

same bosom, rocked in the same cradle and called by the same surname, living in the same city, so thoroughly enslaved by the Cain-spirit that they had not spoken to each other for three years.

In one of my meetings there sat a man whose face wore the expression of intelligence but who appeared very much dejected. At the close of the meeting I said to him, "My friend, are you in trouble?" "Well," said he, "I am a church member and I do not think I am living right." "Then," said I, "do you know what the difficulty is?" After deep sighing with many nervous gestures, he replied, "Yes, I have an uncle living in this city, and between him and me there arose a difference some years ago, and we have not spoken to each other during all these years. I feel that I ought to go and see him, but he does not profess to be a Christian and I do not know how he will receive me." He promised to see his uncle about the matter that night. He consented that I should accompany him until we came to the corner of the street which led up to the home of his uncle, then he told me that he would go alone and that all would be well. I wished him the abundant blessing of God upon his splendid decision and bade him good-night. Next day he sat in the meeting the picture of dejection still. After we had concluded the public service I approached him and asked him how