

dressed, "John was no good. He was a hard un."

"Ay," was the rejoinder; "but a hard un is no sinfu' hypocrit. John was no sinfu' at all."

"Ay, yer riv'rince has us right. We's nane o' us good," said a rough voice, in subdued tone.

"And that is just what the Bible tells us," said the minister. "There is not one that doeth good; no, not one."

"Is that in th' Book?" inquired one. "Bedad, but it's thrue, though it be in th' Book."

The preacher then told the story of his various conversations with John. From boisterous thoughtlessness, the company soon passed into a serio-comic state of mind and ultimately into undoubted solemnity.

There seemed no division of sentiment, until he spoke of the "basis of salvation," when he was interrupted by—

"Will the clargy sthop a bit, an' tell us jist what is the fundament of salvation?"

The questioner was answered from the other side of the room by a man as bristling with excitement as was his chin with a seven days' beard, who, with one hand clenched shook the forefinger of the other at his antagonist, while he shrieked, "Whist ye thar; an' doan't ye be introdooshin' yer sectional issues here. We's no praste's an' no Protistint's mating."

The prayer ended and benediction pronounced brought the minister an ovation of thanks. Scores

of hard grips assured him that the service had been "a succiss." "May yer riv'rince have so foine a sind off;" and "Whln I keel up I'll sind fur ye."

The widow's gratitude was unbounded. "The angels bliss ye, and doan't forgit to lave me some siller in memory o' me husband." The leader of the party declared that the whole affair was "bully." Some said that they would not forget the good words nor the Book which had been read to them, for "we's a' have need o' 'em," and others, "Wud ye mind if I sight yez on the street?" and "If yez iver nade a frind, jist heave to an' spake us."

"His riv'rince" excused himself from riding with the "widdy" to the cemetery, though assured that it would not cost him a cent; which declaration was confirmed by a wink from the undertaker.

The minister has since sought in vain for a single soul of all that motley crowd. Only the widow has appeared frequently at the basement door, and more frequently at the police station, where she is known as the hardest case on the beat.

But John! The more he reads the Book the more the clergyman believes that he will see him again, not as "the old cove," but as a bright child spirit, "the Lord's babby;" and, perhaps, then he will sit down at this Saint John's feet, and learn from him the ways of life in that new world.

LONGING AND LISTENING.

To stretch my hand and touch Him,
Though He be far away;
To raise my eyes and see Him
Through darkness as through day;
To lift my voice and call Him—
This is to pray!

To feel a hand extended
By One who standeth near;
To view the love that shineth
In eyes serene and clear;
To know that He is calling—
This is to hear.

—*Samuel W. Duffield, D.D.*