

midst of my comrades. For some months they had tormented me, and railed at me; and I was altogether ashamed and timid before them, knowing myself to be a poor lost sinner; but now I was as bold as a lion.

"Yes," I said to them, smiling, "He has saved my soul, He wishes also to save yours." It was too much for them; they hurriedly left the shop.

When I had returned to my own house, I began to tell my wife the good news; but she, believing it was another phase of my disease, wrung her hands, crying out: "Now he is altogether insane!"

Full of joy, of love, and of praise, I would have been glad to have found someone to praise the Lord with me; so I went to a friend to whom I had spoken of my sufferings, thinking that he would now understand me; but my joy seemed as strange to him, as my grief had formerly.

After that, I spoke to each of those who, it seemed to me, ought to have been interested in the matter; but not one cared for it, nor entered at all into what I had found, until one day I ventured to speak to the gentleman for whom I worked:

"I hope, sir, that this new building will be of good service to you."

He replied: "For my part, I think very little about it; these things have not much importance for me; I possess something so much better than all the world can give."

Believing then that perhaps he would understand me, I recounted to him how I had been a proud Pharisee, satisfied with myself; how God had opened