'll get him on solid ground.' Isn't that wonderful? I tell you, parson, it ain't no mere duty to do a day's work of that kind, with the Lord God on your right hand; it's one of the transfigurin' privileges of life."

"Let me remind you, Hiram, that I referred to that matter in my sermon. I said that to love God is not to be classed among our duties."

"Yes, and my heart warmed to you, parson. That song ought to

be sung on the hill-tops. A man must be a wretched sort of creeter whose love for his own father is an act of duty. 'Twasn't so with Christ, and it ought not to be so with us. When I gave Jack, the errand-boy, a slice of frosted cake the other day—it was Marthy's baking—you should have seen his face. He hadn't had no such piece of cake for a month, perhaps. He just glowed with happiness. Was it from any poor, little, miserable sense of duty that he looked up at me and said, 'Thank you, Mr. Golf? No more'n it was a sense of duty that made him enjoy eatin' it. He ate it because he liked it, and that 'thank you' tumbled from his lips as naterally as the rain falls.

"Now then, I am indebted to God for all I have here, and for all I expect in the hereafter. He must give me these things, or I shall never get 'em. No money can buy 'em, and if it could, I haven't got the money. So there I am. He sent his Son to teach me how to live and tell me how to die. He is with me when it's dark and the stars are all shut out, and then, havin' allowed me to be in His company for fifty years, tells me he wants me to live with him forever. After that, and with them facts starin' me in the face, do you ask me to love and trust Him from a sense of duty? Am I worse than the errand-boy, that I can't say 'thank you' right out of my heart? Why, parson, it would be an insult to my soul to preach such a doctrine to me. I brush duty aside, as havin' nothin' to do with the matter, and count it a mighty privilege to go through life with my poor tremblin' hand in His."

John looked at the shoemaker with an approving glance, and he went on:

"Now, there's my Marthy—she's layin' the table for dinner. That