

ciently distinct to admit of direct description; so he contemplated a tuft of grass growing between the bricks of the pavement, and remained silent.

"Don't you feel Christ in you, the hope of glory?" asked the Squire, with tender solicitude.

Lem still remained silent.

"Don't the Spirit bear witness with your spirit that you are born of God?"

"I guess it's all right, Squire," said Lem, at length, "but I don't exactly understand what you mean."

"Ain't you born again?" asked the Squire. "Tell me what your experience has been."

"Well," said Lem, "I went into the Methodist meetin'-house last night, an' everybody was happy, an' I found I was growin' happy too, an' I just let myself do it. I never seemed to see God an' feel him before, but last night I was sure I did. I felt as if I was ready to die an' go to him right away. But I don't feel that way now."

"That's nothin' wonderful," said the Squire, reassuringly. "Everybody's had the same experience. But don't let go your hope."

"I don't mean to," said Lem; "it's all I've got in the world."

The Squire darted a suspicious look at Lem. "I'm afeard, Lemuel," said he, "that the flesh is warrin' agin' the Spirit. Beware of that; the carnal mind is at enmity against God."

"I don't know what the carnal mind is," said Lem; "but now that it's mornin', an' there's nothin' around to keep my mind on the strain it was last night, I get to thinkin' over the old trouble again—how I'm to do for mother—"

The Squire interrupted: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me—that's what Christ said, Lemuel."

"Well," said Lem, "if I got the right notion about him last night, he ain't a goin' to give me the go-by because I want to be a lovin' son and brother. This here's an awful world, Squire."

"It's only a sojournin' place, Lemuel," said the good old man; "heaven's the only home. Lay up your treasure in heaven, for where the treasure is there will the heart be also."

"Taint treasures that's botherin' me," said Lem; "it's the want of 'em—it's care."

"Cast all your care on him, for he careth for us," said the Squire.

"Is that in the Bible?" asked Lem.

"Yes, indeed, it is," said the Squire, hurrying into the back room of the store and bringing out one of the Bible Society vol-

umes; it's there, an' lots of other precious promises. Take this book, Lemuel—'twon't cost you anything—and may its precious truths be your daily meat an' drink."

Lem took the Bible with the air of a man who felt that other ment and drink he was not likely to find much of.

"Sit down, Lemuel," said the Squire, pointing to the chair. "You're a new traveller in the strait an' narrow way, but I've been in it a long time. I want to give testimony to the goodness of Almighty God. I've been on the road to Zion for nigh on to fifty year. I've had my share of the sorrows an' afflictions of life, but there never was a time when I needed strength that it wasn't give to me from above. As the Psalmist says, there's been times when I'd have fainted if I hadn't seen the goodness of God, but I was never allowed to faint. An' you'll find it so to. Don't ever let yourself be cast down. The good book says, 'If any man lack wisdom, let him ask the Lord, who giveth liberally, but let him ask in faith, nothin' waverin'. An' if you don't seem to get your mind clear, then come to me, an' profit by the experience of an older hand at the business. I'm your friend, Lemuel—I've showed it to you before in earthly things, an' now I want to be your friend in heavenly things. If I could help you any way, I'd feel happy in it, knowin' I'd be doin' the will of my Father in heaven. Oh, Lemuel, the ways of Providence are mysterious an' past findin' out—who'd have supposed that losin' your health when you started with Sam Reeves's hoss-gang, would have brought you back to where you was to find your Lord? An' to think that I, that never expected any reward exceptin' in the approv'in' smiles of my heavenly Father, should have seen you brought to him right here in the town that was the scene of my labours for you. My dear boy"—here the Squire sprang to his feet and seized Lem's hand—

"I give you here my heart an' hand,

To meet you in the promised land,"

Tears—honest tears—came into the Squire's eyes as he said these last words, and pressed Lem's hand, while poor, friendless, despondent Lem gave vent to his own feelings after the manner which the Squire's example had afforded. The world again seemed less the old scene of sorrow and disappointment. The Squire's tears continued to flow, his rugged face softened into kindness, and he still held Lem's hand tightly in his own. The boy looked at him wistfully, enquiringly, hopefully; he overcame some obstruction in his throat, and at last stammered out:

"I'm much obliged to you, Squire, I