

marks on his face, and if I had not heard that he could not move, I should have retreated. As my shadow fell over the floor, he looked up, and greeted me with a dreadful oath. I stepped forward a little, and there came another oath. "Don't speak so, my friend," I said. "I ain't your friend. I ain't got any friends," he said. "Well, I am yours, and——" but the oaths came thickly, as he said: "You ain't my friend. I never had no friends, and I don't want any."

I reached out, at arm's length, the fruit I had brought him, and stepping back to the door-way, I asked him if he remembered his mother, hoping to find a tender place in his heart; but he cursed her. I asked him if he ever had a wife, and he cursed her. I spoke of God, and he cursed Him. I tried to speak of Jesus and his death for us, but he stopped me with his oaths, and said: "That's all a lie. Nobody ever died for others."

I went away discouraged. I said to myself, "I knew it was no use." The next day I went back again, and I went every day for two weeks, but he did not show the gratitude of a dog. At the end of that time, I said: "I'm not going any more." That night, when I was putting my little boys to bed, I did not pray for the miner as I had been accustomed to do. My little Charlie noticed it, and said: "Mamma, you did not pray for the bad man." "No," I answered, with a sigh.