

AT LAST;
OR, JAMES DARYLL'S CONVERSION.*

BY RUTH ELLIOTT.

CHAPTER XIII.

ERICSON went back to his room, but not to rest. Taking up his pen, he began to write: "It has been one great mistake from beginning to end. I can see it now; in looking back upon the past, I am in a maze! What have we been doing? Seeking for Truth where there was none—searching for a God of our own imagination. To-night a revelation has been opened—God is love! We have doubted it—openly proclaimed our disbelief; yet the truth stands immovable—God is love. How the knowledge has come to me I can scarcely tell. I write to you because of our long companionship—because of our years of friendship. In the past we have trodden the same path—sought with equal earnestness a solution of life's great mystery. You have been all that a brother could be, and I owe you this much at least—an avowal of a wondrous change. For some time past a deep shadow has been lying on my life. I think you have seen it—perhaps shared it. Look in what direction I would, all was gloom and darkness. There is that in the human heart which craves an acknowledged relationship with God; without it there is no satisfaction—no rest. Is this not true? Day after day, week after week, we have been seeking for freedom; and now—this morning—it is found. Who can be more free than the son of the King? and are we not offered a joint heirship with Christ? No longer servants, but sons—not under, but above the law. Dear friend—dear brother—there is glorious liberty in the love of God. The law is no longer a galling yoke; the gift of adoption has placed it under our feet. It is ours to prize as a priceless possession this joint ownership of a Father's free gift. You will ask what has brought this change. Truly I cannot say. It is no sudden thing, though possibly it may be deemed such by the world. Since that first Sunday evening after your sisters' arrival I have been haunted by a faint consciousness of possible error. This has been strengthened, and by no hand more surely